



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler
Lovelace Family Papers.

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January 26, 1956

blocks from my office - it's deserted, neglected & almost unknown. I'm trying to make it live again in a story I hope to write about it for the Globe soon. And it has also come to me there might be some short stories that can also be penned about old Cannaber.

Forgive me, please, for this long delay. Busy of course when Holiday deadlines moved up, then a virus attack, etc., but I am certainly to blame.

I assure ^{you} how I think of you often. Your picture stands on my study desk & I feel warmth & thankfulness for your friendship when I sit down to write my stories & poems.

Thanks ever so much, again.

Love,
Libby

Dear Maud,

How I've wanted to write you these past few weeks & thank you for "Betsey's Wedding". I've felt so horrible putting this off so long & must apologize with a thump between my lips & hanging my head.

Needless to say, "Betsey" is much adored & appreciated. She occupies the top shelf on my bookcase which is the utmost mark of approval. She was wrapped & unwrapped countless times during the Gule Season,



read that the Forgessing
Library was presented Betsy -
Pacy. When I write to Miss
Cartularo, the Young Adult
Librarian, I'll be sure to
mention you & how pleased
you must be.

I always talk Betsy -
Pacy when I visit my very,
very favorite library -
Paschallville - & keep up
with your readers comments.

I let my steady read
some of your letters & he
thinks you're just wonderful.

I remind myself of you
nowadays as I trudge on my
latest self-inflicted
assignment while you were
working on "Early Candlelight"
(which I thumbed thru at
Paschallville today,
incidentally.) I've discovered
the oldest schoolhouse in
Philadelphia first three

lingered by friends & exclaimed.
Her shocking pink jacket
brightens the whole Libby
Library. And the text? I
bow to you. Now more than
ever before I can appreciate
good writing.

I now realize that your
simplified, cohesive writing
is most affecting. You have
also found an ideal
illustrator in Vera Neville.

Each of your books
become more darling & more
precious as I read them.

Well, they say that
journalism wings on every-
thing & so it does, I dis-
covered yesterday when I
edited the copy of the
enclosed clipping. Even
though having squirmed
a poker face when I read
copy, I almost bounced
out of my chair when I

Jan. 4, 1956

Dear Mrs. Lovelace,

Dankeschön for the lovely & useful Christmas presents. They arrived several days before Christmas & I opened them immediately. I just loved the darling napkins, but I didn't use them during a Christmas party. I'm saving them. Of course, they remind me of Betsy & Phil, and all the good times had by Betsy, Fay & Tib.

The calendar is just wonderful - but mostly because it has



2 -

a California scene on the
cover & that reminds me
of you & you remind me
of our conversation in
Calf. & Calf. reminds
me of the wonderful
times I had there!

I adore both presents
and I'm so pleased you
remembered me.

Happy 1957 to you
& Delos. You're two
of my Most Favorite
people.

Love,
Libby

Sept. 6, 1956

Dear Mrs. Lovelace,

Wanted to say "goodbye" from California. Tomorrow I am flying home. I've had such a wonderful time in the state, meeting wonderful people, and seeing many of the things I always dreamed of.

Of course, the most satisfying times came right here in Sacramento with Ann, her husband, and little Baby. It was marvelous to renew a friendship that hadn't changed as so many things have in my growing up. Ann & I are closer than ever, and I am sorry that the time of departure has almost come.

San Francisco I just adored. I spent several days there at the same time of the GOP Convention and you can imagine the excitement then! I found the city so invigorating with its hills and fog and friendliness. I came back to Sacramento for a few days, then went to Los Angeles. I tried to reach you, but I assume you were still on your own ~~own~~ travels. The parents of Ann's husband took me sightseeing, and I saw quite a bit of L.A. I came back to Sacramento via San Francisco. The coastal route was breathtaking at many points. Enroute to L.A. I had taken the San Joaquin Valley ~~coastal~~ trip and found it rather disappointing. Back in San Francisco with a few hours to kill between trains I renewed my acquaintance with the fog, and took a ferry boat ride to Oakland where I boarded a mail train to Sacramento.

I'm so glad I had a chance to talk to you. Hearing you personified all the things I had imagined you'd be like. I shall keep in mind the advice you gave, and will make every attempt to "Buckle down" with my writing.

There's a chance I may be returning to Calif. shortly. I'd like to live out here, and when I return home I'm anxious to hear the family's views. I have loved every minute of being a vagabond. I have grown so much being out here, and my scope is greatly extended.

Perhaps, someday we'll speak to each other again--someday in the not too distant future.

I hope you enjoyed every minute of your vacationing, too. Please give my regards to your children, and to Delos.

"Goodbye" from California.

Love,
Libby

9/15/57

Dear Mrs. Lovelace,

First of all, I want to thank you for the most beautiful and most inspiring day I spent in California. I am sure you didn't know it at the time, but I had lost my sense of purpose. Of course, I was happy doing and seeing so many wonderful things, but I was also disappointed. I was so utterly disgusted when I left Phila. Gradually, the sunsets and the kind air and the trees & all of Nature started to restore me. My friends gave me new confidence and I began to feel strong again. I worried a lot and I also prayed a lot.

When I left you and Mr. Lovelace I felt so different. I started to write on the bus home. I felt so full. I wrote just what I felt and I seemed about to burst. Of course, that dream-like state left afterwards, but I remained on a new plateau.

I came back home--I really hated it. Travel can be too broadening at times. I had some plans. I planned to go back to California in November and live in San Francisco. All those beautiful sunsets going to waste if I can't see them, I felt. That's a rather egotistical way of looking at it, but I can't help thinking about Calif. without getting subjective.

When I returned to my job everything familiar had disappeared. "Joyride" was to cease, the Globe & the Breeze were no longer my little children. My boss had purchased a new paper in Upper Darby and he sent me out there immediately. It was refreshing, practically like a new job, but unfortunately it was still the same organization. My boss refused to give me a raise saying I had to prove myself worthy on the new paper first. That, of course, was kind of discouraging. But out of the blue came another job--and I didn't even ask for it! The publicity director of the American Cancer Society ~~asked me~~ asked me to come see him about a position they had open. It was ^{not} one of those cut & dried how-many-words-can-you-type-per-minute interviews. It was so casual and gracious. It was glorious--someone wanting me, someone asking me how much I wanted to take the job. I was floored! So, I'll be starting as press director in Phila. & Montgomery counties on the 23rd. The salary is \$85 week to start with ^{and} a month's vacation after a year! I'll have a wide variety of things to do, send press releases; tape interviews; do radio & television script; travel over the two counties meeting with women's clubs, campaigners, social groups; attend luncheons, meetings and conferences. There will be a chance to do all the research I want and do all the writing I can. The week I start they

Jouride

By Libby Demp

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. — Los Angeles is the kind of city where you can haul out your Halloween costume and wear it if you want to. What's more, no one will probably notice it. Los Angeles in Spanish means the city of lost angels which in part is what we have been since we got here. At the moment we are sitting beside a swimming pool, the plentiful California sunshine is overhead and we are reminiscing about what a wonderful time we've had in this fantastic city. Our first night here, following a flight down from Sacramento, we had to sleep with Kleenex in our ears to keep out the traffic noises rising from Wilshire Blvd. Our stay here has included a visit with a distinguished author, a trip to Disneyland and a tour through the MGM Studios.

Mrs. Maud Hart Lovelace, author of a series of children's books, and her husband, Delos, a former newspaperman who is now writing books full time, took us to the Padua Hills dining room for dinner. Located at the base of the Sierra Madre mountains in Claremont, Calif. the restaurant features Mexican performers who

sing and dance their traditional numbers. Following dinner, native plays are given on the restaurant terrace. Unfortunately, we had to leave early and were unable to see the play. As we headed back to Pomona to meet our bus the sun was setting, casting red and orange streaks across the mountain ranges.

Disneyland is a children's paradise. You can't bring a picnic lunch inside, but once you're in you can have a picnic of a time. Amusement rides and history and refreshments and interesting shops and boat rides and stage coach rides are all part of the fun. We took a stage coach ride, bumping over the plains as we headed west to the gate. We also saw an Indian village with real live Injuns, the castle in which Sleeping Beauty snores away and an old time Main St.

Motion pictures just don't seem the same since our visit to MGM. A guide met us in the Irving Thalberg Administration Building and we toured the enormous lots. A real "city within a city," the studio is spread over 185 acres, containing 28 sound stages. About 2500 people are employed in the studio representing 117 arts, professions and vocations and 253 different highly technical assignments.

We saw acres of outdoor settings, including streets and buildings representing architecture and backgrounds ranging from the exotic Orient to modern Manhattan. We saw the set from "The Good Earth" still standing, a picture that we well remember. Everything is even more amazing when you realize the "buildings" are only false fronts made from wood, paper mache and bits of clay. Even the trees are artificial although the studio has authentic settings grown right on the lot.

In one of the sound stages we saw a wintry setting used in the filming of "The Brothers Karamazov," soon to be released by MGM.

We saw the actual filming of a western movie for TV to be shown this fall starring Hugh Marlowe. One scene alone is shot over and over again until it's perfect. There are countless "unseen" people on the set, everyone knowing precisely what to do.

A studio tram took us for a ride to the cafeteria where we were treated to lunch. Over French lamb chops we watched the employees dining. The actor Russ Tamblyn, a nice looking serious fellow, sat at the next table. At this point we felt very much like Hedda Hopper (without the hat that is).

Our guide, a genial young man from the publicity department, escorted us to the studio gate and there we were on our own again.

Ducking the sports cars and swank automobiles who won't give a pedestrian a break, we became

again lost angels. We have to hand it to L. A.'s bus drivers, however, who manage to answer questions constantly as they joggle their coin machines, watch the traffic (!), and speed along with the best of 'em.

If you get to visit Hollywood, watch the sun set in the hills, see the Pacific lap up on the Santa Monica beach and top the whole thing off with dinner in the Farmers' Market, you can say you've had a wonderful time. Just like us! We may be lost angels, but we've never had so much fun finding our way back again!

November 18, 1957

Dear Mrs. Lovelace,

How time flies. Here it is November already, almost Thanksgiving.

I am very happy now. The consistent pressure after so ^{many} months has disappeared. I miss newspapers, but I'm close enough to them. Today magazine, the Phila. Inquirer's Sunday supplement, has given me an assignment (on a speculation basis). I queried on an article about the Bannaker School, the little deserted schoolhouse reputed to be the city's first built one. Perhaps, they'll buy it.

Your card asking me to call Merion arrived the day after I returned from N. Y. I had thought of calling her, but time was so limited I couldn't. I had been looking forward to a kind of vacation in N. Y., but I discovered business trips aren't at all that way! I do expect to be in N. Y. again sometime in January to see Look Homeward, Angel.

I have a good boss, he is anxious that I see and meet all the people who we come in contact with (there are many). Of course, I love meeting the newspaper people most of all. I cannot quite get accustomed to a secretary, it makes me feel lazy giving her things to do.

You'll never guess--I'm reading a book on juvenile writing. Mark wants me to collaborate on a kiddies' story. I'll be having dinner with Miss Gross this week. She's written a number of stories for children in the past few years. And sold them too. A coloring book has been made from one of her manuscripts--she quite thrilled about it.

I don't know when I shall ever get to California again. I'm staying home next summer, I think, and planning to visit Europe in the fall of 1959.

Penn will start again in February. I'm definitely returning for the third composition course, but I haven't decided on any other courses. The Cancer Crusade begins in April although the real work starts in February I'm told so I may hold my intense study for the Sept. thru Feb. semester and take only one course during the spring semester. I'm rather contemplating the Amer. Lit. since 1925 course.

Enclosed is a press release--it's easier to send that than for me to write about myself. (Besides, I didn't write it!)

Have a happy holiday season and give my best to Delos.

Love,
Lily

December 27, 1957

Dear Maud & Delos,

The candy does taste like California. I can almost see orange blossoms and your whole beautiful valley in bloom through the sugar. I didn't wait until Christmas to open the gift, but looked inside last Sunday when it arrived. The candy itself however, wasn't tasted until Christmas Day. It was a very thoughtful and appropriate gift for a world traveler such as myself! It brought back many pleasant memories of your wonderful adopted state.

The clipping arrived yesterday. I shall add it to my Europe Information File which I am keeping. Thank you too for the lovely Christmas card and "pressure" note inside. I too am glad 1957 brought me to 774 West 8th Street in Claremont.

We go in for Christmas in a big way around here. We put up decorations and hide gifts. This Christmas eve Mark and I went out carolling all night. We stayed up until the morning light came through, singing with a group of Italian people, going from house to house, sampling strange cookies and wines, listening to opera records at 4:30 a.m., coming home a little sick (but very happy), then opening gifts. It was so much fun! I've never had a better Christmas.

The presents were wonderful too--a marvelous clock-radio from Mark that just fascinates me, pretty clothes from Yonia and others.

ACS gave us the rest of the week off following a Christmas party Tuesday morning. It feels like a vacation.....

I've been reading a book entitled "Your Most Humble Servant" by Shirley Graham. It's about Benj. Banneker, a Negro astronomer of the Revolutionary period. The path to him led from my research on the Bannaker School (which is still in process). I'm thinking of incorporating some of him in the school story. He visited Philadelphia twice during his lifetime (once when the Continental Congress made their fateful decision). Another side interest is Sarah Josepha Hale, the editor of Godey's Ladies Magazine. I came across a biography on her early last summer (The Lady of Godey's by Ruth E. Finley) and recently I purchased a bound volume of the 1864 magazines with most of their hand-colored fashion plates still intact. I feel that Mrs. Hale and Godey's can also be incorporated in another article. (The printing came out of Phila.)

Speaking of printing--this is a new typewriter. I still have the portable, this is a Remington Noiseless. I'm becoming a plutocrat!

ACS work isn't very stimulating--after newspapers. I expect to stay about a year, then go elsewhere. Working conditions are much more favorable though. I'm going back to Penn in early February. I feel so stagnated. I'm planning to consult with an advisor so I can map out a really good program for myself.

Thank you again for the candy and the loving wishes. I hope 1958 is a most wonderful, satisfying year for you both.

*Love,
Lily*

May 27, 1959 (the eve of my 24th birthday)

Dear Maud,

I have been compiling things in my mind to say to you when I finally sat down to write, and now that the typewriter ribbon is fresh and plenty of paper is on hand, I'm sure I won't remember even half of the things I wanted to say. But today, the cancer crusade finally ended and this seems to be a time of thought.

My affair of the heart has apparently ended after nearly four years and I am rather shaken at the moment. We had one upheaval after another, and although just now I feel terribly pained, I feel a little more honest with myself. So, I am sad and pensive, and recollective....

I wanted to say earlier that I was very impressed by 'Cabrillo'. I thought it extremely well written and absolutely charming, and for someone entering a new field, I felt you understood it completely. I've never read many little boy books--and I must say I was surprised at the propaganda! No wonder little boys beat themselves on their chests, they are very proud of themselves, and I felt the insight I gained from reading it was most broadening. I loved your subtlety, like the part where the colt is born. And all the thumping and adventure to stir little boys' minds. And your research! It is so carefully and beautifully woven that it is constantly lively. I thought your purpose is crystal clear and the ideals you displayed, so very compelling. All in all, it is a simple, colorful and lovely story, and I'm glad you wrote it for you have given little boys (and big girls like me!) something very precious.

I thank you for the cards you sent during the winter, and the little notes, and although I did not have a chance to reply soon enough, they were read over and over again, and with sincere pleasure.

My own writing has been devoted to news releases, reports on the latest progress, etc. I attempted an article for the Inquirer Sunday Magazine "Today" and had it rejected twice. I take it out now and then, and start over again because I think it still has a chance, if only I can get it the way it should be written. But this has been a discouraging period.

I have done well at ACS. I have learned that newspaper style Mr. Lovelace spoke about, and I have improved my releases. I have grown too, I am more composed and more social conscious, that is more aware of the little ceremonies of life. More mature in many ways and that is very good, I suppose.

But now, I have reached a plateau and I'm thinking of taking my wares elsewhere, perhaps New York or someplace else. I think I need a period of being on my own, of threading my own needle, so to speak. I don't suppose I'll ever feel satisfied with myself until I've really left the womb. I'm still not sure of what I want. A little adventure of ~~for~~ the spirit, perhaps.

Going back to California? Well, maybe. I wouldn't want to stay with Ann, she has her own family now (three sons!) and quite involved with the process of daily living. I have a month off this summer, one week in July will be spent on Cape Cod with another girl who writes (she wants to finish a play there). And the other three weeks are undecided....I keep dreaming about beautiful Yellowstone and the Tetons, but my finances are rather low. We might have gotten married at the end of the summer, but that was in our yesterdays. Perhaps, I'll spend the time relocating.....

I spent two Saturday's in New York at the Bolshoi, so wonderful, if it comes anywhere near your town, I hope you see it. Absolutely wonderful! I have been re-inspired to learn more about ballet and to pursue some physical activity. The artists were superb and even the orchestra played as if at a concert. It was an experience I expect I'll remember all my life.

It's nice to have the long days again, they always make me think of California.

I have been plagued by problems and worry all winter long, and I've started counselling here. Perhaps, that'll help end my turmoil.


You and Delos seem to be enjoying the California climate and scenery. I'm sure you must have started on a new book by now and I'm anxious to hear which one it is--more Betsy and Joe?

I am always glad to hear of the old crowd, even of their trials. Your experiences and theirs help me in growing up, I think.

Our little niece or nephew will be longer in coming than first estimated, but his entrance into the world has already been prepared for. He (or she) will have some darling baby clothes and contributions from cousins and relatives of furniture outgrown by the other tots. He's due in early July now.

In my next letter, I should be able to give you the details....
Love to you and to Delos, and I wish you both a delirious summer...

*Affectionately,
Lively*



January 18, 1959

Dear Mrs. Lovelace,

I beg your forgiveness for the long delay in acknowledging your Christmas gifts which arrived well in advance of the Holidays.

First, there was the exciting anticipation of the season, then the Holidays themselves (and they were wonderful here!), and then the post-season leering its ugly head with the sudden realization that January 22nd is the day for my philosophy finals - and I've been cramming, of course!

Anyhow, your gifts delighted me. I haven't read Cabrillo yet, but it will be started Friday, January 23rd, the day after my final. I loved the inscription, it awakened in me all the wondrous feelings of my first discovery of California in 1956. And the purse organizer! Just the thing for one so disorganized as I.

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I bought one several months ago and it has helped a lot. The pretty red one you sent will be perfect for special occasions.

The gifts were wrapped so pretty in the colored tissue that seems always to bear your personal stamp.

Thank you for thinking of me and for bringing a bit of California to our home.

Just want to add a few gossip items before closing, my oldest sister is "expecting" June 7th (we just heard); Mark has been turned down by the Army; Mark sold his first article; I managed ^{eight} ~~seven~~ manuscripts for Creative Writing class, some of them returned with very encouraging comments; & Big Letter to follow after those finals!

Loving regards to Mr. J.
As ever,
Lively

December 30, 1959

Dear Mrs. Lovelace,

I am sending this special delivery because there is something urgent I want to ask of you and Mr. Lovelace.

Before I go into that--I want to thank you for "The Elements of Style" which was opened upon arrival. I never can wait for Christmas, in spite of all the warning seals you so artfully place on the package. I am familiar with TEoS. I first heard of it one morning on the "Today" show when Charles Van Doren was raving about it. Later, I attended a series of talks about public relations that was presented by Bernard Bergman, a local editor who once worked on the New Yorker Magazine (and was mentioned in Thurber's book on Ross--something he just can't forget). Anyhow, Mr. Bergman talked about White's book and I went out and bought it that very afternoon. Mark tried to borrow it, but I'm kind of mean about lending books I haven't read. So, when your copy arrived, it made not only one but two people happy because I promptly gave my copy to Mark. Your inscription made this particular book much more valuable and I do thank you for sending such a helpful book. It really does make you think seriously about mincing words and doing away with a lot of the public relations language which has crept into my writing lately. I catch myself, even in speaking, and say to myself "Now that's not really what you want to say" and I start all over again. It seems that a different approach to physical writing seems to work in hand with verbal expression.

The "special delivery" part of the letter is this--I am looking for something different to do and I just don't know where to start. Circumstances, naturally, have forced the decision on me. Early in December, the man with whom I have worked for about eighteen months, decided to resign. I am of course completely aware of the politics of the ACS, but I felt I had to apply for his job or I'd lose face with myself. The organization started a trial and elimination period, mostly I think to discourage me. It would be my responsibility to indoctrinate a newcomer after the New Year, the same time the roof falls in as we head for campaign time. Anyhow, I was told to submit my qualifications in writing--which I did. My superior told me frankly he knew I could handle the job and I felt so too. The applicants started tramping into the office one after the other, which also was a difficult period for me. Then, last week I was told the search was narrowed down to five people, including me. But I did not seriously believe the job would be mine. I knew for one thing that my age would be held against me, possibly my sex, possibly my religion and because the executive director did not want me to enter the inner circle. Yesterday, the applicants were interviewed assembly line fashion, one after the other, by the executive director, the current public relations director, a lawyer and a doctor who are both members of the board of directors. It was an unnerving experience--rather like undergoing surgery. Today, the executive director called me into his office and said I was considered too young, also I was not a college graduate although it was soooo admirable that I was working for a degree. Then, I countered with asking for a salary increase and a change in title--both were flatly refused. It seems that ACS intends to bring in a United Fund woman and although women make fine mothers and wives, I do not think they generally are good bosses. I think all of this showed me that my ambitions are blocked. The executive director said I am valuable to the organization, very nice person, many abilities, etc., etc., etc., but it was just part of the softening up process.

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During the waiting period, I could not make a move. Now, at least, I can. But where to go? I thought of perhaps going to a different city for a short time, but I'm so lost for direction. I've thought of developing a public relations business and also renting myself out to the small newspapers for a certain number of days to each one. But, then again, I don't know just how interested I really am in returning to the weeklies unless it's fairly lucrative. I know I cannot stay at ACS much longer. I am not willing to be used much more.

I'd thought about going to New York or further; I'm really confused and I wonder if you and Mr. Lovelace might have some suggestions which could benefit me. I have numbered my days at ACS and I'm just not willing to go through another campaign and all the exhausting work ahead under the circumstances I've described. There will probably be a delay in time before the new pr director comes in which means I'll be running the department during that period. The nature of the department is that the pr director administrates and I do all the detailing, tedious work.

Do either of you have any suggestions? I'd appreciate hearing from you as soon as possible. Forgive me for being so long winded.

All my love,

Libby

February 13, 1960

Dear Maud and Delos,

Each of you deserve a special letter of thanks--but I'm going to combine them into one long letter and try to reply to both your suggestions. First of all, I have resigned my job at ACS, effective the 1st of March. I don't regret the decision at all. Delos's words stayed in the back of my mind, i.e., "Never be afraid to quit a job...The future...includes..courage." The letter I wrote earlier reflected some misconceptions, I believe, and the past month has amazingly matured me. For one thing, the situation was never so serious as I might have painted it. I don't think I jeopardized myself in applying for the higher position. This PR jazz rubs off on you quite a bit, even to your professional and personal relations with others. I was careful to be tactful although I do admit I did not make my position clear. (However, I'll learn.) The chip Delos spoke of was definitely on my shoulder, but I didn't express it to others within the organization. The chip probably created negative thinking..and in the long run could quite possibly have defeated me. Another thing, I didn't want the higher job, but I felt I should apply for it anyway. Earlier, I thought I'd stay until the summer, then resign, and when the director's job opened, I felt if I did get it, it would probably mean another year or more with ACS (which didn't please me at all). After it became known that the PR director had been selected, I was called into the executive director's office (which I had anticipated) and was told the date, etc., of her appointment. The date was two weeks hence which meant I was acting PR director in the meantime. I opened the subject of a raise for training her; it was rejected (also as I had anticipated). Then, I asked for a change in title to Associate Director (also rejected, as I anticipated). This left my avenues open, I knew the Society's position and I became more strongly aware of my cutoff. In spite of my brashness in bringing these matters up, I was cordial, understanding and polite. I would not budge, however, on the question of age. When the director asked me point blank if I didn't really think ~~was~~ twenty-four was very young, I replied yes, if one lived to be a hundred. It might have been childish to say that, but I don't believe youth to be a disadvantage. End of matter. During the next two weeks I managed the department's affairs and garnered information about the new director. The information seemed positive, those who had worked in close association did not like her; those who didn't thought she was fine. When she arrived, I was careful. I gave her the information she desired and she was alright for a few days, but I was able to see behind her smokescreen. I took off a few days on the pretense of sickness, and thought. By the end of the second week, I had made my decision. I worried the weekend about it, and on Monday morning, the 1st, I got to the office very, very early so that no one would overhear my conversation with the executive director. I ran up the stairs, and into his office, and breathlessly announced my resignation. He did not appear too surprised. I submitted my letter and a check paying for membership in a PR association which ACS had made out the week previous. I stated my reasons for leaving--that the PR director was difficult to work with, and that we did not get along well. He accepted my announcement and said he was sorry to see me go, that I was a great asset to the organization, and we shook hands. By the time, the staff started arriving, it was all over, and I felt supremely happy.

(more)

I remembered what Mauds said about squeezing a job dry of contacts and by the time the PR director heard the news, I was already on the telephone. Enter--new chapter. I'd never used contacts before, and I hesitated. But surprisingly, I found people anxious to help. One person has led me to another. I keep careful notes on whom I speak to, where I send resumes, etc. Typing resumes at night tired me considerably, so I finally had my secretary run off two hundred on the office mimeo machine. Now, it's much easier. I always include a brief note with each resume and thank the person for their thoughtfulness. (I'm enclosing the resume so that you can see it). It seems that almost everyone puts me on to someone else, and so it goes.

The city editor of the Evening Bulletin turned me down. No openings, and none likely to be for quite some time. The club editor of the Bulletin resigned and she thought her replacement might open up a spot on city side. But, nay--the city job will remain unfilled. Anyhow, the club editor went over to Ladies Home Journal, and from what she told me about reading manuscripts convinced me I wouldn't be interested in LHJ, just now, anyway. I've thought and thought, and I think public relations is a natural for me. I have the personality, and the ability; I get along well with many different kinds of people, and it's exciting work. It's also young and not overcrowded. As for advertising, I don't think so. Too confining. Radio and television, I don't really like them. Publishing, perhaps--but on the PR end. As for starting as a secretary at an agency, it would be unwise, I think. I know enough from what career gals have told me to realize that secretaries remain secretaries in the eyes of their superiors.

As for a newspaper job on a daily, it might be fun. There are few openings, and frankly, I don't think I have plain old 'guts' when it comes to reporting. I couldn't cover a bloody murder, or a suicide. (There's a gal listed on the resume, Dotty Harrison, who was one of the city's top crime reporters of the '30's. Her passion for detail and objectivity often upset her soft-stomached editor). I realize there are other kinds of openings on papers, and this has been considered. The head of personnel at the Bulletin, a friend of a friend, so to speak, has seen me and promised to let me know when something breaks.

Now, medical and welfare PR. Good prospects, here. I'm not sure that I want to continue work in the disease field. Too deadly at times--and so are many of the people. I have been doing a lot of follow-through in this field, because of my background. The job left by our current PR director at the United Fund is still open, and when her superior there returns from vacation next week, I'm going to call him. I have made a firm friend at UF, a gal I met accidentally the other week, and she is filling me in on the approach. (I must be careful; he will probably have some idea as to why I am leaving ACS, yet this must not reflect on his judgement for originally hiring the monster). The chairman of the PR advisory committee at UF, Donald Sheehan, is PR director at Penn. I saw him regarding a possible job at Penn which he prefers to fill with a man, and he suggested the UF opening. (The interview with Penn's man was arranged through the director of PR of a Penn affiliate).

Whenever I get an idea, no matter how ^{scatter-brained,} ~~trivial,~~ I follow-through. This approach has brought some interesting suggestions and results. For

instance, I read an article in the current Harper's about the Metropolitan in N.Y. which brought to mind our own Art Museum, so I contacted the PR director. No immediate opening there, but a possibility if arrangements can be made. She seemed tremendously interested in me, suggested I come down for tea (or whatever they consume in museums). I should see her this coming week.

WHAT I AM NOT GOING TO DO--1. think negatively. 2. go to New York or elsewhere. That kind of desire has left me. I enjoy family life and living in poor old Philadelphia has certain advantages. I.E. I know the city. I do not know New York. I can write about Philly simply because I know about it. I am determined to sell material to the editor of "Today" Magazine, the Inquirer Sunday supplement, although he ^{HAS} rejected my stuff thus far. (But I am learning from his rejection of queries, and my stories. I told him he is very fair and a fine editor, and I'd reject my articles if I were him. And he was very pleased.) 3. I am not going to be underpaid. Currently, I am making \$92.50 weekly which is excellent in Philadelphia, and I am not willing to be paid much below this figure.

POSITIVES--1. continuing at Penn. During the spring semester, I am re-registered for Creative Writing Workshop. I love my professor and the friends in class, and what I learn. And what they say about my work. I had intended to take another course this spring, but a change in plans became necessary when I resigned. My sister Yonia lost her assistant buyer's job at Bonwit's this week. Her case--pure politics; Bonwit's is cleaning house for favorites of the president. Yonia is very talented and smart, and I feel good things are in coming. She loves fashion and merchandising, and she's ready for a buyer's job. At present, she's so physically and mentally exhausted from this long-drawn-out ordeal that she's resting. (We'll both be unemployed Leap Year night). Incidentally, before I resigned I discussed the matter with my family and closest friends, and in spite of what was then a possibility of Yonia being tossed on the heap, I felt and the family agreed, that the move would prevent a more serious climax later on. Going through a Cancer Crusade under the thumb of the new PR director would have drained me considerably. Although charity employees are not permitted unemployment compensation, there is enough money to last out this crisis. (My mother has always been conscious of the budget even tho Yonia and I haven't been especially).

Another advantage in staying in this city, I seem to be known by a lot of people. Somehow, my name sticks and people often remember me even when I don't recall them. (Very bad, PR, Libby Demp!)

Philadelphia is more small-townish than you might imagine. Do you remember the part in MAIN STREET where the farm girl and the big city gal arrived, and how different their impressions were? Well, Philadelphia is more like the city gal's impressions. For instance, we have few more than eight first run moviehouses downtown. And downtown is downtown here. Everyone comes into center city for major shopping, entertainment and dining. There is one night club in center city, not that I especially care, but New Yorkers think that's dreadful. There ~~are~~^{is} a handful of theatres, most of them catching shows pre-Broadway, but summertime closes them all down.

The Main Line does exist although there are rumors to the contrary. But mundane ranchers and shopping centers are quickly destroying the fabulous old mansions, and the high castes are coming out of hiding. I met many of them at ACS and find the genuine ones very nice; the imitators are to be watched.

ACS has been a good experience; I don't think I'll ever regret it. It gives one a certain sophistication about people and the ability to meet all kinds of people and make small talk easily. My acquaintances, for instance, have included an ~~ex-convict~~, a ~~retired~~ millionaire who offered ~~to~~ his help when he heard I was leaving, a sweet widow, do-gooders who know what they are doing, and others who do not, etc. I'm sure they'll be peopling my stories for years to come. (I used two in a recent story entitled "The Charity Ball" and my professor said he felt an Edith Wharton touch!) One learns to dissect much more easily after an experience like ACS. You size up people much more quickly--and more importantly, with greater accuracy. I try to find some good where it is not apparent, and mischievously, evil where good appears. Very good mind exercises. But I try to trust and to be honest, and not to assume a typical public relations attitude which means being non-committal. I learned this from my last boss, he was so non-committal, I decided not to be; it was a very great lesson.

In answer to your inquiry, Maud, my life is still very much tied up with Mark's. We had a bad quarrel last May, and another in August, but since that time we get on so much better. He is maturing steadily, and has greater concern for his job. He is a terribly good writer, particularly in gathering and analysing news facts. He sends out query letters almost daily now. (Stuart Rose at SEP has expressed interest in having lunch with him). I do not meet many young men and those that I do interest me very little. Mark is long-winded, and monstrous at times, and other times very gentle and kind and understanding, and always concerned for me, devoted, interested, respectful of my judgement, affectionate and delighted with my company. (He loved Delos's letter and said he's his kind of man. He loves the name too because of the Isle of Delos). There is something terribly exciting about being with a man who has a zillion ideas, who has opinions and does not say, "Oh, I dunno, I never thought much about that." He likes children; dogs, more, though, but one love would seem to follow another.

Am I wasting my time with him? Perhaps, yes or no. When the time comes for make the decision, I think I shall know how to turn. But who can say what is around the corner? I'll be a quarter-century old come this May, and silver anniversaries/^{seem} synonymous with the acceptance of trinkets.

Thank you both, again, for your patience and thoughtful comments. Your letters came at a time I was at odds with myself, when I desperately needed advice of experienced people. So many people have helped, and I am so grateful. You helped to push me over a very big hurdle (or seemed so just a few short weeks ago). Values keep changing, and with them, the ^{DEEPENING OF} affection we feel for wonderful friends.

Love,

Libby

P.S. It is snowing, looks like it might be the big one of the season. I hope it's a real mid-Westerner!

April 26, 1960

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Lovelace,

You must have wondered, after those earlier urgent letters, whatever in the world happened. Well, actually--nothing. On the 15th of February, two weeks before my agreed termination date at ACS, the executive director called me in and said I could leave right away. I was, of course, very discouraged for having been severed that way, but in other ways I was glad. There was no need to finish out that dreadful month and to separate, organize and release those hundreds and hundreds of little blue volunteer cards. For awhile I was quite upset and one bout of virus followed another. Then I started to relax and set up my campaign to get another job. My 'campaign' has been unsuccessful to date. I have turned down a number of jobs for various reasons--only one with real regret, though. That was a six-week promotion job for LIFE. I could kick myself when I think of it, but at the time I was expecting another job to come through any day. I told the man who was interested in me that the other job could come through and I couldn't actually promise a full six weeks. But we never know about outcomes until so much later. (I did learn a valuable lesson though.)

I have either sent or given away about 175 resumes and tracked down everything I've heard of. There really has been quite a drought season in this city during this period, unfortunately. My current plan is to try and locate a summer job at a resort, doing public relations, if possible.

I've sent letters everywhere--even as far as Yellowstone ('cause I think it would be wonderful to spend the summer working there). And talked, talked, talked to people.

All of this is worthwhile experience, I'm sure. It certainly sets goals straight and reconstructs attitudes.

My sister, however, has become quite despondent about the job situation. She's unsure what she wants to do and she's terribly bored staying home. She doesn't have the emotional outlets that I do and her last job experience has left her depleted.

I'm hoping that before long we'll both have re-settled and be on our merry ways.

Thank you, both, for your wonderful help.

Affectionately,
Lily

JULY 13, 1960

DEAR MR. & MRS. LOVELACE,

I'M TOO BREATHLESS AND SHAKY TO WRITE DETAILS NOW (BUT I WILL LATER).
I GOT THE JOB I WANTED, THE JOB ALL THESE FRUSTRATING MONTHS HAVE
PREPARED ME FOR--CHAIRMAN OF THE PUBLIC RELATIONS DEPT. OF THE
ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES HERE IN PHILADELPHIA. THERE WERE FIFTEEN
THEY
APPLICANTS, THEN/WERE NARROWED DOWN TO THREE, THEN TWO - AND FINALLY,
ME!

I JUST HEARD TODAY AND I'M RUSHING TO GET THIS OUT TO YOU BEFORE
OUR LAST MAIL. I WANTED YOU BOTH TO ^{KNOW} ~~YOU~~ AS SOON AS POSSIBLE - BECAUSE
YOU BOTH HELPED ME SO MUCH AT THE BEGINNING AND WERE INFLUENTIAL IN
HELPING ME TO MAKE THE DECISION TO LEAVE A.C.S. AND OF COURSE, ALL
THE HELP YOU'VE GIVEN ME ALL THESE YEARS, WITH ENCOURAGEMENT, SUGGESTIONS
AND THOUGHTFULNESS.

I FOUND EVERYTHING I'VE DONE ALL MY LIFE HELPED ME TO GET THIS
JOB - EDUCATION, JOBS, PEOPLE, STUDY, ETC.

MORE TO COME. THANK YOU AGAIN.

Love,
P. Lilly

July 18, 1960

Dear Mrs. Lovelace,

Thank you for the speedy congratulatory note. (I have to admit I hoped you'd answer swiftly). There is so much to tell, I hardly know where to start this letter

I gave you just the barest details last week - and neglected another bit of exciting news. Come September, I'll be under contract to Lippincott to produce a book by February! And amazingly, that assignment came along because I was unemployed - the bright side of the dark cloud!

I may not be able to complete this letter tonight (I'm getting to be such a detailist; age setting in, I suspect).

The job is a many-faceted one. There are only five natural history museums in the country, the nearest one from here is in Washington. I have always loved museums - but I was always quite curious about the rooms the public doesn't see. Anyhow, in my search for a job, I tracked down almost everything. I invented stories to tell people so they'd give me the information I wanted. I badgered the professional public relations associations; saw advertising agencies; wore out telephone directories; in all, I either mailed or gave away about 300 resumes. But I was very particular - everyone said too much so. I got lectures, criticism, occasional encouragement, and more criticism. I worried about the money situation which was becoming critical - and recently peculiar things happened. For one, I took a job to get some money, industrial editing. I worked a morning; hated it, and quit at lunchtime. But during that morning, I made an appointment at the Academy and started to think if I stay at this job I'll have to run out at lunchtime and it won't give me enough time. The atmosphere at the industrial job was evil and pressing; I came home and cried bitterly - but I didn't go back. The fact that I did quit that job was important because during the interview two days later, I wasn't hurried. I was relaxed, confident, calm. The interview took double the time the director had permitted himself for applicants. He asked me to analyze a folder, got the secretary to run in an old folder. He said he was very interested in me. I went home and prayed. I can't explain it exactly, but during the time the selection process was on, I was in perfect communication with an infinite mind. I was so certain I was getting the job, in fact, I started to think in terms of having it already. I stated my reasons for wanting the job; I asked humbly but expectantly and with complete surety. Perhaps, it was this mental confidence - or Something else - but it worked.

The Academy "happy ending" started last March. During my rounds, I started telephoning various museums. When I reached the Academy, I spoke to the pr chairman. I invented a story about having been told to call her by someone, that she was supposed to be "on top" of everything. My story perplexed her a little; she said her former boss McCreedy Huston (the earlier pr chairman, an author, now living in Calif.) had known a lot of people and perhaps he had been the one suggested. Anyhow, I sent her my resume - never knowing at the time that she planned a move. The move came sooner than expected. Her husband was notified of a job transfer to Hawaii and in early June, she telephoned me. I saw her at the Academy; came back for a second visit and a walk around. The director was away for three weeks and wouldn't begin interviewing until July 6th.

7/19/60

The pr director asked if I could wait the three weeks. I'd had experience waiting through jobs and said I'd have to take a temporary job. It seemed though that the pr director felt I had a good chance. In the meantime, I got three days work helping in a publicity agency. (It was a small house ~~among~~ Germantown Avenue, old & historical - but that's another story in itself and I'm afraid this letter is already running into novel length). I finally got a free-lance job from another agency (was sent out to Red Bank, N. J. to do a story on the testing of a new spray mulch), and last week, two more days at still another agency.

I had the second interview at the Academy last Wednesday and heard that afternoon I'd been selected. I came in Thursday for a couple of hours and actually started Monday.

The job is fascinating. My department consists of a secretary who also aids the managing director; the editor of "Frontiers", a natural history magazine sent out five times a year (I haven't met the editor yet - but her last name is Drinker and she's niece of a board member, and that Drinker family is well known here - and I'm sure C. B. Drinker is in it); and a membership assistant. My job involves quite a lot of administrative work as well as producing brochures, mail stuffers, membership campaign literature, etc. Also: press, radio & television releases; liaison with city officials, etc., volunteer guidance, billboard arrangements, luncheon & meeting arrangements and monthly preparation of a "Calendar of Events". First opportunity I'll send some of the printed material on to you and Delos for perusing. There are other aspects, but I think ~~thm~~ this gives you a fair idea of the job.

The Academy is located right on the Parkway, right across from Logan Circle with flowers in bloom and fountains, and beyond the circle, the Main Library where I can research the book on lunch hours (time permitting, of course, because there will be a number of Academy luncheons I'll have to attend).

For the first time, I have my own office! It's painted ~~sandk~~ sandalwood & yellow, quite modern & attractive. I've assigned an art student to prepare a painting of a pre-historic animal to hang on the wall. (I want a humorous pre-historic beast, one who is awfully tired).

Now, getting on to the book -- a pr woman who works at Penn heard I wasn't doing anything and ~~waxx~~ she was looking for someone to either collaborate or take over a handbook assigned to her by Lippincott several years ago. She let the project slide - and I think the publisher asked for a yes or no answer. We were supposed to meet and discuss the matter when I came down with a kidney infection. Time lagged. Back on my feet again, I called her and asked the status. She had found a collaborator but wanted to keep me pending. Anyhow, the other person bowed out and I became the candidate. The book is due in February. It's a guide for teenagers on how to prepare themselves to become good secretaries, what a secretary is, opportunities, etc. I am going to have to do most of the research 'cause my collaborator is married & mother of three children. (She was an Evening Bulletin writer for a number of years). The project fascinates me, and Lippincott seems to feel it'll be a steady seller. The contract is signed in Sept. to permit an opportunity to see how Joan and I work together, and to gather some research to turn over to the publisher in Sept.

I've also accepted a few assignments from an ad agency to write some pr stories. All at once, everything is popping!

I enjoyed what you said about identification. I feel very much at home here. My job at ACS helped me to understand more about it; and this one too, will. I believe the Academy trustees and endowers

are old guard Philadelphians and Main Liners, already infamous in many writings - but I haven't had a chance to collect my impressions.

I felt you might be seeing the convention first hand last week although I know your sympathies lie elsewhere.

A different kind of Philadelphia is springing up. It's largely one of color rather than social. Half our little street is colored now; the other half white. We don't mind - in fact, our new neighbors are very nice - but the section has changed tremendously. I've lived here all my life, as you know, and this abrupt change is disturbing, not particularly because it is a race change but because it is such a swift one.

Your Yosemite vacation sounds dreamy - I'll be thinking of you.

Yonia hasn't found a job. Her mental state remains much the same. Now that I'm away, she says she misses me - perhaps this will make her want to return. (The museum closes during the summer at 4:00 p.m.)

There is so much work ahead - and I anticipate it very much. The idleness wore me down. I did only a few of the things I wanted to while I was job-hunting, mostly because of the \$\$\$\$\$. I did go back to see that negro man at Bartram's Gardens (John Bartram's home & garden site) whom I might have written about. A wise, philosophical man who is absolutely fascinating, so knowing, so saint-like, I think Jesus might be like him if He returned to earth. Mostly, I worked on the job hunt, slept late, met a great many people in & out of pr who filled me with new terms, ideas, experience - that was applied when I sat down for the Academy interview. If there was any destiny involved in my finding this job, it might have been that the countless interviews, telephone conversations, offices, observations, prepared me to take the whole thing in my stride. (They say the first thousand interviews are the hardest). The discussions, phonies, comments, appearances, all contributed.

The Academy is under the impression I graduated from Penn. Earlier, I might have blurted out that I was a ~~student~~ student - and it might have hurt, as it did elsewhere. Knowingness was what I learned, I guess.

Salary is very nice - \$5200, exactly the figure I aimed for. So many people said I wouldn't make it, that my goal was too beyond me - and I guess their disbelief helped me too.

Of course, I'm very grateful for my family. They helped so much, just being here. I never really was alone. The strain of these months shows in their faces; my poor sister Yonia is suffering so much - we've all probably aged more in these five months than we did for years.

I've wanted to call you both, direct distance dialing is effective now, so I'm going to save my pennies - and perhaps before long we'll have a chance to talk.

If you do get to N. Y. soon, I hope we'll have a chance to talk again. (I hope Merian & Bert don't ~~spk~~ spoil you too much by visiting you in California.)

All my love,

Libby

THE ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES OF PHILADELPHIA

RESEARCH • NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM • EDUCATION

M. ALBERT LINTON, PRESIDENT

FOUNDED 1812

H. RADCLIFFE ROBERTS, DIRECTOR

November 29, 1960

Dear Mrs. Lovelace,

I have been so delinquent in writing, and I ~~am~~ apologize. I enjoyed your thoughtful card from ~~the~~ Yosemite and wished very ~~much~~ that I could have been there ~~too~~ too!

I am ~~enjoying~~ enjoying the job so much! At one time I felt a newspaper career was for me -- but the public relations ~~work~~ work comes so naturally ~~and~~ and so happily to me. I work very hard, doing many kinds of things that ~~are~~ are totally different from my past ~~experiences~~ experiences. But, in spite of their being different, ~~I~~ I seem to be able to adapt easily to them. And of course, I love the atmosphere of working in an old museum. (The Academy, by the way, is the first natural history center in the ~~Western~~ Western Hemisphere, founded in 1812, although its present building has been in use since 1876. I always ~~have~~ have loved old buildings with mysterious ~~staircases~~ staircases, and dusty ~~corners~~ corners, and storage areas that reek ~~of~~ of curious odors.) There is a huge, old-fashioned library right in the Academy, with stacks on green glass floors. Plus, of course, all the exciting exhibits, and research going on, and the freedom to ~~go~~ go behind all the closed doors I ever wondered about in museums.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~

It is different, too, being on the ~~administrative~~ administrative end of things, ~~knowing~~ knowing lots of confidential things and working with the managing director, Dr. Prescott, the ~~museum's~~ museum's administrator. Plus having and being ~~encouraged~~ encouraged toward all the creative things ~~I~~ I want to take on.

The gal I mentioned in an earlier letter, Polly Drinker, is the ~~niece~~ niece of C. Drinker Bowden (sorry, I got ~~her~~ her name backwards before), and now a very good ~~friend~~ friend. There are lots of old Philadelphians ~~attached~~ attached to the Academy, so ~~I~~ I am ~~learning~~ learning more about ~~a~~ a group that has always ~~fascinated~~ fascinated me.

THE ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES OF PHILADELPHIA

RESEARCH • NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM • EDUCATION

FOUNDED 1812

H. RADCLYFFE ROBERTS
DIRECTOR

KENNETH W. PRESCOTT
MANAGING DIRECTOR

-two-

The Academy work, too, is rounding out the social knowhows and teaching me how to ~~xxxx~~ arrange for teas, parties, luncheons (from a few up to several ~~hundred~~ hundred!)


~~Nx~~
Now, ~~xx~~ about the book -- Joan Woolcott (the collaborator) and I let the work slide badly. I was becoming acquainted with the Academy and ~~xxxx~~ involved with the ~~xxxxxx~~ opening of two ~~x~~ exhibit areas within the same week, and Joan has a ~~xxxxxx~~ husband, three children, and full-time job. But no excuses ~~xx~~ should be made when writing to an author who has ~~xxxxxxx~~ managed to write so much ~~xxxxxxx~~ during a busy ~~xxxxx~~ life! Anyhow, the bumming stopped ~~xxxxxx~~ ~~axf~~ few weeks ago, and by the ~~endx~~ end of the week, we should~~xx~~ have two completed ~~chxxx~~ chapters and two interviews into Lippincott. ~~Sx~~ If they like what they read, then ~~xxxx~~ we'll be authoresses-bound, if not, ~~xxx~~ then the project is off. We were thinking of going to ~~xxxxxxx~~ Lippincott in N. Y. the day after Thanksgiving, but they said no contract can ~~xxx~~ be signed until the sample chapters are in.

My collaborator is a very good writer (and ~~xx~~ editor!) and I am pleased to be working with her. If ^{we}~~xxxxxx~~ weren't both so disorganized, the work would flow faster and more conscientiously, but in its own strange way, the collaborating arrangement is working out in spite of our ~~xxxx~~ methods. The book is a lot more than either of us~~xx~~ anticipated. We will, of course, miss the February deadline, but we are hoping for the June one now -- which will mean (contract signed) that the book comes~~xxx~~ out ~~Sx~~ the spring of 1962.

My sister Yoni~~xxx~~ has not~~xx~~ yet been able to work. She has had several setbacks and we have no way of knowing when a final recovery will be made. Or, ~~xxxxxxx~~ if she may need ~~xxxxxxx~~ hospitalization. She has made progress over the months ~~xx~~ and her outlook is not so dismal. My other ~~xxxxxx~~ sister, currently, is~~x~~ in the hospital under observation. She has been having dizzy spells lately, and during the last few years, has had her hearing decrease. ~~Sx~~ Her baby, now almost 18 months (and beautiful!) is ~~x~~ staying with us for a few days until Bella is out of the hospital.

Have wonderful holidays, ~~fx~~ and a good New Year. Do write when you are able.

Love,



January 8, 1961

Dear Maud and Delos,

How do you manage to pack so much sentiment and imagination into your Christmas presents each year? I love the Mary Scarborough Paxson book. I have read most of it; my mother has read it aloud; and I have shown parts of it to some of the museum people. Its childish wishes and thoughts have been so wonderfully appropriate at Christmas.

I was touched by the older inscription, and yours, and I am so pleased to have the book. (I went to the library to find other Paxson books, but there didn't seem to be any available. Perhaps, next, I shall try "Who's Who".)

As yet, I haven't started the Godden book. Its' theme looks fascinating and fits in well with one of my '61 resolutions--to read more fiction. I have been neglecting fiction for newspapers, magazines, biography and "how to" books, but I think fiction is wonderful for the imagination and for the sheer excitement of reading for reading's sake.

(I did not wait for Christmas to open your gifts, as always. Even the lock and key seal didn't help. I am simply too curious and too excited to wait.)

Thank you for sending another interesting Christmas from sunny California to the cold East.

We had a wonderful Christmas, spending The Eve at friends, decorating their tree and stringing lights. Mark appeared from the upstairs, carrying a huge package wrapped in silver paper which I ignored thinking he was helping move the children's presents downstairs. But later he told me to look under the tree, and then I knew, the present was what I had wanted for years--and old-fashioned doll house! Three rooms, in bad need of repair, parquet floors, unfurnished, uninhabited, woodwork, electric lights, hardwood floors too, "stucco" exterior, lift-off roofed Polly and my secretary had given me a tiny butter churn, frying pan and wine jug too although their scale is too large for my little house. I have been talking doll houses for months.

Now, I am learning about the history of doll houses, dolls, old toys, antiques, remodeling, curiosities, etc.

Polly says she thinks I am someday going to live in a huge old house stuffed with doll houses, antiques, music boxes, old Valentines, miniatures, books.

Lippincott liked the sample chapters and a contract is forthcoming any day. I am pleased, shuddering and expectant.

Yonia is recovering well. She rallied around Christmas and got a sales job at Wanamaker's, and has been kept on as a contingent. She makes only a very little, but it has done a lot for her morale.

When I look back on 1960 it seems a strange, nightmarish year in parts. The period until July was full of crisis; Yonia's strange illness; the empty wandering; the sad Spring; and then, the job, and a recovery for the family, Yonia's gradual climb, and the work-laden months following.

I have every hope for the new year. The job holds much promise, the book, Yonia recovering completely, the new people I will meet.

I hope to go to New York next Saturday, to wander. A yearly pilgrimage of sorts.

I do hope this new year is a good one for you both. My thoughts are often with you. I wonder often about the California season at hand, the Mexican restaurant you showed to me, and the tarantula we passed on the road.

All good wishes for 1961.

*Love,
Libby*

P.S. Are you coming East this spring?

Libby Kemp
29 South Redfield Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

March 1, 1961

Dear Mrs. Lovelace,

Just a short note to keep you informed... the book is coming along very badly. The collaborator has been tied up with writing a story for the Evening Bulletin and I'm afraid the book has suffered about a month's lapse. I have done a few things with it, but not enough...I seem to be in some kind of stupor although the air seems to be clearing a little.

I telephoned Marion when I was in New York during Washington's birthday last Wednesday. She had gone out in the late morning when I first telephoned...and when I again got a chance to call her just before the train left she said she was preparing dinner. So, we had almost no conversation. I do not think I'll get to N. Y. again for many months.

The deposit of the first advance has considerably fluffed up my bank account. It may someday provide a trip to Europe.

encouragement.

My sister Yonia continues to gain. She has gained a lot of weight, but she is working a few days a week selling in Wanamaker's and that's helped her immensely.

The job continues well...there's a bit of a lull just now and it's given a wonderful opportunity to do a lot of catching up. The paper work load is enormous, but learning the administrative end of things is very good and should be wonderful in helping to run a home someday.

My love to you both, and do write when you are able.

Love,

Libby

9/5/61

Dear Maud,

Thank you for your lovely and prompt letter which arrived today. I'm every bit as excited as you and I so much look forward to Mankato.

Now that the plans are slipping up so beautifully I'm becoming more and more thrilled...

I have not made up my mind as to which hotel I'll stay in. I really understand your hectic schedule and please don't feel strained if you do not see me more than once or twice. As it turns out, the Academy people have off on Columbus Day--Oct. 12th which is Thursday of the week following--so I'll really have quite an adequate stay in Mankato. I'm thinking (right now) of taking a bus back or at least to Chicago and spending a little time there. I expect the entire week following to be part of my "pilgrimage" so I can sniff around the mid-West and get lost for a spell. My boss says Indian Summer time comes to the mid-West about then and that it's quite unlike the ones we have here--so I look to finding it somewhere in the mid-West.

I dug out that letter you wrote to me back in 1958 when I first hoped to visit Mankato (but didn't) and it contains a ream of information about addresses and people, and perhaps, I can follow up on them.

Yes, by all means, I should love to have you make a reservation for the Friday night talk. I will definitely be there then. Come to think of it, perhaps I'll stay at the Burton so I can catch glimpses of you being deluged by fans; then if I remain in Mankato an extra day or so I can move over to the Mellon. But still I'm not sure... Either way, I'll see both hotels.

All of this seems to be like the culmination of a dream--girl meets author, girl sees author, girl sees author's hometown plus the author.

I think you have been the greatest single influence in my writing, and so it is every bit appropriate that I be present at your great honor.

By the way, Dr. Prescott says if you ever get to Philadelphia we would be pleased to have you give a talk to our junior members.

(2)

I must try to re-read the little girl
3-T books before Mankato. I think I love the robin story more than
any other. Please be assured that when I have little
girls they will cut their eye-teeth on the Betsy-Tacy
books and if I do not have little girls, then the little
boys will be told to read them.

I'm so pleased with myself for saving part of the
vacation. Just think I could have gone to grimy N.Y.C.
and missed all this.

I'll be sending more messages later...

Love to Delos...

Love,

Libby

P.S. Just happened to think--books had quite a lot
to do with this trip. The Lippincott advance was the
basis for the \$\$\$ in the bank! It's really a rock!

YOUR OLD LETTERS AND

September 24, 1961

Dear Maud,

I've been in a Betsy-Tacy aura ever since your first card came telling me about the celebration. I have been re-reading the B-T books, particularly the earliest ones, and getting others to read them too--Polly Drinker, and my secretary, and Dr. Prescott's oldest daughter (nine years old) who sent me some darling notes afterwards. She loved B, T & T and wanted to know were there more.

And I've been talking Betsy, Tacy & Tib to everyone. And Deep Valley, and the Big Hill....and everything.

I've worked out my itinerary--I'm flying to Minn. the evening of October 5th, but not by jet as I had hoped to do because it would involve a long layover. I'm spending the night at a motel and get the early morning flight to Mankato so I can spend a whole day discovering and taking a picnic on the Big Hill. That letter you sent me three years ago (not four as I thought before) will help get me acclimated. I made a reservation at the Burton, but I will see Mrs. Poppy's hotel too.

After Mankato I'm going back to Minn., then to Milwaukee so I can see the place where Betsy's Xmas transformation took place and all the wonderful things she saw, and then onto Chicago. Some of the museum people have given me names of midwest museum people who I can see, but mostly I'm going to browse without any kind of specific time or place schedule. I'll have, in all, ten days to enjoy the midwest. The touring buses won't be running by Oct. so I'll just pick a place or two each day to see.

I can't tell you how delighted I am to be going to Deep Valley at last. I've never had a fall vacation before--this one coming at a time when my own workload is so heavy, but it just adds to the excitement because the work is being ground out quickly and the decisions are being made fast.

I'll be seeing you and Delos very soon!

Love,
Lily

1/28/62

Dear Maudie,

I have been surrounded by the aura of your beautiful letter ever since it arrived two Saturdays ago.

I must, first off, apologize for the delay in acknowledging your Christmas presents which arrived well ~~x~~ in advance of any others. I have been out of sorts lately and have let tasks pile up. And I have been feeling most guilty about you particularly.

But I won't prolong my excuses any longer and get right on with all the things I have to say. The presents are most appreciated. They were sitting on the doorstep when I arrived home from work one day (eons ago...) and of course, you know, as I've said so many times I do not wait until Christmas to open yours...I open them immediately. The Minneopa Falls writing paper delighted me...I wished right off that I could be in Mankato and see the frozen falls, but I remembered the beautiful fall day~~x~~ when I walked through the park to see ~~x~~ them with my new-found friend Mrs. Carlstrom. The writing paper set off a series of Mankato dreams all over again... seriously, I've been dreaming of Mankato at night since I've come back. "The Independence Square Neighborhood" is so nice to have...somehow I feel it ~~xxxx~~ holds something in my future. The ~~neighborhood~~ neighborhood is something I am deeply interested in. I have carefully placed your note inside it (the one explaining how ~~xxxx~~ you got it.)

I intend to frame one of the Falls notes and keep it where I can see it often.

I am so happy too that you enjoyed the gifts I sent. I worked hard thinking them up, and getting them, and wrapping them; they were fun for me to work on. Yes, I did color the sand. I really taxed my brain to find sand in the city in the middle of winter, and I had planned to make a trip to the seashore to get some when I found some in the 5 & 10 one day when I was purchasing florists clay. I lugged home about a pound of it since that seemed to be the only size I could get. Then, I poked through my mother's condiment drawer until I found some old vegetable coloring (for baking). Some were dried up, but when I added ~~xxxx~~^{hot} water they came back to life, and I dropped sand into cracked cups (& some uncracked ones..) and let it stay awhile, poured the water off, & presto, Betsy-Tacy times all over again!

(1)

~~xxxx~~
2022

Finding the right jars was another problem. I wanted them to be old-fashioned ~~xx~~ ones, not just castaways. I finally found them in an import store in Ardmore where I went to purchase doll-house furniture (more about this later). They are actually toy jars from Germany, part of a collection of reproductions of old store toys. They ~~xxx~~ were filled with tiny hard candies which I emptied out. It was at the same store that I found the Christmas ~~angel~~ ^{angel}. As for the candies, I figured those out last summer. And for the wrappings...I used cutouts from the old-fashioned valentines I made for you a ~~fx~~ ^{fx} few years ago, plus some fool's gold that I got in Wanamaker's ^{plus} ~~expensive~~ ~~xxx~~ colored Mexican string from some Christmases ago. I am glad you thought I recreated the ~~right~~ ^{right} period because I did try, but I had to use my imagination to try & get it correctly.

We had a good Christmas...in spite of no tree to trim this year. Our friends whose tree we pirated the past few Xmas eves recently moved to Pittsburgh. I was still caught up in wrapping Xmas eve, and depressed by a very bad cold. Mark and I ~~knw~~ knock ourselves out thinking up fantastic Xmas wrappings for each other's presents. (Yonia & I always liked to use imaginative wrappings--we called ~~xxx~~ our little competition The Annual Gift Wrapping Contest. Then Mark got into it, and he is very imaginative and so the past few years, the competition has been fierce. Yonia has dropped out of the contest--this ~~xx~~ year she didn't even bother to wrap her presents ~~xx~~ at all, just gave them around in plain dept. store boxes.) I had several presents for Mark so each box was a project; one had Sputniks on it; another a Christmas wreath I made, decorated with Christmas fruit, etc., etc. Well, his to me was fantastic. He worked ~~onex~~ it for three weeks--a silver tree with a battery-operated colored bulbs. We usually open ~~xx~~ our presents at midnight, Xmas eve, but his was just too beautiful. We turned the lights out and just watched the lights in the ~~dark~~ ~~dark~~ dark. I didn't dare open it & spoil the beautiful effect so he had to sleep here over night. I was awfully sick ~~xxx~~ ~~xxx~~ anyhow. I told my sister the next day that when I laid down to sleep Xmas eve I thought I'd be dead by morning. And she said that would ~~xx~~ really be awful for me to ~~die~~ ~~die~~ die Xmas eve because I love Xmas so much. (We don't have a tree, but I got a bough this time and hung balls & tinsel on it.)

Well, of course, I didn't die. ~~Mark~~ Mark's ~~present~~ ~~present~~ present to me was a portable stereo, a set he wholly disapproved of, but he got for me because I wanted it. (He believes in the components system.) And some other ~~present~~ ~~present~~ presents, including

a record I had ~~am~~ admired "How the West Was Won", the ~~xxxxxxx~~ music of the settlement of the West.

As for the dollhouse I mentioned earlier--well, I found it ~~kw~~ in an antiques store the week before I left for Mankato. I ~~had~~ have one house left from my childhood plus the one ~~I~~ Mark brought for me the Xmas before last. Well, the latest dollhouse is circa 1920 and was furnished; not all the pieces very interesting, but some quite unusual. Well, anyhow, the dollhouse had to sit in the antiques store until I got back and ~~got~~ Mark got his license so we could drive there and get it. When we got to the store I found some more ~~xxxxxxx~~ miniature pieces, and snapped them up. Well, there was an empty exhibit case in the museum and I asked if it would be ok to do a dollhouse exhibit for Xmas. So, I spent weeks getting the dollhouse in shape; finding ~~xxxx~~ furniture (enter here the Xmas angel and the jars); making curtains & bedspreads, getting residents, etc. I wrapped blocks of ~~xxxx~~ wood to look like miniature presents. I finally got it set up the week before Xmas and the children and the women and the men just loved it. Dr. Prescott did inquire what was my natural history angle and I said there were ~~xx~~ two dogs in the living room! It is a real homey dollhouse; I hung wreaths in the windows; put a turkey on the shelf in the kitchen; had a grandmother touching a gold birdcase; had a little girl playing an upright piano; a white bear rug in the baby's room; combs & a ~~xxxx~~ hairbrush left behind in the bathroom. There is also a front porch, and a two-door garage. I am searching now for a model T Ford. A woman said if I buy a put-together one she'll have her son ~~xx~~ do it.

The ~~xxxx~~ dollhouse, by the way, is still in my office, waiting to be taken home. I would venture to say that mine is the only pr office in Phila. and perhaps, the entire country, that holds a dollhouse! (It has electric lights, too.) The museum's carpenters and electrician helped me get the house in shape, installing new wiring, replacing windows, etc.

The weeks before Xmas were almost dreamlike. As I searched out presents, I kept finding ~~xxxxxx~~ things that seemed to apply to Mankato. Like browsing in a bookstore and finding a child's book, "Cupola House" by Mabel Leigh Hunt. ~~xxxxxx~~ The cover illustration reminded me of the old houses in Mankato and a cupola house I stayed in in Ohio during that cross-country trip several years ago. I

have the book now. And finding, used copies of "The Charming ~~Sally~~ Sally", "The Tune is in the Tree" and "Emily of Deep Valley" in old Leary's Book Store. I have never read "The Charming Sally" and it seems to fit so appropriately into my Phila. research now. And especially after the things you told me about when you were researching "Sally". Then too, reading during the Holidays, "Spring Came on Forever" by Bess Streeter Aldrich, a beautiful story of settling on the prairies in Nebraska which reminded me of Mr. Ray's stories of his mother. Bess Streeter Aldrich came up before in a ~~xxx~~ letter when I wrote how touched I was by her "Miss Bishop". I'm reading another of hers just now "White Bird Flying". Bess S. Aldrich uses the midwest, the prairies in her stories, and she captures time so eloquently.

Speaking of books, I just got to reading "An Episode of Sparrows", the book you sent Christmas last. I was so touched by it I couldn't sleep one night. My secretary is reading it now. It is a beautiful story; I thank you all over again for sending it.

I sent cards at Xmas to the Mankato people & ~~R~~ M. Tacy & Tib & Alice, and the Edwards. I followed the weather forecasts during the Holidays, watching those snowstorms drive across the midwest and picturing Mankato at Christmas. (We had snow Christmas ~~ng~~ eve, the first time in quite a few years although there was lots of ~~ne~~ snow ~~lx~~ weeks before Xmas 1960). I should like to see Mankato at each season; I think a lot about how it must look in the spring and the summer. I really do dream a lot about Mankato; putting myself to ~~xx~~ sleep by recreating its scenes, and at night I have dreams about it, seeing you there and the other people I met, and twisting it into other things. I had one dream about you and Delos one night, but you lived in an entirely different house than the one I saw~~x~~ in Claremont!

Hornbook wasn't very encouraging...it might be three years they said before publication, if they used it...I thought it best to ~~fxm~~ forget that just now. It seems the story was timely for awhile; I don't think it will be in 1965.

Through Mankato I've become even more interested in my house; it is about 1910 & retains its old features, such as wainscoting in the bathroom & kitchen. I didn't even know there was a word for lined woodwork until Mankato. And of course, things have remained ~~ixm~~ untouched here for years. Many of my old toys are still in the basement, including the

~~Raggedy~~ Raggedy Ann story book ~~about~~ that had a picture of a soda tree; I thought a lot about that when I was little. I have ~~gotten~~ been looking into children's books; I read "Prairie Girl" lately by L. Lenski, and I got a reproduction of a Kate Greenaway. They are being issued by a British firm and include the beautiful illustrations.

I wrote to Abby Cragun last week; no answer yet. She has no telephone and the operator said they had no listings ^S of rural Broomall; ~~it~~ if I do not hear from her I will try to find out where her street lies and drive there some weekend with Mark. I am sending away for prints of the Mankato snapshots; they should be back later this week. The camera was brand new and I didnot use ^{it} before Mankato so the pictures in general were not too successful. But they do show some of the beautiful color of that ~~wk~~ weekend although not all the pics turned out. I'll mail them when they return. As for the pics you sent, the one showing the car near a stone wall is the spot where the bench used to stand. And for the unidentified house, I do believe that is Tib's. As for that nameless piece of road, I think that's outside the Betsy house at 332.

I got a letter from Tib last week.

Mark's accident really came out a lot better than expected; I didnot have to take him over the coals, as you suggested; his own conscience took care of that. No police came to the scene; Mark, of course, didnot report the accident; and the truckers didn't either, they probably didn't want that kind of thing to appear on their records. The car was recently repaired; Mark is/much more skillful driver now. We have lovely weekends; driving, driving, driving.

The book is sadly neglected; I am suffering acute laziness; I need a good spanking.

I am busy at the Academy; this is our sesquicentennial year as the country's oldest natural history museum~~a~~ and we're working ~~much~~ furiously. Along with the planning of dinners, etc., there is a lot to be done to line up ~~lots~~ downright publicity. I've been doing very well; we have started a bulletin board of our stuff and ~~my~~ my secretary proudly maintains it, adding things all the time. I must get out another brochure; a new guidebook;

and so many other things, they are on this year's agenda. I had luncheon the other day in the ^{original} American Philosophical Society and ~~heard~~ heard a paper read by the associate editor of Franklin's papers, on Franklin & his wife.

I saw a record of folk music that included Martha Schlamme, the folk singer you wrote about. I do like folk music very much.

About the bench...I do not think it would be ~~extremely~~ terribly expensive; I should really love ~~it~~ to leave some little mark with Mankato. But I shan't mention it for awhile; it is still in my mind. And as for the Someday Children who will need skates and party dresses...each thing in its place; there is room for a bench ^{too} ~~right now~~. But all things are ~~subject~~ subject to the whims of time...we shall see...we shall see...

I have been to New York twice recently, ~~and~~ ^{since} I went with Mark before Christmas and we went to Schwartz's to see the Christmas toys. After Xmas I went again to see the Christmas dollhouse at the Museum of the City of N. Y., one of my favorite N.Y. places...I think I wanted to see how it compared with my ~~own~~ dollhouse. The N. Y. one was much more beautiful and really valuable, but it didn't have Xmas decorations up at all. That ~~was~~ was disappointing, but satisfying too in a way to know that my dollhouse really did house Xmas.

Perhaps, I'll write a story about little dolls...it is hard to believe this love of old toys can't be put to some practical use. Did I ever tell you I have a reproduction of a wooden Colonial doll in my office and a miniature toy scale where I keep paper clips?

Week before last I hung Valentines in the museum's front lobby...the volunteers hadn't changed the Xmas decorations so I took them down & hung the Valentines. I don't believe such things have been hung before...and although they don't have anything to do with natural history, the children like them when they come in.

Give my love to Delos, and all my love to you.

Libby

Feb. 18, 1962

Dear Maudie,

I am sending the color prints (at last) that turned out of Betty-Pacy days. I think you will particularly like the 5th St. houses.

Abley Bucklin answered my letter; flu in the family kept her from answering she said. She said she would not like to miss a friend of yours, and "There will be many questions about Maud I will want answered". I will visit her soon some weekend.

I got a letter from Pacy.

For the first time I'm reading a book by Willa Cather - "My Antonia" - I can't imagine why I waited so long. I love her descriptions of the prairies. (There is a sister in one of the families whose name is Julia and musically inclined; she plays the piano.)

Give my love to Delos.

All my love,
Libby

Libby Demp
29 South Redfield Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

4/29/62

Dear Maudie,

I have been carrying your letter in my handbag ever since it arrived this week, re-reading it from time to time & rejoicing in its ~~contents~~ contents. I am so happy to hear you are coming to N. Y. in May. When I last saw you in Minnesota I didnot expect I would be seeing you again for a very long time (& it depressed me). But I am so ~~del~~ delighted now. By all means, save every ~~px~~ possible moment for me. That sounds terribly selfish, doesn't ~~it~~ it? But I hope you will be able to. I'll be happy to come to New York whenever you can see me. May will be an especially busy month for me, with our Safari Night coming up on the 23rd, but I will try to slip away in spite of it. Weekends, of course, are best for me, and Mark too looks forward to seeing you & Delos this time.

Your letter brought pangs of dispair on my part. My winter was ~~xxx~~ a futile one. I ~~xxxx~~ undertook nothing & accomplished as much outside of my job. I worked hard at the Academy but elsewhere I did nothing. It has been a difficult winter in other ways too, and a ~~xx~~ few weeks ago I ^{started} ~~sixteen~~ weekly appointments with a psychiatrist at the Pennsylvania Institute. The decision to go for discussions ~~xxx~~ came after a personal crisis during which I realized I ~~needed~~ badly needed professional help. I am making ~~xxxx~~ progress; I deeply hope it will be of permanent usefulness.

I have also embarked on a diet, under care of an M.D., using willpower, pills & injections. I am making progress on this too. And I have volunteered as an aide at Osteopathic Hospital; I must undergo a certain amount of training and then I will be assigned to some job. (I think they plan for me to work in the admissions office.) I am supposed to put in a minimum of 4 hours per week.

I had thought you were on the Academy mailing list long ago. I have put out dozens of things since I came. I hope someday you will visit the Academy. Logan Circle is beautiful just now with masses of tulips in bloom~~x~~ around the fountains.

We went to the Philadelphia Orchestra last night, the final concert of the season, an all-request program; it was glorious. The final piece was a fitting close, a great favorite of mine, The Pines of Rome. If only Caesar could ~~xxxxxxx~~ have heard it!

I have been thinking lately of Mankato in the spring. I can 'see' it so clearly. Did you see the glass popcorn wagon owned by a man named Tony when you were in Mankato? An elderly man with white hair and snow white popcorn, on a corner of Main Street. I often think of him. Was he there when you were a girl?

Your folksinger Martha Schlamme is coming here during May. I shall try to see her.

Abby Cragun is alive; at least she was a few months ago. I think I wrote about my correspondence with her in an earlier letter. I haven't as yet gone to see her.

I'm afraid the integration story is not for the present. It is all to close right now. ~~xxx~~

No, I didnot see the snapshot taken at Cab's house. I have yet to mail my pix to Tacy & Tib. (I will tho--soon.)

(2)

Your letter reading project sounds so courageous, and you are getting so much out of it!

I believe Betsy has a birthday around this month. All good wishes. I look forward to seeing you soon.

Love,
Libby

June 9, 1962

Dear Maudie,

Surely, you must know how wonderful (and helpful) it was to see you, & Delos, & Merian this past Monday. I did like Merian so much & I will plan to see her again when I am in New York.

I had to get up 4:45 a.m. Tuesday to make the bus back to Philadelphia. It was gruesome, but surprising -- I thought those people were always on Broadway. They weren't tho when I had breakfast. The museum was peaceful and quieting after the struggles with luggage & the typewriter, and my little group of friends wanted to hear what I had done in N.Y.

Things are quieting down now at the museum, after those months of crowds and noise. I did a lot of catching up this week. Just one more dinner--this coming Wednesday night--and then the big parties will be over for awhile although I do hope to have some summer luncheons in African Hall.

I got a little work done on the book this week. I will be working all this weekend. Of course, this rehabilitation is very difficult and sometimes I am just unable to touch the book. I am lonely, very often, and my emotions get the best of me.

I do feel hopeful tho, I think. Yonia, who knows some of my dilemna said last night that I look happier now than she has seen me since about Christmas. After she left my room, I broke down and cried! And when my sister Bella gave me my belated birthday gift she selected a Thurber because she said she never sees me smile. Of course, you can imagine how that cheered me!

Monday was a beautiful day; it will stand out in my memory.. the little green buds dropping from the trees during luncheon.. the little walking tour of the Village...and Washington Square. I did record some notes in my Journal.

I do think New York in general helped.

Did you see Raggedy Ann & Andy? I hope the Fire Island weekend is a marvelous one. And please know that I'll be thinking of you Tuesday traveling to Tacy's. Give her my love.

Love to Delos--I think he is a fabulous human being.

All my love,

P.S. Oh yes, I am enclosing a picture card of my Logan Circle. Perhaps, you will remember me. And the little map may help you to recall the Parkway area and where the Academy stands, just across from your (and my) library. I had lunch yesterday with a newspaper friend on the patio of the Art Museum, overlooking the Parkway and facing the skyline. You and I must do this sometime together during your next trip back.

Logan Circle



#6 *The Swan Memorial Fountain*

At Logan Circle on the Parkway was finished in 1920, costing over \$30,000. It was given by Margaret Swan in memory of Dr. Wm. C. Swan. The statuary is of bronze; the three figures being symbolic of the three rivers that flow in and around Philadelphia.

*My front window
looks out on this
lovely circle. You
know why I love
it!*

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POST-CARD

August 6, 1962

Dear Maudie,

You've probably been wondering what ever happened to that poor, tired, sick girl you saw in New York in early June. I think in some ways she is even more tired, and more sick, but in other ways much improved.

My share of the book is completed, officially, as of yesterday. The situation took on a nightmare quality recently. It is all so complicated that if I went into all the niches and crannies of this intrigue, it would run to pages. But, basically, this is the crux: The deadline was June 15th; ~~June 30th~~ ^{JULY 15TH} at the latest. Time sped away - by the 15th, much remained. By the 30th, still hanging. At about this time, my collaborator acquired another girl to take over her share of the writing, type & retype, etc. This was done without my knowledge or consent. When I learned about it, the girl had already completed quite a share of writing. My collaborator wanted the additional girl listed as a collaborator, with the final advance from Lippincott to be divided in ~~three~~ thirds. I have balked and have refused to do this. The situation has ~~grown~~ progressively worse with my collaborator continuing her arrangement with this other girl. Mark advised me I was well within my legal rights to refuse recognition to a third party. I met with my collaborator yesterday, and there was a terrific row, and she now wants to let the matter rest in the hands of Lippincott. I immediately telephoned the Children's Book Editor at Lippincott this morning and inquired if a third party could be brought in without consent of a co-author. I never enlarged upon the situation; I said I didn't want to further discuss the matter at this point. But, of course, the editor must know something fowl is in the air. She said the contract stands with the co-signers and would be recognized in any court of law. If need be, I will acquire a lawyer; the situation has become so untenable that it makes me ill and keeps me up nights worrying. Lippincott, of course, has been conferring with my collaborator about the book since ~~about~~ at least 1958 so they are pretty disgusted. Last night she said she is going to present the story to Lippincott; I said she should put it in writing and let me see it before it is mailed.

LIPPINCOTT SAID GET IT IN SOON AS POSSIBLE

Well, that is the way the book matter stands at the moment.

As for Mark and I, we are back together through my own doing. I am beginning to realize I love him very, very much and that I need him. This book thing has shown me that. I have looked to him for legal advice and leaning, and I am hopeful now.

There is some good news report. I expect to go to Europe in mid-September. I had hoped to visit the Betsy-Tacy places abroad; I do not think now I will see too many of them. I will fly to Hamburg, go on to Copenhagen, then London, then Paris probably, and back to Hamburg to pick up my chartered plane. I will be on my own; I'm scared. I'll be gone three weeks. I wrote to Merian and she recalled visiting some of the Betsy-Tacy places, especially Munich. She said you'd be the best adviser on European B-T watering places. There is so much to be done before I go; I expect I'll be quite tired (exhausted) by the time I leave.

Merian sent the lovely color pic of you and I in N.Y. I am delighted with it. I have one to send you of the three Lovelace's. I sent some more ^{PACS} to Tacy, one to Miss Brewster and one of Miss Brewster to Dr. Wiecking. Miss Brewster and Dr. Wiecking each sent lovely notes.

I'll be writing you soon again, when I catch up on my strength and backlog of things ~~of~~ I've shelved. I hope you and Belos are fine. I miss you both.

Love, Lippincott

8/23

Dear Maudie,

I am most appreciate to you for the ~~total~~ tantalizing information about Europe. I have been doing a lot of research and running-around, going through all the classic adventures first-time tourists must (such as discovering I was registered as a male at birth on my birth certificate)! I have put my arrangements in the hands of a small, reliable travel agency in New York, but I said where I wanted to stay and what I wanted to do. In Copenhagen, I'll be staying at a pension near the spot where the famous Mermaid statue is. In Hamburg, I'll only stay over one night (following arrival) at the ritzy Vier ~~xx~~ Jahreszeiten. I felt I wanted to ~~have a splashy place~~ stay in at least one splashy place, especially immediately after arrival when I'll no doubt be tired and dirty. In ~~London~~ London, either the Rubens or the Rembrandt ("whichever is cheaper" I told the agent, located near Buckingham ~~Palace~~). At the Burgundy, in Paris ("very old-fashioned" the agent said, and that sounded perfect). I prefer to stay on the Right Bank during my first trip and since too, I'll really ~~mh~~ only be in Paris for a few days.

I'll take the three-day Fairy Tale excursion from Copenhagen, then go from Copenhagen to Harwich across the North Sea on a cruiser, from Harwich to London by train. My itinerary is still a little uncertain at this time, but I'll let you ^{know} more as things develop ~~xx~~ within the next few days.

I called Marion when I was in New York on Monday, but there was no opportunity to get together. I was on Academy business and some of my own too (mostly for the trip). I bought some ~~money~~ foreign monies because I want to be ~~absolutely~~ familiar with as many things as possible before I go. And, of course, I'm doing a lot of reading too. (By the way, ~~it~~ I plan to take an excursion into the chateau country -- the Loire Valley).

I am not disturbed (now) about the book. Nor am I mad, bitter or dwelling on it. I was upset at first and hurt, too. (It was a blow to my confidence, but I'm much too busy planning the trip to give any major thought to it now). I learned several valuable lessons from it. (#1 about ~~pro~~ procrastination, #2 about abiding by ~~my~~ deadlines, #3 about my legal rights, ~~xx~~ #4 about ~~the business~~ how to conduct the business of writing, etc., etc. (I haven't been able to let myself procrastinate ~~xx~~ since then).

enclosing one

I'm ~~sending away for~~ prints of the Lovelace N. Y. pic ~~today~~ and ~~will~~ will send ~~them to you as soon as I get them~~ another in about a week when it is developed; I'll also send one to Marion. If you will want others, let me know.

You'll be hearing from me again very soon. Give my love to Delos.

Love,
Libby

9/3/62

Dear Maudie,

Thank you for the Holiday which arrived last week. I appreciate your bringing it to my attention. I do have a subscription to Holiday and did happen to have this one so I am returning it to you. I did not however remember the piece on Scandinavia and when your card came telling me you were sending it, I went & found the issue.

There is so much to do and read before one embarks for a European trip. I am mostly handling my own arrangements since the price submitted by my travel agent was out of my budget. I did let her go ahead and make the air arrangements within Europe, but we agreed I should make my own hotel arrangements to save the service charge. It is rather fun tho - it makes me feel like my own travel agent! There has been a change too in planning. I will stay at the Hotel Eden in Hamburg rather than the swanky Vier Jahreszeiten. I will be there a day and a night, flying the next morning to Copenhagen, staying six days at the pension (the Langelinie). I will make all sightseeing arrangements from there, including, I hope, a day's trip to Sweden (to Malmo, Lund, Svenstorp, etc. & back across the Sound).

I will, of course, take the day's trip to Odense to see Hans Christian Andersen's home, and also a trip that includes Kronborg Castle at Elsinore (the setting for Hamlet). I eliminated the Fairy Tale trip to save money and to be able to spend more leisurely days in Copenhagen. I just know Copenhagen is going to be wonderful -- everyone who's been there says so. And I love Danish crafts (and Danish pastry!) I will not take the boat trip across the North Atlantic -- too time consuming & perhaps too rough and not really scenic. I will fly direct to London. I wrote to Browns' Hotel -- it sounded so atmospheric and Edwardian, and if one is going to get the feel of Old England, Browns sounds just the place to sense it. And the hotel reminded me too of Mr. Brown in B & TGW. I will be in London five days, taking the Shakespeare trip, and one to Windsor Castle to see Queen Mary's Dollhouse. (I intend to go to the theatre every night, perhaps see some vaudeville too). Then, I will fly to Paris. I wrote to the Hotel Regina which was recommended by my agent. It is on the Rue des Pyramides, just off the Avenue de L'Opera, and not too far from the Louvre. The Right Bank is considered ~~safer~~ safer; there are some Algerian sections on the Left Bank which I would not want to ramble on (especially at night). Anyhow, my heart lies on the Right Bank with the Champs Elysees, the Tuileries, and the Arch de Triomphe. I have been studying maps, guidebooks, ('Fieldings' is going with me), travel literature. I've spent a small fortune on books about Europe. I'm also reading short stories of Germany, Denmark, England & France, although of course, English literature is very familiar to me. I bought German records and my boss loaned me his French records. I do not believe I shall get to Chateau country. I am mostly concentrating on the cities.

Someone said
Henry James
wrote a
story about
a girl who
stayed
at Browns.

I have discovered an interesting thing -- that before, Europe always seemed to be the culmination of a life's dream and yet now that I am almost there, I'm finding it is only a beginning, that I'm thinking about the next trip, of visiting places I won't this time, or rediscovering places I'll discover during my first trip. Life is full of surprise, isn't it?

From Paris, I'll fly back to Hamburg for overnight. I have to pick up my flight home from there. I do not have much love for the Germans and so I'm spending just minimal time there.

By the way, the art gallery/^{your friend} was preferring to (I think) is Jeu de Paume. It's the most popular in Paris. And of course, time permitting, I'll go there.

The husband of a friend of mine who is in the wholesale travel business took a look at my itinerary and said I wasn't getting enough for my travel dollar. He roughed out a new one which included Switzerland and Italy. But the more I thought about it, the more I felt that just wasn't for me. (It included, for instance, a day and a half in Rome). I said no, I don't want to skim the top. I know I'd love Lucerne and the train ride from there to Venice, but I think my best bet is to concentrate on the places that mean the most to me (i.e. London & Paris). Then too, I don't want to exhaust myself.

In London, by the way, I'm supposed to meet with Joy Adamson (who wrote "Born Free" and "Living Free"). She will make her first (and only 1962) American appearance at the Academy this December, and I'm to brief her in London. On September 28th, she starts a lecture tour of England and I probably will be invited to her opening luncheon. More on this as it materializes.

My flight has been delayed a whole day (until Sept. 17th). The airline (Air India) will pay for hotel and meals in N. Y. because of the delay, but I do not know whether I'll take advantage of it. I might just fly in to Idlewild (we're only 48 air minutes away).

This new itinerary is more flexible than the last one, perhaps more confusing too since I eliminated transfer services, someone to meet me at the airports, etc. I'll have to do it all alone. But if Betsy did it, so can I! I felt too ~~by~~ eliminating the extras I'd have more dollars to spend on shopping, especially Copenhagen where prices are amongst the lowest in Europe. Don Graham, the man I mentioned earlier in this letter, who is in the travel business, expects to be in Europe while I am, and he said he'd try to meet my plane in Copenhagen, and we also plan to sightsee together. He said/he's in Paris when I am, he'd take me to the Folies.

I haven't had a chance to write to museums abroad. I do intend to use my museum connections; the Academy's are worldwide. I've been slaving away at the Fall work. By the way, I don't know whether I told you, we had an opening in our department, and one of the applicants was a retired diplomat woman (who's most recent assignment was as vice-consul in the Copenhagen embassy; we hired her - she starts tomorrow, but she recommended the pension in Copenhagen, loaned books including some in Danish, asked who I would like to meet (I didn't say the Queen; I asked to meet a Danish newspaper person because I understand the Danish press is so outspoken, & perhaps too my counterpart in a Copenhagen museum.) Of course, if those don't work out the country has its 'Meet the Danes' program. I did meet a scientist from Hamburg one day who happened to be visiting the Academy.

I'll write more soon. The pix ^{from} N. Y. came last week and poor Merian was cut in half so I sent ~~them~~ back to the company and told them to do it over. I hope to have them for you before I leave.

Love, Libby

Sept. 12, 1962

Dear Maudie,

So much to do & running out of time! I got your card -- unhappily, Brown's ~~didn't have~~ could not accomodate me so I'm looking elsewhere. I know I would have loved it. It must be the same Brown's as in your 1914 guidebook because Brown's address is on Dover St. But, I will get to see Brown's because my ticket to the opening luncheon in honor of Joy Adamson has already been arranged at that address. So, I wrote to Brown's and asked them to hold it.

I will have almost three hours at Idlewild...

I'm enclosing another N. Y. print plus the one I returned to the company; I thought you might have some use for it even tho it cuts Marion in half. (I already sent her a print so this extra good one is for you.) If you need others, let me know.

If I don't have time to write you before I leave, I'll certainly write from abroad. Either way, I hope to be able to send my itinerary so you can write me too, if you wish.

Love,
Lively

P.S. Under separate cover am sending a charming piece about a childhood friend of Louisa May Alcott. Had a subscription to "Yankee", a New England magazine, and came across the little tale.



... det Huus hvor jeg har levet, som Barn, det ligger paa hoire Haand naar man gaar fra Klingeberget til Møllen, et lille gault Huus med to Døre . . .

Brev fra H. C. Andersen til Henriette Hanck 8.-3.-1836.

24/9/62

*Akvarel af H. C. Andersens barndomshjem,
udført og skænket af J. H. T. Hanck til digteren.

Hi!

Visited H. C. Andersen's home
yesterday on the island of
Aunew. His tales are so much
more meaningful after a visit
to his country.

Thank you for the thoughtful
plane message " & the handwritten
& your very nice letter. It
really felt good to get a
letter from the homeland!

Danish is a terrible language.
Quote from a book: "If you really want
to know - how a Dane sounds, you only have
to put a sugar in each corner
of your mouth."



Mr. & Mrs. Delos Lovelace

774 N. 8th Street

Claremont, California

U. S. A.

Handwritten text on the left margin, partially cut off: "I have a book..."

Denmark Bys Museum copyright

11/28/62

Dear Maudie,

I feel terribly remorseful for not having yet written since I returned from Europe - but it seems most of my waking hours have been spent in a frenzy of activity.

The Joy Adamson affair is swamping us and I'm working very, very hard to have it run smooth. It is quite a coup for us as she has never before been to America - and this visit is being made specifically for the Academy & nobody else.

I did meet her in London and had a lengthy chat - she is quite a person. She will arrive here early next week and most of my days will be spent around her schedule one way or another. So, you can understand how busy I'll be for another week.

This is all by way of saying I will be sending a EUROPE DETAILED LETTER soon. I will be in New York this weekend to see the windup of the Bolshoi and I wrote to Merion to ask if she's free sometime on Sunday.

All my love (and remorse) to you and Delossy.

Love,
Luby



SCENE FROM THE DAISY
CHILD'S BOOK PRINTED
FOR JACOB JOHNSON
PHILADELPHIA, 1808
The Free Library of Philadelphia

SEASON'S GREETINGS

With loving best wishes for a happy and
memorable Christmas; and remembrance
of a year in which Betty & Tacy & Tib
returned to Deep Valley, & the scenes
they enjoyed were enjoyed again by a
girl who grew up with them, years
later.

Love,
Lily

January 7, 1963

Dear Maudie,

You're probably not even speaking to me after this long delay in my writing to you. There have been reasons, of course, -- reasons & reasons & reasons.

I started to write to you on November 3rd, truly; I still have the letter -- that was less than a month after I returned from ~~the~~ Ennope. But I never seemed to have finished it.

All I can say is that Europe was the start of an extraordinary experience for me and that since I returned I have been caught up in a ~~whirl~~ whirlwind of more ~~extra~~ experiences~~x~~ that still emanate from the richness of my time abroad.

Your ~~X~~ Christmas gifts could not have been more appropriate for this period in my life I'm ~~now~~ going through. I adored London -- I shall never fail to look back upon it without any but the deepest, most beautiful feelings. And your "Shakespeare of London" is so perfect for those times I will be recalling that extraordinarily period. And the scratch pad from Santa Claus for those feelings I ~~shall~~ expect to set down.

I opened the package the same day it arrived. I tried to be disciplined -- and was for about a half hour or so. Then I gave up. And when I saw "Shakespeare of London" ~~it started~~ tears came to my eyes.

Thank you. ~~Some strange things~~ Your usually uncanny/^{know how} ~~gift~~ gift for selecting ~~just~~ presents was really remarkable this Christmas.

I have been working extremely hard through the fall-- the Joy Adamson affair December 7th was probably the most successful affair in the Academy's history. And that's ~~just~~ not just press agency. It was a wonderful, wonderful windup to the Academy's sesquicentennial.

Joy Adamson is a fascinating woman and I spent quite a lot of time with her. She's a book herself. The days of her visit were hectic, exhausting and peopled with characters.

At one point Joy told me I reminded her of Elsa. I was eating at ~~the~~ the time and licked my lips or something -- I can't remember just what. But she stopped and said, "Elsa always used to do that."

She's an emotionally unpredictable woman and often difficult to work with. Confidentially, she drove her hosts nearly out of their heads--what with opening the windows upstairs on very cold days, and wanting them to drop everything and tramp around in the snow with her, and dashing back & forth during meals.

No doubt you are still anxious to hear about ~~the~~ Europe (and probably mad as All Heck that I didn't write ~~about~~ about it sooner). It is too bad I didn't before -- as you might expect much of it has fled my mind. Yet, as Dr. Prescott wrote me before I left, the buildings & churches & bridges disappear, but the people remain. That has remained essentially true.

Copenhagen was particularly rich in people. The pension I stayed in was marvelous with characters. ~~They~~ ~~Some~~ ~~and~~ ~~many~~ ~~guests~~ ~~took~~ Some of the guests and ~~outside~~ some outsiders took their ~~a~~ dinner in the lovely dining room followed by demi-tasse in the sitting room. Something someone said at the American Embassy stuck in my mind and I secretly called the group "The Drawing Room Murder Crowd". They are all classic characters-- the college professor on sabbatical, the Grande Dame of the pension, the young man who only wanted to discuss the royal families of Europe, etc.

I adored Copenhagen. I hated to leave -- yet come to think of it, I hated to leave each place along the way. When I arrived in Copenhagen your wonderful letter was waiting on my desk. It was a real ~~one~~ Betsy-Tacy

encounter.

From Hamburg I had gone with the V.W. group to the V.W. factory in Wolfsburg, driving from there across northern Germany, then taking a ferry to Copenhagen where I remained a week. (I had met a couple aboard the ~~NxYx~~ overseas flight who were also going to Copenhagen after picking up their V.W. so I drove with them).

From Cope I flew to London. London is that extraordinary memory. ~~It~~ Looking back I cannot quite believe that what happened actually did. It has revolutionalized much of my life and my thinking.

In Paris I stayed with an Israeli girl I met aboard the London-Paris flight. She walked me to pieces -- I came home pounds and pounds less. But, g the goal I had set out last spring, losing 25 pounds was achieved. I picked up a virus in London and that, coupled with the rugged regimen my Israeli friend prescribed made me physically new. (I actually lost seven pounds in Europe so that completed my weight objective).

I did keep a journal -- a very sketchy one. But, I wrote pretty good letters home and I have them.

I hope to go to Europe again this fall. That tho is still in the wind. Now, I am taking each day as it comes and attempting to savour it as it comes. I have had setbacks -- I did have a rather bad ~~dx~~ one during the Holidays, but I seem to be reviving now. I still continue at the psychiatrist -- I think he has been of immense help ~~ix~~ in helping me to sort out my feelings.

No, please don't return "Yankee". I wanted you to have it.

I had a wonderful afternoon in N. Y. with Marion. I like her very much. I hope she will come to visit my museum soon and to see our rich cast of characters there. I am attempting to keep a journal of Academy experiences-- calling it "Museum Pieces" -- perhaps someday something will come of it.

Forgive me for the long delay -- I will write you more of Europe from time to time. I really will.

All best wishes for a wonderful, wonderful New Year. May God bless and watch o'er you both.

Love,
Libby

5/31/63

Dear Maudie,

I loved and appreciated your sweet note. I have written to Abby Bucklin, promising to visit her within a few weeks-- and I really will this time.

I am going to spend most of the summer staying in the center city home of a friend of mine while she is away. I have already moved in. It is a tiny, old house, two rooms first floor, and two rooms second floor, and a tiny, tiny bathroom. There is also a tiny yard with a rose bush that dips over part of the yard, giving a very nice, romantic effect, and a low red brick fence. The house is on, as you might expect, a tiny street. I can walk to work in the morning, past old houses, past shops, past Rittenhouse Square--there are dozens of different ways to get to the museum.

It is a little strange to be living all alone, but it should be a very good experience for me...housekeeping, entertaining, cooking, shopping, etc. I am giving my first dinner party tomorrow night, and the week after next a covered dish dinner for a group of women who work at the Academy.

I am so much looking forward to this summer. My birthday the other day was the happiest I have ever spent, with the girls blindfolding me and taking me to luncheon (I knew not where until arrival). So, things seem to be looking up now. I'll be writing more within a very short time.

Love to Delos.

Love,
Libby

MISS LIBBY DEMP
29 SOUTH REDFIELD STREET
PHILADELPHIA 39, PENNSYLVANIA

September 10, 1963

Dear Maudie:

Exciting news at last! Mark and I are to be married shortly. No date set as yet -- we are first house-(rental) looking in center city. That is a very tall order because there is very little available in the Rittenhouse Square area where we want to live. Or, we may have to go into the old Philadelphia section (now called Society Hill). Our hope is to find something as soon as possible because I must vacate Nancy's little house by the 20th of the month.

You are right. This has been a remarkable summer, a beautiful summer -- much entertaining under the rose bush in the backyard, food shopping, and most of all, finding myself. I saw the psychiatrist for the last time last week, telling him I would not be back anymore. I feel now that I have come to the end of a long, long dream.

Mark and I have come a long, long way together. In spite of all the years behind us, I feel now that we are just beginning. What brought about this revelation is a long, long story. Essentially, two weeks ago my boss told me he is resigning. I was shocked and confused, but it made me realize that what I truly wanted was to marry Mark. At the time, he was down in Hazeltown, covering that dramatic ~~mine~~ mine rescue. I tried to reach ~~ix~~ him, and about the same time, he was trying to reach me. I told him on the telephone about my boss and about wanting to get married. I thought and rethought, wondering if perhaps I wasn't acting in desperation. But, deep down inside there was a deep calm, a deep stillness. So, I knew I was ~~rightx~~ doing the right thing. In a few days, the confusion and doubts cleared away, and there was nothing left but peace, an inner calm. My turmoil ~~seemed~~ is over.

The revelation has done wonders for Mark. He just glows. We are so happy announcing our engagement to everyone (and anyone). And now we are thinking in terms of "we" and "ours". To sleep peacefully, to awaken hopefully is so good~~x~~ after all those sad

years.

We want to find a house with an extra room that we can both use for writing. Preferably a home with a fireplace somewhere and a garden for entertaining. And a kitchen I can move around in!

Eventually, Mark hopes to work in Europe as a foreign correspondent. I am hoping we can spend at least a year in Philadelphia although he expects to jobhunt, either in New York or Washington, so perhaps we may both be doing some commuting.

But -- one thing at a time.

No definite wedding plans yet. I expect it will be before the end of the year, and probably quite small with just a few close friends and immediate family present.

I would expect that gradually my work at the Academy will come to a ~~halt~~ slowdown. Dr. Prescott has been its dynamo and with his leaving much of the acceleration will dwindle. I don't know about a successor -- I suppose eventually he will have to be replaced, but that may take some time. So -- the next few months should be ones of unraveling and raveling.

By the way, Polly Drinker also announced her engagement about the same time I did and we are both ~~experient~~ going through the same kinds of experiences, househunting, making decisions, holding "business meetings" with our fiances.

Since my address is undertain for the time being, it is best to write me c/o of the Academy.

I hope Delos is fine now. Love to you both.

Love,

Pieby

P.S. I heard from Tacy this week, requesting a Mankato snapshot.

123 W 44 St.

br 607

12.30 — 12.45

Libby Kemp
29 South Redfield Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

October 8, 1963

Dear Maudie:

If you are going to be in the East during mid-November I would love to have you attend my wedding. This past spring Marion mentioned that you might come East in the fall -- so if you are, Voila!

The wedding date is tentatively set for November 16th. We hope to be married in the house in which we will live, under a canopy which is traditional (as you know) in Jewish weddings. We will be married by the Jewish Chaplain for the State (Mark says he is actually a "prison rabbi" which we both think is quite funny). It will be an Orthodox ceremony although neither Mark or I are Orthodox. I used to know this particular rabbi during my newspaper days and he would kid with me about wanting to marry me. (Although he said the other day he never thought I ~~had~~ actually took him seriously).

I cannot say at the moment exactly where our house will be - we are still firming things up - but I can tell you it will typify old ~~Philadelphia~~ Philadelphia.

We may honeymoon in Williamsburg. I am anxious for Mark to learn about colonial life and I think we will both enjoy the food and surroundings. I have been there before and will be a lot of fun for me to show Mark around. ^

Please keep the 16th open if you are coming to New York.

I hope to be able to write you at least one more letter before the wedding, maybe even two!

Love,
Libby

December 9, 1963

Dear Maudie~~xx~~ & Delossey:

Our next-door neighbor Mrs. Davenport brought us your package the day we were leaving for our honeymoon (November 20th). I was so touched, and delighted by its glistening beauty, and I left it on a little table in the living room so we could see it immediately when we returned after our honeymoon. So, of course, it was the first thing we saw before Mark carried me over the threshold.

It was very beautiful, cheery, and welcoming at that particular time because two days after we left on the honeymoon, President Kennedy died and Mark covered the events in Washington. When we returned home -- sad, lonely, and numbed -- the tea set put us once again in touch with a more gracious and comforting life.

We now keep it on a blue place mat on our dining room table, still unused because I ~~am awaiting~~ wanted to say "thank you" first. ~~before xx Newp dx~~

We are both deeply touched by the set and by the beautiful thought you ~~and Delossey~~ expressed in sending it. It is ~~a very elegant and cozy~~ at once both elegant and cozy, and I am intrigued by the reproduction. No matter where we live in future years I shall keep it ~~close~~ in a special place, and whenever I brew tea I shall pour an imaginary cup for each of you~~xx~~ so that you will both be there for conversations, fun, and good times.

The attached note for Delossey was dictated to me by Mark a few weeks before our marriage, but this is ~~the~~ the first chance I've had to type it. ~~If it seems dated, it is for this reason.~~

Maudie, I will write more of the wedding, honeymoon, Washington, etc. in a day or two. Please stand by!

Love,
Libby

[ca. 1963-1964]

Dear Del:

Libby tells me that we are kindred souls which I'm sure you'll ~~agree~~ ~~agree~~ ~~is~~ nostalgic nonsense. However, corny it might sound, we seem to be. Apparently, You and Maud have achieved one of those rare & unique relationships which still leave room for ~~meaningful~~ ~~meaningful~~ meaningful and sometimes charitable relationship for those of us who are just beginning.

Your friendship and understanding has meant much not only to Libby but to me as well.

There are many questions I might wish to ask -- & much advice I am not yet wise enough to accept; possibly even points which I would pursue into the tiny hours of the morning. Surely, California isn't that far and I am sure that you season the bland flavor of the southern part of that state with something more significant than stucco cottages & orange groves.

As much as I have heard about Maud, I can more readily identify with you & the days of presses & galley proofs. Electronic journalism hums & glows -- tho not always-in tempo with the times.

If analogies are valid, and they almost never are, then I hope there is between you and Maud -- Libby and myself. But, of course, these things are only measured in retrospect. I'd ~~like~~ like very much to meet you, hopefully to learn something about our trade and your life.

Mark

L.D.F.

January 3, 1964

Dear Maudie & Delos:

I must tell you the bit of coincidence surrounding the arrival of your delicious Christmas gift. It arrived in the mail truck on the 27th while Mark and I were awakening. I saw the post office man open the back of the truck filled with packages, and I thought boy, oh boy, there has to be one for us in there. But he didn't bring anything to our door. (We have become rather spoiled with packages arriving frequently during these early-matrimony days). He did bring ~~two~~ packages to our neighbors, and I ~~thought of it rather~~ felt neglected that ~~we~~ there wasn't anything for us.

Well, it so happened that I took that day off to prepare for a party~~s~~ of ours in the evening, and late in the afternoon, ~~Mr~~ Pearl Davenport, an Hawaiian, our next-door neighbor, brought us two packages which had come in the morning. Apparently, the mailman had assumed we weren't home since we are rarely around during the day. Well, here is the coincidence -- Bill Davenport, an anthropologist at ~~an~~ Penn, grew up around Claremont and his dad still lives there. His dad had sent them a Christmas package too, also from Griswold's, which arrived in the same mail as your package, and ~~since we weren't~~ the mailman left ~~ex~~ them both at the Davenport's!

The packages were a subject of ~~fascination~~ discussion during the party. (Pearl and Bill were amongst our guests.) And Bill, who is quite a good talker, told me all about the early days of the Claremont area, the pioneers, his dad, etc. His dad has just sold off his lemon grove to a developer -- it ~~is~~ was the last piece ~~of~~ of land ~~still held~~ he still held ~~left~~ from the days he and his family owned 3000 acres in different parts of the country.

Perhaps~~xx~~ you know Mr. Davenport?

So, your ~~through~~ present came under the most intriguing and interesting circumstances. ~~It has~~

I love food gifts, and Mark was very touched by your thoughtfulness. We appreciated too your card which arrived before Christmas.

Mark and I are very happy. We love our beautiful home although it seems we get to spend so very little time there. I like being housewifey although I am frequently fatigued from this double life I am leading. (And, of course, ~~who~~ you of all people know what life with a reporter-husband is like!) We are making our ~~furniture~~ furniture purchases very carefully, and Mark loves refinishing ~~fx~~ and working with his hands.

If the first seven weeks of our marriage are any indication of what lies ahead, then we have a great deal to look forward ~~too~~ to. Having known each other for so long, the adjustments have not been very difficult, and we are finding that our ~~affections~~ feelings for each other seem to ~~strength~~ strengthen ~~and~~ each day. And yes, in spite of the long, long courtship, we are both (I think) ~~fx~~ still discovering new ~~fact~~ facets to one another.

We ~~ex~~ have queried the Sunday Bulletin Magazine about doing a ~~new~~ co-op piece on living on the Alley. The Alley is a tourist-haven and there are many funny and wonderful incidents that occur ~~amongst the residents~~. The neighbors are sort of a ~~microcosm~~ ~~microcosm~~ microcosm, so says Mark, of Philadelphia life itself. The neighbors cannot be classified; ~~there~~ their occupations, homelives, personalities, etc. are quite different each from the other.

(2)

We are just one block from the ~~Rex~~ Delaware River which separates Pa. from N. J. and we can see the Benjamin Franklin Bridge lights from our front door. ~~(~~At~~ midnight~~ (At midnight, on New Year's Eve, the boats all sounded their horns... it was an eerie and wonderful sound).

There is too amongst the neighbors a ~~cohesiveness~~ cohesiveness since the Alley is the only residential street in a ~~com~~ purely commercial neighborhood. But, this has some advantages, such as many mail ~~deliveries~~ deliveries each day. ~~And~~ And many ~~disadvantages~~ disadvantages, such as no super markets or drugstores, dry ~~cleaners~~ cleaners, laundries, etc. ~~Remark~~ Most of the merchants are wholesalers - (Pearl Davenport tells me she buys her fruits and vegetables from a wholesaler ~~along~~ ~~across the from~~ the River).

Our home is considered ~~like~~ about the most splendid one on the Alley. It is a good bit larger than most, with ~~an~~ a large (modern) kitchen. The kitchen itself is typically Dutch, with a beamed ceiling, wainscoting, Dutch door leading out to our patio.

We had a good Christmas. We had our own tree ~~this~~ for the first time in our lives and it is decorated very old-fashioned.

~~The Alley~~ itself

The outside decorations along the Alley are very simple, no flashy-lights, and it snowed ~~a~~ a day or so before Christmas, so there was snow on the hitching posts, and two ~~snow~~ snow people (one was a snowlady).

Thank you for remembering us at Christmas. We hope the New Year is one of happiness, productiveness, and peace for you both.

Love,
Libby & Mark

P. S. Maudie, did I ever telling you that the young mother who lived next door to ~~Marjorie~~ the house I stayed in last summer came from Minneapolis and she was very familiar with your books, and very fascinated that we are friends?



SUPERSTITION MOUNTAIN

A lacy mesquite branch adds to the frame formed Saquaros with the rugged form of desert mountains on the horizon. Treasures have been found and lost in these mountains and many are the tales of adventure and sudden death in their stark canyons. Along the Apache Trail, Arizona.

Petley

Hi from Goldwater country!
We went from Pomona
to Disneyland, to San
Diego, to Tijuana &
Ensenada, to Yuma, &
now Phoenix. Drove up
to B. Goldwater's house,
but there was no
one home except his
dog, Love, Libby & Mike

K340

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSEPH MUENSCH

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MR. & MRS. DELUS 1964
774 W. 8TH ST.
CLORENTON, CALIFORNIA



MADE IN U. S. A.



6/29

ELFRETH'S ALLEY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

North of Arch Street, between 2nd & Front Sts.
A street of Colonial buildings with charming
doors and windows. Occupied continuously for
200 years. The word "alley" once carried the
flavor of a polite residential section. The alley
retains the interesting character and simplicity
of old Philadelphia.

*air
mail
NATURAL
Miles
BERKELEY*



Hi!

No set plans yet. We expect
to visit L.A. for a few days
week of July 20, then fly to
Mexico City. I expect to be in
Sacramento most of week of
July 13th at Ann's (5412 Leader
Avenue, last name is Kane).

~~We'll probably rent a car in
L.A. & drive out to see you.
I'll let you know when soon as
I can.~~

Love,
Livery & Mark

Mr. & Mrs. Delos Lovelace
774 W. 8th Street
Claremont, California

Natural Color Card Distributor
I. Schultz, 1527 Wynsam St., Phila. 38, Pa.



PHI-17



Monday

JOHN H



BY AIR MAIL



Hi! Well, Betsy bought a doll in Europe - & I've bought a soldier puppet for our son. It's good to be back in London again. We've changed our hotels, we may

not go to Paris at all - so best not to write if you had planned to.

We're having a lovely time, doing a lot of walking & trying to find some good food.

The children are so beautiful & beautifully dressed here.

BIG BEN AND BOADICEA STATUE, LONDON.

Published by John Hinde Ltd., 6 Rupert St., London W.1. Printed in Irish Republic.

REGARDS TO THE KIRCHNERS. Love, Libby

MR. & MRS. DELOS LOVEACE

c/o KIRCHNER

36 GROVE STREET

NEW YORK, N.Y.

U.S.A.

unfurnished, except for a
laundry hamper and a
cradle).

Have a wonderful New
Year!

Much love,
Lively & Mark

P.S. Long letters will follow
soon!



December 31, 1964

Dear Maudie & Delos:

"Elena's Cookbook" - just intrigues the Forrests! I did a little experimenting with Spanish food last summer while my father-in-law was in the States, and I have been looking for more Spanish recipes. We have been building up a cookbook collection, and yours

"December"

From the Kate Greenaway Almanack

for 1890

Simon Gratz Fund, The Free Library of Philadelphia

is a very, very welcome addition. Thank you too for the gift from Griswold's. Of course, we immediately remembered the ride with you last summer, and seeing Griswold's on the 'tour'!

We had a good Christmas. Mark's gift to me was a Spanish secretary desk which will eventually go in my little study (which is still

April 13, 1965

Dear Maudie,

Just a few lines to wish you "happy birthday" and tell you we've thought of you often these past several months. I've been carrying your letters and the enclosed clipping in my handbag for at least two months! (Anyhow, the clipping shows how the Alley looked around Christmas!)

The most exciting thing that's happened to us recently is that Mark started working at WRCV & WRCV-TV in early March. The station is NBC owned & operated. He is doing mostly TV as well as radio. From time to time, he might do "network feeds" -- that is, do a story on the Huntley-Brinkley show. So, keep watching!

I'll write you my Spring Letter detailing all very soon.

Love to Delos.

June 29, 1965

Dear Maudie & Delos,

I called Merion this morning to tell her I expect to be in New York next week and that I'd love to have lunch with her, if she's free. So, perhaps we will get together...

She said you are planning to be in N. Y. in October. We do hope we will get to see you. We have been planning to take a vacation the first two weeks in October, but there is a great deal of uncertainty about that.

Our situation is rather unstable at the moment. About two weeks ago the ownership & operation of WRCV-TV was transferred to the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company so now Mark is no longer ^{working} for N.B.C. Although he is in the same physical studio, he is employed by KYW-TV (which is owned by Westinghouse). KYW-TV subscribes to the NBC network so there is still a national affiliation, but things are very uneasy at the studio.

Also, I have been given six months notice at the Academy. My situation has been very strained and unhappy ~~for~~ since the new management took over, and in many ways, I can now breathe a sigh of relief although of course, I do not find the present situation especially easy to take. In fact, making the mental adjustment is causing me a good deal of anguish. But, I am trying to do as the philosophers advise-- to take a walk outside one's self. I like to believe a better adventure lies ahead and that I will soon know the reason why I must face this. I do not think I'll want to take on another full-time job--toomuch physical & mental strain, and I have worked all of my life since & even during high school and I do want to concentrate on other things. We hope to start family life quite soon and yes, this too seems the time to work on the writing.

I've been feeling guilty about not being a good letter writer this past spring. I have been quite tense and nervous and much too taken up with ~~an~~ ~~inner~~ searching while my job situation was so strenuous.

I have thought often of you both and want you to know that even tho I may not write, you are often in our thoughts.

Have a good summer--I'll write to you soon again as ~~our situation stabilizes~~ ~~our~~ our situation stabilizes.

Love to you both.

Love,
Libby and Mark

September 8, 1965

Dear Maudie,

It's wonderful to think you're so close just now -- and even if we don't get to see you this round it's delightful to have you east again. Please tell "Tacy" I think I've found the Mankato pictures -- but now I can't remember which ones she wanted. Perhaps, she'll remember????

The Forrests are expecting a little boy come April -- as you say, changes often lead to other changes.... Why a little boy? Well, Mark wants one, ~~and~~ and after having sisters and a niece, a little boy seems a very refreshing idea. (And he can read Cabrillo as well as the B-T stories).

If I am feeling well enough, we hope to leave for London, Madrid & Paris Sept. 30th, and return October 14th. If you are still in N. Y. Oct. 15, 16 or 17, or thereafter, we hope you and Delos and the Kirchners can come to our home for a visit. We aren't too sure how much longer we will continue living in Philadelphia, and we'd love ~~for~~ you to see our storybook house while we're here. So please try! (Our telephone number is WA 2 - 2253. It's unlisted.)

Have a wonderful, wonderful trip. Regards to Tacy.

Love,
Lily

M^{rs} William Samuel Demp
announces the marriage of her daughter
Libby
to
M^r Mark Forrest
on Saturday, the sixteenth of November
one thousand, nine hundred and sixty-three
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

At Home
after the fifteenth of December
110 Elfreth's Alley
Philadelphia



An Evening With Joy Adamson

Maudie -
This is one of the reasons you haven't heard from me lately!
You will soon tho.
Love,
Livby

The Academy of Natural Sciences

requests the pleasure of your company

at a dinner in honor of

JOY ADAMSON

author of "Born Free" and "Living Free"

making her first visit to America

Friday, December 7, 1962

6:15 p.m.—Cocktails—African Hall

7:00 p.m.—Dinner—Auditorium

8:30 p.m.—Mrs. Adamson will speak and show her sound-color film about "Elsa" the lioness.

She will be accompanied by Major Ian Grimwood, Kenya Chief Game Warden, who will discuss wildlife conservation in Africa.

The evening will be the final major event of the Academy's sesquicentennial year.

A limited number of reservations are available.

R.s.v.p. closing date December 3rd

Informal dress

Subscription

\$10 per person