EPISODES AND VIGNETTES

VOLUME TWO

by

DAVID RICHARD BEASLEY

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

DAVUS PUBLISHING

SIMCOE, ONTARIO

Library and Archives Canada Cataloguing in Publication

Beasley, David, 1931-, author
Episodes and vignettes : an autobiography / by David Richard Beasley.

Includes index.
ISBN 978-0-915317-46-2 (v. 2 : pbk.)

1. Beasley, David, 1931-. 2. Authors, Canadian (English)--20th century--Biography. I. Title.

PS8553.E14Z75 2014 C813'.54 C2014-906312-1

Again my thanks to Enid Blume for proofreading the manuscript.

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Cover; New York City, the intersection of 5th Ave. and Broadway showing the Flatiron building by which I walked countless times.

DAVUS PUBLISHING

150 Norfolk St S, Simcoe, ON N3 Y 2W2 Canada

www.davuspublishing.com

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EIGHTEEN—QUOTIDIAN HAPPENINGS

Viola to her mother. January 28/64 New York

It was wonderful to receive your nice long letter and what a lovely surprise to receive the pretty handkerchiefs (which I won't use except to decorate my suits), and I honestly must tell you how really and truly delighted David was with his tie-scarf, because he got a yellow one like that from his brother-in-law, and yours was maroon. It is something he uses most of all during the weekends when we go out casually for walks in the park, or when he goes to his room to write. It is something that he really uses and really likes. He said "Oh, boy! I must write to your Mother and thank her for it." So, even though he is a bad correspondent, I hope he writes soon to you. He hardly writes to his own mother, and I have to prod him to do so.

I shall look forward to the arrival of your cake, which we enjoy very much always.

I wonder if you can consult with Rita about getting a nurse just for two days, and why don't you go away to Mary Zimmerman's or somebody like that for a rest. I know just how you feel. When David goes away for short trips, I just love the feeling of being left alone—so I think you ought to do just that. Rita can stay behind and supervise the nurse, or if the nurse is reliable, Rita can drive you to some friends of yours outside London for just two days. Think about it. I think it is a splendid idea.

I want to reassure you that David is not giving up his writing. It is just that his mother feels that since it may take all his life to be published, he should have a profession to fall back on. I think she is right. David spends so much time in libraries anyway, that the atmosphere is conducive to his temperament. Otherwise it is so difficult to look for a job that is suitable. Being a Librarian and a teacher, at least now he can teach or work in a Library. Mrs. Beasley called this morning to tell me that the Head of the Toronto Library was trained in Pratt Institute which is where David is going on 3rd February.

All last week, David and I had a real run-around, as they say in this country. John Caine (remember him?) came to New York to act on behalf of one of his clients. He had barely arrived in his hotel, when he called us, and did not even bother to unpack his bags but came over for a drink and to meet David. We had a lot of fun, and entertained him a good deal. He has always been so nice to me when I was in London—always entertained me well, so it was a good chance to return the compliment. He is doing very well and will be a very successful lawyer. He has a son whom he calls "Nicholas"!

Mummy, when you next write, will you please give me the address of Mary Zimmerman. I never know where to send her Christmas card. Did I tell you that I made my own balachaung? I have an electric blender which is excellent for chopping onions and dried prawns—It can make the onions look like paste—so I have solved the problem of pounding.

I got a dramatic letter and quite senseless letter, really, from Paulette after the Cyprus trouble. Just as well, as I was concerned about her. Her husband is a Turk Cypriot, who belongs to the minority group in Cyprus and I was afraid for her safety. Anyway she said that they are living like rats and were often at gun point. I have received so many frantic letters from Paulette that seem merely to dramatize her position, rather than to give concrete information about what's going on. I received a nice card from Kim and another one from Olga, who urges us to go up to Rochester to visit them.

My Russian boss (the second one) has resigned—so now we are awaiting a new one. I hope the new one will be every bit as nice as the last one. He was wonderful and used to encourage me to get up and up in my career.

Mommy dear, I was pleased to get your letter because you sounded so wise and so serene and so strong. I wanted to catch the next plane home—one of those cheap winter 21-day trips. I might do just that, but it may not work out and I hate England in the winter. If David and I come to England, we may take a room somewhere else, as I do know how crowded you are and it may not be convenient for you. Somewhere nearby perhaps. Anyway we'll discuss this when we know our plans better.

You made me smile when you said you thought Aunty Mary and Uncle Dick must live dull lives. I'm so glad you think so, because it shows how much better off you are than they. I do agree living in the West is most stimulating. And if we did not have our troubles and hard work—life would be indeed dull. So we carry on cheerfully and must put up with everything because everyone has to do so. So many really very rich people we know are almost mental cases. They have too much too soon and there is nothing to strive for.

I'm glad the children keep you amused even if they are a handful. But it gives you something to do and keeps the house full of life.

It is so hard to tell people their faults, I know. But I do think a good straight talk—in a nice way—could do a lot of good, and you shouldn't hesitate to straighten a few people by a good talk. I'm afraid I've always been blunt—and David and I always clear the air if we have something to straighten out—the ability to communicate is most important in human relationship. And you know Mommy, there is bound to be unpleasantness and quarrels and misunderstandings with the best of people—so home life in 202 is just as normal as anywhere else. Any two people or a group of people, if they live with each other, are bound to have differences and intolerance towards one another. So that is the way life is all over—(even nations fight and we have wars}. It is always better to rise above these things with a sense of humour.

Mummy, perhaps if I drafted a letter for you to Mrs. Beasley you can merely copy it and send it to her. I told her this morning on the phone that you were most appreciative of her gift and thank her for it. She understands. Anyway, perhaps you can say this:

Dear Mrs. Beasley, I am really most sorry for not having written sooner, but I'm sure my daughter Viola told you of the situation here. I want to thank you most sincerely for your lovely thoughtful gift for Christmas, but you shouldn't have gone to that expense. The children are both well but they keep me on the go from early morning to night and what with looking after the rest of my family, I really have no time to write. But please believe me when I say that we really loved the teacloth—its such a pretty one too. All our good wishes for 1964.

PS What do you think of this letter? It is easier for you to copy it than to compose it.

Viola's letter shows her constant worry over her family's welfare, her concern that her mother's poor English could affect my family's attitude to her family and her fear that her mother would not write as etiquette required. Viola's relatives began to appear in the U.S. and, as the saying goes, one does not marry just the bride but her relatives also. The Mellican family was the most eccentric. I used some of them in my novel *Violet's Flight*. Bunny Mellican had won a Fulbright scholarship to the United States at one time and earned a masters degree in education. Back in Ceylon [Sri Lanka] he found the ethnic conflict too dangerous and decided to find work in the states and bring over his family of Ceylonese wife Olga and their three daughters. He stayed in our apartment while he asked for help from one of his friends in the Ceylonese delegation to the United Nations, but his level of education and stiff competition for administrative work worked against his getting the kind of employment he wanted. On his previous stay in the states he had a mentor named Charlie, whom this time he asked to sponsor him. He went to Rochester, New York to this helpful American, who found him a job as a high school teacher of Latin. Bunny knew Latin because he had studied for the priesthood, more to avoid being drafted to fight in World War II than out of religious conviction. He

complained to the Americans that he was fleeing from communism, which, of course, elicited their sympathies. Eventually Olga and the three girls joined him.

Paulette was Bunny's sister. She had been married to a Portuguese-Burmese who died escaping from Burma, then to an Irish soldier stationed in England by whom she had children, then to Ali, the Turkish Cypriot, and now wanted sponsorship, like Bunny, to America. Apparently she flirted with an American of Syrian descent, whom I met at New York City's Immigration Office when she asked me to accompany her to get her immigrant's papers. This fellow had sponsored her, thinking that she was to be his wife, but she gave him "the cold shoulder" once she had what she wanted. He looked at me with cold bemusement and at her with suppressed anger.

John Caine [who, as Viola mentioned, visited us], when studying at Lincoln Inns Fields for the law, drank in a pub where Viola was having a lunch break from one of her temporary secretary assignments. He noticed her reading J. B. Priestley and started a conversation which led to their friendship and his introducing her to the upper middle class Roman Catholic Englishmen of his circle. At this first meeting, John spoke of English contemporary authors and Viola mentioned that she had just met a writer who said that he had authored fifty books. "One doesn't meet authors everyday!" John exclaimed. "Who was he?" "Arthur Ransome," she said. "Oh," John exclaimed. "The great Olympian! I've read all his books." Viola then related what Ransome said to her—that he had gone to school with the son of the last Burmese King, who to prove his courage drove a nail under his fingernail. Ransome then went on to tell of his conversations with Stalin. "Oh, does Stalin speak English?" Viola asked. Ransome frowned, "I speak Russian." Viola and John kept up a youthful but witty correspondence which survives. He married a Scottish girl and now was coming to New York and Ontario on legal business. I asked an American friend, with whom I played tennis, to join us when John visited; we had drinks and dinner in our modest apartment. John had a distinguished upper class English accent but had no air of conceit, and he had a sense of humour, which made him a good companion. Later we took him to the Second City comedy cast visiting from Chicago, which he enjoyed tremendously.

My bearded American tennis friend—tall, aristocratic-looking, from the upper middle class—invited us to his large, beautiful apartment for dinner, where we met his partner, a svelte African-American girl. The civil rights movement was in full power at the time and the television news showed blacks being attacked by police, hosed, clubbed and bitten by dogs, but here was a couple, distinguished in looks and culture, living in another world. The invisible barriers that kept blacks bottled in Harlem where most of the crime happened broke down in the early 1960s and young blacks appeared in Greenwich Village haunts and at artists' parties on the West Side and Lower East Side, unfortunately bringing a crime wave with them.

Two incidents of that day remain in my memory. A handsome white, who worked as a model, lived with his girlfriend in her apartment in a poorer district on the lower West Side. A vagrant black man entered an open window of their apartment at night when they were sleeping, and, brandishing a knife, tied up the man and took the woman into an adjoining room, probably to rape her. When the black returned with the woman, the white man had wrestled free of his bonds and just grabbed a pistol which he had stored in the room. He fired at the black, who rushed toward him with his knife and stabbed him fatally before the black died from gunshots. The woman's screams brought neighbors to the scene. A letter to one of the newspapers commenting on the case tried to blame the white for both men's deaths. I saw this kind of sentiment as a symptom of white guilt ready to take the blame for enslaving the blacks—a false reasoning that began to increase decade after decade. Was it not the black who invaded the apartment and committed the crime and may have intended to kill the white couple after he humiliated them? The second case concerned two black males, who attacked a white boy at night by Washington Square. Another young white went to the boy's aid while the boy ran into a variety store and asked the clerk to call the police, which the clerk would not do because his boss had forbidden him to use the telephone because it cost him a dime. In the meantime the blacks shot and killed the Good Samaritan and fled. These were signs of a sick country of such mixed-up emotions that its reasoning deserted it. I read James Baldwin's *The Fire Next Time* and felt the fury in his writing, but, not being an American, I could not understand it fully as his friend William Styron, a southerner, could. Styron wrote that the two spent hours discussing the racial problem in which he learned just how unjust his society had always been to the black; but Styron was a writer searching for the truth, hence his novel *The Confessions of Nat Turner*, and his

overcoming of his unconscious prejudice. The destruction by fire of several of America's inner cities such as Detroit in the 1960s transformed Baldwin's figurative rage into literal action and tragedy. The shock to the body politic, however, was effective because it gave President Johnson urgency in forcing and bribing Congress to enact civil rights laws.

Living in a large city like New York one expected every kind of behavior and every kind of opinion. One also came to expect violent crime, which seemed to increase through the years. Our district, on the east side south of 34th street and north of 14th street, was colored pink on the Manhattan map to indicate the least crime. But, still, a block south of us were two seedy hotels in which pimps kept prostitutes, half a block from a police station. In the next block eastward a woman was murdered in her stairwell; she was in hiding from organized crime. A few blocks to the south near Gramercy Park Square police extorted protection money from a bar/restaurant—which I witnessed when eating there. Around the corner from our building, the old Chinese couple, who ran a laundry in a cellar apartment, was regularly extorted by a Chinese gang of young toughs. Most crimes were not reported in the papers so that one learned about the robberies and killings in one's area only through street gossip. Life went on as if there were no crime, however.

My research on John Richardson brought me to reading about New York City in 1850 when he wrote some of his novels there. It was said that one could encounter every personage of importance in the city at one time or another. European revolutionaries, singers, writers, artists and so on passed through it. And so it was in my day there. I met some fascinating persons. Viola met a different kind —political leaders and statesmen—because of her work in the United Nations. I was attracted more to the artist—whether I was introduced or spoke with them at conferences or saw them at a distance, they interested me.

From my notebook:

> March 11/64. Glenway Westcott, smiling fence-toothed with wrinkled flatiron face, came in a giggling rush out of a secondhand book dealers on Broadway and Twelfth Street. Clasping a couple of books he huddled into his overcoat like a pleased old woman. A tall young man with dark hair and wearing a scarf tied about the neck under the shirt, in the way I do, ushered him along possessively. As they passed me, I was aware of the young man's apprehensiveness about me. He frowned across the street as we both were stopped waiting for the light to change to allow us to cross Broadway. Westcott was his prize with whom entry to the literary world is won. There he was, wreathed in grins, talking excitedly to his masterful young companion, who seized his arm as the light blinked green and hustled him to God knows where. The pity of it was Westcott's pleasure at being monopolized. (Another pity was that Westcott did not recognize literary talent from across the street—but then it is difficult enough for him to recognize it in books.)
>
> There was an unhealthiness in the young man's attentiveness to Westcott, who seemed as helpless as a maiden aunt. I sensed that the falsity would reappear in Westcott's prose as well as in the young man's written work, if the two should ever continue to be connected.

> Diary of a Twentieth Century Man—I have come to the park to begin. This Sunday morning was the sunniest we have had in New York since last fall, that is the sun lit up the dark corners of winter and demanded that all citizenry strip off their coats. Walking through the lower town, pausing alone in the narrow streets, looking out over the harbour from Battery Park, I sensed the beginning of life—the world must have been created on the first day of spring. The tall buildings of Wall Street and the old houses cum tavern-restaurants of South William and streets like it were solid, intrinsic, individual, cleanly sunny such as some modern paintings want to be, such as minor masters like George Moreland, used to paint. A red fire hydrant was the subject of a painting by an artist I knew. Another used to paint the brown pub across the street from his room in London. Intrinsic, clean, individual.
>
> The sad point in the otherwise pleasurable walk was reached at Hanover Square. A large-bellied man in an old blue sweater that barely stretched to his trouser tops asked me in a Celtic accent if I was Irish, then Scottish—at least he mistook me for a tourist. He was a

sailor out of work. His approach elicited my sympathy. He asked for a dollar (Bowery bums ask anywhere from ten to fifteen cents usually). He left me with a peremptory turn of the head when I refused. I might have acceded if he hadn't immediately gone into an exhortation about being a Christian and not a drinking man, his bloodshot eyes limp with self-righteousness. Then again I might have acceded, being rather self-righteous myself when it comes to giving money away.

Once, in Vienna, I opened my door to a square-faced *pauvre* who pointed to scars on his arm and neck and turning round brushed up his hair to show the metal plate in his head. I opened my wallet in which were two ten schilling notes. When I gave him one, he seized my hand and, slobbering with thanks, kissed it. Shocked, I pulled my arm away and tried to contain my displeasure. He was amused, a sort of canny mischievousness lighting his eyes. To him I was the capitalist handing out pity and yet loathing close contact with the object of my charity. The Spanish film, "Viridiana," in which a beautiful young nun turns the house she inherits from her lascivious uncle into a home for beggars, showed us the hate in the hearts of those who must receive and how impossible it is to truly love him to whom one is being charitable. The young beauty for all her kindness was raped and her house looted in one frenzied hour of revelation when the beggars saw themselves as equal to the owner of the house. Abetted by the good things around them, they fell victim to their cupidity. Suddenly the wretches were no longer beggars but men and women taking out their resentment for their years of incredible hardship. And, I suppose, this is the theme of our times more than at any other, when regulated charity is no longer possible—the anonymity of a socialized government must hand out benefits in return for the money it took—the great machine which gobbled up the taxes provides the crowded hospital and bare subsistence money. The dignity of the individual has not been realized in the East and has been abused in the West. One man is a pitiable object when confronted with an organized mass. His weaknesses are too well known, the most vulnerable being his conscience or his responsibility to his culture. The mass has no responsibility. The beggar considers himself one of the poor mass as does the revolutionary. Communism supposedly in defence of the poor masses, commercialism supposedly in defence of individual initiative, the former destroying beggar and revolutionary, the latter destroying individual conscience; hence we have an organized mass standing for no purpose opposed to an individual who has lost all sense of individuality.

Camus, the French philosopher-novelist, advised that at this moment of absurdity we should laugh. As long as we can stay healthily curious and wryly amused about the lives we lead, we shall survive. Too many of us have taken predicaments too seriously and have become mentally ill. I often see people shouting and chattering to themselves as they walk in the streets of New York. At least they give warning; the silent ones who stalk with mad vengeance in their souls are the real danger in our times. These people are the symbols of a mass society which relates to no principle and finds no sure direction, over which destruction looms like a nightmare. The mad soul has lost his sense of tradition and forsaken his future. He thinks that he is the beginning of creation and while toying with the ideas of death and survival, he shoots rockets into the skies and builds calculating machines for the sake of his glorification—narcissistic, inhuman and escapist. The rotund sailor who asked me for a dollar was being absurd, but justifiably so in our times. By refusing him, I was rejecting the right of a man to beg; individual charity no longer existed; he had to apply to the proper authorities.

An American actor who has acquired fame as a good tough guy appeared in a small discussion group over television recently. Because he was an artist he brought the discussion to an introspective level deeper than such discussions usually go. He spoke of the term "success" as meant by Americans, which was measured by the amount of money one earned, and of his own dissatisfaction with the false respect such success brought him. He asked the M.C. why he allowed cigarette commercials to be shown on his program when it was known that cigarettes caused cancer and elicited the answer "compromise." Somehow the two words seemed to belong together in the American setting. A professor who was on the program suggested that the actor may have been suffering from a plethora

> which followed success and caused despondency, sometimes suicide as perhaps happened to Marilyn Munroe. Both men seemed correct. The American society by its hypocritical evaluation of success inveigles the sensitive man into a misinterpretation of his achievement, thus leading to his state of plethora, disinterest. This is a prevalent state in these United States because success in terms of money is relatively easy and unjust. Success in terms of intrinsic value is for that reason extremely difficult to attain. The former overshadows and often exterminates the latter. The result is the decline in true values and the decadence of society about which communist wolves have been howling for years—quite viciously, I might add.

I intended to write a journal of thoughts, but abandoned it for two or three years. Reading it now, I am surprised that I expressed what superficially sounds impressive. I see that thoughts or ideas are merely suits of clothing worn for a time and a circumstance, as Ramuz has said. Yet this game of changing clothes is fun—it's good for the mind and sounds cool and reasonable to the emotions. And yet again, although these ideas do not stem from the depths of human emotion, they reflect an experience, if not personal, then common. Perhaps these varied reflections of experience make up the life of a man—tell his story, as it were.

In June, before summer school began, Viola took a week's vacation. We went to a bed and breakfast near Lake George and swam and canoe-sailed on a small lake near the property. We needed the rest and the change of scenery. Viola was a natural athlete. In our first years together she played tennis with me but now she tended to find it too tiring. The home had a badminton court which we used for diversion. While there I remarked on two facts of American life. A couple drove us into the town of Lake George and we had dinner with them. Although he had worked in construction for years, he had just two weeks of vacation a year. He was an example of the long hours that an American worked, which, to me, seemed unjust when Europeans had long vacations and more opportunity to enjoy life. The other fact came as a shock. Our hotel hosts were middle-aged white people. With us they heard the news of the murders of Chaney, Schwermer and Goodman, civil rights' workers, by Southern racists. Viola and I expressed our anger, but the man of the house said they got what they deserved for meddling in others' affairs. I had not met an outspoken racist and could scarcely believe that this "northerner" would condone murder in retaliation for helping African-Americans register to vote. I saw how unexpectedly and inexplicably the country could be divided on the subject of race. We did not touch on the subject again and I felt uncomfortable for the remainder of our brief stay.

One of my fellow students in my library class at Pratt Institute suggested that I take over his part-time librarian job at a hospital in Brooklyn. The library was small and I had little to do. One doctor asked me to draw up a bibliography of the medical books in his office, which I did. I met the young interns, some coming from European countries. One Saturday a poorly dressed Italian immigrant asked to see one of the interns, a young man from Italy, and when he learned that it was the intern's day off he asked to borrow $5, which I gave him. When I told the intern about it, he said that the man was among a number of immigrants who lived from hand to mouth and slept in the furnace rooms of apartment houses. He gave me $5, which I was loth to take because interns made little money. The incident opened my eyes to the invisible poor, that vast underclass that lived in the interstices and underground caverns of the big cities.

A free physical exam came as a benefit of my employment. I learned that I had telltale signs in my urine of some sort of kidney strain, although the doctor was not sure of his diagnosis. I sensed it was a result of my abstention from sex, which had been <u>almost</u> total. At that time a beautiful blonde woman in library school with me revealed by looks that she was as interested in me as I in her. She asked me to her home in Brooklyn where I met her teen-aged daughter. Her husband worked long hours as a merchant. I gathered that they lived separate lives in the same house. I saw more of her when we were in summer school together. She drove a red convertible. On a Saturday afternoon before I left on vacation in August, I persuaded her to drive to the vacant house on Fourth Avenue and took her to my writing room where conveniently there was a bed and we made love. She said later that I "needed" her "badly." I had made love to several good-looking women, but she was the most beautiful. We left with no commitment to continue an affair. I would not tell Viola because it would have devastated her, but I could not continue in the way I had lived for four years.

Viola and I spent some weeks in Hamilton at mother's home, which Viola needed to relieve her from the pressure and hatefulness at her work. My cousin, Beverly Bruce, wife of Douglas Bruce, youngest brother of Fraser, saw how distressed she was and, taking her for a drive in her convertible on a sunny day, gave her a book by Catherine Marshall. Viola saw her action as good-intentioned evangelism and put the book aside, but later it became instrumental in her recovery from anger and disillusion.

When I returned to library school in September, Rose met me after classes and drove me to the Brooklyn flower gardens where we walked, then sat in her car and reaffirmed our sexual attraction. Our love affair, very passionate, had begun. My attachment to Viola was very deep and Rose knew this; but our needs had to be met. Thankfully I found someone whom I could love but would not come between my wife and myself. Rose insisted on discretion. She had had other love affairs, brief flings, except for one with a man, who was independently wealthy; when she became pregnant by him, she aborted the child, which may have affected him, because now, she said, he was impotent. We met on Saturday or Sunday afternoons for love sessions in my writing room. She was a bit older than me but very young in body and very beautiful. She, a lover of art and music, supported my efforts at writing, although our times together were spent mostly in sexual gratification.

Studying full time, I hoped to graduate with a Master of Library Science in February 1965.

Viola to her parents. February 4/65 New York.

> I am sorry I have taken so long to write to you. I am afraid the cake hasn't arrived and I have long since given up all hope of ever getting it. I think it might have arrived during our absence and someone picked it up—or it got lost in the post—or perhaps it may have got contaminated through rough handling or something. Whatever the reason, I think that it would be much safer to have the parcel registered in future—if that proves too expensive for you then it would be better not to send it at all—it would only mean all your hard work in vain and both of us disappointed.
>
> Thank you also for sending those papers to David—the photostated copies were useful. No doubt David will be writing to Rita to thank her for her trouble.
>
> David has finished his exams, thank heavens, and he will now try and take a job with the New York Public Library. He will need at least two years experience in the States—then he will be able to command a very good job in Canada. Last summer when we visited his Mother—some of her friends drove us out to Stratford-on-Avon, a pretty little town some seventy miles out of Hamilton to see a play "The Country Wife"—we picnicked on the lawns and then took in the matinee performance. Also seeing that play was Sir Colin Gibson—Mrs. Beasley's first cousin—he's the Supreme Judge in Ontario—he and his family were introduced to me for the first time—he was the one who recommended David once before in order that David could work in Jasper (a very exclusive hotel for millionaire-golfers, like Bing Crosby etc.) during the summer holidays in his University days—David was able to pick up big tips working as a caddy to the big golfers and so was able to pay for his University tuition and trip to Europe. Anyway, I'm diverting. Sir Colin Gibson told David that he would write to Mr. Lamb who is the Chief Librarian of Canada about David—Sir Colin had appointed him (Mr. Lamb) in the first place. I feel that David has very distinguished contacts in Canada and his future lies there—but first he must get his experience here—it carries more weight, in Canada. One of his friends, John Munro visited us some months ago and brought along the Labour Minister—they took us out to dinner and came back to our house for drinks. I think John Munro wanted David to help him in speech writing but I don't think David was interested. John Munro is a young Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Health and Welfare.
>
> David really studied hard—those massive books that he had to read. Anyway he has done well—all honors. But he is looking very pale and I am a little worried. I've had him go to the doctor to check his kidneys as he had fractured them in an automobile accident when he was fourteen—which is why he is a little slow sometimes. His kidneys are okay according to the X-rays—so they are now checking something else. He is usually so active but he has

been complaining of feeling tired. My own feeling is that he really worked hard to get his Masters degree—it was tough and he spent practically thirteen hours every day in the stuffy libraries and classrooms.

We spent a very quiet Christmas at Hamilton—Mrs.Beasley had a cold, a severe one and lost her voice—it was good of her to have us in spite of that. She said she sent you a card but forgot to put Morden and it was returned. She felt badly about it and asked me to explain and apologize. How are things at home, Mummy? I meant to send Donald and his sons a card and some money—but I'm a little hard-pressed at the moment—but I will make it up later. I'm sure the children had lots of toys anyway. I always wish them well and I hope Donald is behaving now. Life is very short, Mummy. All one has to do is to imagine what life would be if . . . and all the things one could have done to make someone else happy—then you will realize that it is so futile to quarrel or to hurt or to backbite, etc. I know that I have hurt people—terribly—and as one grows older one gets even more disillusioned with people—but we must all make an effort—a constant effort. So I do hope you and Donald are alright now.

What about all our relatives in Burma—any more news? Bunny wrote to me and said that Aunt Mary thinks life is one hell in Calcutta—she is considered as stateless and has no way of getting out. Poor people—if only they can pluck up enough courage to get out and come over to England. The world is getting more and more dangerous. The mood in the U.N. is one of great concern and disappointment. There is a lot more than just finance—it's South East Asia—and Russia and the US are playing for time—that is why they haven't worked out anything yet in the UN.

I do hope you and Daddy are alright. Now that David will be working we hope to take a bigger apartment—in which case I would like you and Daddy to come and visit us in New York. Let's work on that idea, Mummy and Daddy. I would just love to have you both here.

I have been inquiring about chartered flights—I don't want to talk about it now as I would not like to disappoint you again as I had to last year—which was a terrible year for me and I am very glad it is over. But David and I are working on the idea of coming this year in August. But don't think too much about it, will you. I say this so that there won't be any jinx this time.

We went to a hockey match last night—it's such an exciting game and I watch it on TV every Saturday night—the only form of entertainment I was able to afford while David was studying.

I must end this letter now and go down for some lunch. David sends you both his love and thanks you very much for helping him. I must go and see an ear specialist tomorrow as I feel I have some fluid in my middle or inner ear—perhaps from swimming, but I feel giddy and sick so often. I must correct that at once.

All my love to all at home and I hope all is well.

PS. Poor Churchill. I got up at 7 a.m. to watch the funeral here. It was so impressive. Poor England too. I think Wilson is an excellent man. Poor Gordon Walker.

David to Rita. February 11/65 New York

The xerox copy of Richardson's Return of Service and your letter were much appreciated. I am glad that the search was not boring; I've found it one of the best ways to learn history; one gets a rounded picture of what was happening at a certain time instead of the history writer's selected viewpoint, but of course it is hard giving such a potpourri of material its rightful significance in the course of events, if indeed there is such a thing as significance. Today when details seem very important and the over-all interpretation by historians is open to question as being biassed or mistaken or incomplete, perhaps the kaleidoscopic view of history is the better one. At any rate I have to get all the details I can about Richardson.

> I discovered the document of his marriage on August 12, 1825, in the British Embassy, Paris to Jane Marsh of Leamington Warwickshire. Richardson gave his location as the parish of St. George, Middlesex. Now, it is known that he came to Canada with a wife called Maria Caroline, second daughter of William Drayson. I believe he married her about 1830. I would like a record of his first wife's death, or the annulment or divorce of their marriage—and a record of his second marriage. The assignation books of the Consistory Court of London have been checked from 1825-1835 but John Richardson is not recorded in divorce action. This makes me think that Jane Marsh died. (I am not sure whether marriage can be annulled in the Anglican Church.) The records of the parish of St. George, Bloomsbury were searched from 1828-1835 without success. The records of St. George in the East, Stepney are not indexed and were not searched. They are in the London County Council, County Hall, SE1 also. I don't think, however, that Richardson was a member of that church. He lived in Bloomsbury Square in the thirties. The parish of St. George the Martyr, Queen Square, lies near Bloomsbury. I have written to the Reverend R. Mercer Wilson, 13 Doughty St., London WC1 to see if Richardson is named in those registers. We shall see what he reports before we search elsewhere in church records.
>
> The British Museum might have correspondence of some of the 'ton' group of London in the 1820s and 30s. Joseph Pea Green Hayne, Lord Petersham, Henry Cole, etc., who were friendly with Richardson might have referred to him in their letters. The Museum library has a copy of the court action Maria Foote vs Hayne, or at least an account of it, which interests me. I think it has a copy of Julia Johnstone's *Memoirs* published 1825 to refute the *Memoirs* published earlier by Harriette Wilson. I read a guess somewhere that Capt. Richardson ghosted Julia's book; this might have been John. I am going to enquire into this more fully. Then when I have more information perhaps you'll find time to visit the library for me. I shall let you know in a month or so. Thanks for what you've done so far. Viola sends her love to all at home.

The honors category that Viola mentioned led to my being asked to join the Phi Beta Mu, a library honor society. I had taken an advanced cataloguing course and now decided to work in the cataloguing department, for which, after an interview, I was hired in the New York Public Research Libraries. Full of expectation that I could be creative in the approach to difficult works, I was disappointed to find that the cataloguers were given planning sheets to fill, in preparation for automated cataloguing for which the Library of Congress had been given funding by the federal government. Our library had different subject headings, the applying of which was the only creative aspect of the work. I was placed in the monograph section as distinct from the serial section. Soon I found the work so boring that I would rush through my allotted pile of books for the day and grab sheafs of government documents from huge piles of them waiting to be catalogued. I found that government documents provided more variety because of the department headings that had to be given as main entries. Whereas my colleagues—Polish immigrants, a lady from Costa Rica and a couple of Americans—spent the day on a handful of books, I did scores of items with nervous energy. My supervisor was a lanky lady from Germany who was scrupulous about every comma and managed to send some of the work back to me to fill in a missing comma. After a couple of months, I asked the cataloguing division chief, Joe Rosenthal, to transfer to the serial cataloguing section because I wanted to learn more and looked for a bigger challenge. But he refused. I increased the pace of my cataloguing out of frustration.

Viola referred to her “terrible year.” In her office the Russian boss, with whom she always got along well, had an American assistant. A new American replaced the American who had been in the liaison office from when they started it. The new man, Burt, was tense, narrow-minded, insecure and in his forties, whose wife was in a mental asylum and whose son, whom we met when he asked us to lunch at his apartment, regarded him with scarcely concealed disdain. Viola had been expected to correct the written statements of her boss because her English was excellent and her advice on issues was valued. She was on the lowest rank of the general staff but more intelligent than many of the professionals. It was when the Russian was away that the American had to write up some sort of official paper. Viola seeing how badly it was done, erased a couple of lines and rewrote them. She, as always, was concerned for the reputation of the office. The American was livid when he saw this and complained of her insubordination to the head office in Vienna. The case was overblown, as can

happen in bureaucratic organizations whose minions often have an inflated opinion of themselves. The Secretary-general, a Swede, who liked Viola but was weak as an administrator, handed the case to a German Jewish-cum-American pompous fellow, whom I had met in Vienna, named Steinig. I recall him as sitting in a seance with Indian women in his home as if he were a prophet. According to a Belgian friend of Viola's at the United Nations, Steinig, when representing the U.N. on assignment in India, flew the United Nations flag outside his home, thus adding to his notoriety amongst the staff. Steinig traveled to New York to investigate the matter which dragged on for months. Viola was under severe strain, even lost some hair from worry, as she was accused of undermining her bosses and exceeding her position. Steinig came out with a damning report which supported his fellow American, but wiser heads prevailed and there were no obvious consequences except that Viola feared that it would give the U.N. administration an excuse to prevent her being promoted. Steinig, an obsequious, sorry-looking fellow when faced with a strong character, tried to tell Viola that he did his best for her, but she gave him a withering look that damned him for his infamous decision. She had sympathizers whom she met on coffee breaks while Steinig's reputation suffered countless blows. Burt, her American boss, unhappy that no disciplinary action was taken, came to the Reference Library and, seeing me when I was consulting the catalogue, stared at me in fury.

I had to give up my writing room in the Church's deserted building because a great rain storm had flooded the top floors of the building, which came in through a hole in the roof, made no doubt by students from the school who ventured into the deserted house, and immediately afterwards the weather turned to freezing, the pools of water became ice and caused much damage. The Rector, furious at the cost of repair, changed the lock on the building so that I had to enter it in a different way, and, taking the hint, gathered my writing materials and left. I had enjoyed my years there. My windows looked out on Fourth Avenue and East 10th St. where plenty of seedy life among Bowery bums and average pedestrian traffic could be observed. At one time I looked out to see an open car flanked by a couple of police motorcycles with the baldheaded Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and his Madame driving uptown, as if expecting a Broadway ticker-tape welcome, when on Fourth Avenue there was not a soul on either side of the street, not even a Bowery bum to give a drunken wave.

My rendezvous with Rose suffered. We used to drive in her car to the Floyd Bennett private airport field in Brooklyn and make out in the parking lot. On a couple of occasions we noticed a man, probably a private detective, parked in a car some distance behind us and taking notes. On occasion, a friend of Rose provided her apartment on the fringe of Greenwich Village for us.

Thanks to Rose I obtained my driving license. I had not driven for some years. She left her car for me to drive to lower Manhattan to take the test, which alarmed the examiner since I drove there without a license, but she arrived shortly afterwards, and, impressed by her beauty, he passed me.

I needed a place to write and began walking along the streets on the West side looking for "to rent" signs in my spare time. Although Rose lived with her husband, she seemed to have little to do with him. I wondered whether his detective had gathered enough evidence to effect a divorce and whether she was waiting for him to make the first move. She worked as a school librarian and probably could afford to live on her own. We would meet once, sometimes twice, a week.

Viola and I spoke often of going to Canada to live, but we became so entangled in our work in New York that we could not get away, just as our small rent-controlled apartment was so central and affordable that we could not find a bigger place that was rent-controlled. We dreamt but the years flew by and our dreams withered in the face of reality.

Viola to her parents. no date. New York.

> It is such a long time since I heard or wrote home that if Rita's friend, a Mr. Thompson, had not called one morning a few weeks ago, I would be wondering if everything is alright at home. It was nice of Mr. Thompson to call from the airport, and l was sorry he did not stay long enough for us to have seen him.
>
> Well, David passed with honors and I am enclosing the attached letter to show you, that in his field now, David will go a long way. I think he has at last realized that writing is a very

precarious thing and that he will just have to find spare time for it. He is now working in the Public Library and so far is liking it. He's got a future and that is the main thing—it has done wonders for his psychology as well—he looks relaxed and his confidence is coming back with a bound.

Our news is that we will be coming to England in August, to the middle of September. We have already paid for our fares—the UN charter flight which leaves here on the 1st August at 10 p.m will be arriving London about 2 p.m. London time—this is not a jet plane but some British Eagle thing. Anyway Mummy and Daddy we cannot be more sure now of coming as we have already paid for our fares. The only thing that worries me is where are we going to stay. It would be most unfair for us to stay at home with you as I know you have no room, what with the children, etc. Could you ask your neighbor if she can give us a room and breakfast? At least in that way we will be near you. David will be doing a lot of research. Then we want to go to France to visit out friends who live in the south of France. They are the Hoods—Kitty is my best friend and I think I told you that her husband was the Australian delegate to the UN and later appointed Ambassador to Israel—he has now retired and they have a beautiful place in the south of France and want us to visit them. David also would like to go to Brittany and Paris. So far that is our plan, and I am trying not to get too excited because last year I was so looking forward to coming home and then I had that horrible trouble in the office. So if the good Lord is kind to us this year we will be seeing each other at last this summer.

Mrs. Beasley is suffering from arthritis—her left arm was paralyzed. Poor thing. Then the doctors gave her some drug and she broke into a terrible rash. David's kidneys are OK, but he still has not found out about his urine test; this makes me exasperated. Men are so indifferent to their health.

Bunny wrote to say that he did not receive a Christmas card from you and wondered why. He has not seen Paulette and Ali since November—They have taken a flat somewhere. She sent me a Christmas card bragging about buying a house and they have already got a car, etc. Honestly—and here I am the only one without a car or anything to show!! But I'm not complaining—at least my life so far is not dull—and just to make money for money's sake is ghastly—I would like to make a lot of money to give to my family.

Mummy dear, please write to me soon. I do need to hear from someone. I know the children couldn't care less, but I do rely on either of you to write, after all I am still your daughter and can be understanding only to a certain extent!!!

The world situation is grim, don’t you think Daddy? The UN is in such a state that they are cutting down staff drastically—messengers, guards, guides have been fired, and those who have short-term contracts are being terminated, etc. Viet-Nam seems so dangerous—and the race tensions all over the world are frightening. I fear a racial war more than I do nuclear war. But we'll discuss this when we meet. David is looking forward to seeing all of you and getting acquainted.

All my love to you two and love to the children and all at home. By the way Daddy—would you and Mummy please give me sizes—necks for the men and socks also. Mummy, could you tell me the sizes of the children. I want to shop now while there are sales going on and I also want to be prepared, so that if there is a lot of weight, I can at least have them sent ahead of time. I would <u>BEG</u> of you to answer this part of my letter and not to ignore it. It would be most helpful to me. Also, let me know if there is anything special you want from this country. Don’t forget.

Since I had worked only a few months, the Library kindly allowed me to take unpaid leave to add to my earned annual leave so that I could visit Europe with Viola. Viola and I flew to England to begin our vacation in England. Our propeller plane was chartered by a United Nations organization and had to fly low because it did not have a pressurized cabin. We spent time with Viola’s family. I spent time at the British Library and the National Archives at Kew Gardens to research the life of Major John Richardson

To Mother from me. August 10/65. Morden

> We had a smooth flight—arrived in torrents of rain but have had several days of sunny weather—the sun being mainly lukewarm. Time has gone quickly—we have enjoyed the relaxed hospitality chez Nicholas, so much so that Viola is loth to leave. But we shall visit France about the 19th and return by the first of September in time for Donald's wedding (3rd September). Am doing research at the British Museum—have plenty to do yet. May see the Boyds next week.

To Mother from Viola. August 10/65. Morden

> David has left for the Record Office in London today and, apart from the day we landed, this is the first cloudy day. As David has said we have had such a busy and full schedule that I doubt if we can do all the things we want to do. I found Mummy looking extremely old and frail. It's probably her dentures. But she is much better already. My father looks absolutely healthy and well. The children are absolute darlings and Christopher is quite normal in the way he uses his left hand. Although his chin is badly scarred. My brother Donald will be getting married on the 3rd September. I think my parents will miss them a great deal. They are so fond of the children.
>
> David has gone to the British Museum several days now. We've seen some of our friends, and my sister and brother have driven me all over the place. We went to Runnymede to see the Kennedy Memorial. This Sunday we are going to see the Paul Getty collection of paintings. Tonight we are going with my sister to see John Osborne's latest play "Inadmissable Evidence." Tomorrow we will be leaving for Stratford on Avon to see "Timon of Athens." My sister's boss is letting us stay at their thatched roof cottage. So Mummy and my sister, David and I will leave for the cottage, see the play and return to the cottage for the night. The next day we will drive around as David wants to go to a particular village near the area before returning home. We will be having dinner with John and Marnie Caine on Friday. He's a solicitor friend of mine for 15 years now. My brother's boss will be taking us out to dinner next week and so will my sister's boss. David had lunch with my brother and his boss yesterday. We hope to take a Thames boat ride down to Chatham to see the records of John Richardson's marriage, and we may go to the Maritime Museum in Greenwich after that. We have some cousins from Burma who have just arrived and my family are trying to help them settle down. The situation in Burma is so bad that even the Burmese people are wanting to leave it.
>
> Excuse the pencil scribble: the children got at it. I hope everything is fine in Hamilton and the weather is not too hot. Over here everything is lovely and green and so pretty. Mummy's garden is blossoming with a profusion of flowers. The house looks so lovely too.
>
> David and I just sleep next door. They are such nice people. He is head of the biology department in a High School in London and she is a part-time teacher too. I love the politeness of the English people. What a contrast to the brash New Yorkers!
>
> Please give our love to everyone. Mummy and Daddy and my sister and family send their love. They enjoyed the slides of you and Hamilton and think you look well. David also said to wind down this letter with his love to you.

Our trip to Stratford was a great adventure for Viola's parents. When we ate in a Chinese restaurant in Stratford we were the only diners taken to the second floor, either because the first floor was crowded or we were not English; it mattered little. They enjoyed the outing and the stop in the village with the one thousand year old yew tree at which Thomas Gray composed his poem "Elegy Written in a Country Graveyard." The Shakespeare play starred Paul Scofield, my favorite English actor.

Viola kept a "Trip Diary," which noted our return to London:

> August 8: Guildford Cathedral. Kennedy's Runnymede Memorial and Magna Carta. Royal Air Force Memorial. Passing Eton, Windsor, Hampton Court. Aug 9: Luncheon with John

Caine at Chelsea Pub. [John worked in a law firm]. Aug 10: John Osborne's play "Inadmissable Evidence". Dreadful. Aug 13. British Museum, Guildhall, St. Paul's, Fetter Lane, Cherry Lane, Fay Pannelll [Fay lived in the West End, Berkeley Square, at the time]. Aug 14 Nonsuch Park. [The flower gardens and manor house; a long walk from South Morden]. Aug 15. Paul Getty's Sutton Place. Interesting tapestries and carpets. Dreadful collection of paintings. [We were amused that he had a pay phone for guests]. Aug 16 Salisbury. David drove. Delightful luncheon with Mr Errol Boyd and Mrs Margaret Boyd and Mrs Bradshaw. Saw the Cathedral, Henry Fielding's house where he wrote *Tom Jones*, Handel's house where he wrote his English compositions, Queen Anne's Gate. Closes still at 10 p.m. Gilford, Hume, etc. buried in Cathedral. Kregna Conter's exhibition. Tea at Bradshaws. Met Mr. Bradshaw. Daughter of Squire, author of books and famous for embroidering. Returned via Winchester. Wavell and Jane Austen country. [General Archie Wavell for whom Viola, as Warrant Officer in the WACIs in India during the war, took her troop in a march past—a proud moment.] Aug 17. Drove with Rita, Mummy and the children to Brighton, Eastbourne and picnicked and had a lovely time. Aug 18. Lunch with Meryll [aunt of Fay Pannell and Bunny Blessington with whom Viola did secretarial work in her early days in London, part of Fay's Fleetwood Secretaries], Lloyds and Harrods. Aug 19 Newspaper Museum, dinner with Eustace and Dennis Clarke [IBM colleague] at Maidenhead, Boulter's Lock, Hotel, Crown of the Bell and Dragon.

Viola to my Mother. August 19/65. Morden

I'm writing this at the Newspaper Museum in North London. David has put me to work!! But since I shall be busy from now on I thought I'd write this now before leaving for France on Saturday. We have had such a busy time that time is just flying too fast for our liking!! My sister drove us up to a lovely little village of Tring where her boss has a lovely thatched roofed cottage. My mother came with us. We then went to Stratford, 50 miles away, and saw an extremely interesting play called "Timon of Athens". We stayed one night at this lovely cottage and could have stayed longer except we had so much else to do. Dave drove me down to Salisbury in my sister's car and we had a lovely luncheon at the Boyds' 14th century flat. They had a Mrs Bradshaw there for lunch. She has written books, is a daughter of a squire who had a huge manor house and lots of land around these parts. She married a Canadian doctor and they lived in Hamilton. She also traveled to Turkey, so she had lots in common with David. The [Errol] Boyds showed us the Cathedral and around town and then Dave drove us to Mrs. Bradshaw's for tea. They have a lovely home with a thatched roof. We then came back to London via Winchester, another beautiful town—Jane Austen country; Salisbury is Thomas Hardy's country.

Went over to Paul Getty's palace on Sunday. His paintings are dreadful, but he has some priceless tapestries, carpets and silver and gold.

Errol Boyd asked me to try and persuade his brothers and Ruth to come and visit him in England. We will telephone their daughter on our return from France. We are dining out today and tomorrow and on Saturday we will be in France. It's wonderful to be back and we are both enjoying ourselves a lot. We will be back in time for Donald's wedding.

Mummy is looking very much better already. She really has her hands full with the children but they are such nice children. We took them to Eastbourne for a picnic by the sea. We had a lot of fun. Please give our love to all in Hamilton and lots of love to you. Yes, we did receive your two letters and thank you for them. Dave has asked Clay to forward our mail to England.

David to Mother. September 19/65. New York

Pursuant to our telephone conversation—voilà the cheque, enclosed, endorsed, and ready for deposit in the Bank of Montreal account number. I have to write a check for my insurance but I shall wait until this one is deposited.

Have a good time in Montreal, at least as good a time as a baby-sitter can have. I thought of you when I was in Southern France. Nice is much more crowded—many cars—in fact all of

Europe seems prosperous. Except for one day of torrential storm we had beautiful weather. The drive from Nice through the back roads of Provence and the interesting towns like Arles and Avignon, then over the succession of mountain ranges to Clermont-Ferrand was in warm, sunny temperature. From Chateauroux we encountered grey skies and drove directly for Paris with few stops at places like Versailles. I realized that Paris is a city for youth in its twenties—only then are sidewalk cafes, bohemian life of the Quarter and the bridges over the Seine glamorous. I did not care for the city as I did once. Viola sends her love.

Viola to my mother. September 22/65 New York

I have tried to find some time to write to you but have had to scrap my attempts as I've been so interrupted and/or tired. It was nice to talk to you on both occasions over the weekend and to exchange a little of our news.

Both David and I have only just got over our tired trip back, although I'm still trying to find my work-legs. We had such an interesting holiday in Europe that I was most depressed about coming back to New York. David found Europe most stimulating. We did not write during the last part of our holidays because there was no time and also we wanted to save some news till we saw or spoke to you.

We flew to Nice on Saturday the 21st August. The trip was comfortable and only one hour. Kitty and John met us at Nice. I don't know whether you have been to Nice by air—but the airport is right on the Mediterranean and the landing is frightening if not exciting. The atmosphere is so gay and casual that it captivates you immediately upon arrival. All ladies were presented with carnations and smile-coupons—so unFrench-like. Kitty drove us to that beautiful villa and we dined outside on their terrace overlooking such a magnificent valley and mountains around it. Then that night the worst storm in 20 years broke out—heavy rain poured all night and all Sunday and Nice airport was closed for the first time in 20 years—camps were washed away, etc. So we were very lucky to have just missed that storm.

Their villa is so beautiful—made of reddish-pink stone and stucco—beautifully furnished with all the modern things in it—not furniture but kitchen, etc. Her bathroom is like a palace. We met a few interesting people and we went out to picnics practically every day—Kitty and John showing us the places around their little village. Their villa is half way up a high mountain and the village of Bar-sur-Loup is only two minutes walk down. It’s a tiny old village made of stone houses dating back to the time when the Saracens occupied it—narrow streets, etc. We bought our bread and eggs, etc. there. On one of our picnics with some of Kitty's friends, David climbed a steep mountain—very dangerous—but he came down safely—having only torn his trousers a little. Gave me a few anxious moments. The country there is beautiful and the land rich. Kitty now tells me that her parents are going to start building a house for her brother Peter—with part of it belonging to them—they are going to sell their huge house in England and build a five-bedroomed, three-bathroomed house for Peter with them occupying one wing for themselves. Sounds grand. His land, which is adjacent to Kitty's, is beautifully kept and rich in orange groves. David and John had long chats, and it was most relaxing, stimulating and interesting for both of us. They were excellent hosts.

We then hired a Renault at Nice and drove to Paris—stopping at various little interesting towns, Aix-en-Provence, Arles, Avignon, Le Puy, Chartres, Versailles, and many many other interesting places—we saw L'Aven D'Orgnac (where the stalactites and stalagmites are) Les Baux, (a magnificent village built in an old fortress ruin—incredibly beautiful) and fell in love with a village of Orcival, which is exactly like a scene on an old-fashioned chocolate box. We visited many Chateaux in search of the one described vividly by Richardson—and we eventually found it—it was quite an exciting moment for David and I. Paris was miserably cold, wet and impossibly expensive. I enjoyed the Louvre.—Two of my friends were not there—away on vacation—so it was disappointing. Dave and I kept the car and drove all over—eating at the Place du Tertre (in Montmartre) on our last night. A lot of fun.

> We drove to the airport and handed in our car there and flew to London. The next day was our brother's wedding day.
>
> It poured and poured and poured for seventeen hours on the wedding day. Never saw anything like it. We had a fine time though—when the bride and groom left our family, our neighbors and us had a wonderful time dancing, etc. till 2 a.m. My brother's new wife did not impress me all that much—found her a bit like Aunt Mont. I hope it works out—but I thought she was a bit grasping and flighty. She may, of course, turn out to be quite a good wife. She's got quite a bit of money on her own—is going to buy her own car and dresses nicely. The children like her.
>
> Mummy and Daddy were so sincerely appreciative of your cable of good wishes. Mummy was quite touched by your graciousness—and so was my brother Donald. Everyone thought it very nice of you to send them your good wishes when your cable was read out at the wedding. It was a very small affair—only family and close friends of the bride's. She has no relatives anyway. The next day the sun shone again so they had a lovely honeymoon in Devon and Cornwall.
>
> My poor mother is absolutely exhausted. I've never seen her so frail or tired or so uninterested in things. I want her to go to hospital for a week's rest and checkup when the children leave for their new home at the beginning of October. She works so very very hard —and at her age, in a country like England which is not her native land—I think she's admirable.
>
> David got on with everyone in our family and they all like him very much. We met interesting people in England too. My sister and brother were able to help David a lot in his quest for information on Richardson. But the details are too numerous to mention. But at last David has had some encouragement from a publisher. Wish we could get away from New York for a year or two.
>
> Sorry we were not able to visit the Homans, Errol Boyd's daughter and husband. We had absolutely no time. I do hope your stay in Montreal will be pleasant. The children are so interesting and I'm sure are glad to have you look after them.
>
> Let's hope we see you soon. Can you come to New York? We can then fill you in with more details. My parents send their very kind wishes and we send you our love.

The Hoods had other visitors who came for the day. Kitty's White Russian family being extensive, a member would turn up unexpectedly at any time. This time a young cousin and his wife and children with an unmarried uncle appeared and picnicked in the mountains with us. We all went swimming in the mountain streams which cascaded among rocks from one level to the next. The cousin dove into one stream and cut his head on a rock, but being brought up English he ignored the wound. His uncle had the tendency of putting his arm about my shoulders when we were driving and demonstrating other signs of homosexual attraction over which John Hood shared with me his amusement.

As Viola related, Donald, her eldest brother, married Joan, the high-voiced, thin-chested primary school teacher; the reception was held in the next-door neighbors' home, Betty and Maurice, who were childless. Viola's mother made a wise choice in Joan who would look after the children well.

On our drive back from Nice through the French countryside to Paris, we searched for the 11th century castle in which Richardson set the triangular love relationships of his historical novel, *The Monk Knight of St. John: a Tale of the Crusades*. We found Cordes near Orcival, which answered to his description. The caves at L'Aven D'Orgnac were deep in the earth and impressed us with the many configurations of rock. Viola's "Trip Diary" recorded the trip, from which I extract the days of August 30 and 31 to give an impression of our vagrant method of travel. "Went to Musée d'Avignon. Saw some most interesting paintings by Breugel, Corbusier, Joseph Verney, etc., most interesting. Saw some modern abstract painters too. Bought some wine. In another little town we bought some bread and cheese and paté. Stopped to buy melon and grapes, etc. Went on to Orgnac—l'Aven. Went through beautiful country. At Pont L'Eglise we were captivated by the old bridge and

old church. Georges Sand lived there as a man, etc. Went through some fruit belt. Picnicked on the way. Climbed up to L'Aven D'Orgnac. Beautiful tour down the caves of stalactites and stalagmites. Felt faint and claustrophobic. Took an hour. Picture, etc. Drove through very hilly country and most beautiful till we came to Le Puy. Lovely town built around the statue of Our Lady, St. Michael on the rock and the Chateau Polinac. Stayed in a hotel, had a nice meal there. Baby cried all night. Took a walk up to the Cathedral (before dinner)—was locked. So was the statue of Our Lady. Got up early and left for Clermont Ferrand. Traveled through various chateaus. Orcival beautiful little holiday town. Most impressed. Had trout there. Took pictures and went to see Chateau de Cordés, felt strongly it was the Chateau Richardson must have stayed at. Toured the whole grounds. Picked rose. Felt like buying it. Left. Went to Clermont Ferrand. Saw Cathedral. Bought soap. Went to Tours. Bought cards, N.Y. Times, coffee and book. Saw Cathedral. Drove to Charleaureux [?]."

Viola to her parents. September 17/65. New York

I am now back in the office—everyone ready to go down to the Security Council to hear U. Thant's report. The welcome in the office was so warm and friendly that it made it all the more bearable to come back.

Our trip back was the worst I have ever made. In the first place they gave us seats in alphabetical order so that David and I being BEASLEY, were put right in front without a window, and there were boxes and tins which had to be removed by the hostess. The plane was old but the seat more comfortable than the plane that took us to England. The flight was long and slow and we stopped in Gander (Newfoundland) for about 45 minutes and then took off. The engine then konked out (one engine) just as we were approaching Boston and it was very very foggy—with the engine out of order our speed was cut down considerably, so it was a long time before we could reach New York. At New York we couldn't get a clearance to land as hundreds of other planes were landing—ours being an unscheduled flight we were not given priority—so we had to circle for about an hour without one engine before we could land. Then at the customs shed—we lost one of our cases which was taken by an ex-Senator Wald—whose case was left behind. It was just like ours. So we had to spend two hours, making inquiries, filling in forms with the British Eagle people, etc. We took practically the last bus to the terminal from the airport and we found this stupid Senator and his equally stupid wife waiting for a taxi (we had to queue for about an hour for a taxi)—we got our case back, which the Senator had got cleared through customs without ceremony because he was an ex-Senator—but now he will have to go through customs thoroughly to claim his real case!!! Serves him right—put us to great inconvenience. So we got to our apartment at 1 a.m. <u>New York Time!!!</u> That is, 5 a.m. London time—which means I was up 24 hours, as you know I got up early that day I left London. Ghastly altogether. I did not go to work the first day but David did.

We finally got our mail. David has had a small financial legacy from his godmother who died this year. Secondly he had written to a publishing house in Canada about his intended book on Richardson just before we left New York for London, and we have received a letter saying they will be most happy to see part of his manuscript and criticize it, etc. Very encouraging.

I cannot tell you how much both David and I enjoyed every minute of our stay in England with you. David got well acquainted with everyone and he told me that he likes our family and is very fond of both of you. I dreaded coming back to the harsh realities of New York after such a loving and protected surrounding which you both and the rest of the family gave us—it was like tearing one's-self from a womb. We did so much and saw so much and were so comfortable. Poor you, Mummy dearest, I do hope we did not add to the burden of your cooking or wondering what to cook, etc. And for the way you washed and ironed our clothes and looked after us so sincerely, sweetly and willingly. I shall remember this year as a great success only because we had such a wonderful holiday at home with you.

As for the two darling children—it was a wrench to say goodbyes to them. Tell little Christopher that I was so pleased with the apple he put in my vanity case—he had washed and polished it so well that it came in handy at home where there was no food when we

arrived. I was most moved by his kindly little gesture. As for my darling Michael—how much attached I have become of him—what an intelligent little boy—and how much he understands—people's conversations, moods, etc. It was a great pleasure to spend my time with him—I found it most rewarding. I'm glad I had an opportunity to really get to know them—because they are made of wonderful material and should be moulded well—I hope Donald gives them the intelligent handling they so rightly deserve because they can become really great men. We were handicapped by being born in Burma—but I know our family is a highly intelligent one—what we all lack is training and educational background—but now we can all make up for it through Christopher and Michael. I would like to tell this to Donald. He must also talk to the children a lot and draw their minds to everything that surrounds them and therefore train their observational powers, plus the beauty of nature, etc. Both of them, especially Michael, responds so well to things.

I hope Mummy, when the children go away to their new home that you will have a good rest. Both of Mrs. Beasley's friends took a week's rest in hospital. I suggest that you do so too. They will give you a thorough check-up—and you will have complete rest at the same time. Please make inquiries and let me know what arrangements can be made—Perhaps I should drop a line to Dr. Turnbull. Mrs. Crerar, (Mrs. Beasley's friend) also had a similar experience to yours, Mummy. Her daughter-in-law died—leaving five children from the ages of 13 to 3 years. Her son—although very rich—turned out to be quite useless (he's a lawyer) and they couldn't find a suitable housekeeper so she has had to have the family at her home (her son sold his) and she looks twenty years older (she's 73 yrs.). She went to hospital for a week and really took a good rest. I think it is a good idea and you should do it. Daddy and Eustace can look after themselves for a week, and Rita of course can.

I shall write to Eustace and Rita separately and David will write to both of you separately too. I shall also drop a line to your neighbors—Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, and Betty and Maurice. I think they are wonderful people and I'm so glad you have them not only as neighbors but as friends. Betty and Maurice are especially sincere friends.

New York was 85 degrees yesterday and 75 today—back to summer clothes. It's so fantastic. The prices are as high as ever and depressing. The fashions are so much more varied and wonderful here than in London. August was humid and very hot, I believe, so we are glad that we missed that.

I still feel strange being back. The newspapers are on strike and the drought is even more serious than ever. Mrs. Beasley telephoned last night as she was anxious to know if we arrived safely. She wanted to know whether we received her cabled message, and I told her that we did and how appreciative you both were and how happy it made Donald and that he was sending her a piece of his wedding cake. Could you please drop her a line, Mummy, saying that you enjoyed having us both there and how fond of David you are and how Daddy and the rest of the family liked him, and how moved you were by her kind message to your son Donald on his wedding day, and how much you appreciated it, that when she comes to England you would like to meet her, and thank her for her warm letter to you. That would be very gracious of you to do that, Mummy, and it would make me very happy if you wrote to her along those lines. I am enclosing a letter which you can copy if you like.

You don''t have to worry about David being upset that day at the zoo, Daddy. He was only annoyed with the Indian priest—but he was really glad that you had an enjoyable day. I found you delightfully interested in things which is more than some people are, and it gave David and me pleasure in enlightening you on our respective subjects. I would like to make only one appeal to you and that is I found Mummy completely exhausted—she has had no change and no one can go through the same routine without change indefinitely. I therefore want you to make sure that she has complete rest somewhere, and ask you as her husband, to make that one sacrifice for her—she needs a great deal of affection and consideration. I find that sometimes you take her for granted—you are so healthy and strong and active on the one hand and she is so frail and exhausted on the other—if you don't do as I ask then she will head for a complete nervous breakdown. That is why she is always snapping at you

and the children. Please give her some consideration. I'm sure you are generous enough to think of her. She really has too much to do.

Viola mentioned the death of my godmother, Aunt Edith Ferrie, who left me $3000. Viola and I had visited her some months earlier when she was frail and recovering from a severe attack of rheumatism, from which she suffered throughout her life. I wrote to her in her last illness. She was a wonderfully sympathetic and kind woman whose presents to me were appreciated but perhaps not appreciated enough.

Viola to her Mother. October 13/65 New York

I have been meaning to write for some time now but we have had just too much excitement over here. First, I want to thank you for sending me some stamps, etc. that I left behind, and the magic basket brochure, etc. David also thanks you for forwarding him his letter. Mrs. Beasley said she received your letter and the cake and will be writing to you. She is determined to go to England next spring—May, I think, and of course she is anxious to meet you all. I do hope you both like each other—it helps the children (that is David and myself!!).

I received a letter from my friend in the south of France who wanted a meat thermometer and she told me that it arrived broken. I feel sure that the meat thermometer I sent Betty also broke. Will you please tell her I shall try and send her another one. I'm sorry for being so stupid about packing, one of the reasons I never send parcels—I hate packing.

While on the subject of parcels, please tell Mr. and Mrs. Lewis that I ordered a parcel to be sent to them straight from the Department Store, Macy's, and they should be getting it in about three weeks or less. Please tell them I <u>insured</u> the parcel—and since the store was exporting it themselves, it should arrive in good condition—but if, for some reason it arrives in a broken state, please let me know <u>at once</u> as I've <u>insure</u>d it and I <u>can clai</u>m the cost. It is just a gift from David and myself for their kindness in putting us up.

Please tell Rita that the initials of Richardson is J<u>ohn</u>. Up to 1837 he was either Lieutenant or Captain—after that date he was always referred to as Major John Richardson. He had no middle initial and there are a lot of other Richardsons—so watch out for the Major. David will be writing at length soon.

We have had Fay Pannell here—and we invited her for dinner one Sunday and lunch at the UN and she gave David and I a lovely French dinner one evening. She seems to have changed and is quite charming—and I think quite grateful she knew us in this unfriendly frightening city of New York. She was here to organize the NATO Conference and poor NATO did not get much publicity—first, because the Pope was here on their opening day and swept all other news off the newspaper pages, and secondly, the *New York Times* was on strike. She is now getting cracking on extending her business on this side of the Atlantic. A French friend of hers entertained me at lunch to day, and Fay has invited us (David and me) to drinks this evening—she returns to London tomorrow. David quite likes her and said that whereas he found Bunny bohemian, he thinks Fay is more of a lady. After all, she was educated in Rodean. Anyway, I feel sorry for her—she did go through hard times.

The Pope's visit to the UN was quite exciting—no one did any work that day. We then all went down to the General Assembly Hall to hear him address a few words to us. He certainly understood the lot of the bureaucrat—much sympathy for us! I shall be sending Rita the text of his address and I shall be sending you, Mummy, the bronze medal he gave each of us staff members—as soon as the UN lets us have it. Some idiot in the SG's office said that 2,500 medals would be enough and it turned out that we were 3,000 medals short—so they have had to send for more from the Vatican and when that arrives we will then get our Pope's medal. I want you to keep it and share it with Daddy and the family. Should anything happen, I would like to keep it in the family. I especially want you and Daddy to have it because I feel your relationship is bordering on neurosis, and I want you both to try and make an effort in cementing whatever differences you have. Sometimes I wondered whether you loved each other any more. Please try and think more in terms of Daddy being

a human being—and he should think of you as one—and not as a breadwinner or housekeeper. Life is very short, and we really must make an effort to make things pleasant for everyone—if you think yourself so important that you need someone to work and slave and keep you in comfort—then you will always be miserable—because no one is that important. Daddy does his best—in his own inimitable way, and you do your best in your own way. Daddy should appreciate you too. So you see, try—and let this Pope's medal be a symbol for what it stands for from the holy Father. I send this medal to both of you with all my sincere wishes for the happiness of people among people and lets start at our own home. Also please read the text of the Pope's speech—he said man should change within himself —in his heart and in his thinking. So do that, dearest Mummy, and try to be happy in your mind and spirit. Don't think about yourself—after all life is unfair and so that is the way it is. If you did not think about yourself you wouldn't be hurt—I know it's asking you to be a saint — but it's the defensive philosophy it sustains that is so interesting.

I am on the lookout for Kennedy stamps for Terrence, but no luck so far. Hope Cecil and family are settled in a flat of their own now. Got a letter from Olga—said she was here in New York and stayed at the Waldorf and has a brand new Corvaire. Well, I guess I'm expected to be impressed.

Paulette called the office while I was on holiday and spinned some long yarn of having had her car stolen—or there was an accident and it was not insured or something, when she and Ali went to Washington. I haven't heard from her and I wish they wouldn't telephone me in the office.

David has a dreadful cough and I wish he would see a doctor about it. He's such a procrastinator.

I hope Daddy, Eustace and the children are well. I do miss the children a great deal, and look back with nostalgia, at the pleasant times I spent in their company. I never thought I could get so fond of children and be so delighted with them. Michael and Christopher are two very sweet children—please give them all my love and a tight hug from me. I shall try to find a picture of a chipmunk or a toy chipmunk to send them. I haven't had much time to toy-shop. I want to send them tractors, etc. I feel quite thrilled that they still remember David and me. What pets.

I wrote to Joan a short letter—as I just happened to come across a booklet about marriage and what it entails—and, as she seemed to know very little about human relationship, I thought I would send it to her and I hope she has shown it to Donald too.

Please give my love to Rita, Eustace, the Children, Daddy and Betty and Maurice and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis. Please write very soon, Mummy, and let me know how things are—even if the whole letter is one big grumble.

Viola to my Mother. October 21/65. New York.

There is a lull in the office so I should try to write to you. Thank you for your letter of some days back and David received your letter two days ago.

As you know we have not been doing very much. David has started a Spanish course and goes once a week every Monday. This is a useful requirement in his job. I'm still plodding on with my French.

Some friends of mine (English and French) were here for the NATO conference and they met David for the first time and liked him very much. They dined us very expensively and grandly while they were here and it was quite fun. They found New Yorkers rude and vulgar and NY very expensive.

I spoke to Beverley after you called and I hope to see her soon. She apparently is enjoying New York very much and has already been here a year. She went home in August and had a wonderful time in the country. I had a surprise call from Helen on Tuesday. Wanted me to

show her friends around the UN and lunch with them, etc. Unfortunately I had a luncheon date and suggested that they take a guided tour. Said she would love to pin down a luncheon date with me. I told her that anytime she was in town and was stuck for something to do to let me know. I asked about Mary and she said that Mary went down to Washington and was then to go to George in Joplin, but that she does not know if she is with George or still in Washington.

David and I went to the opera to see Richard Strauss's "Arabella"—especially as this is the last season for opera in the old Metropolitan building. It was a dull and uninspiring opera and we walked out after the second act.

I have not heard from my Mother and I suppose the children have left. It will be very hard for Michael because he is so attached to my mother and calls her "my Mummy". Christopher is absolutely attached to his father and will settle down very nicely in his new home.

Got a nice letter from Kitty and they want us to go and visit them again very soon. Said they just loved David. I thought I had lost all my pictures, but a few were salvaged and came yesterday—some of them are excellent pictures of Kitty's house. We'll show you some when we come to Hamilton. All the pictures I thought I had taken in England of Stratford and the Boyds and my family are lost because the film was not turning inside the camera although I was able to click and turn the outside. I was bitterly disappointed. Would have been nice if Ruth, perhaps, could have seen her brother looking so well—besides I wanted to show you the cottage we stayed at on our way to Stratford.

Thank you for inviting us for Christmas—we'd love to come, provided, of course, we won't be a nuisance to you.

My cousin wrote a letter. They now have two cars. He doesn't sound too happy with his wife's escapades. She has a car—the fifth in four months—a brand new Corvair or something. She wrote to me and said she was down in NY while we were away "and stayed at the Waldorf"!! I suppose I'm to be impressed. But if she has the money, why not? My cousin doesn't approve of her extravagant ways.

Saw Eve for the first time yesterday. Her husband is in hospital with a ruptured appendix—was operated on. She has to visit him three times a day and even at that, she tells me, he is dissatisfied. Oh well.

The Pope's visit was exciting. Gave us all a bronze medal which we haven't received from this so-called efficient UN. Jonas [Malpass] has another girl baby. She is absolutely fed up with N.Y. and wants to buy a house to get out soon. Had her rings stolen while she was in hospital. Poor girl. Love to all in Hamilton.

Viola's mention of Helen referred to mother's first cousin, Helen MacAlpine, who lived near Morristown, New Jersey. She was the sister of Mary Bendelari, but much better looking and more privileged. Her husband, Malcolm, came from a distinguished family. His brother David MacAlpine, who had a home in the same compound in Morristown, had married a Rockefeller sister, and consequently they were closely associated with the Rockefeller brothers whose careers in government, banking, art and charity did much great and distinguished service to the nation. I liked Helen and Malcolm very much, but deplored Helen's allegiance to the Republican Party and Republican thinking. She was easily duped by the likes of Jerry Falwell, the "Up With People" movement and the slippery characters who fed off the rich. Malcolm had a seat on the Wall Street Exchange and had piloted his own plane at one time. Unfortunately he was taken in by Robert Vesco, a clever stock exchange manipulator, and introduced him to some of his wealthy friends, who invested with him only to find that he swindled the mutual funds company he controlled and escaped to the Caribbean. Malcolm lost his seat on the Exchange.

Viola did not mention our running into the girl I had known in Paris and Rome, Connie, when we were leaving the opera. It was an awkward moment when I introduced them and we parted after a

brief exchange. Connie looked thinner and more angular. I knew that she corresponded with my mother.

From Me to my mother. November 29/65. New York.

> Thank you for your letters, the latter describing Aunt Florence's funeral. Beverley contacted us that Sunday evening of her death and informed us of it. I have written to Fraser and sent Viola and my condolences. The aged are withering away, and the young like a voluble numerically overwhelming wolf pack chase the world round and round as if treading the wheels that set its mechanisms turning (double metaphor). My job is in the Economics Dept. as I believe I mentioned. Today I was looking for notes I had taken on a government documents course but found that I had hurled them into the incinerator at the close of the course I was so happy to be rid of the subject. Unfortunately they could orient me in my present work.
>
> We've been seeing the odd stage piece, i.e. Marcel Marceau, the great mime performer whose presentations are superb: spirit overcomes body and circumstance to present a greater reality than the solid world can show us. Tomorrow we hear Igor Oistrakh at Carnegie Hall—haven't seen him since Vienna. I am still learning Spanish, still trying to find a few moments to write, still attending and watching hockey games in the flesh and on T.V. with my zealous hockey companion who keeps tab of the scores and counts points after every game. V's relatives visited us over the weekend—have returned to Rochester. Had Thanksgiving dinner with Helen and family on Thursday. She apologized for not having me out before,—was very nice and so was Malcolm. Ann was there with two German girls (one helps Helen) and two other guests, friends of Ann (one a young American businessman, the other a Swedish girl at the UN). Viola and I went and returned by train—stayed quite a long time. Ann left for Europe in the late afternoon. Viola thinks they are having trouble with Ann, but she will be settling into a ski instructor's job when she returns. We went for a walk before dinner (had a huge turkey by the way) and watched the three dogs jump into a pond to chase tall white geese around and around, we thought they were having fun, but later heard that one goose was killed—too late to eat for thanksgiving.
>
> Helen showed me a large painting of my great grandmother Lamport—done in profile, aged about thirty in dark dress and lacy frills, she bears the lips and nose of most of us. Perhaps you can give me some written memories of your family—Lamports, Zealands, and of the era of the early nineteen hundreds—they would be a valuable record. The painting is being sent to Olivia. I can think of nothing to add, so close with love from Viola and yours truly.

I did not tell mother that at table the subject of the Vietnam War came up and I became rather heated in my criticism, which, by the surprise of my hosts and their friends of Republican sympathies, I gathered they had not heard or suspected. Malcolm mentioned that the large investment in weaponry would keep the war going for a long time to come. He was closer to the men in power than his modest demeanor implied and was informing me gently that my anger was useless. The Olivia I mentioned was Helen’s sister who lived in California and painted murals, most famously of war planes. The Beverley Bruce who informed us of Aunt Florence’s death was the wife of Douglas Bruce, a lawyer at Westinghouse, whose secretary, by the way, became John Munro’s first wife.

My effort to transfer out of the monograph cataloguing led me to apply for a reference position in the History Division. A black librarian was leaving it for a position in a university library on Staten Island and he encouraged me to think that I would be appointed. [I had lunch with him a couple of times; in general conversation I was alarmed by his sudden bursts of misogyny. He was a good-looking man and attractive to women. I noticed, however, that two street men, a white and black, dropped by the division to see him. Throughout the years, I used to see them pursuing a prey, a young man, or hailing other street men who begged from passersby. They knew that I had known their friend and were distantly cognizant of me.] For some reason I was not given the position and it remained vacant. Then I had an offer to join the Economics and Public Affairs Division, which was a busy one because it contained government documents as well as economics, political science, sociology and stock market sources—just the kind of work I could get my teeth into. It was on the second floor and had large windows running along its walls.

The Chief of the Division was a short, curlyhaired, gentle man named John Fall. He stayed away from the public and ran the Division from his office behind the scenes. In that private area of the Division were the Government Documents section where a librarian filed and made documents available, the Public Affairs Information Service comprising a controlling librarian and several men and women who indexed periodicals for its *Bulletin*, the periodical shelves, and two elderly persons who indexed the *Population Index*, Lord Guest, a heavyset nobleman of socialist views with wispy white hair and his thin, bookish and delightful companion. Lord Guest used to stop me near the shelves of the reading room to chat about politics; I mentioned the London editor John Guest to him; he did not know him although he was one of his clan.

A visitor entered the Division off the second floor marble hallway and signed a ledger at a wooden booth in which sat a librarian with a view down the long hallway to the executive offices at the other side of the building. To the visitor's right was a reading room for periodicals, stock market reports, government documents and so on. To the visitor's left was a long room with librarians at desks, vertical files and reference shelves of books handy for librarians manning the telephones. The librarians were to help the visitor before answering the telephone callers with the unhappy consequence that the callers could be left hanging for minutes before asking their question. Off this room, a short corridor led to a corridor between stacks of books and to a couple of rooms that were used by the director of the Public Affairs Information Service *Bulletin*.

Another long room followed the first long room but this room was for reading. A smaller room followed that; here a clerk could help readers read microfilm and fiche on the machines placed there. Off this room were the stacks, several floors running for a block, chock full of books. The first challenge was to know where to find the information that readers and callers needed; the second challenge was to get along with one's colleagues; the third challenge was to meet the expectations of the library—to work 40 hours a week plus extra hours on Sunday afternoon. I was enthusiastic about the challenges I faced. This division had many visitors and could keep the librarians busy guiding researchers through indices and searching through open-shelf books to answer telephone queries. By contrast, the History Division was like a morgue. I was told that the position I had sought there was being kept for a Library Technical Assistant who worked in cataloguing and had to graduate from Library School to accept it—at least six months away. He had been in the diplomatic corps of the Dominican Republic, which was a satellite of the United States. For the first time I became aware of the duplicitous practices of the Personnel Division.

At the same time my search for a studio came to an end on West 14th Street, west of 7th Avenue, when I stopped in at Torch's art supplies store. A lady there gave me a key to go to an old smaller house on the south side of the street, climb to the third and top floor to look at a front room with glass windows along the front wall with north light—perfect for a painter and, at $55 a month, good for me. An artist couple had just moved out after living there for years. I took it and began looking for furniture in secondhand stores, aided by Rose. Our first purchase was a new settee large enough for two lovers.

My neighbor on that top floor in two rooms, one in front beside mine where he worked and one at back where he kept his clothes and drank tea, was the painter Marcel Duchamp, famous for his "Nude Descending a Staircase" in the Modern Art show of 1913. When I told Clay Spohn that I had spoken to Duchamp on occasion when I met him on the stairs or coming to work in the morning, he asked me to describe the arrangement of the rooms as if he were remembering them from a previous time, possibly in 1951 when he was in New York and knew Duchamp through Douglas MacAgy, the art curator. When I researched MacAgy's life for my biography of him years later, I was surprised to read his description of the stairway to Duchamp's rooms and of the rooms themselves. Duchamp supposedly had given up art for chess but came diligently every day to his rooms from his apartment on Fifth Avenue where he lived with his wife and I heard him knocking about in his work room. He died two or three years later, and his great work concluded in that room, "Etant Donnes", was bought by a benefactor and given to the Philadelphia Museum of Art for permanent display. Duchamp regarded me with a bemused smile as if he were aware of Rose's visits and of my friendship with Spohn, because Douglas MacAgy, who liked to gossip, met with both. In "Etant Donnes" the viewer spies through a crack in an old wooden door a nude woman resting by a stream. I wondered years later, after seeing the work and knowing of Duchamp's predilection for burlesque, whether he had taken some delight in Rose's visits to me, which he could have heard just as easily

as I heard him at work. I did not get to know him because he moved out within months, when the Torches surrendered the house to the Moneo family. Duchamp had lived there for decades.

Jesus Moneo, a squarely built, energetic Basque, established his grocery store of Spanish foods on the basement floor where there had been a barbershop and before that a sculptor, who had built atriums throughout the great yard in back. Moneo's mother, a taciturn, solid lady, supervised the store. Moneo's wife and two children and his mother lived on the first floor reached by a flight of stairs. On the second floor lived a menage à trois—an artist with his lawyer wife and a woman who drew covers for magazines. Moneo attempted to get rid of all the former tenants. He sent me a letter asking me to leave because he needed the space for his family. I was disconcerted because I had just furnished the place and was finding it conducive to writing and with a cheap rent that I would not find again.

About this time Viola and I attended a wedding of a white South-African girl friend of Viola to an Indonesian from a very wealthy family. The bride, Dawn, and her friend Sonny Pinay, an Indian South-African who had been a singer and had been married to Miriam Makebe, were in our circle of friends from the United Nations. Sonny told me of his relationship with Makebe when I happened to comment on her flirtatious way with an audience when she sang. He claimed that Indian music was superior to western music, that it was far more complicated, intricate and enjoyable. While at the wedding, I talked to a young American named Joe and I mentioned the letter from Moneo displacing me from my studio, which I had just fixed up, as an example of the ironic and unexpected in the city. Joe turned out to be an aide to Nelson Rockefeller—I think he may have been representing the Rockefellers at the wedding since the family's Asian connections were extensive—and he told me when we left that he would be in touch. A couple of days later he gave me a quick call at work to inform me that I would not have to move. When I saw Moneo next he was all smiles and graciousness and insisted that he had absolutely no intention of asking me to go. I could stay as long as I wished. Such is the power of connections!

Moneo had to go to court to remove the menage on the second floor so that the three pleasant neighbors were there for at least a year after I arrived. The man, short with a mustache and always wearing a beret, may have been playing the role of artist because I saw no signs of his painting or writing. He exclaimed ecstatically about the writings of Saul Bellow and when Bellow's novel *Herzog* appeared he stopped me on Fifth Avenue to tell me about it. Possibly Bellow's troubles with so many women may have intrigued him. His apartment was taken over by Moneo's brother-in-law and his wife whom I saw rarely. Moneo took a leadership role on the W14th Street block and during the annual block parties he would strut in a Spanish dance on the temporary stage in the street and sing out lustily as the music swirled in time with his frantic action. He liked Rose.

Duchamp's front room was rented to a Spanish-American named Hidalgo, who was in business but painted in his spare time. After a time he sublet it to a tall, brush-cut, square-jawed fellow, who wanted to paint and write. I heard him typing on some evenings when I worked there after finishing my library work. When I spoke to him, I sensed an eagerness to achieve something but doubt that he could. Hidalgo told me that he watched him in nude life classes get worked up sexually as he sketched and his easel would creep closer and closer to the model. I suppose his novel expressed his sexual fantasies but he left without finishing it.

I liked my work in the Economics Division. John Fall encouraged me when I came to him with ideas about handling government documents. He suggested I form a committee and appointed the five male librarians of my rank to it. I called it the Committee of the Six and assigned the bibliographic tasks to be done on their hours off the public desk. I wrote the report to explain how government documents of the United States, Canada and other nations including the United Nations could be easily catalogued and maintained to save countless hours and great expense in preparing them for public use. Fall suggested that I look into the collecting of city and county documents, which was being done only by the libraries of a few of the largest cities with no communication among them. I included a solution to this in the report which went to the head of Technical Services, the fellow who had been my boss in Cataloguing. In took some months before I learned that no changes would be made. Meanwhile I wrote to every city library in the United States asking them to get their local legislature to pass a law of deposit for government documents issued by their city and county and to list in a bibliography periodically the documents collected, send the bibliographies to

me, whence I would send copies to them all and they could borrow documents from one another or purchase them from the cities because they now knew what was being published.

Fall's assistant was Shirley Dakin, a rough-looking dame of late middle-age with one leg in a short brace, possibly as a result of polio. She ran a tight ship. Librarians had to ask her to be allowed to take their coffee break, which was ten minutes, and would be scolded if they returned late—a black mark on their annual performance report to Personnel. Miss Dakin, underneath her bluff manner, had a sweet side and showed it occasionally. There were four supervising librarians ranked below her: specialists in government documents, banking, advertising, and labor relations. Then came four or five librarians, one of whom looked after the pages—boys and girls who sat at the back of the room ready to pick up request slips for books that the librarians left in a box and deliver the books to the readers at the reading tables.

One other room on the first floor under the documents division belonged to the Economics Division where a Technical Assistant took care of Gazettes and a male page named Alan Guberman delivered them by book cart to readers. Alan, an agreeable, sloppily dressed, short and engaging man in his thirties was regarded as an eccentric because although well educated in philosophy and the arts, about which he could talk knowledgeably for hours, grabbing one's lapel like the Ancient Mariner, he detested formality, hierarchies and the absurdity of promotions just to make higher pay. He loved his lowly and independent position of page where he could indulge in the great library's treasures and planned to spend his life in that position.

Although our report's recommendations on handling government documents were ignored by those in control, I continued developing the county and city documents project with surprising response from city librarians about the country. I wanted Canadian cities included and took the opportunity when visiting Montreal for Expo '67 to see the city librarian and win his interest and while visiting mother in Hamilton to see the Toronto city librarian. The Montreal librarian was cordial and interested, but, when he introduced me to others in his department, I got some stares of hatred when they knew I was an anglophone Canadian. The Toronto librarian actually joined my group because she realized the advantage in the exchange of documents on city by-laws, innovations in roads and traffic and on many other subjects that these publications dealt with. I recall meeting her in a well-lit City Hall room and a rotund man pausing as he passed through to smile at me, but I did not react because I had seen him only in newspaper photographs and realized after he had gone that he was my cousin Allan Lamport, one of the councillors and one-time mayor of the city.

I was unaware of the internal politics in the library at the time. I learned later that John Fall was allied with the chiefs of the Slavonic Division and Periodicals Division against the Director of the Research Libraries, Henderson, a bland, bespectacled, mild-mannered man, Joe Rosenthal, the head of Technical Services, and some others who were followers of Kingsley, a respected teacher of librarianship at Columbia University and former Research Librarian, who retired before I was employed. I understood these relations and associations vaguely as I had no interest in them, although I think they may have had an influence on my future career in the library because of John Fall's appointing me to conduct the government documents report, which some saw as favoritism. The disagreement must have been philosophical over the direction of the library—the scholarly and humanities issues raised by Fall and Company against the technical emphasis of the Kingsley group; it became rancorous owing to the personality differences that arise in all bureaucracies. The technical mentality was in the ascendancy.

The over-all director of the Branch Libraries and the Research Libraries, Freehafer, who had risen through the Personnel Department, was a glum-looking, six-foot man of German origin, whose Assistant Director, John Cory, just as tall but more lively, with prominent teeth, glasses and a distinctive nasal voice, became associated directly with me eventually. Dividing power with them was the Business Manager, whom I depicted as Bugofsky in my detective story *The Jenny* as brash, intimidating and drunk by three in the afternoon. He had contacts through his position with printing and publishing companies and ran his own little fiefdom with no interference from the directors. Over them all was the Board of Trustees from all walks of life: the New York Cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church, Pforzheimer of Wall Street, Mrs. Vincent Astor whose husband's family library was one of the three original collections which formed the New York Public Library in 1910, a representative from the Rockefeller foundation, a representative from NBC Broadcasting,

representatives from various other corporations, two or three scholars and professors and so on. They met in the spacious Trustees Room on the second floor with its Persian carpet, green-shaded table lamps—caught in a scene in "Network", the film starring Peter Finch who "won't take it anymore". As I illustrated in *The Jenny*, these trustees sat on other boards of companies and institutions and were able to coordinate policy to agree with them all. The Director of the Libraries reported to them. One or two of their number, who had the time to devote to library business, directed their thinking and actions. Their business remained secretive.

The Branch Libraries, of which there were about 90 in Manhattan, the Bronx and Staten Island had trustees who were answerable to the Research Libraries' trustees. Andrew Carnegie, one of the notorious robber barons, when he financed the building of the branch libraries, made sure they were controlled by the privately financed Research Libraries, although the city was required to pay for the books and the salaries of the staff in the branches.

The long delay that management took in responding to my report [to which was added a report on the Asian collection by a Korean librarian] puzzled and disappointed me. I was surprised by the strict supervision of the staff by the principal librarians and the hierarchical nature, as if the professional men and women could not be trusted to work without constant surveillance. Some of my colleagues in cataloguing asked me to come to a meeting about forming a local union under the auspices of District Council 37 of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees [AFSCME], which had organized much of the New York City work force. AFSCME had the bargaining rights for all city clerks, which included library branch clerks although they were not members; thus it seemed natural that librarians and other library workers should join AFSCME so as not to divide our clerks from our librarians. In hindsight, it would have been wiser for the librarians to join the Teachers' Union, which was a more positive force, but, at the time, government politics was behind the organizing drive and the library workers, who were recruited to persuade their colleagues to join the union, were politically naive.

New York Mayor John Lindsay was a Republican congressman, but, finding his federal party veering too far to the right, he ran for and was elected mayor—one of his important reforms was to stop the incinerating of garbage in all the buildings and require garbage collection, which cleansed New York air and its citizens' lungs. I was just one of many thousands with deep shadows under my eyes from the pollution. Lindsay had a political enemy in the Republican Governor Nelson Rockefeller who courted the support of the construction workers and gave them work in building the twin towers of the World Trade Center. Lindsay courted the support of the municipal unions by encouraging them to organize. An instance of their enmity was "the Ashtray war" in the year before the libraries began organizing. The New York Unions met annually at a resort in the Poconos to pass resolutions and further the union cause. On this occasion the municipal union representatives fought with the construction workers over an issue, tossing ash trays across the convention hall. Lindsay became a Democrat which brought him into alignment with the municipal unions who supported him.

After a few meetings with District Council 37 [DC37] organizers, the interested library workers voted to elect a chairman of the organizing committee, and to my surprise, I was elected along with a woman librarian from the branches. I was now involved in many evenings in committee work. I knew that union organizing could bring retaliation from management. I heard that some men then retiring from the Reproduction Services [a library department which photostatted all library materials for readers], had failed to organize a union and its leader was not promoted throughout his years at the library. Earlier there had been a Staff Committee formed to bring grievances to management but that was not adversarial and proved useless and abandoned. The possibility of reforming the treatment of staff and bargaining for better wages intrigued me. I soon became committed to the cause despite the natural conservatism of librarians. But before I became deeply involved, Mr. Fall and Miss Dakin made an appointment for me to be interviewed for a prestigious library post with the Council on Foreign Relations, an organization with strong influence in America's international dealings, about which I knew nothing. My interview with a sober, impassioned officer of the organization ended abruptly after he learned that I was Canadian. When I returned to the library, I overheard Fall say to Dakin that he did not know that I was Canadian. And so the way was clear for me to organize.

DC 37 organizers helped the librarians in Queens County and Brooklyn County organize separate locals for their branches and sometimes we chairmen of the organizing committees would meet and plan strategy. Larry Brandwine represented Brooklyn. He had prompted the leadership at DC 37 to unionize the librarians and was closest to the Executive Director, Victor Gotbaum, with whom I rarely had a chance to speak and never had a conversation. Gotbaum had been appointed to his position from his union post in Chicago and, before that, had helped organize unions in Turkey [it was rumored that he worked for the CIA]. We might have exchanged stories about Turkey but Gotbaum remained aloof. Three men stood between him and me—DC 37 representative Jack Stein, a redheaded, engaging man who loved union organizing, Castiglioni, a burly, "sympatico" type, assistant to the white-collar manager, who was Stan Propper, big and aggressive, who seemed friendly but smoldered with resentment under his tight smile.

One of the main organizing points was that librarians had to work 40 hours a week whereas the clerks worked 35 hours because DC 37 had negotiated the shorter work week for all clerks. In the Research Libraries, librarians also worked on Sunday afternoons. Opposition to a union came from conservative-minded librarians such as the Eastern-European immigrants, some of them from White Russian families, and librarians who were frightened of retaliation from management. My co-chair left for work on Wall Street and the responsibility for organizing both research libraries and branches was mine. It was slow work, made slower by DC 37, which decided that library workers in Brooklyn and Queens could vote to elect a union whereas we in the New York Library System, because of its prestige in the country and its powerful board of trustees, had to get the workers' signatures on cards designating their will to have a union. In reaching the majority percentage we had the problem of workers leaving the system, the turnover, which invalidated the cards they had signed, thus our target had to be closer to 70% rather than 51%. The other two systems won elections for a union despite a trustee of the Queens system, a priest, offering, on the eve of the election, the 35-hour week to librarians, if they voted "no." Right after winning the election for a union, the librarians were granted the 35-hour work week. Meanwhile our New York committee continued to sign up employees in the branches and research libraries.

Viola to her Mother. January 5/66 New York

> I am back at work after a brief trip to Canada and still have not heard from home as to how you all spent Christmas. No doubt you all had a nice holiday. I received a card from Joan and she sent a picture of the family, and said they were going home for Christmas. I hope they came and brought come cheer and goodwill.
>
> David and I were utterly busy just before Christmas—so much so we had to do some of our Christmas shopping in Hamilton. The General Assembly which finishes about the 22/23rd December here keeps us busy day and night and weekends. Anyway, I do hope we get some word from home that the card I sent you arrived safely because I enclosed some money in it. I also enclosed separate little dollars to the two boys, and I hope they opened their cards in front of someone so that they would know it was money. I hope I don't have to wait too long before I hear from home.
>
> I sent the Pope's medal home together with a letter to Daddy. I hope he did not feel too offended by my letter. I always do something with a will to help, not to destroy. I hope it was taken in that spirit. If it was not, then I can only say I'm sorry. Being in the UN and in New York, I have really had quite an opportunity to see human beings operate on the same level as nations do politically—and it takes quite a training to know how to handle people at large. We were never trained—that is why we are always quarrelling with each other at home or we are always getting unnecessarily hurt at each other and being extra sensitive. Straight talking has never done anyone any harm. I see now how other people are brought up—their character is developed and the ability of controlling their emotions together with tolerance and understanding is stressed. We all need that—because that is the only way we can live with each other. So I hope that Daddy will try to see himself as others see him and help himself improve.
>
> Our Christmas at Mrs. Beasley's was a family affair as usual. We all exchanged presents and had a turkey dinner at home with David's brother and his family joining us. Then on

Sunday we went to the country to have tea with his Uncle—who just sold about twenty acres of his land to some building project—there was not much choice. Canada is expanding by leaps and bounds. Then on Monday we drove about 60 miles north of Toronto to the Kellern Hills to visit a cousin of Mrs. Beasley who had just built a super house—it was breathtaking in fact. The air is so fresh in Northern Canada. It is always such a nice change to get out of New York.

Mummy dear, I do hope you are not going to worry to death about Daddy's retirement. Would you and Daddy be good enough to let me know just what your plans are and I can see in what way I can help. It is no use your holding your head and beating it against the wall and making everyone miserable about a small inevitable change like a retirement. I think you should be glad that Daddy stuck it all and worked steadily and kept the house going all these years. Lots of men could easily have just dumped the family and left. So you can thank god for small mercies.

I cannot do anything from here if no one writes to let me know in a cool calm way just what is going on or what anyone is planning. I do worry about the family but often I feel frustrated at not knowing regularly just what is going on.

So I can't write much else now—except I sense that everyone is worried at home and miserable—and hurt, etc. I have no heart in this letter simply because I have not heard from home and don't know what is going on.

My mother to Viola and me. January 11/66 Hamilton

The time has gone so quickly since Christmas that I seem to be late in writing and still have "thank-you" notes to write. We enjoyed your visit very much and it was wonderful to see you both well and happy.

Thank you for the beautiful "gold" towels. There is a large one, a smaller one and two wash cloths (will be my best). I had the "Four Aces" here on Tuesday and we used the pencils you gave me. Am wondering how you are standing up to the "strike" now? Do hope you are still feeling fit and able to get enough food, etc. We are having zero weather the last few days. I don't like it but a snow storm is coming tonight and milder weather.

Mrs. Rayner and I have been arranging our trip. We are both going on a bus tour (the day after we arrive in England) to the south—Devon and Cornwall (will see Bath too) for 8 days. Then have a week in London. Then I go on a tour to the Continent for nearly two weeks and Mrs. R. goes to Scotland.

My tour goes to Namur—first night—then Heidelberg 2nd—Borschach—Salzburg, 2 nights —Vienna, 3 nights—Klagenfurt, Merano, Lucerne—Nancy—then London. I only have from June 4th to 7th there before we fly home—but have a week between trips, which is not really very long. I want to meet your family, Viola, so it will have to be in that week, I think. We have an agent here, getting hotel accommodation and reserving places on the tours.

I'm getting excited already and only hope to keep well so I can go in May.

Friday. It is milder now and we had a little more snow. Am sorry I did not get this finished so will try to end it before I leave for town. I mislaid your letter, Viola. I enjoyed it but can't remember all you said. Now the strike is over, it must be a great relief to everyone. I hope you are not too tired out after having to walk so much (willing or not!)—What a terrible expense it was!

Some friends, the Butlers, showed me some colored slides of their trip last year to England and one of them was of Mrs. Bradshaw's house where you went for tea. The doctor has retired, they say, and grows and sells orchids now. They live in the house that was meant for the Mother, they said. The large one has been torn down.

How did the theatre night with Beverly go? and is she getting another job? Will say good-bye for now as I must run. Will write soon again and you do the same.

The transit workers struck on the first of January and stayed out for 12 days just as John Lindsay took the mayor's office. Beverly Bruce, the daughter of Allan, who built the house in the Kellern Hills north of Toronto, trained as a nurse and was looking for work in New York City.

Viola to my Mother. February 3/66. New York

I am sorry for not replying sooner—have been typing David's manuscript in my spare time which is precious little. Nice of you to have called on Sunday and I am sorry you missed David, who was also sorry he missed you; said he will write to you.

I hear that Ontario has had a lot of snow—we have had some, and some cold weather—but I like it. I hope the weather has improved in Hamilton as I know just how cold it can get.

I haven't heard from Helen or Mary—but then I don't expect to. Beverly had her interview with the UK clinic and I think she has got a clearer idea of what the job would entail. There are no vacancies at the moment, as she was told, so I told her to look for something else outside of the New York Hospital—perhaps a private doctor's nurse or something. It would be nice if she could find a nice young man. The administrative officer called me up yesterday to tell me that she liked Beverly, found her a very nice person, well poised, etc. but that she did not come up to the UN's requirements just yet and that if there was a vacancy—she would be considered "in the running with others". I don't think I would like to pass this on to Beverly—though I think I should encourage her to find something else. I do hope this will go no further than yourself, Mother dear. I know that you are interested and I'm sure Beverly would <u>not</u> like being talked about. She is such a nice girl.

David is busy with his writing and work. We are going to see "Othello" this evening—they are showing a film of Laurence Olivier's 'Othello' for two days only in a few cinema theatres. I believe it is quite a rare portrayal of Othello. We are also going to a cocktail party tomorrow—given by a friend of mine who is from South Africa and a Malaysian delegate. On Sunday we are having some people for dinner in return for the dinner they gave us last Sunday.

Got a lovely letter from Kitty who sends her love to you. Also my friend who is in Paris wrote to say she has adopted another girl. Eve is expecting a baby—but she looks terribly tired. She has to find another apartment now—with children all expenses are practically doubled.

I must say I was surprised to receive a call from those Russians we met at Gordon Precious' place that New Year's Eve, remember? They apparently were passing through New York and visited the UN and wondered if I could see them. Couldn't remember their names at first. However, I refused to see them. I politely told them I was busy—as a matter of fact, l was particularly busy that day. However, frankly, I do not want to have anything to do with them; one never knows who they are—they might be "illegals" in espionage jargon!! David thinks they might not be—but I'm taking no chances. Should they call, which I doubt now, please discourage them.

Mummy and Daddy will be going to my brother's place because the children are missing them badly. Poor little Michael—he really believes my mother is his mother. Poor child. Got a letter from my sister this morning. Mummy and Daddy will be having the French's for dinner apparently. So it looks as if all is well at home. Haven't very much else to say—except that Kim and Becky wrote such cute letters to us with drawings of horses and cartoons. Very talented children. Love to all in Hamilton -

PS Let me know the details of your itinerary.

Viola to her Mother. February 3/66. New York

Thank you for your nice long letter—it certainly was nice and long and made up for the long time I had to wait for it. Also nice to talk to you and Rita on the telephone—although you gave me "hell"!!! Please tell Daddy I received his very nice letter and also thank Rita for her nice letter which I received this morning. So I hope all is well at home.

As far as Joan is concerned—I guess she has been a spinster so long and therefore had no incentive to become domesticated. However, I do hope she will gradually get into the habit of being clean, and keeping the children clean and healthy. My heart breaks when I think of Michael. At such a tender age of 3-4 yrs. it must be terrible to be separated from you. He really thinks you are his mother. He needs a great deal of love and affection—just as much as Christopher—Donald must see to that. Please tell Donald to do that for Michael. I remember once I carried Michael and hugged him and said "you are my baby"—do you know he liked that—I guess he wanted to "belong" to someone, I know he needs it badly. He also has strong instincts—perhaps Joan is strict and matter-of-fact which he senses.

However, Mummy, please try and arrange it so that Michael can spend some days with you alone—so that the break will not be too much of a shock to him. If he can look forward to spending a few days with you—that promise alone will make him anticipate something nice and bear up with Joan. Then gradually he can get used to going to Binbrook—handle this transition carefully and with gradual persuasion. Please ask Donald to allow Michael to come home often so that he will know that his shuttling to and back is an accepted thing and he will be gradually in the habit of making two places his home.

I hope that Donald and Joan get on with each other—that could influence the children.

I am so glad that Daddy is being sensible about cutting down on his drinks. Daddy is a very sensible man—and the endearing thing about him is that he listens and wants to improve—all you have to do is to speak to him with a certain amount of kindness—he will listen—he won't listen if you grouch all the time.

I shall write to him after this letter. I am so glad you like the Pope's medal, Mummy, and you appreciated our little Christmas gift. Thank you for buying those gifts for everyone. It seems you all had a lovely Christmas. I'm so glad. Betty and Maurice sent us a calendar with English Pictures—please thank them for me.

Mummy dear, I am so glad you are feeling happier. Nothing gives me joy so much as to know you and Daddy and everyone is happy. Try and keep it up. How is Eustace. I suppose he never writes—but I do hope he is well. Poor Cecil and Babsie—how sad that they can't get settled. I am indeed sorry.

Irene Moses said that her husband will be going to England in the spring. I hope to meet him when he comes through New York. He is a professor. I haven't heard much from Olga and Bunny. They hate each other. Olga is extravagant and Bunny is miserly—there you have it. I believe Olga is in debt of $4000. Gosh that's an awful big sum to be in debt with. She is trying to get a better paid job in order to pay this sum back. I believe Paulette too is in debt. In this country to get a loan is the easiest thing in the world—that is why so many Americans are in debt.

I shall get that needle for you—I haven't done any shopping as the weather has been very bad. But I will get it later on. Thank you for getting me the number and other details, of the needle.

David is very well and said he will be replying to Daddy's letter. I will write again as soon as I have that needle. All my love, Mummy dear. Be good—and stay cheerful.

Viola to her Mother. February 18/66 New York

I have just received a letter from Daddy who tells me that Aunty Mary is very ill and that you are suffering badly from arthritis. Poor darling Mummy. What can I do for you, dear? I

wish I could take you on a nice long trip to a tropical island so that you will get all the sun you need. Would you like to come to New York this year. I really mean it. I want you and Daddy to come just once. I want to show you the UN, etc.

Mummy, I am so glad you have Betty and Maurice next door. They are so kind and so helpful. I think they are wonderful friends. But then you are kind to them too. You have been splendid. Only don't worry too much about things and don't work yourself up to such a nervous state. Relax, Mummy dear. Think of all the good things you have done for all of us, including Donald. Goodness how much you have done for him.

You know, Mummy, I still have a terrible temper. I am so much like you, you know. I can get one idea in my head and work myself up to a point where I am so upset—and all for nothing sometimes. The superintendent and landlord are such awful people that it is all I can do not to throw something at them. This city can really make me feel violent—it bothers me. I wish to be calm. David is such a great help to me. He is so controlled. I wish I were like him. No wonder the Americans take tranquilizers—they need them in this city.

I am so upset to hear about Aunty Mary. A tumour operation is quite easy actually—but in India it is a different story. To get a good doctor would probably cost the earth. The world is in such a mess. God alone knows where it will all lead to.

Did you have Mr. and Mrs. French over for dinner? Rita said they were coming the last time she wrote to me. I do hope so, they are very good people and good friends.

Darling Mummy dear, please let me know how you are, I do hope the doctor's pills were alright and helpful. I know how painful it can be. David's aunt was in bed with it for a whole month—her legs. I think I too will suffer with that because on a cold and damp day my knees and joints hurt badly. I suffer from very low pressure—no energy sometimes. You always said I was lazy—it is not that—it is my low blood pressure. I had very feeble labour when I was pregnant and that was due to this low blood pressure.

Write soon to me. I hope the children visit you soon, and that you will visit them soon too. Keep cheerful, dearest Mummy. David sends his love to you and said the other day how he would like to taste your cooking again. I don't know why he said it—all of a sudden like that.

Mrs. Beasley said she will be writing to you. Ask her to visit you, and tell her too that you are looking forward to seeing her. Give her your telephone number too.

PS I sent you the needle yesterday. Let me know if it arrived intact. Thank you also for the IBM magazine. Was really proud of Eustace.

PPS Enclosing $10 for you dearest Mummy for stout or take Betty to a show in London or something.

Viola to my Mother. February 24/66 New York

Thank you for your letter, and best of all, thank you for sending David that microfilm on the Gurney diary. I can't tell you what a relief it was to know it was found. A lot of people took a great deal of trouble to help David get that film (it had to be deposited from the safe of one bank to another in England, etc.) that it would have been just terrible to have lost it. David said he will write to you soon—but he's so busy every minute of his working day in the Library and tries to find time to fix and/or write in his room, that he really has no time.

I did buy those little coffee cups. They are Japanese china—matches my plates, etc., although not the sort of thing I would want for my permanent home—but they are good enough for the apartment at present. I paid $12, I'm afraid, for six cups and saucers. Quite pretty really. If it is too expensive for the sort of thing you wanted to give us, Mother, just let me know. If you would like to give them to us—then both David and I thank you very very much indeed.

> I have been buying little silver-plated things like vegetable dish and saucière, and silver cruet set, etc. Thought it was time, don't you? This might be our last year in New York as David would have completed his two years by next January. So we will try to plan seriously as to what we should do in the future.
>
> Spent Sunday sewing some curtains for David's room. Clay gave him some spare burlap material of the loveliest shade of duck-egg blue. Only half the floor needs a coat of paint and then we shall try to get an old rug and a few odds and ends. He already has a table, chair and lamp.
>
> I tried to look for that IBM magazine and I hope I did not throw it out with last Sunday's paper. There was a short account of my brother who is an engineer—but now he's made a Stock Controller. Apparently his memory is brilliant and he has a marvelous methodical mind. I always thought he was wonderful—so sensible and reasonable and nice. He's not handsome and he's short, like Mummy, but any girl who marries him would be very lucky. He told David that he would like to buy his own plane. Both my brothers can fly planes—they do that as a hobby.
>
> Mummy is suffering very badly with arthritis and her fingers are getting more and more distorted. The doctor has given her some pills—poor dear Mummy. I do wish I were rich enough to take her to a warm climate for the winter. I am glad you are keeping well this winter, Mother, and I hope that you have good weather throughout your trip. My whole family are looking forward to seeing you. Daddy would like to take some sort of part-time job in his retirement—but I told him to wait till the weather got better.
>
> I would like to go to England on a short trip on my own this year—David and I are thinking of going to Mexico later on. I can manage both with the time I get off. We hope to go to Williamsburg on 18-20 March—on a cheap UN trip. I would like to see that village that was restored by David Rockefeller. I suppose the Upper Canada village is something of the same idea. Must end now. Lots of love to all in Hamilton.

Viola's mention of the microfilm of the Gurney diary refers to an interesting incident in my research on John Richardson. Because little was known of Richardson I had to track down every reference I found. Richardson mentioned that a duel he was to fight in London after he returned from the Carlist War in Spain was negotiated on his behalf by Richard Gurney, whom Richardson called one of the most notable and intelligent men he knew. The only Gurney that seemed to fit that description of that time was Hudson Gurney, parliamentarian and antiquarian, who belonged to the famous banking family in Norwich. I wrote to the present head of the family, Quentin Gurney, who invited me to visit him in Bawdeswell Hall outside Norwich, Norfolk County. Rita lent me her Mini and I drove there to be graciously received by the old gentleman, who suffered from arthritis and gingerly shook my hand. He showed me a roomful of manuscripts written by the illustrious anti-slaver Richard Gurney and his sister the prison reformer Elizabeth Fry. Among them were Hudson Gurney's diaries in a code that no one had been able to decipher. I noted John Richardson's name in English about the date that he was to duel another officer from the British Legion and, excited by its promise of information, arranged to have that part of the diary reproduced. As I was saying good-bye in the front garden to Mr. Gurney, Mrs Gurney strode by and stopping to greet me continued her stroll with a walking stick. Mr. Gurney asked whether I would meet his son, director of the Barclay's Bank in Norwich for lunch, which I was happy to do. His son, a lean man, was just as engaging as his father and in the bank's boardroom where a lunch was laid out for us we discussed my research and other topics such as apartheid in South Africa which he seemed to support. I expostulated on the incongruity of a descendant of the anti-slaver Richard Gurney supporting restrictions on the freedom of blacks, but he remained good humored and we parted amicably. When I returned to London, Rita's employer, Laurence French, kindly paid for that section of the diary to be reproduced in microfilm and mailed it to me. I was told that an elderly Greek gentleman who read in the Humanities Division of the Research Libraries in the evenings might be able to decipher Gurney's code which seemed to be in a Greek incunabula. I found the man who looked at the microfilm but could make no sense of the code. I got in touch with a young professor of Greek at Columbia University and we met in the Butler Library to peruse the microfilm. After a few minutes the professor said the code was simply Greek letters replacing English letters and, writing out the

Greek letter with its English counterpart, he made it possible for me to translate it easily into English. My translation was disappointing. Gurney complained a lot about his gout and bad weather. His reference to John Richardson was about a land claim. Subsequently I discovered that this John Richardson was a land agent, not a novelist.

Eventually I found that Richardson's friend, Richard Gurney, worked in the Inns of Court, had written poetry and had a patchy career, but my search for him led me accidentally to Goldsworthy Gurney, a fellow Cornishman, who invented modern transport with the steam jet and developed the automobile in the 1820s. While searching at the London Patent Office I fell into conversation with an experienced researcher, who told me that I should investigate the railways' role in the suppression of the automobile. Although I was steeped in Richardson research, I saw the subject as an interesting topic for a book. Where were Goldsworthy's papers? I wrote to several county archives and received a reply from the Somerset Archives that just two months earlier the descendant of Gurney's financial backer, Hanning, had given it documents and letters dealing with Gurney's automobile. I went to see the papers and reproduced them to use at such time as I could research the subject. I located a Gurney in London, a lawyer, who was a descendant of one of Goldsworthy's brothers and visited him to gather more information. The subject was huge and intricate; it would take me years to develop the facts and a method for narrating them.

One has to love research and be excited at one's discoveries but also to use one's imagination and take every opportunity to find the facts. On one of my visits to my sister in Montreal, I discovered the illuminating obituary on Richardson printed in the New York City *Pick* newspaper, the only copy of which was in the McGill University Library. This was a chance discovery and it alerted me to a couple of Richardson's anonymous publications. A couple of years later when I asked for it again, it was being microfilmed and eventually turned up on film in the New York Public Research Libraries—so my discovery of the obituary was also a discovery of the newspaper. The librarian at McGill meanwhile had found a passing reference to Richardson's editing of a newspaper, the *Prescott Sentinel*, which I would not have found on my own—such are the delights of research.

Meanwhile I noticed a changing attitude to me in the library since I became active in canvassing for a union. From an employee with a promising future, I was seen as somewhat unreliable. The librarian who supervised the pages asked me to do the job while he took a two-week vacation but to leave any disciplinary problem for him to resolve when he returned. The head page was a mild colored man, who suddenly had problems with the Italian and Jewish young men under him, who refused to follow his instructions and were "goofing off". I found one of them stretched out on a book cart as if sleeping. I reasoned with these boys and had the most rebellious shake hands with the head page in an effort to resolve the differences between them and leave corrective action to my vacationing colleague. When the librarian returned and heard my report, he fired the troublemakers, but I was seen as indulgent in allowing them to misbehave. Probably from then on I was depicted as a weak supervisor.

To Mother from me. April 25/66 New York

> It seems like such a long time since we were in Europe together. I wish that we had had the money to have done more at that time, but there is the truth, that you can't see everything and that what you do see well is worth more than a lot of quick glances. Your trip schedule is very full, but I hope you will take it with ease and remember that atmosphere is just as interesting as seeing every little statue, in fact more interesting. If you spare yourself the effort of seeing everything and be selective, I'm sure you will preserve the energy to thoroughly enjoy the trip. You will find that London is changed. I wish I had gone to Hampstead this last time. lf you don't know it, do go and visit Kenwood House, on the Heath, and Keat's house. Your trip to red-earthed Devon ought to be interesting. English roads are not like American highways. There you are traveling through countryside and towns with personality rather than speeding along a cement pathway that leads straight over the country and pragmatically built cities. I hope you get a chance to see Cornwall but probably will not. Your timing is fairly good—at least, it will precede the bulk of summer tourists. Then in Vienna, go to Grinzing, the wine village on the outskirts and go up to Cobenzl and sit at the cafe and look over the Danube and take a stroll in the woods there and see how tall the trees stand around you. Try to see the state opera (Staatsoper). You

should get tickets ahead of time, that is, if it is still open when you get there. There are undoubtedly tours to take you to the important buildings. I shall give you the addresses of two English-speaking friends, but please remember I have not corresponded with them and aside from Viola's visit some years ago, they have heard nothing about me. They would be very willing to meet you, I'm sure, and may have the opportunity to entertain you.

April 26. Have been very busy today at work on the subject of the library catalogue. My ideas are original and may take some beating from conservative minds but I consider their adoption important.

Viola and I have been watching hockey on TV—Sunday night we saw a marvelous production of Shaw's "Heartbreak House" on Channel 13, our noncommercial station. We saw the theatrical Murat-De Sade play on stage the other week—quite different and interesting. Am spending much time writing my biography—also immersed in union activity, interested in raising wages and lowering working hours for underpaid, overworked librarians (like yours truly).

Mother, have a wonderful time in Europe! Most cities you are stopping at I have not seen. Please send us cards when you think of it. Be your adventurous self and you'll have loads of fun.

April 29. Have been carrying this in my pocket—waiting to include addresses—which I now include. Lots of luck, bon voyage. Viola sends love too.

My great Aunt Florence, who had been bedridden and suffered pain stoically, died. She had welcomed Viola warmly when we saw her in Montreal.

Fraser Bruce to me. Westmount, P.Q. May 15/66

Thank you so very much for the wonderful letter about Mother which gave us much comfort. No one could describe her better nor with more insight.

I had seen her a week before and it was obvious that she was very weak and failing but she recognized me and to my joy knew that she was a great grandmother—our Barbara's boy Andrew was born shortly before. Nonetheless when the news came—the news that we had hoped and prayed for that she slipt away without pain—it hit one with a real sense of loss and your letter was a great help.

She as you know lived for others and insisted that the three of us have the opportunity to the best education and always insisted that there were no "apron strings."

I am so thankful now that Marjorie suggested that Mother live with us in Montreal and made it possible. Also that a little more than a year before she died Allan was able to get her a room at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital in Toronto, which specializes in older people and where she was also close to family. She was a lady, so interested in you and Ann and Alec and Jim and of course your Mother was the closest member of the family.

David, I should have written long ago but did not want to let another day pass without thanking you for your kind thoughtfulness in writing and for the way you did. You honor Mother's memory as we do.

I do hope we shall see you and Viola one of these days and soon. Marjorie joins in love to you both and, as always, every good wish.

PS. In a few years, time will not be such an enemy, and then I intend to take to the typewriter.

In the early summer of 1966 we vacationed again in Hamilton. This was the last time I saw my father. I visited him in the Maccassa Lodge. I was directed to his room, but he was not there. The white-coated attendant with a smug look took me to the washroom where I saw my father on the toilet. I felt a finger course a stripe down my back and turned round angrily to see a jolly character

with a couple of followers gaily walking by. My father said to pay them no mind, that he was a good fellow, graduate of some university or other. I was struck by the reversal of roles. Here was I approaching my father on the toilet in distinction to his approach to me when I was a child; the difference being that I did not tell him that he had to wipe himself with one square of toilet paper. I noted his excusing the jolly fellow for an insulting gesture as belonging to a period when "gentlemen" were noted by university degrees, a mindset before World War II; or, was father trying to make peace for himself by going along with these jokesters, who, like him, were imprisoned in these quarters for life. I returned to his room to wait for him.

He was in a wheelchair when he came to his room. We did not have long to talk. I noticed that he was thin and frail. A buzzer sounded for lunch. Father made no effort to respond, and I heard others pass by in the hall. A sinewy, grave-faced man stepped into the room and seized the back of father's wheelchair. Father introduced me as his "nephew", but the man ignored me and announced that father had to eat lunch. I followed them as he wheeled father along the hall and into a place at the lunch table at which the other inmates were seated. As I left, I wondered whether the others knew of father's disgrace, his disbarment for spending his clients' money, and if that is why he called me his nephew. I sensed too that, not wanting to eat, he wanted to die; his unhappiness was evident.

Since we had no air conditioning in our apartment, nor in the library, I was glad to be out of the asphalt jungle for some time in the summer.

Viola to my mother. July 13/66. New York

> We are back in this sweltering city, 97º on Monday, 99º on Tuesday, 95º today and up in the 90ºs again tomorrow. This is the third week of over 90º heat. It is killing. I'd love to be on Lake Huron right now.
>
> Thank you very much for a lovely time, Mother. Both of us enjoyed it very much. It was as usual a pleasant change and we loved every minute of it. I've cancelled my flight to England, so now I'm stuck with this awful weather in this awful city.
>
> David returned yesterday and gave me news of Peter's reunion with Spot. Wish I could have been there. I haven't heard a word from any members of my family except Daddy. He said the whole family send their love and affectionate regard to "your sweet Mother" (this, in a letter to David).
>
> I am reading Beverley's Book. I am determined to read it through to see what it is all about. I found the first chapter interesting. I am sorry we did not see Mrs. Swan again, nor Miss Baird, and we were glad to see Mrs. Crerar. I hope Aunt Mont will ride out her storm. It would be awful if she were heavily penalized monetarily—after all, it would be poor Uncle Edward who would have to pay up. I am indeed sorry for her. I believe Alec looked beautifully tanned. They must have had a wonderful holiday.
>
> Will end now, Mother, hope it is not too hot in Hamilton. Our love to Jim, Alec, Anne and family and Spot, Uncle Edward and Aunt Mont and Beverley and family. Lots of love to you and thank you for a lovely holiday.

Viola to my mother. August 19/66. New York.

> It seems incredible that we have only a couple of weeks more of summer. All in all, it has not been such a bad summer, even though it was very hot, at least we did not have the horrible humidity.
>
> We've been rather busy every weekend—going to beaches and visiting little out-of-the-way places. One Sunday we took a train up the Hudson—a very pretty ride along the Hudson up to Van Courtlandt Park. David was interested, as Catherine Beasley once lived there. The Van Courtlandts owned about 800 acres and rented little houses to tenants, of whom Catherine Beasley was one. The House or Manor is now restored and quite interesting—another Rockefeller project.

We also went up to Rye Beach in New Hampshire, and had a wonderful time with the Malpasses. They live in a very exclusive spot—all big business and millionaires. They have a huge nine bedroomed house sitting on about three acres, two minutes from the ocean front. We had a marvelous time. They had other house guests whom we had met before. David and the other men in the house were taken out in a huge yacht owned by Woody Foss for tuna fishing. They left early in the morning and returned about 6 p.m. Woody Foss makes shoe-counters and supplies 80% of the nation's shoe industry. He also has factories all over the world. David, Charles and his other guests were entertained on the yacht in a big way, and it certainly did David a world of good. We are both glad we went as it was a wonderful change. They have asked us to go up with them (the Malpasses, I mean) in the fall for another weekend as Charles would like to show us the fall colors. They have bought another huge house in Bronxville with columns in front, etc. They will move into it in the fall, and hope to sell their apartment which has become too small for them now that they have four children.

I have been invited to a wedding reception on the 26th. One of the girls in our Department in the UN, a very rich Jewess, is getting married. As I have never been to one, I shall look forward to it. Also, I'm sure her gown will be magnificent. She always dresses superbly.

Went to see Eve yesterday and her tiny baby. Her baby IS tiny. She is now six weeks old and weighs about 6 and a half pounds. It looks like her husband, sort of thin face and slightly chinless—not very attractive, I'm afraid, with long hands and legs and huge feet. Eve said she already gets impatient with her. The baby's name is Alexandra Hilary.

David and I have been invited to an Indian dinner. One of the senior directors in my department has invited us. He must have brought a cook from India when he last visited India early this year.

I don't think U Thant will accept another term. I hope he doesn't. I think he will be able to do more good as a free agent than as an SG. Robert Kennedy spent an hour and twenty minutes yesterday evening trying to urge him to stay on for the sake of the UN and the world. If he does go, it might be a Latin American who will be appointed—they say.

I heard from Mummy about a month ago. She had such trouble with her teeth. There was a stump left and it began to pain her, so she had to have that removed and she is much better now. She said she liked you so much and thought you were sweet and kind and afforded her an opportunity to go out of the house. I hope you both continue to be friends. David will be writing soon. He just bought a tape recorder. Love to all at home and Hamilton.

Viola to her mother. September 1/66. New York

It is always so nice to telephone home and hear your cheerful voice, and Daddy's and Eustace's. I shall write to Rita later. Her letter was interesting.

Nothing in the world makes me joyful than to know you are well and happy, Mummy dear. Even though you think you have no news, what you think about anything is of interest to me. I have no family here, except David's mother who writes often and that makes us feel good. Please also write to me. With ME at least you can be your own true self and say anything. Perhaps your other best friend is Betty—but I too want to be your friend and daughter.

As the years roll on, I get more mature, and wish with all my heart I can do something to make your and Daddy's life happy and joyful. First, I want you and Daddy to be kind and nice to each other. God knows what the future has for us. Then, I wish you would tell me whether you would like to come and visit me. I would like you to come and spend about three weeks or more with me.

I am going through a great period of doubt and thought. David wants to go back to Canada next spring, and I think it is a good idea. He is so much a part of Canada. But that means

I've got to give up my job and a pretty good salary. I should follow my husband, and it is unfair to make him follow mine.

I shall try to do something else, as I am tired of politics and stresses and strains. So here I am full of doubt and worried about changing my way of life. I would like to ask your and Daddy's advice. Please write to me soon.

Bunny and his children came down to New York and stayed with Ceylonese friends. I gave them dinner on Saturday (spaghetti) and on Sunday they drove David and I to Jones Beach and we all had a wonderful time. I think Bunny is beginning to realize a lot of things. They are all doing well now. The girls are sweet. I like Romana and Ingrid, but I can't stand the youngest. I think she's a real brat and terribly spoilt. Olga's sister from Ceylon is here spending 18 months vacation. Paulette has bought a house on mortgage. Please do send them a Christmas card, Mummy. I think they realize now that they've got to pay their way around and not cadge on people.

I am most proud of you, Mummy, the way you took the initiative and gave Babsie her eyesight back. I think that it was imaginative and very charitable of you. A true Christian. Wonderful. You are the only senior member—you and Daddy—that these cousins have and I know they look upon you and Daddy as such. Encourage good feeling among them, but make sure they don't take advantage of your good nature. I think I taught both Bunny and Paulette a lesson and now they actually volunteer to pay.

Mrs. Beasley thinks you are very much like her. Adventurous. She really likes you. Thinks you have graciousness and warmth and sincerity, and like her, you are interested in everything. I hope you become friends with her. It will enrich both your lives. I am so grateful for all you have done for her for my sake. But I hope you will now like her for her and your own sake.

My poor David is so busy with so many things. His writing, his work and he has now joined a Union. Can you imagine? He's made chairman of that. He's on a project in the Library. He is so convinced he is right but his project may not be adopted. He sends his warmest love to you and Daddy, Eustace and Rita.

I hope Joan is being kind to Michael. Poor lad. I hope this terrible wrench from you won't affect his later life. I hope Donald is behaving now.

Well, dearest darling Mummy, I have to make a switch in my life next year. Tell me what you think about it. I want to come to England for a short visit; sometimes I feel so very tired. I think the most wonderful thing that has happened to me is my restored faith in God's Spirit. But I am glad I lost my way too, otherwise I would have taken HIM for granted. Now I know how invaluable God's Spirit is for one's inner happiness and strength. I salute you in your steadfast faith in God, Mummy, my darling. May God Bless you and Daddy always.

Love, I miss you all, write soon, don't neglect me -

Viola to my mother. September 9/66. New York

There is a little chill in the air and it feels like fall, but I'm sure we shall have a few more hot days before October. David keeps saying he is going to write to you but he has been working so very hard. I must say, once he gets his teeth into something, he really works hard to accomplish it. He has been awfully busy on a project in the Library, and I must say that the Library has been very good to give him time and encouragement to follow it through. He has had to write a report, which he submitted yesterday, and he spent evenings and weekends on it. His idea may not be adopted after all that, but at least he has thrown a fresh viewpoint on the subject,

Helen sent me a card asking us to watch a TV programme which the HRA was putting on. I watched it—it was a musical called "Up with People". I must say I enjoyed it very much

and it was moving to see young people caring about the world situation. I telephoned her the next day to thank her for drawing our attention to it and to ask her how she was. She and Malcolm left for Jamaica for about 2-l/2 weeks as Malcolm suffers from hay fever, (this said with tongue in cheek). She also said that Olivia is expected to come on a visit in October. I thought perhaps it would be nice for David and myself to meet her and planned to have a luncheon party at the UN. Perhaps you would like to come too. This might be my last fall in the UN. Helen also said she was in England in June, but I think you both just missed each other.

The Jewish wedding was a great deal of fun. I only went to the reception so don't know what a Jewish ceremony is like. But just a group of us went from our offices (this caused a great deal of bad feeling among those who were not invited!). She is so ambitious that she had invited all the big shots from the UN—only the Chef de Cabinet and a couple of high officials went though. There were just four of us girls and about seven men—all good dancers so we had a wonderful time—champagne, hot and cold hors d'oeuvre, wedding cake and other drinks. A lot of fun. A very nice orchestra played—and she was dressed in a very expensive but short satin looking dress. She considers herself a high class Jewess of German descent—whereas, apparently, Eastern Europeans are low class—I can't help being amused—but whatever class they are, they are certainly uninhibited in their speech and behavior.

David is fast becoming a hot favorite with the people in my department. They all think he's charming and so handsome, etc. My cousin and his girls came to New York and visited us—and drove us to Jones Beach where we had a lot of fun.

Hope all is well in Hamilton. Got a card from Beverley who is now in Montreal. Said she doesn't feel like working at all. Don't blame her.

Must end now as I've been invited to lunch in Greenwich Village. Will write again when we have any worthwhile news. Lots of love to you, and Jim, the Alec Beasleys and Uncle E and Aunt M. Glad their problem is over with.

Viola to her mother. September 30/66. New York.

Thank you for your letter letting me know your Bank address and other details. It is very handy to know. I am glad that the boiler work has started and that Rita and Eustace are going to pay for it. As you know, I have a deposit account with the City Branch of Lloyds Bank in London. The £100 that you and Daddy returned to me was immediately deposited into this Bank and since then it has earned me a little more than £21. Now they give you what is called "compound interest"—which means that instead of calculating your interest on the original £100—they give you interest on £121—which means that your money just grows and grows and it earns you more and more by just leaving it in the Bank.

I have deliberately taken that money from you because I wanted to save it for you in case of emergency. I would have liked to have taken more from you—just to force you to save. That was my only reason. If I transferred this money to you—you may be tempted to spend it or withdraw little here and there—and the interest accumulation would be ruined. It is not in the tradition of the Burmese to accumulate a capital. Even before the war, the Burmese never owned a Bank—till much much later they had one. The rest of the Banks in Rangoon were foreign—the Burmese farmers used to borrow from moneylenders (Chettyars) who took the place of bankers as we know them in the West. So I know that it is not in us to save. But I see the value of saving a little because one never knows what is in store for us in the future.

But I want you to know that that money is in my bank in England. Should anything happen to me, I want you to take my death certificate and collect this money from that Branch. Of course, you might think this morbid, but it is sensible for you to be aware of what I have in England. It is not much—but it belongs to you. I am also writing to my Bank to let them know that should there be any reason to do so that you and Daddy should have that money. They have given me a secret code word—so that they will know it is a genuine request from

me. I have a savings account here too—which is on the same principle as the Lloyds Bank deposit account system—I also have some money coming from the UN—David knows all about this and he knows what should be done in case of emergency. Of course, if I resign next year from the UN—all this money will go into buying a house, etc. I just want you to know a bit about my affairs and I want you to share in it. I think I have asked Rita and Eustace to think ahead and to save—they may not see any reason to do so now—but they are foolish not to do so. I think Donald is the only one who has a natural saving instinct.

David and I are going to Hamilton for the Canadian Thanksgiving on Oct. 10. Then we are taking Mrs. Beasley for a drive up to Ottawa, and to see the beautiful autumn colors—there are masses of trees in Canada and they turn multicolored in the autumn—it is a beautiful sight. I wish you and Daddy could be with us. I want you both to seriously think of making a trip here. I do want the pleasure of hosting you. I would love it. I am dying to entertain and cook and show off in general.

David is doing exceptionally well in his Library. He was responsible for a certain project—was made Chairman of the committee he formed, and now he has received a personal thanks from his boss for his original and imaginative work and his boss has mentioned it in his annual report. He works so hard. He's also joined a union and he is made Chairman of that too—and is going places. I give Daddy my love, and please ask him to write to us. We haven't heard from him for ages.

Viola to Rita. October 26/66. New York

I have been meaning to write to you for a long time but felt that Mummy needed more attention. I am glad you liked the gold cross I gave you, and your appreciation for it was so great I thought I had given you the Hope Diamond. Cartier is one of the leadings jewellers in the world and the cross is an excellent one, but it did not break me. I gave it to you with all my affection and I hope you will keep it forever. It is solid gold, and invaluable.

I got a call from Mr. M. Hasan of Pakistan. I was surprised and unfortunately I could not invite him over as both David and I were busy that weekend. However, I invited him to lunch, but he couldn't make it and asked me to show him around the UN instead. He promised to call me about it, but he never did. However, I got a note from him from Rome, apologizing. He spoke very highly of you and wished you well.

Your trip to the Middle East must have been a very exhilarating one and I am glad you enjoyed it so much. Perhaps when I am settled in Canada you can come and visit us then. David and I went to Hamilton for Thanksgiving and saw the family and were entertained by them, then David and I rented a car and drove along the St. Lawrence River and up to Ottawa. We took Mrs. Beasley with us as she has never seen Ottawa, and we also wanted to see the beautiful fall colors. Canada is very rich in timber—the maple and silver birch and oak trees are beautiful trees and, when they turn bright gold, red, flame, etc. they are breathlessly beautiful. David was also wanting me to see that part of the world because we have vague plans about going and settling there. Ottawa depressed me the first day—it's so cold, but later when we drove around, I thought the capital a beautiful place. I know that I shall miss New York a great deal—and certainly my job in the UN. I mean what one does in the UN is not half as stimulating as the aura around it, and the interesting people one can meet now and then. I used to be so involved before and used to be outraged at the blatant hypocrisy and injustice of politics both on government and personal levels—but now just watching politics as a game everyone plays fascinates me. I shall miss the daily discussions with people in my department who have direct connections with their governments—and to hear at first hand the gossip behind the scenes.

The UN taught me what life is all about. David's family taught me what society is all about. So with that experience behind me, I now have to face life with my husband in Canada. It would be a completely new experience. We will have to go back to Canada for David's sake. Although he is not an American, and because he has a permanent resident visa—he is liable

to the draft and this we want to avoid at all cost—especially as David does not agree with the policy of the American Government.

I am glad you helped out with the boiler, Rita. You and Eustace are so kind to help your parents out. I feel very worried about the inflation that has crept up to an alarming level. Perhaps it is just as well Daddy and Mummy have no capital—that would be so devalued by now. I hope you and Eustace are putting something away now and then. Try to get into the habit, Rita, you won't regret it later on.

After Ottawa, David and I went with Mrs. Beasley to Montreal where we had dinner with David's sister and her family, and caught the bus back, leaving Mrs. Beasley to spend the week in Montreal—she wants to see her grandchild on television.

Must end now, as I have to write to Mummy and Daddy. Be a good girl, and work hard and get ahead in your career. Editing is a wonderful job and nothing is impossible.

Mother to Viola. Thursday, October 27/66. Hamilton.

Thanks for your letter which came on Tuesday. I returned from Montreal on Monday, leaving at 4.45 p.m. on the "Rapido". It does not stop until it reaches Toronto, but I had to wait an hour and a half there before the Hamilton train left!

I had a happy visit with Ann and her family. She had the Bruces to tea on Saturday—Fraser, Marjorie, Barbara, her husband and baby, also Allan and Doreen were in Montreal for the weekend and Beverly came too. It was wonderful to see them all. A friend of Ann's had a luncheon one day for me and had some of Ann's friends that I knew. We went shopping one day and rode on the new "metro". It is not quite finished yet, but runs well. The cars are on rubber tires with no rails and the stations are all decorated differently, which makes it interesting. Becky did extremely well on her T.V. program. I went with them to see it "taped" on Friday night. It was interesting, but took three hours as they did two rehearsals first!

Ann had two friends to lunch one day and we went to the Ross-Rosse's on Sunday. It is sixty miles from Montreal. She is Ann's godmother. I enjoyed my trip to Ottawa with you both very very much. It was so beautiful and interesting. I also enjoyed the company—did not notice any bad temper at all, so you don't need to worry. I'm very sorry you had so much pain when you returned, but am glad you are fine again.

Today I went to the reception at the City Hall to mark the release of the new book about Hamilton by Mrs. Campbell [*A Mountain and a City*]. It was a very nice affair. The Bruce Beasleys were there. Mrs. B said Bruce thought you were charming, and they want to entertain us when you and David are here again. Will write to David tomorrow and tell him more about it.

I enjoyed having you both here over Thanksgiving. Nothing pleases me more than to have you write and say you are coming. It will be nice if you go to Ottawa, if David decides. Am sure you would soon make friends there. I told Fraser that David thought he might like to run for parliament and he said he'd be very good—"he can always give you an argument." Fraser is looking very well indeed, quite tanned. Beverly has a bachelor apartment near the hospital now, and says her job is what she wants, except she is on shifts. She said she got your card and I told her what a beautiful drive we had to Ottawa and how we enjoyed the visit there. Was interested to hear about Mary's letter. I can't help feeling sorry for her. I feel she is very lonely; but her own worst enemy.

Will be glad to see the *National Geographic* Magazine when you and David have finished with it, and I'll return it to Edward if he wants it back again.

Yes, Becky and Kim are both charming and clever children. Becky was perfect as hostess on the T.V. but was relieved when it was over. It was very tiring for her. She does not seem too strong and was so tired on Monday that Ann let her stay in bed. She said she had no

> energy—she carries a heavy schoolbag and walks a mile to school. She leaves early and it is a long day for her. I do hope she'll keep well this winter. Ann told me that Ned has to be careful. He had pneumonia and it was hard on him. Ann seems fine but goes hard all the time. I wish she would rest more. Hope you can come for Christmas. Write soon again. Love to you both.

My friendship with Clay Spohn went through a hiatus in the fall of 1966. We had some slight disagreement. I thought it was because I expressed disappointment that he failed to get a show in the Wise Art Gallery that upset him, but later I realized that he was to take up a teaching job and, being a perfectionist, he wanted to devote all his time to it. He taught at the School of Visual Arts on East 23rd street.

We took a few days to spend Christmas in Hamilton. Some times in later years we stayed in Manhattan for Christmas because I could not get leave to go to Hamilton. We may have been short-staffed in the Economics Division because the younger librarians were leaving for better jobs either in private libraries, university libraries or in other parts of the country. I walked to and from work past the large department stores with their windows beautifully and artistically designed with Christmas scenes and mechanized toys enacting Biblical stories. When not asked out for Christmas dinner, we went to the Plaza Hotel to eat dinner by the great window overlooking Central Park.

Viola to her parents. December 25/66. Hamilton

> David and I are here for only 3 or 4 days to spend Christmas with Mrs. Beasley and the rest of the family. Your parcel arrived in N.Y. and your note came too late to tell you my exact U.N. address and to thank you for Chodzko's and Zimmerman's addresses. Thank you very much for those. Mrs. Violet Beasley, United Nations HQ, N.Y. is quite sufficient at any time if you want to send anything to me there. It is quite safe. But if you must know my full address it is Room 3540, United Nations Headquarters, New York, N.Y. 10010, U.S.A. Please send me your cake. I do look forward to it almost as a tradition. I also received Rita's lovely scarf. Just what I needed and Mrs. Beasley received her Cambridge slides. A very thoughtful present. I will write to Rita later on.
>
> David has gone with his brother to see their father in Macassa Lodge. He is ill there. A book has been written about Hamilton and David's family feature quite prominently. David also is quoted in a few paragraphs. I hope to send you a copy of this book. I received a nice letter from Mrs. Lewis. I hope your neighbors are nice. The Harveys also wrote to us a lovely note. Please thank them. I am sure all of you will be having a wonderful time. I got a note from Irene Moses' husband. Said Irene is very busy teaching and running a home. I know what that means!
>
> Dearest Mummy, I was so glad that you keep yourself occupied. That is the secret of life. So many women I know are miserable with boredom. They are to be pitied. It takes intelligence to remain occupied. And you, Daddy dear. How do you occupy your time? Do you still work on the football pool? I am very anxious to hear about your Christmas and how you all spent it and how the children are. Please write soon and let me know.
>
> Mrs. Beasley, who is busy cooking the turkey just came in to tell me to tell you that she will be writing to you after Christmas. She thanks Rita for her thoughtful present and will be writing her too. She has not received your card as yet.
>
> We have had a white Christmas. It has been snowing quite heavily. David's brother and his family will be coming over at 5 p.m. for Christmas dinner. We heard the Queen's speech, which is always broadcast in Canada at 10 p.m.
>
> We were entertained by David's relative for dinner and had a beautiful pleasant dinner. Never tasted pheasant before. David has been so busy in New York. He had 3 full-time projects. His biography of Richardson, his library project and the Union business. But now he is able to sit back and relax, thank heavens. He sends his warmest affection to all of you and thanks you for the fountain pen. We have not opened it yet, but will do so when we

> return to New York home on Tuesday. We were invited to watch the ice-hockey match in color TV and enjoyed it—but I still prefer black and white.
>
> Mummy write and tell me what you need from USA. I shall try to send it off to you.
>
> It is so nice to get out of N.Y. for a few days—the air was getting so bad down there. I almost went up to Rochester for a couple of days but changed my mind as carrying luggage is so tedious.
>
> Must end now. It is Christmas afternoon, so I thought I would spend a few moments with my own family by writing this whom I love a great deal, if only you would write more often to me. David and Mrs. Beasley join me in sending you all our love and good wishes for Christmas and the New Year. David and I went to Church today.

When Viola worked for her second Russian boss—Effimov—I recall one holiday season that we spent in the city because we were invited to a New Year's Eve party by two Scottish girls who worked in the United Nations and excitedly shared an event with Viola. Their boss, a Russian, fought off FBI agents who cornered him in his apartment because he transgressed some restriction and it was a big story in the news. This man had accompanied Effimov and his wife to Niagara Falls and had been stopped trying to cross the bridge to Canada. Spying was the game at that time. Effimov complained to Viola that he was followed wherever he drove and once, when he returned to his car, he discovered that his brake fluid had been drained, and he could not stop his car, which, he said, could have caused him to strike some children playing. Since John McCabe was visiting the city we asked him and Clay Spohn to join the New Year's Eve party—they all got along famously.

The Library held an annual Christmas party for staff and our Division usually entertained whoever wished to come with punch and eatables. I did not feel relaxed at these events. My colleagues were polite, but there was a restraint, as if they were all in competition. Promotion to Librarian 3, a position that had a subject specialty, was possible only when the present incumbents retired or transferred; a vacancy might take years to open up. Thus, the younger librarians sought a good recommendation to a university library where the pay was much better. I was committed to forming a union, thus I had to remain. Some of the librarians resented me for my unionizing activity, others secretly encouraged me, impatient to have me negotiate for higher salaries. Few librarians in the Research Libraries, however, were keen to be active with me or even seem to be interested; most overt organizing activity took place in the branch libraries. Moreover, there was much doubt that we could gather a sufficient number of signed green cards to give us a union.

John Fall moved from Chief of the Economics Division to the diminished post of Director of the PAIS Indexing Services and a small office behind the book stacks in the Division. Miss Dakin applied to succeed him but the job was given to Edward DiRoma, who had worked as a librarian in the Division for many years under a tyrannical chief named ironically Tom Sawyer and had been working as an assistant to the Director of the Research Libraries recently. DiRoma was a small, thin, energetic man with a bad lower right leg that he would swing forward as he walked through the Division while inspecting us on the way to the stacks. He had photos of the grim-looking Sawyer and John Fall in his office as former chiefs of division, as if to start a dynasty. He seemed friendly enough when he began, but it did not take long for him to show an animadversion to me and my work. I was unsuspecting at the time but eventually discovered that strong antiunion forces were centred in the Director's Office and financed by the Mellon family. DiRoma, being every inch a company man, felt obliged to discourage and undermine me whenever possible. Fortunately events made his task difficult.

Miss Dakin surprisingly directed my attention to articles on union organizing, which helped me in my speeches to staff at union organizing meetings. Predictions that manufacturing in the United States would decline and with it industrial unions meant that civil servants had to unionize to keep unions strong enough to maintain the wage rate. Workers without unions owed rises in their wages to unionized workers, whose bargaining kept wages and salaries from falling. I saw my task as not only necessary for the fair operation of the libraries but important for the welfare of the nation.

Viola to her parents. January 10/67. New York

Thank you so much for your letter, Daddy, enclosing Uncle Dick's heart-rending letter and informing me of the death of Mary Zimmerman. I send you my sympathy, Mummy dear, as I know she was one of your good friends. With all these passings away one is sadly reminded that time marches on and soon all of us will have to go. I am so sad and so depressed. All I ever wanted in life was to have a home and to give you both a roof and the knowledge of some sort of security. But to get anything one wants one must work and wait so very long.

Yes, Daddy, I must indeed thank dear God for the many many blessings he has showered on me. How grateful I am to HIM, and often, much too often, I forget how good He has been to me and I grumble and worry about silly little things. I am indeed most grateful to God for giving me my David and that his family are decent people. They are nice—not only because they have breeding and background—but because they are polite and have excellent manners and love each other. It is nice to be in a family where there is genuine love and gentleness. In our family we have love—but not often gentleness. This is all I have wanted from all of you. Life is too short to grouch and grumble and call each other names and insult and hurt each other. I hope we all will try once more this year to be more considerate and loving to each other.

Dearest Mummy, I am so glad you spent a very happy Christmas. Daddy tells me you danced and sang and loved having your children and grandchildren. I am so glad. Michael must have had a whale of a time with all that attention, the darling child. Please send me photographs of them—Michael—5 years old? incredible! How are you Mummy dearest? I am sure you gave everyone a fine time. Look after yourself, dear, and rest whenever you feel tired. I wish I could have been home for Christmas just to eat your nice cooking. I am going to send you a present from here, Mummy dear, because I think you spent all your money on the children. I think sending money is not such a good idea as it is spent on others rather than on yourself.

I am sending Uncle Dick some money, but I have to order the rupees and it will take three days. In the meantime I am writing to him—the poor dear man. How hellish life must be for him. I honestly wish he could come to England. He needs good looking after. How I wish I had the means to look after what's left of our whole family. Uncle Yawba and Oolay Pyo, etc. too. This is such a dangerous world. God knows what will happen to this country too—the negro situation is getting so bad. However, we all have God. If we have God then dying is also a very happy occasion.

David sends his love to all of you and will be writing soon. Lots of love to you both and to the rest in the family,

David to Viola's parents. February 12/67

Please excuse the long delay in sending my thank you for the thoughtful Christmas present you sent me. I have not used the pen as yet, but plan to soon—fountain pens are rather rare these days, so I am looking forward to trying it out and keeping it with me as a personal belonging; the disposable ballpoints are impersonal, and though convenient, they lack the character of a good old fountain pen. One of my fellow librarians uses a fountain pen always, so that his writing is easily recognized by the rest of us as a sort of trademark. You can see from the condition of this letter that I have been carrying it about for some time with the intention of writing you. My activities have kept me hopping. This is Lincoln's Birthday, a holiday for me, so I have broken away from the biography for a while to tell you the news of our New York adventures. Viola, as she probably told you, is to be secretary to a big shot in the U.N., a Ugandan who is in political opposition to the president of his country—so she'll be in for a bit of excitement. Right now she is in bed with a cold, and listens to the hockey games for amusement, but I expect she will be up by tomorrow. Bunny is coming to see us tonight. He is attending a convention of school delegates in New York—there are schemes to improve areas of education in New York State which he seems to be

enjoying. The Americans spend a lot of money on these schemes but never seem to construct anything much better than before—perhaps Bunny will make things different this time. I expect to hear about it tonight.

We have had snowy weather here and it's very cold, close to zero. This is quite different from the first part of the winter which was mild. The only snow we had seen was at Christmas time in Canada. My mother has not been well recently—some sort of sprain and complications which is being examined by specialists. We hope she'll be alright: she is very active and hates to be laid up in bed.

Viola and I have not been going out very much this winter. We have seen the occasional movie and hockey game—but no theatre or opera, etc.—we don't have time. She and I are studying languages twice weekly at the U. N. She is advanced in French and I am beginning in Russian—Da! After classes we plan to swim together at her YWCA, where I understand she has become a second Esther Williams, especially with a beautiful backstroke, the envy of the other girls—although it is a woman's club, I understand that there is mixed swimming the hours I plan to go—at least there had better be!

We are busy building a union for librarians—a time-consuming job of persuasion. I have not run foul of the administration yet, but am prepared for it if I do.

I hope that you and the rest of the family are well. If things go right for us, we may settle somewhere when you can come to visit us and get away for a while from the English climate, so fine for flowers, frogs, and birdbaths. New York is not the place to settle, that's for sure.

I heard that you were not well, Mrs. Nicholas; I hope that you have rested and recuperated. Your Christmas cake, by the way, was delicious. Please give my fondest regards to Rita, Eustace, Donald and Joan and the kids.

Viola to her parents. February 27/67 New York

Thank you for your letters, and thank you for two letters Daddy. It was very nice to hear from home. Also I got a nice long letter from Rita. I caught such a bad cold that I honestly believe it was the worst I have ever suffered and it completely weakened me. Ever since I got bronchitis a few years back I have had a bad back—upper back.

Bunny came to New York on some project or other looking very pleased with himself. He would like to come to England only because Walter is there. He wanted to come and stay with us, but I was in bed with this cold so he stayed with his friends in Queens. He came over one evening but promised to call me towards the end of the week and did not. Everyone of his family is doing well and so are Paulette and Ali.

We called Mrs. Beasley on Sunday. She is feeling better but the cold weather has been quite severe these last few days. She sends her love to all of you. Why don’t you just write a letter yourself, Mummy, and ask Rita to correct it. Don’t put it off—it is a kind and Christian thing to do to write to someone who is ill. After all, she is my mother-in-law.

I have been getting a few letters from Uncle Dick and he did receive the money I sent him. I also wrote to Aunt Biddy and sent her some money too, if she doesn’t need it herself then perhaps it can go to her charitable order. I was quite thrilled to know that she was still alive and that she inquired about me. I remember her so well. I remember hiding her dress (I can still remember the color and texture of it) in the “dhobi” clothes basket, as, in my childish mind, I thought that would prevent her from leaving. Do you remember the “dhobi” clothes basket we had? As kids we used to hide in it when we played hide and seek. I also remember Aunt Biddy the day she entered the convent—I balled my eyes out. But then I cry easily.

If Babsie and Cecil could only settle down in a house they can ask Uncle Dick to come to England. He said he is quite liking the idea of coming to England, where he can be looked after and at least he won't be too lonely. What do you think?

I really do not know what to think or do about Donald and Joan. I feel it is such a shame the two loveable boys should be the responsibility of someone with Donald's temperament. However, let us hope and pray that God will look after them all.

David came with me to church to hear Vincent Peale. I could not help tears rolling down my cheeks with the sheer joy of hearing my David sing the hymns in a loud voice. Usually he is so out of tune, but somehow this time he was able to keep in tune. Would have been embarrassing if he were not, as he has such a loud voice! I try to go every Sunday to church now.

I am so glad to hear that Eustace is taking up Russian. It is good for the mind to keep it working. I am still plodding on with French. It is so easy up to a point, it is when you get to the advanced stage that it gets really hard. It is such a precise language. But I feel wonderful when I am tackling something mentally. It makes one feel good. Encourage Rita also to do something like that. I honestly wish we had a home and have you all come and visit us. You both can come this year if you like. I would like to show you both the UN—it is quite a building and I know you will be fascinated with the conference rooms, etc.

I am so glad that Walter is standing on his own feet with his job and settling down nicely. Too bad such a bright person like him did not make that move earlier. Uncle Dick said that Victor invited him to go to Australia with them. Perhaps they have given up the idea of coming to England.

I have got David to come with me swimming once a week at least. He has been complaining of low back pain. One day I had to put him to bed (the day of the blizzard when all our offices were closed early) and put a hot water bottle on his back. I wrapped the hot water bottle round with a towel so that it would not scald his back, but sure enough he twisted and turned so much that the towel slipped off and he had a couple of blisters. He fidgets too much.

I am experiencing something new in the UN—working with an African. I must say I am most impressed. I find the African has nobility of character and is gracious and intelligent. Far superior in quality to the Indian. I am so very pleased. I have only dear God to thank. I realize that He has been extremely kind to me.

I am enclosing some literature on Arthritis, Mummy. I hope you are looking after yourself and not doing too much. I am surprised that you had to take the children to and back from school. Surely Daddy could have helped—if he is just a home member. Daddy, you really must try to help Mummy and give her some consideration. You are a man—a healthy one at that—and you must be gallant enough to help your wife whenever you can. I hope you are doing so.

I am pleased that you like our gift to you. Corning Ware is a famous American make. It is typically American and excellent stuff. You can bake things in them in the oven and serve straight on the table. I hope to get some myself when we go to Canada, if we ever go there at all.

I must now try to write to Rita. So love to all at home and to Maurice and Betty—those dear people. . . . David sends much love to all. He too is taking up Russian, but is not a very diligent student so far. He makes queer noises all the time and that is supposed to be Russian!!

Viola to her parents. April 5/67 New York

This morning I feel very rich and warm with all the affection you and the rest of my family have sent me for my birthday. David's family also send me cards because my birthday is the

same as Mrs. Beasley's. You should send her a card whenever you send me mine, now that you all have met her. She would be very pleased. The 6th of April is the Beasley family birthday now because I, Mother Beasley and my niece, Barbara, (David's brother's daughter} were all born on that day—isn't that extraordinary? I was thrilled to get cards from Cecil and Walter and Betty and Maurice. How absolutely wonderful. I was really happy. Also it was good to speak to all of you on Easter Sunday. I am very worried about you Mummy. Are you eating well and looking after your health? Please do so, as we all love you very much and want you to stay well and live forever. I am hoping to rent a cottage for the summer about the middle of July to the middle of August and would like you, Mummy, to come and spend time with us. Rita and Eustace can come too and anyone else—provided, of course, I get the cottage. I can pay for your fares. You would love it, as the wilderness in Canada is just like Burma—the Pathechaung days.

Mrs. Beasley can spend some time with us too—so you both can have each other as companions. You will feel so much healthier, Mummy dearest, and you would love the walks in the woods, picking raspberries or blueberries, etc. You would love the warm water to paddle in or bathe in and eating out-of-doors in a barbecue fashion. It's the loveliest holiday I can think of for you. I shall be in charge of the kitchen, of course, as I want you to just rest and have a wonderful time. Mrs. Beasley is quite a sport, although I hope her arthritis will be better—she is having difficulty walking. Then we all can drive up to Montreal to see the Expo 67 rapidly. It would be wonderful. In the wilderness in Canada, you don't have to worry about clothes or looking your best or anything. People live in shorts and very informal wear. You will need a straw hat as the sun gets very hot. But I have all those things here for you.

Dearest Mummy, if you had had a different life, you would have been the most gracious lady because you have natural good breeding. Unfortunately, the war came and uprooted all of us, and we had a twenty-year struggle. However, we all have dear God to thank for everything. You have a house which you own completely, you have a frig, a washing machine, two TVs., a telephone, radio and all your family around you, and a pension for the rest of your life.

I am so glad, Daddy, that you and Mummy are now the most senior people living so that Walter, Cecil and everyone can come to you as they would to their own parents were they alive. I am only sorry Uncle Dick can't join you all. That poor man is so lonely and would like to be among his family. He has a pension, so that would help too. If he died in India, no one would care, he said—at least in England he would have his dear ones around him and he is such a sweet and affectionate man. I wish to dear God I had the means to buy a huge house and keep all our family happy and secure.

I was thrilled to get cards from Walter and Cecil and Betty and Maurice. Very sweet of all of them. How I wish I could be among you all. How is Babsie's eye? I hope she is improving, Mummy. You and Daddy have done a great deal for everyone, and God has blessed you both. I hope He continues to do so. Stay well, dearest both, and thank you for your love and affection. It did me a world of good to know that I have you all there. David sends his love. He wants to give me a hairdryer—it will save me a great deal of hairdresser expense, and it will last me forever. Will write soon and hope I will hear from you all again. I received your card and note, Mummy. I did not know I was called Esther because of Easter! At least there is a bit of reason in me!!

David is working so hard. He takes Russian twice a week. He has to go to Union meetings, he has to write his biography and work hard at the same time. Amazing energy—and yet he is so sweet altogether.

Daddy, try to help Mummy whenever you can. Be very kind to her as you were once when you fell in love with her. Try, and God will bless you and the house, and Mummy will feel better. She needs a great deal of affection and especially consideration from you.

Viola had left Burma for England some months after the end of the Second World War and was followed the next year by her parents. Her father had been wise enough to register them all as British citizens in Somerset House because they were Anglo-Burmese with an English forebear. After the assassination of Aung San at the end of the war, and the execution of the assassins, the poet U Nu, one of Aung San's compatriots in the 30 Comrades who were trained by the Japanese to fight the British, tried to control the chaos caused by the antagonism of the many races in Burma, but was overthrown by General Ne Win, whose army dictatorship increased the pureblood Burmese excuse to persecute "half-bloods". The spying under the dictatorship became too intrusive and many Anglo-Burmans fled, some to Southern Australia and some to England. Viola's mention of Cecil with his wife Babsie refers to the handsome former Burmese naval captain, who found work as a postman in England. Walter is the witty and compassionate Burman to whom I gave a prominent role in my historical novel *Violet's Flight*. His second or third wife came to England with him, but her shrewishness, begun because of his drinking in Burma and continued with disdain in England, forced them to separate. One of his good-looking daughters I knew; she passed through about three husbands at the time. Walter found work as a gardener in Kew Gardens; he was often visited by Bunny Mellican, his old buddy in Burma, in Bunny's restless travels. Bunny's sister Paulette, who played a role in my novel and who visited us in New York, traveled just as restlessly. Her third or fourth husband, Ali, from Cyprus, who followed her to America was soon to be dislodged for another. These relatives and others regarded Marie and Aloysius Nicholas as anchors and visited with them when in London or came for the weekend if they lived in London.

Viola loved fully and her concern for her parents was central to her well-being. Her letters to them try to give them a sense of importance, of achievement which as outsiders in English society, struggling in self-imposed isolation, especially on Marie's part, they lost. As colonials they perceived the English as models and clung to the English side of them as justification for their belonging to their new society. Their consequent feeling of inadequacy frustrated them and led them to blame one another, particularly in the case of Marie.

Viola to her mother. May 1/67 New York

> I have just received your letter thanking me for your card and a small gift. I did not think it would have come on time. I thought I posted it too late. I am so glad it came on time. My darling dearest Mummy, I am so sorry about your not wanting to come. Flying may be frightening to you, but if you would rather come by boat I would arrange for that too. But flying won't make you sick, dear heart. It is smooth and you would hardly believe that you are moving at all. You are not that old, dearest Mummy. I do so want you to come. Rita will be with you to make sure it won't be a strain at all. But when you come here you will realize there is much more to life than just sitting at home waiting for the end as you say. That is very bad psychology and it affects me and everyone else. My whole life would change too. I feel that apart from seeing my husband get on in life, I practically live to be in a position to look after you and give you whatever comfort and pleasure there is. I would want to give you the world but the dear good Lord above has his own plans. But I know he will bless me and will give me the opportunity to look after you. If you talk in that way, my dearest Mummy, I feel a part of my life dead too. I get so depressed easily. Please won't you change your mind? You and Rita can fly to Montreal and then we would drive up to our cottage way up among the lakes. It is far from the crowds and there would just be you, Rita and myself and David will be writing, etc. There would be no strain at all, mummy dearest. You will get up and hear the birds and trees and rushing water. Like Pathechaung. I want you to come. Then we can quietly return to the airport to send you back to England refreshed. There will be no visiting or social outings to put any strain on you. You will just be with me all the time, free to do just what you want to, dress, eat and get up when you want, please come.
>
> Mrs. Beasley is not well, and, although we have invited her, she is wondering if she will be active enough to do anything this summer.
>
> Olga came to spend the weekend with me. Her sister who came to spend about a year with them is engaged to an American boy and she and Olga and the boy came down to New York to do some shopping for the wedding. They are all going to fly to Ceylon. I had the future

bride and bridegroom to dinner—he is a very nice boy. But they are having trouble with his family. His father died when he was 4 and his mother married again. He was left a great deal of money by his father and, when his grandmother died, she wanted to cut him off her will because he was marrying "a foreigner". The mother of the boy is trying her best to dissuade him from marrying Olga's sister and threatens to cut him off from his inheritance. Olga on the other hand is wanting to rush the marriage—wants them to marry by register here before going to Ceylon.

Mummy, please don't show this letter to anyone else, but the stories Olga told me of Bunny's behavior makes me wonder if he doesn't suffer from a split personality. I believe he is crazy about keeping the house tidy and neat almost to a point of madness and nags his children and wife to death and biffs his girls all the time. He wouldn't let Olga take out her music books because the house would look untidy—she got so mad that there was a scene in the house, and she flung her brandy glass at the window. She said she looks forward to a glass of brandy every evening. Bunny tells everyone what they are to eat everyday—and drove all the way down to Washington to get free liquor from a friend of his in the embassy. He won't even flush the toilet because it is "wasting water"!! How mad can you get? All he does is to stint and save and cadge. Olga says he has a Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde type of personality. He certainly thinks no end of himself and his job. One day I asked him if he heard from Cecil and how he was and he said, oh they are all fine and happy in their "small" jobs. I think he is lonely—yet he has such a nice family. I think his two eldest girls are so sweet and always cheerful and helpful.

I only thank my dear good Lord above for giving me a nice husband, Mummy. It is so important to marry well. I have a few girlfriends here who are so unhappy. God knows, I may not be the richest woman in the world, but God has given me the more important type of riches. I am very grateful to Him.

My darling, Mummy dear, please change your mind about coming. If you do, then Rita can get cracking on papers and visas and airfares, etc. I would be so happy to have you visit me in my own home. If you cannot come, then I shall try to come to England to visit you. I am working on getting a chartered flight over Christmas for about two weeks. I want to see you dearest Mummy. I don't know why you speak about not having anything to look forward to. You have me and your children. Life is not at all a sad thing. There is so much joy. You are so lucky to be able to do some gardening, for example. I long to have my own home and do some gardening and be among flowers, etc. But that will have to wait. I won't enjoy all that till I am 45 or 50—God knows. Yet how lucky you have been in your life—while you were young you had your own home, you had children—the joy of having little children has been denied me, a home has been denied me, etc. But I am not going to grumble against God or my lot. I am happy in other respects. You too must look at the brighter side of life. You have your own home and your children and family about you. Do you know how many women are lonely—no family around them—no one to care for or no one to love. You have all of us and we can go on living in love and cheerfulness if we have God in our hearts. What is the use of saying I don't have this or that or that life is not worth having. God is there to love you and if you talk about not having anything to look forward to it is almost as if you were not grateful to God.

In that house you are the most important person. You are the centre of all things worth living for. You provide a home for your children and for your relatives. You make my own life worth living. I want to share all my joys with you. You are so important to me and to my life, my darling Mummy. Without you, I too would feel there is nothing to live for. It is so comforting to know you are there. You have always made me want to do things well because you have shared in all my triumphs and sorrow. You have always given me encouragement and love. Love is so important and your love has sustained me throughout my years. Don't give up on life, my darling Mummy. We love you and you mean so much to so many people. Give us more of your love and joy and comfort and encouragement.

Please don't look on the dark side of life. All of us have had disappointments. Even the richest families. But you lead a simple life—yet it is a happy one. I have seen really rich

people live and, believe me, they are no happier or even much unhappier than you. Take courage—perk your spirit up. You are only as old as you think. A woman with spirit could feel young even at the age of 80. Let me remember you as a mother who never gave up, whose spirit was always there in spite of adversity and tragedy and disappointment.

Believe me, sweet Mummy, I have had to keep my own spirit up when it comes to my own life. I will not ever know the joy of having my own child . . . here am I almost 40 and still not quite settled. My husband is only just getting on. All my friends are big shots and very well off. Do you think it is easy to live in this atmosphere? But I will not let my spirit flag —because my David needs me to be cheerful and to carry on in a happy spirit. Often I have asked God to let me die, but that is a sin, and it is stupid because I have so much to be grateful for and only my greediness and ambition make me unhappy.

At the age of 40 or 41—you had a beautiful home, servants, children and all your energy to live it up. Here am I still struggling and working, etc. You see Mummy, we all lose sight of God's goodness when we get depressed. I wouldn't want to exchange my life with anyone. I am so lucky in having a good husband, that I don't mind if I haven't got all the things others are blessed with. I prefer to thank God for what I have and to bring joy to all those whom I love. I ask for nothing more. So you too must look on the cheery side of life and carry on and look forward always to bring joy to others. You bring great joy to me and to your grandchildren. Cecil and Walter and Donald, etc. have a home they can come to only because of you. There would be no home without you.

Only weak people give in. I want you to be strong and cheerful and to look forward to sharing some life with your children. I ask you once more to try to change your mind to come to Canada to visit me. Otherwise I shall try to come home for a couple of weeks.

If you come, your mind will clear up and you will be able to see what a change can do for your whole outlook on life. That is what I want to give you. David is so busy these days, he has his Russian, his Union, his biography and his work. I don't know how he manages it all. He sends you his love and looks forward to your saying you will come. Please write once more and let me know definitely. I would be most grateful

All my love, dearest Mummy and ask Rita to write too. I will let you know as soon as I hear about the cottage. Once more, please don't show this letter to anyone else at home. I particularly don't want anyone to know about Bunny and Olga—least of all people like Cecil and Walter, etc. This is only for your own information. All my love. Please write to me again about whether you would like to come to Canada.

Viola to her parents. May 23/67 New York.

I felt so glad this morning after telephoning you both. I have been so worried about you, Mummy, wondering how I could cheer you up and make you happy. Yet on the 'phone you seemed to be your usual cheerful self. That's the Mummy I know and that's the way I want you to be.

Thank you, Daddy, for your many letters. I haven't written to you because my main concern was always Mummy. Try to stay cheerful and happy. There is so much to be grateful for.

Mrs. Beasley will be going into hospital. She can't walk more than 2 blocks and her right leg hurts and the Doctor wants her in hospital because he said that if it is arthritis, then it must be checked right away. She hardly complains, and if she tells you about herself, she always makes it sound lighter than it is or just matter of fact. Poor dear.

David is worried too. She has always been so good and kind to us and always made us feel happy.

Bunny Mellican is having trouble with his gums. They were found to be deteriorating. He was so amazed as he was always careful with his teeth. Part of his gums had to be cut away and false ones put in. Amazing what dentistry can do these days.

Olga's sister and her American married last week quietly. He doesn't want to have anything to do with his "so-called" mother. So they are now living with Olga. She is giving a big reception (champagne cocktails) at her house on 10 June and has invited both David and myself. I may go, although David is reluctant. The boy is rich—so the girl is OK.

Olga is sending her two eldest girls to England to stay at her sister's place in Kent—her husband is a Ceylonese doctor there. Olga and the youngest girl will follow one week later. The bride and groom will also be going to London. Olga would like her daughters to visit you once to pay their respects. They are very nice girls, Mummy. Very sweet and unspoilt—in spite of everything. Olga, too, is really quite nice and has some nice manners. Olga would like to visit you, but she said she will be only staying one and a half days in London but may give you a ring.

Cecil wrote to say they are now settled in an apartment. Makes all the difference in the world. I'm so glad. I am sorry Eustace won't be coming. But I guess all this is so short notice. Maybe by next year we will have our own cottage. Then all of you can come and spend weeks and months of the summer there. You have to see the lakes of Canada to believe it. They are a beautiful sight. What about Rita? Does she want to come? Yes or No, I think it is only polite to reply to me.

Donald wrote a brief letter and the boys also wrote a short note. Donald's letter was sweet except that I was amazed he hasn't changed. Said that one should drop a bomb in the Kremlin and that would end all the trouble in the world. Living and working in the States and the UN, it sounds like a crank letter the UN gets often. We all have to work towards peace, and violence doesn't beget peace—it only begets more violence. Poor Donald, he has so much to learn. Although it is just as well he is so violently anti-communism—it is good for his job. Communism has its evil side. What I do not like about it is the hatred it teaches its people. That is bad. The children of Red China will all be adults one day with warped minds steeped in hatred for the Americans and other white people. That is bad. Hatred is very bad. Only love and forgiveness can bring about tolerance and understanding.

There is a great deal of intelligence work being carried out—by that I mean "spies". If Donald thinks that the Russians have a formidable spy network—he should see the length, breadth and scope of the American CIA. David thinks that we are practically living in the 1984 atmosphere of George Orwell.

Dear Mummy, I hope you will continue to keep up your spirit. Daddy, you must be kind and helpful towards her. I hope you read my last letter to you Mummy. It was a long letter, I know, but my whole heart was in it.

David has finished his Russian exam. He did not study very hard but he certainly crammed just before the exam. Someone in Washington is very interested in his ideas and wants him to come up to Washington to talk further about it. David is so full of good ideas and only the USA will benefit from it. He could make a name for himself among Librarians.

I hope to try to come home for Christmas. I want very much to come home and see you all. I wonder why Eustace doesn't want to come to Canada. Is it money? I can help in food and stay here—but they will need some money of their own. It is hard, I suppose, as English money is nothing compared to the prices in dollars here. Anyway, I would like to know their reasons and difficulties. What about Rita? Is she alright and what goes on?

Little Christopher writes quite well—and Michael still has huge shaky and crooked handwriting. Funny little thing. I suppose he is quite big now. Would love to come and see them all.

Please write to me, Mummy. Would like to know how everything is. Thank you, Daddy for your letters and keep up the good work. David sends his love and so does your affectionate daughter.

The summer of 1967 was the World Exposition in Montreal. We stayed a few days with my sister Ann while attending the pavilions. The only incident I recall is when Viola and I, sitting on a log or rocks in a wide open space and laughing joyfully, observed a limousine drive towards and past us on a road. As it drove past, a beautiful woman sitting in the back waved to us through the open window returning our joy with her own, as if delighting in our happiness. We recognized Grace Kelley, the former movie actress, who was then married to Prince Rainier of Monaco.

I was under subtle pressure in the Library, perhaps more than I would admit to myself, because my lower back seized up and I found it painful to bend to brush my teeth and so on. My doctor recommended muscle-releasing pills, but I, disliking pills, thought I could overcome the problem by simply out-waiting it. After a month or so, before leaving on vacation, I took the pills and my back was restored in a few days.

The pressure came largely from Alice Plowitz, a tall, frizzy-haired, stern lady who succeeded Miss Dakin as Principal Librarian and earned the nickname “Greg” because of her deep voice and manly stride. A Library Technical Assistant [LTA] Jack Cunningham, a witty, bright-eyed young man from California, who had lived in South America and spoke Spanish fluently and seemed to be trying to fight through a drug habit, gave names to the librarians which stuck—for instance, DiRoma he called Captain Hook. LTAs, who did not have a library degree, were classed between clerks and librarians and worked in procuring and cataloging publications in foreign languages and in photographic services and on reference desks under a librarian’s supervision. Many spent their career with the Research Libraries while others stayed for a year or so, or even just a few months. Jack and DiRoma’s secretary, LTA Bob Wallace, sympathized with me but had to look supportive of the bosses. Mrs. Plowitz had a sharp temper, which could explode over the slightest issue, and, since she knew that I was a target of the administration, she could find fault with my work with ease. I noticed that she seemed to enjoy commanding me about. I was on a mission and had to be careful not to seem insubordinate, otherwise I could endanger our unionizing. DiRoma, too, added his pressure; questioning me suspiciously when he learned that I was studying Russian, suggesting that I would not have the time to study economics at the New School, where he had earned an MA in sociology at night school, belittling my Canadian citizenship referring to Canada with a sneer as “Dominion” and a colony, and declaring that he would have stopped my work constructing a city and county documents network if it had not developed as it had. City librarians throughout the country, especially in Chicago and Denver, were enthusiastic about the project, which was now called “Program for County and City Documents”. As if to say that he was for the working man, DiRoma told me that his father worked all his life as a tree-cutter for the city, even in Bryant Park behind the Library, and his brother was a policeman. I hesitate to call this thinking peculiar to the American mind because it can surface wherever an inferiority complex festers, but the incongruity, the absurdity and the misunderstanding runs through American life whether it be in Congressional Committees, Corporate Boardrooms, typing pools, whatever.

A page from France complained to me that DiRoma when interviewing him for promotion to Technical Assistant questioned him whether he was Roman Catholic along with other inappropriate questions, but, since pages were not in the union, I could not support his grievance. I suspected that DiRoma disliked foreigners and perhaps carried American dislike for France too far. The young Frenchman, however, was disappointed in me for not intervening. Later he worked in the United Nations and was profiled in a United Nations *Newsletter*, which I showed Director Henderson during a break in negotiations. Henderson merely shrugged.

Alice Plowitz was from Sudetenland, Czechoslovakia, and being Jewish, had fled with her husband, a mild-mannered man who worked in the Stamps Division of the United Nations, through Spain to escape the Nazis when Hitler took over that part of Czechoslovakia. Another Czech lady, Milada Klatil, specialist in banking, worked alongside me. She had a different personality, but was also a refugee, though a Slav Czech. Her husband was a journalist in Czechoslovakia and later worked in the states. She wrote a biography in Czech about him. Another Czech, Stojko, a pleasant, plump man, whom I knew, worked in the Periodicals Division. He, again, was Slav. He had interesting political adventures; at one time, as a politician, he was imprisoned by either the fascists or the communists. He told me that Franz Kafka’s brother was a leader in prison with him and how a group of them took a man of unpleasant personality, broke him down psychologically and rebuilt him into a pleasing personality. These people knew one another from the old country but seemed to represent

different factions, always a mystery to a non-European. They were survivors and knew on which side their bread was buttered. Plowitz was supremely confident in her treatment of me and, as matters turned out, she was rewarded for it.

At this time, I was writing the chapters on John Richardson's troubles with the British Auxiliary Legion in Spain when he was suspected by the Legion Commander of writing journalism critical of the Legion. The clique of officers fawning on the Lieutenant-General in hopes of promotions and awards and their readiness to do his bidding to humiliate Richardson seemed to reflect my surroundings to a lesser extent, which gave me insight into and sympathy for Richardson's plight. I rose at six every morning, went to my studio, wrote to nine-thirty and checked into the Library by ten. There were times when I wondered whether my efforts would be in vain because our union seemed no closer to being accredited. But a single event changed our outlook. A woman librarian who administered the branches told me that the Library asked supervisors to make secret service reviews as well as formal service reviews and showed me a copy of this secret review form. When I charged the Library management, in particular Mr. Freehafer, the overall Director, who had set up the Personnel procedures, with filing secret reviews, Freehafer denied that there was such a practice. At a general meeting, I produced the secret service review, the library staff was shocked, the administration was shown to be a liar, and we had a surge in support for a union.

From my journal:

> Contemporary History of Library Activity, September 24, 1967.
>
> Some months ago Mr. John Fall hailed me on stack six. His trim slight figure stepped from the men's as I headed for our special hideaway "cage" which members of the Economics Division use in their spare hours. In his quiet voice, he told me that he had an idea—he had been reading Harold Nicholson's *Memoirs*—would I write a diary of the New York Public Library. We joked about the possibilities—recording interesting rumors—erasing the names of those who turned out badly and highlighting the famous ones before publication. But Mr. Fall's suggestions have a way of sticking to me. For some time I wondered where I would begin this story if at all. The Love murder seemed a suspenseful opening. Mrs. Love works as a reference Librarian in room 315—a plump, redheaded woman with flat wide features, she is the second wife of the man who wrote "Subways are for Sleeping." Her stepdaughter, a schoolgirl, worked in the stacks. This girl flew to London on her way to see her mother in Australia. While in London she met a boy who worked in the stacks with her. Because she eventually told the boy she planned to marry someone else, to be rid of him, he murdered her in a London hotel. He has since been sentenced to many years in prison. Mrs. Love, who, I suspected, disliked me for trying to form a librarian's union, has been nice to me since then—that is, she smiles in greeting, perhaps chastened by her daughter's tragedy into a resolve to be nice to those she dislikes. But murder, tragedy, even scenes of celebration and happiness have no meaning unless one is familiar with the participants. Such beginnings can only be unfeeling melodramas.
>
> Today I suddenly saw a pattern emerge from the meaningless bureaucracy of the reference library—it seems like a proper beginning—Edward DiRoma, recently made Chief of the Economics Division on the retirement of Mr. Fall, is very close to Joseph Rosenthal, chief of technical services and one-time Documents Librarian in the Economics Division. I know both men, as I began working as a cataloguer over two and a half years ago in Rosenthals demesne—now I am under DiRoma. Both of them owe their appointments to Mr. Henderson, the short, crewcut, bespectacled Director of Research Libraries. These three are teamed against John Fall, who is directing the Office of PAIS, an indexing service in our Division, though independent of the Library, and Dr. Mish, chief of Oriental and Slavonic Departments. Fall and Mish may have allies in the Library world, but I don't know them as yet. Indeed I don't know the why and wherefore of a power struggle—except that it may have something to do with the future policy of the Library, the Henderson team being dogmatic and dictatorial, the Mish-Fall combination upholding the humanistic approach to library administration. I think this makes a good beginning.

> September 26. Since I am applying for the L3 post of advertising specialist in our division, I have been made aware of the great pains being taken to look for someone else. I feel that I can do the job, naturally, and that it should be taken by someone in the Division. Last February when I received my L2 it was hinted that I should get the job. Miss Dakin, assistant chief of the Division, now retired, and Mrs Rodgers of Personnel, gave me this hint. Perhaps it was a come-on so that I would not mind letting Mr. Hill take care of the pages, which earned him an L2 in short order.

Robert Hill was a tense young man from Texas, who disliked dealing with the public, particularly in as busy a Division as Economics. One reader, a round-faced man with curly hair, a conceited air, and a jaunty walk would consult the stock sheets at the back of the Division and while strutting out of the Division would slap down a piece of paper on one of the librarians' desks reading "Get stock update PRONTO!" He earned the nickname Mr. Pronto. He seemed to target the desk where Hill was sitting, driving Hill to seethe with hatred. Since both men were homosexual, there may have been an added dimension to their antipathy. Once when I was sitting in the hall booth, Mr Pronto circled the booth and said to me, "You don't belong here. Get a proper job. Join the oil companies." If money had been my goal, he was probably right. I was so antibusiness and so opposed to profit-making and the kinds of mentality involved in it, however, that I had to laugh.

The retiring Librarian 3 for advertising was a crusty old guy named Whittaker. He admitted to me that before he became the subject specialist he knew nothing about advertising. During the depression in the 1930s he worked as a doorman for the Humanities Division. The other subject specialists had no background in their specialties, but DiRoma insisted on hiring a specialist in advertising, who could not be found on the Library staff.

From my notebook:

> September 27. Tried to interest DiRoma in Randtriever—automated process for retrieving books from stacks. Had meeting at Union of Teachers building in evening—asked Chris Samuels and Viola Barrett to accompany me—met with Brandwein of Brooklyn Library Union, Schmidt of Queens and the representatives from the Union of School Libraries and College Libraries—disagreement over policy—they want just a group to discuss problems of unions and how we can help one another—we want more—a professional association.
>
> September 29. Have decided that the above-mentioned other unions who want to form a League of Library Unionists wish to ride on our professional back—will delay any agreement until we are organized in two or three months. Yesterday we met with Library management and won their consent to submit question of L4s and Branch Librarians to arbitration—which we are likely to win—will not insist on election—just show checkoff cards will suffice—so am happy, elated—prepared to organize at full speed. Am writing newsletter, phoning area organizers, etc. At last we are on the road to somewhere.
>
> October 3. Had Organizing Committee meeting last night at Union HQ—71 Worth St.—Jack Stein told us that dues for professional librarians should be $4.50—for clerks $4—evidently the Union will charge $1 extra a month to make up a strike fund to combat the Taylor Bill.

The Taylor Bill, which forbade civil servant unions from striking, was passed by the New York State Legislature at Rockefeller's urging. DC37 levied $1 fine on every member supposedly to use in organizing against it but in reality this was an excuse to shore up a building fund to buy its own headquarters close to the World Trade Center. The library locals were among the smaller locals under the DC37 umbrella and lacked the clout of the big locals of clerks, kitchen workers and so on which elected blacks as their presidents. When DC37 demanded a greater percentage of dues collected, the big locals collected so much that they readily agreed, whereas the smaller locals had to go along with a small proportion of the dues coming to them. I had the feeling of being taken over by a controlling upper crust of union leaders. On returning from a Library Association meeting in Washington, where professionals from round the states held meetings to discuss library problems, I spoke to an older lady librarian, who warned me about the unions which were behind our

organizing. At the time I thought that we could avoid the problems she foresaw but now I realized it would be difficult.

Viola to her parents. January 4/68 New York.

Today is the first day I feel as if I am back to normal—I mean back to a normal working mood. We went to Hamilton for Christmas, and because Mrs. Beasley did not feel like going through all the bother of cooking, etc. David's brother, Alec, and his wife, had us all over for Christmas dinner. Our best present was given by Mrs. Beasley's cousin, Doug Bruce and his wife Beverley—two hockey tickets to the Maple Leafs Garden in Toronto. Tickets are so hard to get because nearly everyone holds season tickets and they will them to their children or grandchildren when they die. The Bruces' hold these first-class season tickets (red seats) and, knowing how nutty I am about hockey, they gave us two tickets to a game. David and I were thrilled. David took me to a posh dinner in Toronto before the game and we had a marvelous time. As usual, we were wined and dined all over the place, visiting aunts and uncles, cousins and friends and swapping presents. My nephew gave me a "I hate to cook book"—so hilarious because it is exactly how a woman feels about getting meals every day of her life and how it becomes a bore, and how to use a short cut for everything. I never enjoyed a book more.

I took over your Christmas cake—I think it is the best cake I have yet tasted of yours, although your cakes are always good. Mrs. Beasley and Jim (David's eldest brother) enjoyed it immensely. I brought the rest back to New York and we use it for dessert. Your flowers also came though it was delayed. However, we all enjoyed them. Thank you very much. I also got all your cards in Hamilton. Thank everyone for me, although I shall write to Rita and Eustace soon.

We returned to New York, and on New Year's Eve, we went to a hockey game. A good game as our team won, then went on to a friend's place on Fifth Avenue for a party and champagne, etc. It turned out to be quite a French evening—French *souper*—mainly French people, etc. We stayed out until 4 a.m. and David and I spent the first of January at home—going out for a short walk only—saw a great football game (American football not soccer) on TV and did not go to a play (free) as we were too tired.

I wonder how your Christmas went off. I wish I could come one year. It is so frustrating for me—as it is a bad time, just at the busiest time of the year for me in the UN. I did not send cards to so many people this year—and believe it or not everyone sent me one—even those who used to be erratic in the past.

President Johnson is going to curb travel this year. Whatever it is, we will come. They are thinking of putting a stiff tax on our air tickets, or charging us $6 a day in tax for every day we spend abroad. Gosh! That would be most expensive. However, our balance of payments is more important. I think de Gaulle and all those horrible people are so mean and awful. After all, American investment has helped to raise the standard of living all over the world. I think it is better to be colonized by the Americans than by the Russians.

A very good friend of David's, a Texan, was planning to be in Europe the same time as us, and we were hoping to have a good time—wonder what he will do now. He's very intellectual but great fun.

David has the flu. This is Asian flu that has hit this country and nearly everyone in New York is down with it. I hope to avoid it. I eat a lot of oranges (Vitamin C) and make sure I am warm. David is so stubborn, that it is all I can do to make him wear a coat. He is not very happy in his job as the Administration is getting on to him because he is organizing a union for librarians. They can be very cruel. However, I can only pray to God to guide him to do the right thing. Working among Americans is the hardest thing in the world. They are so ruthless and competitive. My poor David, who is 100 per cent honest, and wouldn't do a thing to harm anyone is so vulnerable when dealing with cheap and cruel people. I hate to see him so sad. But we all go through such experiences in our life-time.

Top, Our apartment house on E.26th, 2nd over, 4th floor with fire escape. With friend of Julie Moses in our living room. On right, Aloysius and Marie Nicholas, new in England, in front of their home on Kingsbridge Drive, Morden, Surrey. Above, Detail of sculptures on fountain, Parlament, Wien, lady leaning is smitten image of Rose. Right, my studio on E.14th St. top floor, right two skylight windows; left two were front room of Marcel Duchamp.

Above, 1000 year-old Yew tree in Stoke Poges. Right, John and Kitty Hood in their home in Bar-sur-Loup, Alpes Maritimes, above Nice.

NINETEEN—A WELL-INTENTIONED UNION LEADER AND VIOLA'S INITIATIVE

From my notebook:

> Jan. 4, 1968. Events developed dramatically in the Economics Division since my last entry. DiRoma gave me a very critical service review on my application to L3—called me intellectually arrogant and said I had contempt for the administration—a childish review, which I asked him to change as I would not sign it. I signed a toned-down service review and added a copy of a letter from Mr. Grant, former employer, and a brief refutation. The first L3 was given to an outsider—a woman who had worked in the library of Young and Rubicam for 12 years and the 2nd L3 was given to Phil Baker, a young librarian from Room 315 [Humanities Division]. The treatment of me by Personnel was most abrupt. At the New Year, Mr. Hill, who was supervising the pages instead of me, as I was supposed to get one of the L3s, was promoted to Acting L3 at the Annex [where he would not encounter many readers]—he is 10 years my junior. . . But crude are the workings of Personnel! This organizing of a union is a slow business.
>
> September '68. The Union was recognized in April, began negotiations for librarians' salaries in June. I was elected President overwhelmingly against Phil Baker, administration's man, and went on vacation to the British Isles.
>
> On my return in mid-August, I was sworn into office and have been organizing committees, setting up grievance hearings, etc. DiRoma and the supervisors in my Economics Division looked very defeated by the election; they appear friendlier now, though perhaps they are more dangerous.
>
> Months before the election I had given rousing speeches to staff in evening meetings usually held at Freedom House across from the Central building but sometimes in halls in the Bronx and Staten Island. Persons competing with me for the leadership also spoke at these meetings, but they were not seen as adequate to lead. The fact that Phil Baker, who had joined the union reluctantly with others, who had to be personally persuaded into signing the green cards, and decided that he could defeat me at the last moment, revealed that there was a conservative group of librarians, mostly in the Research Libraries, who hoped to defang the union and make it a staff committee compliant to management. Fortunately, the librarians and clerks in the branches were enthusiastic about a strong union.

Viola, finding that my meetings, research and writing kept me too busy to be with her much of the time and tiring of the duplicity and office politics at the United Nations, dreamed of ways to escape, possibly through education. Fleeing as a young girl from the Japanese when they invaded Burma in 1942, she did not have a high school diploma—an embarrassment to her. She had enjoyed working for Apollo Kironde, the taciturn Ugandan, whose office dealing with South Africa among other things was especially created for him by U Thant after a change of government required him to resign as Ambassador to the UN. He had a daughter at Memorial University in Newfoundland—a tall pretty girl, Katiti, whose picture graced a fashion magazine. [She gave Viola a signed copy of it, which now is regarded as the most popular magazine cover in the world]. I lunched with them once and took a barb from Kironde about white crimes in Africa, which embarrassed his daughter because I had nothing to do with them. Viola steered him through the minefields of UN politics. She was incensed when she discovered that scholarships for underprivileged South Africans to study in America, meant mostly for South African blacks, were being given almost completely to East Indian South Africans by an Indian staff member. She apprised Kironde and another official of this favoritism, which resulted in a correction in the program and the enmity of the Indian towards her for shaming him. The Indian students were wealthy enough to pay their own way, and there may have been kickbacks or payoffs involved, but these could not be discovered. Viola's bosses confided

in her, and Kironde was no exception; one story she told me was that when Kironde was studying law in London he was invited for Christmas by one of the famous Foot brothers [probably Hugh who was Kironde's age] to their country home. Kironde found his room so cold and draughty that he thought it was an attempt to humiliate him and stormed away in anger, only to learn that all English mansions were cold and draughty. Kironde's post was abolished, and he lived in New York until a change in government in Uganda [the exiling of Idid Amin] allowed him to return in 1971.

We were watching educational television one day and learned that one could sit for a nationwide exam to obtain a high school diploma. It offered several texts to study. The exam would be held in New York City in two weeks. Viola ordered the books and studied them when they arrived. I took her to a building on West 16th Street where the exam was held and picked her up later. She seemed confident that she had done well. The results put her in the top 1%. But how to obtain entrance to University? She went to Washington Irving High School, a great brick building opposite Washington Irving's quaint old house near Gramercy Park, and lined up with all descriptions of young persons. When she reached the interviewer, he said apologetically, "You don't belong here!" and informed her of a program that New York University on Washington Square planned to initiate. Shy and tentative, she inquired about the program and the response changed her life.

Viola to my mother. February 13/68. New York

> I am so pleased this morning that I Immediately dashed off a note to my parents and I am doing the same to you. I am enclosing a letter that I received from Professor Kalb, who is the Chairman of Admissions at NYU. I feel very very pleased as I dreamed of a university education and my dream is at last coming true. I would have done better if my maths and sciences were stronger; however, I am still amazed that I passed those subjects on just a couple of weeks of private reading I did on my own at home before the exams.
>
> Helen called me about a couple of weeks ago, and came over to the UN with a few of the MRA girls. I was not my usual self as I had a terrible cold that day. She thought I needed some vitamins and sent me a gift of a book on Health and Nutrition by Adelle Davis. It was so kind of her. She looked extremely well. She raised $100,000 worth of equipment for the MRA last year. I think that is splendid effort. Anne's husband apparently is in real estate. Said that (Helen said, I mean) that she will soon be getting another grandchild. I said how wonderful, and she said something about I wished they had waited. So I don't know if she means Ann's or her son who will soon be a happy parent. She sends her love to you.
>
> Mrs. Bruce Beasley also sent me a note giving me a recipe for dieting. Guess I must look positively unhealthy or else I wouldn't have all this solicitation for my health!!
>
> Had a dinner party on Saturday and we had a splendid time. Had my friend Jess (Australian) and Tony. Jess thought Tony was most brilliant and informed about every thing. Said she thought him quite unusual for an American—well mannered and so terribly intellectual. We are taking two girls (who are helping type David's MS) to a hockey game on Sunday at the New Gardens. It will be the first time that a hockey game will be played at the new gardens so we are looking forward to it with great excitement. I shall have them over to an early supper at home before the game.
>
> I was going to plan a hockey party with the Malpasses. But Charles is off to Grenoble for the winter Olympics and visiting other European places on business, and Jonas will be going to hospital to straighten out her hammer-toe. It is going to be very painful, she says, and will be in bed for a long time. Wants us to go over soon and to plan on spending some time with them in Rye Beach in the summer. Said she would love you to visit them when you come in the spring. She would love to meet you.
>
> David has started his classes—but he may have to take the first introductory course in economics in the fall only. It is going to be a tough course, and he must have as much time to master his subjects. So he and I will be having to do a great deal of reading and studying. My professor has given me a list of books to read this spring and summer.

David has taken a week off to do some organizing for a union. The union offered to give him a car for the week, but David turned it down as parking is such a waste of time. He will take a taxi if he has to and charge it up to the Union.

Hope you are well, and give our love to all in Hamilton. With all our love.

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY. OFFICE OF ADMISSIONS. ASSOCIATE OF ARTS DEGREE PROGRAM FOR ADULTS February 9, 1968

Dear Mrs. Beasley:

This letter is to inform you unofficially that you have been admitted as a full matriculant in the Associate in Arts Degree Program for Adults and are a strong candidate for a scholarship.

I can tell you quite frankly that whether or not you are awarded the scholarship depends entirely on our analysis of your needs and our available funds because in terms of your qualifications as determined by the batteries of tests that you have taken and our interview, you rank in the upper quarter of students who are admitted to this program and on the most significant parts of the admissions test battery you rank with the upper 5% for entering college students on a nationwide basis (obviously, although your rank is very high in our group, it is not quite as high as it is in the nationwide group because of the highly select group chosen for the Associate in Arts Degree Program). It is indeed a tribute to you that you have done so well considering that there is invariably a cultural bias in such tests as these—a bias which inevitably works against someone whose education, however strong, was largely obtained in a non United States environment.

The Director of the Program, his assistants, and I congratulate you on your good showing and great interest and we are looking forward indeed to having you in the Program.

Your formal acceptance will be sent to you by April 1, and news about the scholarship will be forthcoming at that time or sooner.

This great news and the ensuing scholarship was exciting, but Viola did not want word of it to get to anyone in the United Nations. In her letter she mentioned Tony, that is Tony Harvey, a large blond man who worked in the Director's Office at the Library and made friends with me. He had worked in the U.S. Congress for the representative from his district in Texas and was learning to be a systems analyst and programmer to operate the forthcoming automation of the Library and the Library of Congress. I had expressed an early interest in computers, and he gave me a bibliography of books to study, but, on reading Norbert Weiner, I decided the subject was beyond my reach. I introduced him to squash, which we played at the YWCA where I swam. He was well read in literature and expressed surprise that I knew the authors he was reading.

One evening, after playing squash, Tony suggested we have a drink at a bar on 7th Avenue. We drank beer then he challenged me to drink whisky with him. After some time, when he was unable to drink me into a stupor worse than his, we stumbled through deserted streets from the West side to Lexington Ave and 42nd street on the East side, where he left me for Tudor village on 1st Avenue and I continued bent over with blurred vision stumbling rapidly to 26th street and my apartment, all the time thinking what a target I could make for a thief. My concern the next morning was that I had left a chapter of my Richardson manuscript in the bar, but returning the next evening, the blousy lady bartender did not have it. She had watched us drink with amusement the night before and then looked sour when a lanky, lean-jawed man, whom I recognized as the tennis "pro" at the Central Park tennis courts, turned up to escort her home. It seemed that more than protection was on his mind.

I did find the chapter elsewhere but my friendship with Tony seemed strained. Viola claimed later that he tried to make me drunk to discredit me with her. In hindsight, I believe he was more interested in her than me. He was not athletic and he could not have enjoyed trying to play squash. When we were with him after another event, he began praising fascism and totalitarianism as if hoping to bring us to agree with him, which we both felt was strange. Then he came to me when I

was sitting in my Division and, looking a bit distraught, said that he could no longer continue our friendship, that he could no longer pretend or words to that effect. I was sorry as I liked him but could not help wondering whether he had been asked by the library administration to make friends with me. A secretary in the Director's Office informed me later that there was a huge file on me. I thought this amusing.

Since our union was being established, I wanted to know more about trade unions and registered for a labor course at the New School for Social Research Graduate Center on Fifth Avenue and 14th St. On attending the class, I was disappointed that the professor taught "opportunity costs" and theory of labor, some of it mathematical, but I continued because I thought I could use the argument—that professionals gave up earning years by attending university and hence ought to be paid more—in negotiations. It was an argument, of course, that made no impression on management.

Regarding the new Madison Square Gardens, it lacked the intimate feeling of the old Gardens in the East 50s. The League was expanding which diminished one's familiarity with the players; for instance, when Camille Henry, a small player, was traded from the New York Rangers, Viola cried, which embarrassed her to remember in later years when players lacked the same closeness to the fans. Ticket prices went up and our attendance went down. Watching the game on television gave us enough excitement.

Viola to Rita. March 25/68. New York.

> I have been meaning to write to you for such a long time. I am sorry to have cut off so abruptly yesterday (Sunday telephone call) but I asked the operator to tell me when 3 mins. were up so that I wouldn't run up a big bill. It is cheaper on Sunday as opposed to weekdays. I shall have to send you the carbon copy of this letter as my ribbon is very faint.
>
> You asked me a lot of questions about my university venture. I shall begin in the fall semester (September only) as I missed the first term last year. I shall be taking what they call liberal arts (the humanities—literature and history). Once I get my BA I may go in for education or social work or something like that. As of now my only reason for wanting a university education is to be able to take my place beside David for whatever future he may have. No other reason. Maybe l should like to give up the UN and teach children, or do something about children. I don't know. I don't even know if I have the mental stamina that is required for university studies. There is a great deal of reading to be done and papers to be produced, etc. If it proves too much, I may resign from the UN and give my studies full-time attention. The first two years will be general studies in the arts and sciences and then perhaps I shall have to major (specialize) in something, such as literature or history or something. The courses will be in the evening with lectures twice a week, I think. In the meantime I have been given a great list to read which I am doing. All this is general background reading, but all very interesting.
>
> As for the UN—I am very tired of it. I can only tell you, Rita, that you have not missed much by not having worked in an international organization. It sounds so glamorous from a distance, but the mediocrity and viciousness of the small people from all over the world is something to be experienced to be believed. Working for a small magazine is so much more fun, I'm sure, and working among people with whom you have mutual trust is wonderful. In my experience in the UN, I have always got on with my bosses, but there are always a few other people, who are ready to stab me or my boss in the back—and there is no central authority to which you can turn. Someday, perhaps when I visit home this summer, I will elaborate on the facts of international life, of political life and social life in this world. It is very interesting provided you can survive by developing a thick skin.
>
> Going back to the University—in order to be accepted by a Univ. you must have a High School certificate but with high scores—otherwise your school certificate won't be enough. Then you have to have one foreign language (any language) and pass the university entrance examination. This entails the compulsory subjects of English, Maths, Science, History and Social Studies. I would have got much higher marks if my maths and science were better—but, believe me, I was glad to have passed with such good marks as it is.

> Your examination (Univ. entrance, I mean) is then discussed and reviewed by the Committee of Admittance and only then are you accepted. It is quite a procedure I must say. Not many are what they call "Univ. material" and they are rejected on grounds they haven't the academic qualifications or abilities. So I feel most grateful to God that I passed all the exams and interviews for my acceptance. I can only thank God for that because I doubt if I could have passed without His guidance.
>
> We hope to come to England this year. If you can save your holidays, maybe you can come back with us—or if you are not ready for it, perhaps you can take some time off when we are there. I must write to Mummy, as she seems to be very anxious to hear from me. Please write to me, Rita, and ask me whatever questions you wish. I should like you to get on in life and wonder very much if there is any chance of your doing something similar in England—perhaps there are places that give scholarships, etc. Find out—nothing is impossible.

Viola's increasing references to God did not mean that she was becoming a religious fanatic. She attended Marble Collegiate on Fifth Avenue, not far from where we lived, and enjoyed the upbeat sermons of Norman Vincent Peale but more so of his assistant Arthur Caliandro, who succeeded him and preached in a personal way, somehow bringing his listeners to find their lives reflected in his. The choir was large and powerful. The church was richly endowed and welcomed everyone, which was an important feeling for New Yorkers of all races, who looked for acceptance in this impersonal city. The rich and famous attended services and stories of the construction mogul Donald Trump meeting one of his wives there and sightings of other celebrities testified to its appeal. One Sunday Viola remarked that Peale looked frequently in her direction when preaching. Only when the service concluded and everyone stood to shake hands with those about them did she turn to see President Richard Nixon sitting behind her. Nixon looked tentative when he saw this colored woman turn to him, but when she wished him well, he smiled his brilliant smile and shook hands. As an atheist, I went to the services only to accompany her on special occasions such as Easter and Thanksgiving and enjoyed the music. Her expressions about "God" were consigned to letters to her family who were firm believers.

At this time, in the spring, I got the news that my father died. He had fallen from his wheelchair, broken his arm and died from the shock. I believe he was starving himself in an effort to die and threw himself from his chair to break his brittle bones. I sent flowers to the funeral home where my mother and siblings were present for a private service. I felt no loss but some sympathy for him who grew up with such promise of brains, good looks, money, background, athletic ability, social conviviality, only to squander it all on whisky and destroy the love of his family. My verdict on my father is rather severe; I think he was a shallow man, and, even though clever in the mechanics of things like law, he lacked compassion and used sarcasm as a put-down. He may have had some warmth towards me, expressed by his appearance at my hospital bed when I was struck by a car and his desire to see me on stage in a university play. Probably he was inhibited by my mother's insistence that he have nothing to do with me because she saw him as a bad influence. Yet apart from his gift of books when he visited my hospital bed, I had no token of his affection.

Mother was free now—free of embarrassment and of restriction. She had scrimped by for so long that father's share of the estate that came to her gave her a desire to travel. But she was in her seventies and her health was questionable.

Viola to her parents. May 13/68. New York.

> It was so nice to hear your voices yesterday on the 'phone and I'm sorry David was not there to say 'hello'. But I usually call when he is not at home because it is less expensive and all he can say is 'hello'. He said, nevertheless, that he would liked to have said 'hello' and was disappointed when I told him I called you when he was not there. So it is my fault.
>
> I have now just paid the rest of our fares and I shall pick up our tickets in three weeks. We will be arriving on Flight 504 (BOAC) on 3 July at 10.40 a.m. I don't want to get too excited about all this but I am looking forward to seeing all of you. I should love to go to Scotland if Donald is still there and visit them. You must realize, Mummy, that David is a

very active person and is quite unable to sit still. Whenever we go to Hamilton to his mother's, he is always up and about—going off to Toronto or Ottawa, etc. So when he comes to England he will be the same. He wants to see Wales and Scotland, as it may be a very long time before he visits England again, so he wants to take his chance. I would love to go off somewhere with you to a seaside resort for a few days and give you, Mummy, a nice change. We will have to work all that out when we arrive. In the meantime perhaps you can make enquiries.

It is very sweet of Rita to try to get tickets to Stratford. We have no plans whatever—David vaguely wants to stay two weeks at home and then wander about. So within the first two weeks of our stay, it is safe to get the tickets. Frankly, I don't know where we are going to get the money to rent a car and travel about in Wales for about two weeks. All this is vague, of course.

I am sorry I was depressed when I last wrote to you. I should not write to anyone when I'm depressed or angry. However, my depression comes from this UN Organization. My boss, who is a very prominent African from Uganda has found himself in quite a snare of Indians and they have been giving him quite a time. He now wants to return to Uganda to his private law practice. This has affected my work as they want to abolish this little unit of ours. I am sorry, as the man was a very decent man and certainly no match to the dishonest, lying Indian. But at the same time, I must admit, that were he a white man who was in his position, he would have put up a good fight. As it is, he just was too apathetic to do anything. I must say I get a very good insight into the African and Indian politics here. And if it weren't such a nuisance to me, I could have gleaned a great deal of excitement from it. Will tell you about it all when I see you.

It was Mother's day on the 12th May in the U.S. We telephoned Mrs. Beasley, who is feeling very tired and said she has lost 15 pounds since the winter. She was hoping to visit us at the end of May. If she cannot make it, we may go to Hamilton on the 6th of June or so, when David finishes his exam.

I thought Christopher's birthday was on the 8th or 12th of May. I'm glad I still have time to send him a card. My memory is getting so bad, l am wondering how on earth I'm going to study. Still I shall try my best.

Looking forward to seeing you all soon. Did you get my card for your birthday, Mummy? I sent you something in it. All my love to you both, Eustace, Rita, Donald and family, relatives, etc.

From my journal

England in 1968 is caught in a headlong rush for the sake of rushing. The motor car dominates. The avenues are lined with them. The traffic is endless in the cities. The cars like tiny wasps and hornets buzz around seemingly without purpose. Because of the devaluation of the English pound and restrictions of sterling spent abroad, many English are tourists in their own country. They buzz down to Southampton (perhaps to see the Montague Vintage Car Museum at Beaulieu as we did) or speed for Wales and Scotland (as we hope to do) and take whatever sun may shine in their stride. The English are careful not to take much notice of the sun—they don't expect it and don't praise its appearance lest too much notice may frighten it into an eclipse for a month or two.

For the first time in my life I am interested in a mechanical thing—specifically the steam carriage built by Goldsworthy Gurney which began modern transport. Surprisingly the English are keen to read, hear and speak about old motor cars. Toy models of old cars are sold to such an extent that their makers are millionaires. The audience is ready-made for my intended book, but where shall I find the Gurney manuscripts? This problem is riding my back as I and my companions ride forth on our motor trip.

Sunday, July 21, 1968 we made up our minds to leave at four in the afternoon. Eustace drove from Morden to Hounslow from where Gurney's steam carriage began the historic

trip to Bath in July 1829. Hounslow barracks was found in a back lane. It looked great in circular solidity—tennis players and cricketers on the quad. An army guard in battle fatigues watched us closely through the iron grill. We drove on for Cranford bridge but missed it. Probably the real Cranford bridge and Inn was further north than the bridge we crossed. The road to Reading is quite built up through Slough—quite flat ground. Maidenhead was picturesque with yachts and restaurants. We passed through Newbury and Hungerford where the country became rolling fields with tree clusters and stopped for dinner at Marlborough at 7 p.m. The hill leading into Marlborough is very steep between high hedges. The forest which is a woods today stands at the summit and causes the road to wind before it plummets. Gurney's machine ascended this hill on the return journey at full steam about 7 m.p.h. to the great astonishment of the Marlboroughians and the joy of the engineers. The rolling land carried us in wide sweeps toward Devizes to the south. We made a short detour to see the ruins of Eustace's one-time air base training centre at Yatesbury. He was astonished to see that it had been levelled to grass height. The white horse appeared on the hill opposite. The weather had eroded the soil from its legs elongating them like a white ink smudge on the green grass. On the road to Devizes we descended a rather long steep hill while looking at Bishops Cannings village on our left. Devizes smelled of army. It is a military town and passed through on a dog's leg road. Melksham, the town which rioted against the steam carriage, has wonderful grey stone houses from ancient times. We drove over the Avon River on the opposite side and onto Shaw village where Gurney left the beleaguered carriage. The few stone buildings and the long stone walls gave a look several centuries older than Melksham, to which we returned to put up at the Grape Hotel. Eustace and I went looking for the canal on the east side of town where Gurney took on water. After a good deal of walking about, we decided it had been filled in and a new housing survey laid on top of it. On stopping at a local pub, we had our suspicions confirmed by the owner, who was too new to the area to know more about it. We walked back through the ancient marketplace where the townspeople were celebrating a fair when Gurney drove through. Tonight the townspeople were either in bed or drinking in the many pubs. Traffic passed through the marketplace and a solitary negro rather plump with fedora pulled down low over his forehead, his hands in his pockets, walked slowly, expressionlessly behind us. Viola had taken a bath and was in bed when we returned to the Grape. Our bedroom is right on the main road. The traffic does not seem to die out, although it will soon be midnight. Viola, though, looks as if she can sleep through it all right.

Monday. The Grape Inn annex across from the Inn must have been standing when Gurney went through. The small rooms and narrow build, like a human doll house, boasted one bathroom outside of which the roomers waited their turn in the morning.

It appears that the height of ascent in the town is just before the Grape and opposite "The George" pub. Gurney's carriage picked up speed for a dash out of town away from its pursuers at this point.

The owner of the Inn, a charming woman in her late thirties, obliging and friendly, told us what she knew of the history of the town. The industries were milk, rubber, flour, rope—weaving was at Trowbridge. An old man sitting in the lounge told us about the brewery in Shaw—closed down 40 years ago—now a dog kennel. The woman, sending her 2 daughters off to school, suggested we visit Avebury, which is closer than Stonehenge and not as time-consuming when we retrace our steps. Back to Avebury, the pre-Britons and astrology it is!

The sun glistens on the rolling open hills. Herds of sheep dot in fluffy grey and white an expanse of fenced-in green. Trees stood like sentinels in conversation in hazy distance.

Avebury stones stand in semicircle at a fair space apart—the cove stones on one side of the road and the pit stones on the other. In the distance towards Marlborough stand other stones. The Silbury mound surrounds the great stone circles and a moat lies at its foot between the scene of stone, priest and cant and the common herd (Truly a herd of young heifers climb the sides of the Silbury Hill today).

We sped through Devizes down thickly bushed turnings into the Salisbury Plains of rolling green stretches, tawny wheat fields to Stonehenge. By comparison Stonehenge is a compact temple, a very different sort of religious architecture from the widely spaced rocks of the Avebury scene. The dolmens gave one a more impressive sense of brute strength as one imagined how hundreds of slaves toiled to raise one rock on top of two others.

Returning through Devizes, I remarked how steep the hill leading from it towards Melksham really was. This was the Devizes Hill to Gurney.

Melksham library was closed at midmorning so no questions could be answered. We passed Shaw and came into Bath after a short detour through the narrow-laned hill town of Box. The approach to Bath is dotted with hill towns like large villas. In Bath there is the cathedral. We stopped near it, picnicked in the gardens by the Avon (6d entrance to park, sandwiches sold by 1/2 sandwich 1s 3d—tourists support the beauty and don't litter). The Cathedral led onto the square at the back which brought Eustace and me into the Roman Baths. The Romans knew healthy pleasures—so superior to those who came after them. The floods in this area recently had not damaged the baths other than put out the electric floodlights in parts. The spring water was warm, slightly salt to the taste. The King's Bath in aquamarine must have been a royal treat.

Having seen Laura Square and the long grandiose buildings gauntleting Pulteney Street where Gurney exercised his engine and where plaques blackening on walls mark where Hannah More, Admiral Howe and young Napoleon III resided, we sped away over the M4, munching Bath buns, for Bristol. The town at the mouth of the Avon is shabby, full of grimy sea homes, long Victorian brick rows and new glass and steel monsters. Brunel's suspension bridge is magnificent, linking rocky precipices in one of the windiest chasms. Past the trading estates, the first of a series in Wales, by the borders of the wide brown Severn Channel and over the new steel suspension bridge into Chepstow. Wales at last!

Built on a steep slope in the valley of the River Wye just before it empties into the Severn, Chepstow is significant. If it were not for it being our first Welsh town, we would not have stopped. Its Norman castle ruin runs extensively on the high banks of the Wye, but we did not enter it. "1 and 6," Viola said crossly as she looked at the entrance price board, "I'm not going in."

We have seen many Norman castles in our day and we contented ourselves with a view of the river—muddy and turgid at low tide.

A Welshman, thin and fair-skinned, gazed over the bank side with us. "Should be at full tide," he said of the river. "It's swirling then—at four o'clock." He looked at his watch. Viola said, "It's four now." He corrected himself, "At seven it's full tide."

We asked him the route to Tintern Abbey, and he pointed out the road crossing the bridge and climbing the opposite bank. "We take sight-seeing buses that way," he said. Since he was wearing the grey uniform and red-peaked cap of a castle attendant, we believed him. I thought the map showed the Abbey road to run on the west bank, but we followed the man's direction up the opposite bank until we came to road signs which definitely settled the question. We returned through Chepstow and drove up the west bank of the Wye valley.

Our first stop was [Piercefield Park] were we parked the car and climbed for quite a distance through thick woods to a lookout spot over the valley. A gentleman in his late fifties and three ladies were there. He and his wife were from Cardiff and had traveled on the continent. One of the ladies was visiting from London.

The view was spectacular—across the Severn past Bristol and beyond. Unfortunately it was cloudy-dark and soon began to rain. We started back thinking the trees would shelter us. Within a minute we were soaked. Continuing through the mud we reached the car, undressed and [sat] cramped as we were dressed in warm clothes. The gentleman soon appeared in a sorry state. He sat in his car, dried himself, then put on several raincoats and started back. He had not gone far when the ladies appeared soaked through and very angry.

We went on to Tintern Abbey huddled against a bank overlooking a bend in the Wye. The Abbey in ruins charged 2' entrance. Viola would not accompany us through the ruins, a series of grassy spaces and forms of walls, some high, some merely traces to show where the rooms had been. The dissolution had spelt the death knell for this quiet retreat in the valley of the green hills rising dramatically round about.

We had tea in a cafe and drove back towards Chepstow. Newport and Cardiff were too much for us to see this trip, so we headed for Caerphilly, a beautiful town on a hill surrounded by a plain. The castle, of great size, strength and area (30 acres) dominates the centre—its mighty ruins moated on three sides. Eustace and I prowled about its walls later that evening. We wondered how Owen Glendower had captured the place. Its outer defence looked formidable enough. The inner castle appeared unreachable.

We ate at the Rose and Castle, a tavern that looks plain and rather working-class. Inside at the back it has a lounge of glitter and wealth. Brass shields, plates in various workmanship adorn the walls. Lamps are carved intricately. Armour and weaponry are lost in this profusion of decoration. We gave our order as we had our drinks and presently were called to one of the dining rooms—this one being designed with bamboo, spears, shields, python-skin, paintings of African gazelle and so on.

We could find no room in Caerphilly for the night so we headed for Nantgaur. The first hotel did not give bed and breakfast, the next on the road to Pontypridd was full and the third on the way to Cardiff had just room enough by opening up the attic reserve room for Viola and me. It was the Junction run by a full-bodied Welshman in his early forties. The ceiling of the attic was so low I had to stoop but the room was very quiet. The pillow, hard as rock, put me into a sound sleep.

A bright cloudless sky, a large breakfast, and Viola's recommendation on the Junction as a clean place put us in a good mood for the Rhondda. Through Pontypridd and up the Rhondda Valley the long grim-looking main street carried on town after town while the high green mountains and occasional coal pile looked on from on high. We sensed the atmosphere of struggle, poverty and hard work. The small houses sheltered families in little rooms—but it was all made cheerful by the sun, and we were mere fleeting visitors to these stones and bones of years of misery. From the hilltops we looked through binoculars at the Valley and its streams of grey houses and at the coal plant on the cliffside. A beautiful chestnut mare wandered over the hill side, and, of course, sheep were everywhere eating away at the grass.

Hirwain Common, where Gurney successfully experimented with rail locomotion and his steam jet in 1830, lay like a plain of civilization as we took a winding precipitous road down to it. Two great reservoirs, village houses, miles of open field, and on the right, as we drove through the plain, was an industrial works with railway, coal stacks and plant. Perhaps it was on that site that Gurney tested the locomotive's engine.

We did not stop but took the bending road through low green hills, through the long main-street town of Merthyr Tydvil where Trevithick tested his steam engine, up its hillside by small house after small house leaning together to Abergavenny.

[Several pages follow of the names of towns, castles, hotels and places marking our itinerary through Wales through the north of England across to Edinburgh and St. Andrews where we visited Donald Nicholas and his family back to the west of Scotland, the Hebrides, then up the western coast above Ullapool, across the highlands and back to London with just a word or two of description to jolt the memory. For instance "Newgate swim" gives me the scene of the three of us running down a sandy beach into the Atlantic Ocean in Wales, then "St. Davids" a picture of the rosy look of the brick of the great Cathedral. However the words "Emlyn—Lompeter walk around university—Tregaron" conjure up nothing. "Devil's Bridge—Ponterwyd—mt. road farm (Breese) Aberystwyth castle—boardwalk—satellites—Chinese food—return to farm at night. Borrow's walk from Ponterwyd to Machynllneth impossible for car" reminds me of my love for George Borrow's *Wild Wales* and my hopes of retracing some of his walk of 1854. I had written the BBC suggesting

that I write an article for the *Listener* "In the Footsteps of George Borrow" but my offer was declined. Some years later, by chance, I came across an article with that title in the *Listener.*]

From my notebook

> Mastin's *Description of the Western Isles of Scotland* (1703) tells of second sight—recorded by Borrow in *Wild Wales*. Borrow learnt Welsh by going through Owen Pugh's translation of *Paradise Lost* with the original by his side.
>
> Growny Owen—last of the great poets of Cumbria—finally obtained headmastership of government school in New Brunswick—died 1780—Chapt. 30—*Wild Wales*.
>
> In *Wild Wale*s Borrow writes a chapter on Llau Dilwi Bufi and mentions two people of importance in its history—Morgan from N. Wales who went to Rome and changed his name to Latin meaning—Pelegius ('by the seashore') whose religious controversy was refuted by Dewi at this place. His Gadarn's humped oxen died here (thus comes the name Brefi:—Bref in Cumric meaning bellowing or lowring as his oxen died bellowing alone far from its master). Hu Gadarn civilized the Welsh. From Crimea (modification of Cumry?) he made Britain habitable. Worshipped by Larls and Cumry as God of War. Scandinavians worshipped him under Odin and Gautr (modification of Cardarn meaning mighty). Finns feared him as wizard and musician, Wainsemoinen, and the Greeks called him Odysseus. The Arabs worshipped Al Kader He, or the Almighty He—similar to Hu Gadarn or Hu the Mighty.
>
> At the end of *Wild Wales* Borrow compares Welsh to Sanskrit. The Cumro came from southern Hindustan, extreme point being Cape Comorin—Cumro means youth (Sanskrit—youth and prince). Strange how other nations correspond in meaning—Gael = hero (Sanskrit—Kalo—hero). Roman = one who is comely, husband (Sanskrit—Roma—husband), Frank = free, brave fellow, Dane = honest man, Turk = handsome lad, Arab = sprightly fellow, Romany Chal by which the Gypsy styles himself means not Egyptian but a lad of Rome, Romany chi = girl of Rome; Chal, chiel, child, the Russian chelovick, (a man), and the Sanskrit jana (to be born) are kindred words. Language of Cumro is Cumracy—3 dialects (1) Wales (2) Armorica (3) Cornish—also similar to Gaelic of which there are 3 dialects (1) Irish (2) Scottish Highlanders (3) Manx.

I recall Chester's great wall and the clock donated to the city but my "impression of small people" creates no picture yet makes me think of Gulliver's Lilliputians. "Edinburgh—books" reminds me of the secondhand bookstores I visited and the book I bought about the Isle of Skye, which told me of the knights and their ladies carved into black stone and lying in a river bed under a bridge in the open country, which we discovered, marveling at their beauty and their testimony to ages past. Rita, Viola's sister, joined us in St. Andrews but what "Devil's elbow—over 2000 ft—black peat, chairlift—Braemar—tourists—RLS [Robert Louis Stevenson] house—few trees—RC Church—Rita and the pill" mean can only be guessed—[Rita discusses the Catholic view of the abortion pill after visiting the atheist's ghost of RLS?]. "Thru Grampian Mts—sheep stared down cars" gives me a vision of hundreds of sheep in Wales and Scotland cluttering the narrow roadways and stubbornly staring down our motor car trying to thread its way out of this seemingly unending stream of white fleece and black and white long-nosed faces with a critical look in the eye. "Ben Mohr hotel dinner—River Spey—Caledonian Ale, heavy—smooth. MacDougall and talk of Countess Seafield who lives in Bermuda and feudal state—the bourgeoisie" brings to mind the middle-aged Scotsman who, after our excellent dinner in a beautiful hotel, told us of the Highland Clearances when the lairds cleared the people off the land to make way for sheep for profit—that the Countess owned thousands of acres like her rich peers and in the mid-1800s could cast their tenants into homelessness, poverty and emigration. He lent me a book which I took to New York and returned after reading it. "Culloden—Stone of Cumberland where he stood", of course, gives me a vision of the field where the Duke of Cumberland's British army slaughtered the Scots. The narrow road north of Ullapool, the wild scenery, the pinks, reds, purples of the shale on the great mountains, the occasional crofter's cottage, the ruined castle on an island in the centre of a lake, no sign of civilization, all reminiscent of the books of Walter Scott, and driving on, crossing on ferries, "Kingsbury, Bonnie Prince Charlie—Flora Macdonald, to Uig—coffee—visit to knitting shop—north of Uig to museum

crofter cottage—Flora's tombstone—blue of mts. and sea—around peninsula Quirang Mts" pass kaleidoscopically. "Inverarnan Hotel—Miss Garvin—sleep on couch—Ben Glas Burn, Ben Glas 2 miles for gas at Ben Lomond. Ardlie—Hard Louie—Loch Lomond—lush grass, pleasant, bonnie banks—limpid water" brings back vividly rushing back to England at Rita's request and stopping at a hotel in the vertiginous countryside—guests playing cards in large lounge, packing up to go to bed, Viola and Rita fitted into a bed in a small room, me sleeping on couch in lounge and Eustace bedding down in his car—kindness to travelers, tea—Eustace joining me in lounge in morning to escape cold morning and house girl arriving to make sure only I had slept in the lounge, then getting gas at old pump from cranky old man who did not want to fill the tank and the fabulous Loch Lomond where we kept an eye open for the monster. "To Alloway and Burns cottage—memorial and gardens—Brig O'Doon—escarpment—back to Ayr past Cumrock (Keir Hardy—coal mine)" reminds me that we paid our homage to the two great figures but no scenery comes to mind. Running out of gas on the highway, we hitchhiked a short distance to a station, filled a can with gas and hitchhiked back to the car to resume our rush home.

Postcard to Jim from me. July 26/68. Scene of Carew Castle, Pembrokeshire:

"The earliest parts probably date from about 1300. In the 16th century the castle was considerably altered by Sir Rys ap Thomas. It was he who in 1507 organized here the finest pageant ever held in Wales. It lasted five days and was attended by a thousand knights and gentlemen."

> This is an example of the kind of castle we have been encountering, scaling, photographing and sketching. Beautiful scenery—wild then tame, then hilly and wild again. We will have to hurry to see North Wales and Scotland. Rys ap Gryfield seems to have built his share of castles. This one was retouched by one of his descendants and from the looks of it never touched again.

From my journal

> Recommending a motor trip through the British Isles is like prescribing a visit into the past with all its pacifying power of contemplation. The motor vehicle there is regarded with a possessiveness that a woman might show towards her son. The English were the first to run it practicably and commercially. If certain stagecoach owners and farmers who were afraid the displacement of horses and the resulting decrease in demand for oats would ruin them, if certain landlords did not fear a subsequent fall in rents, if the conservative element which controlled parliament and the turnpike toll rates, if all this band had not opposed the early steam carriage in the 1830s, the British Isles would have developed the motor car long before the rest of the world. As it is, the English honor the old car, drive it in annual races, house it in museums such as the Lord Montague Museum in Beaulieu near Southampton, and collect toy models to such an extent that the toy manufacturers are millionaires many times over. In 1968 the motor traffic in England is heavier than anywhere else in the world; the small gear-shifting carriages zip and flash about in city streets and speed on roundabouts like mini-toys in a roadway set. But on the back country roads they become very scarce. It is as if the past of Britain had relegated them with an invisible hand to a proper proportion in the landscape, and the contemplative world, always an implacable foe to the bustle of commercial traffic, reigns in quiet beauty.
>
> For those who are willing to spend a fortnight driving through lands with a variety of scenery and people and move each day in constantly stimulating surroundings, our motor trip through Wales and Scotland might serve as a reference guide. "Our" means myself, a sort of naive man-of-the-world who loves ruins and history, my wife "V", a Burman (who considers herself a jaded bureaucrat because of her years in the United Nations secretariat), her brother "E", an IBM executive and a lover of the stars and the apparatus of photography and later in the trip, her sister "R", an extrovert on the editorial staff of an international magazine dealing with trade, economic planning and creditors.

From Viola to her mother. August 26/68. New York

> I have just written to Daddy and sent him a book. I am writing to you to thank you for sending those films to me with a little note. I seem to miss quite a few pictures—I took

some out at Yatesbury, for example, and at the French's cottage. They are not among the slides you sent me. Do you think Rita borrowed them to show the Frenches? Please ask her.

Mummy dear, I am sending you two little pages from a booklet. This booklet is a great source of strength to me. I especially want you to read the little passages I marked in pencil for you. I want you to try to gain some real spiritual insight. You are a very marvelous woman. You have a very keen intelligence and a great deal of energy—two gifts which few people are blessed with. But you must also have a gentle spiritual quality which you are losing because of your complete neurotic irritation with Daddy. His very presence is making you a neurotic person. I want to help you get over this because as I see it, it is the only cloud on your horizon. You are perfect in every other way except in your dealings with Daddy. If you had real Christian insight—you will first try to understand your husband. Christ did not kick Magdeleine because she was a loose woman—He understood her and tried to help her. So with Daddy. Alright he has a few irritating personal habits—so have you, and so do we all. Daddy is no exception if he can't do handy things around the house—neither can David, nor can Walter and many many more. You should not lash out at Daddy because he is sloppy—he never trained in such things. What you should do is to try to bring out the best in Daddy. Think of his nice ways. Funnily enough, I told you that in my last letter, and three days later I received this booklet which said the same thing.

Daddy is a very affectionate and kindhearted man. Softhearted, I would say. He would do anything to give you some sort of happiness. You don't know how lucky you are. He is tolerant of many many things that you do and say to him—and I think you are inclined to take advantage of him. Why make him hate you? You may one day succeed in doing just that. Try to think of him as a human being who is going through a new phase in his life. Help him, like the Christian you profess to be, to feel like a useful human being. You have made him worse by your constant and cruel nagging. It is cruelty on your part and very very unpleasant to all of us.

If you can't do that, Mummy, on your own, then turn to God. Ask God to help you cope with your husband, and to make you see his good points instead of his bad ones. What are his bad ones?—that he eats too much? that he sometimes is crude in his speech and personal habits?—then be a clever woman—either ignore these things or teach him in a pleasant way or with a sense of humour. By the way you condemn them—it looks worse than it actually is. Who, in their own home, doesn't do things they won't do in public? All of us pick our noses, for example, which we don't do in public. So Daddy does these things in his own home. They are not so bad that it should be the end of the world to you, or that you should tell the whole world about them.

It is not Christian of you to make so much of Eustace and not of Daddy, just because Eustace is now able to provide for you and Daddy cannot. He is your husband whom you vowed to God to cherish. What sort of person can you be that you can only care for those who can provide for you? A true Christian will love all people, poor and rich, good and bad alike. Of course Eustace must be taken care of—he is a precious gem—a very very nice boy—but don't exclude Daddy. With love everything is possible—remember that. If you love God—everything is possible, even your love for your husband will come back to you. You dwell too much on your husband's faults. Just ask yourself—do you think you have no faults? Who is anyone of us to criticize anyone else—no one is perfect—and believe me, Mummy, we must pray and ask God to help us tolerate each other.

Bunny and Olga hate each other so much it is sad to see that. Bunny once told me that if they had love, anything would be possible—they could get together and talk and understand one another—but because there is no love—there can be no meeting of the minds and hearts.

I was so happy at home—to be among my family—to share the fun with my parents and brothers and sisters—yet the one thing that depressed me was your relationship with Daddy. You make him sound utterly rotten—if you mixed in the world you will understand what real rottenness is. You have never budged from that house, and yet you think you can judge

your husband. Supposing he was a criminal—suppose he brought disgrace to you—suppose he did a thousand and one things. What then? He is an old man now, with a few years left—try to help him. If you had real love, and real Christian spirit—you will try to help him be useful. Praise him for something he does correctly and well—don't just damn him all the time? If he does make a mistake—so what—laugh at it—it is not a matter of life and death. You make things sound as if it were a matter of life and death. If he forgets the jam or butter or milk—it is not the end of the world—you won't starve to death. So what the hell, everything is so grim and dead serious for you. Laugh, Mummy. Learn to laugh at people's funny ways.

I have just finished reading Dr. Ba Maw's book—"Breakthrough in Burma"—try and get that book and read it. It is fascinating. You will understand it, because it is simply written. He describes Mogok so beautifully. I thought of you, and how you lived there as a young girl. What a beautiful part of Burma I missed seeing.

I am also enclosing a cutting about David's election as President.

Do you remember Dr. Pal of Toungoo? Well, Mr. Balwant Singh told me that his family is in California, and he actually went back to Burma—Toungoo. He took all his money with him to Burma—but now he has left it again. He and his wife do not get on, I'm told, and that is one of the reasons he went back to Burma. Poor people, how much they must miss that country.

Must end now, Mummy. Forgive my writing so personally. But I want to carry with me happy memories of my home and parents. Try to understand my advice from that point of view. I love you all—and I think with tears in my eyes of all your kindness to me. I love you Mummy, but I want you to be happy with Daddy—it will make us all happy.

David Beasley, a leading member of the New York Public Library Organizing Committee, was overwhelmingly elected first President of New York Library Guild Local 1930, which he helped found, in the Local's first election of officers.

Pauline Belth was elected Treasurer, the only office which was uncontested in the mailed ballot election. Due to the high interest of the membership, some offices had as many as a half-dozen candidates competing for the position. As a result, no candidate received a majority vote for six offices, and the Local was holding runoff elections for those offices as this issue went to press.

Our executive board increased with further balloting. We formed committees to perform certain tasks; we hired a man versed in training stewards who was very popular with the members; since he was from the Teachers' Union I was prevailed upon by Stan Propper to hire a DC37 lady for the second year, whose time and motion approach was uninspiring, thus the original enthusiasm vanished. I wrote reports to the membership which were printed in the Local 1930 *Newsletter* by DC37 from the newsroom of the *Public Employee Press*, but these took the *Press* weeks to print so that a band of active members issued a mimeographed sheet from our headquarters when we had to reach the membership quickly. All of our *Newsletters* and *Union Reports* were collected by the Research Libraries and, one hopes, have been preserved on microform. Here is an excerpt from my "Report to the Membership" in the *Newsletter* of September, 1968.

Librarian Salaries

The contract agreement between the city librarians and the City of New York provides for a considerably higher raise than any which librarians had become woefully accustomed to under the Salary and Appeals Board Plan. Retroactive to January 1968, it runs to June 1970. Although the librarians demanded much more than they received, their demands were reasonable and with strong union backing, they were within the realm of the possible. Unfortunately two black marks are held against librarians who suffer for being the lowest paid professionals. First, librarians are regarded as unworthy of the respect (value)

accorded to an educator by city officials; although one could point to the fact that general public education began in public libraries in the last century and that librarians today have the potential for becoming the foremost educators in the country, the state of the library art today does not impress the public official—whether this is owing to poor publicity or to the real state of affairs is a matter of opinion. The librarian negotiators were quick to point out that their demands were consonant with salaries paid to librarians in the city colleges; the city officials were as quick to retort that these college librarians were called instructors (though in name only) which meant they were clothed in the rich reputation of faculty status. The public librarians by contrast are classed with the zoos and museums, an aberration for which a business-minded community must be faulted. It may be convenient for taxpayers to class the public librarians as mere keepers of books, but such a policy has been disastrous for the nation. The rather obvious connections of public libraries with the life of the community and the general educational or intellectual level of the nation are subjects for separate discussion; it is enough to say here that the complete severance of these connections during past decades contributed largely to the formation of a so-called educated elite and the frustration of the masses, a dangerous state beside which the recent resurgence of public libraries into community life appears as a belated effort to make amends.

The quickening interest of librarians in taking up the active responsibilities of their profession is certain to change their image and as a result it is to be hoped that when they bargain for a new contract they will attain the salary standard they deserve.

The second black mark against librarians is their reputation for timidity and self-negation, or as one of our Brooklyn brothers correctly phrased it during negotiations “desiccated spinsterhood”. This reputation is largely unjust. The younger librarians are active, vociferous and impatient with officialdom's misrepresentations, which befits the times. At the same time, they are humanists in the scholarly sense and thereby anchored to the profoundest sensibilities of our civilization. Indeed, if you’ll excuse my poetry, they are responsible to the pitch of human creativity as is no one else.

It is unusual to read such words in a description of librarians but this does not obviate their truth. Union activity will make apparent the determination of librarians to become leaders and not followers in the community, to be activists rather than bookworms, to be concerned rather than indifferent, to be lions rather than mice. When they meet with the city again, let them have the muscle of a strong and determined united front.

The New York Guild's Negotiating Committee will meet with library management this month to win the same increase for the research librarians.

What are the advantages of the settlement? (1) Across the board payments give the librarians an ascending salary which serve as a springboard to the next contract. (2) Seniority is recognized by the service increment (no longer wiped out as it was under the Salaries and Appeals Board). (3) The minimums are competitive with other public library systems though not with other professions. (4) Librarians who were doubters are joining our union. (5) Librarians at last have hope for the future.

The disadvantage: librarianship still remains a poorly paid profession.

I continued with comments on Clerical and LTA salaries. When meeting with city officials over librarian salaries, our New York Committee argued with the Brooklyn and Queens Committees over accepting the city’s offer. I realized much later that the leadership of these two locals was aligned with the wishes of our District Council 37, which was not interested in raising librarian salaries to what we considered a just level because it negotiated by percentages and did not want one profession getting a higher percent increase than the many other locals it represented, such as city planners, architects, etc [whose salaries already recognized their worth]. The other two library locals did not have privately paid Research Librarians and LTAs to satisfy. In negotiating with the Library for the research librarians, I managed to wrestle an extra $500 per year for those who had a second Masters Degree in their subject area. I expected to get the same for city librarians in the next

round of negotiations but my efforts were not supported by the other two library locals. This inequality between research and city librarians, although, with inflation, an increasingly insignificant amount, became an issue for my opponents later on.

DC37 did win a good health plan and dental plan from the city which benefitted us all and which the Research Libraries promised to equal in negotiations. Also, in separate negotiations with the city, spearheaded by the Brooklyn local, we raised our state pension to the highest noncontributing level. Since a pension was available only after ten years of service, I, who expected to leave New York periodically, did not contribute to a pension that the Library already had in place; thus, when we were granted a pension to which we did not have to contribute from our salary and which was retroactive to before I joined the library, I eventually became a beneficiary of this new plan, although I had not foreseen it applying to me.

The Brooklyn Local had a more amenable management than Queens and New York Locals. After our second salary negotiations with the city, its president Larry Brandwine became Assistant Director of the Library and his sidekick, the Local's treasurer, was hired by DC37 as a representative, both receiving a much larger increase in salary than the librarians for which they negotiated. DC37 appointed the president of the Queens Local, Schmidt, to a seat on its Executive Council while he maintained his position in the library. Rumors floating around the locals in DC37 that I could replace Victor Gotbaum as Executive director must have alarmed the leadership. I had no such ambition and looked upon my presidency of a local as lasting only as long as I could secure the reforms that were needed. In our bare-walled headquarters, I hung up posters of Chou en Lai, the communist leader, and a nameless African, who seemed to stand for liberation, not just to lighten up the cold white walls but to signal compassion for the underdog. At a union reception in Washington, D.C. I overheard Victor Gotbaum spreading the news that I was a Maoist, which amused me.

From Viola to her mother. October 23/68 New York.

> Thank you for your letter telling me about the suit you have sent to David. It has not arrived yet, but we'll let you know just as soon as we receive it. I'm glad you had fun packing it with fluffs and crumbs. But I hope the crumbs won't mould in transit. I hope it was registered and wonder if you sent it to our apartment or the U.N. This is so important that I can't stress it enough. Registering is important because in this country people steal things otherwise.
>
> David has had some comment from the publishers. Apparently the academic men (professors of universities) are most enthusiastic but the general reader is lukewarm. The University Presses are interested. If David wants it published by the commercial publisher, he would have to agree to drastic cutting and revision. I think he should cater to the academician.
>
> He has also got a promotion, so together with the substantial raises he won for all city librarians through the union, he will be earning a good bit more by January.
>
> Regarding my health. In February after my usual two-yearly checkup at the U.N. I was told that the pap-test showed up "something." I had to have a few more at monthly intervals and the laboratory said that there was some infection which showed "a change in cell." It could be nothing—but at the same time, it could be cancer. When I returned from England this summer, I had to see my U.N. doctor again, and again the lab said that there was something! The doctor examined me thoroughly. After the birth of my baby I was so badly torn that the laceration was more than usual. My doctor thought that perhaps the scars which were wrinkled were infected and I needed cauterization. I went to my own doctor who also took another pap-test and sent it to <u>his</u> laboratory for analysis. Yes, there was infection. But it was harmless. So he has given me some pills, etc, and I'll have to go for another checkup in December. It is definitely <u>NOT</u> cancer, so for heaven's sake—stop worrying. I should have had a caesarian operation for my baby. That was the big MISTAKE.

> I can't tell you how thrilled I am with my studies. But it's dreadfully hard work. I am sometimes too tired to even read. Both David and I are well—and slim! I hope you are all well and happy. Try to be kind to each other. We are here on earth only for a short while. Let's try to be happy. All my love to all at home.

Viola's constant emphasizing of harmony in the home arose from a bus trip to the shops in Wimbledon that she took with her father, who "poured out his heart to her." Aloysius Nicholas was forced to retire at 70 from his job in a small factory where he ran a metal cutting machine. He tried to be useful around the home, but Marie was sarcastically critical of his efforts. Marie had found it hard to adapt to England. For the first years, she ventured out only to shop. It was Aloysius, who made friends with Maizie and her husband Bill, a baker, by dropping by a bottle of beer for her when she was ill. They visited one another but then Bill died from lung trouble. Viola's older sister Gwen, who was mischievous and inattentive in school, became an excellent nursing sister in an English hospital until she contracted tuberculosis and died. When the Nicholas family attended her full-scale honor funeral, their neighbors, led by Maizie, cooked a dinner for them and had all prepared for their return, a gesture that brought Marie out of her reclusiveness.

As for raising librarians' salaries, our Local 1930 finished electing officers in time for us to join the other two library locals to negotiate a wage settlement with the city. Local 1930 had to bargain for the same wage with the privately funded research libraries and still had to negotiate a working conditions contract with our library management. This took some months to arrange.

We held a meeting at which I took suggestions for items to be negotiated from the membership. I had appointed a committee to draw up a constitution for our local, and, although I could sit on it, I left it entirely to its members, who gave us perhaps too many positions to fill because of the many categories we had to include. My policy was to share everything with my board in as democratic a manner as possible, which meant plenty of debate when there were so many different viewpoints. Eventually we sent our demands to management and awaited its response to meet for discussions.

Viola to her mother. November 6/68. New York.

> This is just a hasty note to tell you that David's suit arrived yesterday, intact. He had to pay $6.50 as customs duty which I think is wonderful compared to the possible £30 to £40 we would have had to pay if it came directly from the store. Thank you so much for all the trouble you have taken—we both really appreciate it very much. I've found the fluff in his pockets and emptied those nice pieces of English dirt in our wastepaper basket. David was amused by what he called "Burmese" sense of humour. The suit fits him beautifully even though he has lost some weight—it is wonderful to see him in a pair of pants that have creases—all his pants look so rumpled.
>
> I am enclosing the ten-shilling note that David found in one of his trousers' pockets. He asked me to send it to you. He will also be sending you a check to cover the expense of posting the suit to him. I am also enclosing a couple of air-letter forms which I found in one of my handbags. Since we can't use them here I thought I would send it to you so that you and Daddy can write to us.
>
> Well, today the election results are almost in and it is Nixon—what a terrible shambles this country is in. The trend, according to the sociologists, is that this country is going fascist (the same sort of party that Hitler belonged to, meaning government by the rich and privileged). The American people have shown how very conservative they are becoming, how tired and frightened they are by all the liberal elements let loose among the negroes, hippies, leftist students, etc. Very sad. I feel this election has shown a definite repudiation of Johnson. I hope the consequences of a Nixon victory won't worsen matters in this world. I can't bear to speculate on the prospects.
>
> Ask Daddy to write to me and tell me what they are saying in England about the election. He should read different newspapers and give me his analysis. I should like to know his views.

Mrs. Beasley is in Montreal visiting her daughter. Ned (David's brother-in-law) in Montreal had a serious operation so Mother is visiting to help Ann. I am having lunch with David's cousin, Beverley. She just drove down to NY for a short holiday.

Has Walter heard from Bunny? He seemed to have gone extremely silent. He did not telephone me and I don't know whether he has arrived back yet. He hasn't seen Julie Moses either. I guess he's sulking—which is a good thing because I will be left alone. That is what I want more than anything else. I find all these visits so tiring and boring, and a lot of bother. I don't know why, but I do love peace and quiet, Mummy. If I'm left alone, I'm quite happy.

Must end now, and we both thank you once again for all the trouble of packing so well David's suit—which arrived in beautiful condition. I tried to cook, by the way, the Dahl curry—but it did not come out like yours. Could you please write out briefly what to put in the curry and how to cook it?

All our love to you, Daddy, Rita and Eustace.

To Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas from me. November 6/68. New York

The suit arrived yesterday, fits me well, although I am thinner, and met Viola's outspoken approval. I intend to wear it on Friday morning when I sit down at the negotiating table with management—since our first issue is higher salaries my new suit ought to do us some good on the theory that money will be given to a rich man where a poor man will not receive a penny regardless of what act he is willing to perform.

Thank you for taking such care to pack it well (Viola was a bit worried about the bread crumbs and was relieved to find there were none).

Aside from the bad result of the elections, which at this moment (the morning after) appear to make Tricky Dick Nixon the winner with his shady running mate Spiro, we are in for perilous times.

I trust that all is well with you and family. We are well but want to seize the first opportunity to take a weekend in the country for some fresh air. Please give my best regards to all

PS. Postage is sent by international money order.

Viola to her parents. December 6/68. New York.

The weather has at last turned cold. Up to now we have had such warm and mild weather that we all think the weather or climate is changing.

I am writing to you because I feel wonderful—I have got my mid-term exam papers back and I have passed them with flying colors—all my subjects have had 'A's which mean "excellent"—which is up in the 90s. David is very pleased with me. However, I've had to study really very hard and compete with my classmates, who, I must say, are brilliant. Some of them, at least two others, I mean, have had A+ which is about two or three marks higher than mine. So in some subjects I have come first and in others second. I must score just as high marks in my final examination to get my scholarship renewed.

But what has made me really extremely thrilled and happy is the news I received from Donald. I wrote to Donald when I first returned from England. I told him that he should accept a commission in the RAF because that would help his sons get into good schools and universities later on. He wrote back that it was not possible because he wished he had "the old school tie" background.

I immediately wrote to him telling him that the "old school tie" business sounds so funny on this side of the Atlantic. It is ridiculous to be put off by a few RAF officers who talk with

potatoes in their mouths and who put on superior airs when they are very ordinary people with nothing to brag about. Then I wrote the following:

"I have put my whole heart and soul in this letter to encourage you to do something about yourself, to shed all those inhibitions and blocks that have arrested your growth. I wouldn't do it if I thought you did not have it in you—you are extremely intelligent—but you are also ambitious, and unless you find yourself in the position to match your intelligence and pride, you will become bitter with life—so go ahead. Try to do some study by correspondence, if time is impossible. I'm sure you can get a degree by correspondence. I see so much advertised in the "Times" and "Observer" about college correspondence courses in engineering, etc. Take advantage of that—don't just sit and watch TV like some ordinary nincompoop in British suburbia—rise above them—that is meant for ordinary low-class English people, who think in that self-satisfied way. You have more to offer, so go ahead, Donald. Try it."

And here is the marvelous news from Donald: [first he asked me to get him a book which he cannot get in England. PS. I'm going out lunchtime to buy it and send it to him]:

Dear Violet etc... "As you might be pleased to know I am starting to study for a Higher National Certificate in Maths, Physics and English. I've been to see Professor Wyat at St. Andrews University, and I can get a job with the University as a technician in the Laboratory when I leave in 2 years time, etc... This course is being conducted by a Professor in St. Andrews Univ. I attend classes, two nights a week . . . as a programmer the whole electronic field is open to me. . . already because of my electronic experience and work in the RAF a whole batch of firms are interested in me . . . by the time I leave the RAF I should be in a good position to command a fair salary etc.... "

My dearest Mummy and Daddy, I cannot tell you with what joy I received this news. That my dear brother had responded to my encouragement so well and has done something about it has given me the greatest happiness in the world. Poor dear Donald, he just needed a little push and a prod of encouragement—and I am so glad I was able to do that for him. God Bless his dear heart and I hope he will go ahead now and improve himself and reach the heights he so deserves.

I guess he must have felt lonely and isolated—but his temperament is such that it does not invite much warmth from others. But, oh god, I'm so glad I was able to get through to him that we all love him and really wish him well.

I have also been writing to Rita encouraging letters, but I never hear from her. So I don't know whether my letters have hurt her or what. All I know is by a good straight talking I only mean well. It is so silly to be told always how wonderful you are. Anyone can tell you that—and I have been told that over and over again. But those people who have kicked me in the pants are the ones who have spurred me on to better myself.

I am so glad Donald has responded to my encouragement intelligently. You too, Daddy dear, gave me great joy when you read that book by Malcolm X and told me how much you enjoyed it. I do hope you are carrying on—please write to me, dearest Daddy, and let me know what is happening to you. Please don't be hurt if I have spoken so frankly with all of you—I really only mean well. I mix with really very very superior people, and when I come home, I feel a little dismayed to see and hear so much bad feeling between all of you whom I love so dearly. To be kind is a very precious thing—that can come with reading and intelligent application of the reading to your relations with one another.

I hope dear Eustace is well and I hope he too will push himself upwards. He shouldn't be inhibited by anything. If he thinks he's short—well so are Jack Benny, Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Perry Como and so was Napoleon!!! But they don't hide away—they go ahead and do something.

David and I will be going to Canada for Christmas. We are both very worried about Mother Beasley. I hope she stays well. We don't want to give her any bother about cooking—so we may take her out for meals. She's too old.

Write to me sometime, and love to all at home.

Viola to her mother. January 24/69 New York.

I have such a feeling of release now that I have done my final examinations. I have been under such a tremendous pressure that I couldn't wake up one morning, and went to work one hour late. I have a small break and start my new term on February 4. During this week I have to prepare my material for a lecture I have to give—'Revolution of social concept in America from 1900-1950"—sounds high falutin' doesn't it? This lecture will take place on 4 February, and on 8 April, I shall have to give another. I think I'd die—facing a whole class as my audience—but it may be fun. The other classmates of mine will also have to give lectures but I'm the first.

I am having some of my university pals for lunch at the UN. They are so excited about it—one would imagine I were giving them an invitation to Buckingham Palace!! I have been officially notified that my scholarship has been renewed.

Oh, Mummy, for the first time in my life I feel I am being appreciated and appraised for what I'm capable of doing. I've done so well in my work and have been recommended highly by all my bosses, even the Director-General of the IAEA, yet I've been kept down. And now in the University, at least, my work is being appraised for what it is. How utterly grateful I am to God first, to my parents for giving me intelligence, and to the Americans for giving me the opportunity. I doubt if I would ever have the same chance in England.

I do hope you all are well and won't get that awful Hong Kong flu. David and I have so far managed to prevent it, and the reason is that we constantly drank fruit juice, such as orange or grapefruit and apple juice. These give your system the vitamins. Also we eat a lot of spinach and green vegetables and good meats. After studying intensively in biochemistry, I must say I know how important vitamins and proteins are for our body cells. People who laugh at the Americans, who stress such importance on vitamins, proteins and weight, are awfully stupid and ignorant.

I urge you to look after yourself, Mummy, and to buy a lot of citrus fruits, like oranges and grapefruit and give everyone at home lots of these to eat. Also, Daddy should continue to take his cod-liver oil. That is excellent for preventing the Hong Kong flu. The flu is terrible, I believe. You dehydrate, feel like vomiting all the time, and your head and back ache and you are left with no energy at all. So please, all of you look after yourselves as flu is very contagious. Once, the whole of my office was down with it except me. I really mean it, it was fantastic in New York. Shops were closed, theatres shut down, transportation, etc. It was the worst I had ever known since my twelve years in NY.

Daddy said that he sent for the book, and with the little left over he bought a sheet for his bed. Are you short of sheets, Mummy? I am too, so when I go shopping on Saturday, I shall send you some. I think I will send you single ones. I thought that they were more expensive in England when I looked at the prices.

I hope all is well at home. Tell Daddy, that I received his letter and will write soon. I should like to send him another book about the poor negroes.

Must end now, Mummy dear. Do write to me sometime. Let me know how you are, and whether your cough and cold are better. Tell Rita to look after herself by eating citrus fruits. I hope dear Eustace is keeping well. Ask him to write sometime. How is Joan managing with the children now that Donald is away? I never heard whether he received the book. I take so much trouble to please people and wish so much love, yet the response from home is indifference. Well, maybe one day I will turn indifferent too. The worm always turns sooner or later.

Viola to her parents. February 11/69. New York.

Thank you both for your letters, Daddy's of some time ago and Mummy's recently. I have not received the book as yet because there is a dock strike. This strike has been on for weeks and weeks and weeks, and I doubt if I will get the book for months yet. It is a shame because what I want in the book is pertinent to my courses this semester. Soon, they tell us, we will be short of food because of the strike. I'm glad you do not need sheets from the U. S., Mummy, because I could not send them anyway. Everything has to go airmail from here, the PO will not accept sea mail material.

January has been a big strain for me. The exam papers took every ounce of my strength and energy and no sooner had I got that out of the way when I had to prepare my paper and lecture. Although I was most nervous, the lecture went off with a zing. All my classmates and professor congratulated me and said it was one of the most interesting things they've heard in a long while!! My voice came out strong and it seemed as if I had done it all my life. Thank you for giving me all the encouragement, Mummy. I liked that bit in your letter. Felt as if I were back in school and you were trying to help me. I was really nervous and once when I tried to pick up my pencil to jot down something, my hand shook so much that my classmates saw that and were most sympathetic.

Not only was I going through the strain of final exams, I broke David's bed, one lamp and one chair, while putting the rug down from the cleaners. To see the broken furniture all over the house, and to see poor David sleeping on the floor made me even more depressed. I began to pity myself, and hate my lot in life, my environment, all those people who have put me down in life, my poor David, and then, I, of course, turned on you, Mummy, in my last letter to you. I was really on the crying, self-pity binge, as David would say. To make matters even worse, I had no pyjamas to wear—all were old and torn, and to see my house looking like a slum, and going to bed in rags, made me feel like a pauper in a flop house. While David was amused, I must say, I was not, and was very tearful. David immediately went out and bought me a couple of pairs of pyjamas as a Christmas present!!

Then the landlord has been giving us a lot of trouble. Legally we are in the right, but he hopes we will get so fed up that we will sign a new lease and raise our rent. But this time I have asked the City Commission for the UN to help us and they are going to. I hate all this bother, and I haven't the time anyway.

I am sorry I wrote about one day turning like a worm. I was very depressed, Mummy, and really felt everyone, including David, was taking me for granted. I'm not as strong as I look or talk or appear. I'm really quite a weak person and very sensitive and need a lot of affection—just as we all. Supposing I did not write at all and took it for granted that all of you would understand that I am well and have your interest at heart. Supposing I did just that? Wouldn't you soon get fed up with me too? Wouldn't you soon say to hell with her? Well, sometimes I feel just that way. But I wrote that in regard to Donald. I did go out of my way to send him that book right away and up to now I have not heard from him, nor from Joan about the Christmas money I sent them. How much can one take? Perhaps the answer is "nobody asked you to send us things"—well if that is how it is, fine. I shan't send things—but just hope you all will understand. Two people can play the same game. But in life, I have found that <u>that</u> is not the way. Everything in life is earned and love and affection is also earned. I shall continue to do my bit but this easy-going, taking-for-granted, attitude will one day have its effect on me because I am only human. That is my side of the argument, Mummy and Daddy, and whereas, no matter what, I shall always write to both of you and will always try to help and understand you both. I hope you too will understand me. All my lectures to you and bluntness showed at least I do care. Why take it as a threat? —what sort of thinking is that? Can't you understand someone else? Can't you understand that another human being can feel exactly like you? Why should it be all one-sided?

Anyway, I am only trying to give you an argument based on how a person can feel and think—so this is not a lecture or a threat or anything—it is as if we are sitting down and discussing human nature in general—that is how I want you to take my letters—

intellectually, not as a threat, as if I were some vicious outsider—that is stupid. Anyway, enough of that sort of thing. Congratulations on winning £25. What are premium bonds? How much were they worth when you bought them? Marvelous. And you, Daddy, how are you? Are you reading? I want to send you a book we had to read sociologically. It is about the very poor negroes. I cannot send it to you as yet because of the strike. It would cost too much by airmail. I want you to understand the negro situation here—so that you will be an expert and also learn from these people and see how much better off you really are.

Wonderful, Mummy, that you read Ba Maw's book so intelligently. Wonderful that you jotted things down in your little notebook. I am very proud of you. Did Daddy ever get that book back to read it himself? I think it is really wonderful that you both are wanting to read. Keep it up, Daddy, and don't flag just because I haven't been writing as often as I wish. It is no joke, to work long hours at a job, go to university and run a home and husband. Anyway, l am also happy to think Donald has returned home safely. I hope he will pursue his studies now. How is Eustace? I hear that IBM stock prices are sliding—any inside information? We haven't heard from Mrs. Beasley for a long time although she did telephone us two Sundays ago. I have now started a new semester and I am once more back at reading and studying. It's very hard work—I wish I had more time to read. How lucky you both are to have the time. Keep it up. All my love to you and all at home. David also sends love. He's busy with his Union and went to Washington recently to meet some big labour people. He too has started his courses this month. So we are both busy.

Viola to her parents. March 7/69. New York.

I thank you Mummy for your letter of 4 March, which just came to hand. I will have to check the overseas operator here to find out why they wanted my number. I think what might have happened is that someone in England may be trying to reach me and wanted to know my NY number, or the operator here might have lost my number and did not know which Beasley (there are several in NY) to send the bill to. I'm not sure whether they have billed me for the last call I made to you. I really don't know what all the mystery is about. But I don't think there is anything to worry about.

Yes, Donald wrote a very nice letter about receiving the book and I am delighted that he is studying—he sounded so happy to be doing something like that. That in itself makes me really happy. I am happiest when all of you are happy and getting on with one another. It may not seem serious to you all, but I really mean this. Harmony among my family makes me happiest in the world. When I see all of you loving each other, helping each other, sharing with each other and being kind to each other, it gives me the greatest satisfaction and happiness in the world.

I am so sorry that Donald got the Hong Kong flu. Please tell him, Mummy, to drink a lot of fruit juices and eat a lot of citrus fruit, and lots of meats and fish which are high in proteins. David and I, thank God, escaped it simply by doing that and strengthening our cells. It must be miserable to have to put up with all that cold and rain. Oh, how I wish I had the money to give you both a sunny holiday in the Caribbean. Oh, God, I want with all my heart to make you comfortable and happy.

The book has not come as yet, but as I told you in my last letter, there has been a strike for months and months and months. I only received Walter's card last week, and two other English friends posted their cards on the 25th and 27th November and arrived here on the 28th February. Parcels will be delayed even more because the truck drivers are on strike now. So I won't receive the book for months they say.

Now for some cheerful pieces of news. David's book will be seeing a bit of print at last. The New York Public Library runs a publication which publishes works of prominent scholars and men—and they read David's book and liked it, said they will publish the last two chapters and the bibliography in their fall issue (autumn issue). They would have printed it right away except they they have a huge backlog of stuff. In the meantime, the Toronto University Press have asked to see his manuscript. So David will be in print at last,

Mummy and Daddy. I wrote right away to tell Mrs. Beasley, because as a parent, I know she will be happy to know that, and today I received a letter from her saying that she is overjoyed. Also, David was congratulated for having negotiated the best 'first contract' in labour negotiations. He has done enormously well for the NY librarians.

We both got our final exam results—David passed his statistics exam (very difficult on the Master's level)—and I was the only one in both classes to get all ‘A’s. That meant a lot to me and I was most happy. 'A’—means excellent work, 'B’ means good work, fair is 'C’ and ‘D' is passing mark. David told me that only rare students get all ‘A’s. So there—ha ha, hee hee. Our nephew will be going to Switzerland for his studies—of 500 applicants they only choose 88 and he won a place in the university. He’s brilliant.

Bunny called me last week and came to see us early on Saturday morning. After having ignored us all these months—suddenly he showed up. He’s very happy in his work and is doing a good job for education in this country. Told us of the miserable plight of Mumsie and Popie—all having to live in one-room hovels and can’t get houses because they are now considered foreigners. They left things too late, I’m afraid. The bloody Burmese are more cruel than anyone I know. Bunny showed some photographs he took at our house in England, and I must say they came out very well. Except that you looked so sad, Daddy dear. It broke my heart to see you look so sad. Try and cheer up, Daddy. As I said, build some inner strength. Ask God to help you, and read as much as you can. I was thrilled that you had a confidential friend in Father Wier. Try to pray and read. I have not heard from you and I want to know what you are reading these days. I am most interested in that. Will you write to me and let me know? And poor Eustace. Please, Mummy, force him to get a good checkup from a good Doctor. I don't like the way he is getting those colds so frequently. He must look after himself.

So glad Joan and the boys are getting on well. Give Cecil and Babsie and Walter our love too. David and I are well and are studying very hard. I am studying chemistry this semester, among other subjects, as this is a required course. It’s interesting but quite difficult. I got an ‘A+’ for my lecture—remember? Mrs. Beasley is taking it easy these days and may come down to N.Y. with a friend this spring. She should not tire herself.

Daddy, I want to send you a book about the Negroes. It would amaze you to read of their plight—but what the Burmese are doing to Mumsie and Florence is no better. Human beings are cruel in one way or another. We must all try to civilize ourselves and start with personal relationships. So Daddy dear—do read as much as you can. Write and tell me about what you think about books or newspapers you read. Discuss politics with me. I want to share with you all I am learning in the university. You would be fascinated as I am. So write soon, Daddy. I look forward to your letters. All my love . . .

PS. The British and the Australians have turned down Mumsie’s application for emigration.

Mumsie plays a small role in my historical novel *Violet’s Flight* and Popie Mellican plays quite a large role. The two chapters to be printed in the New York Public Library *Bulletin* were from *The Canadian Don Quixote; the Life and Works of Major John Richardson*. This was the start of the book’s long journey into print by catching the attention of scholars in Canada. The assistant-editor, William Coakley, showed interest from the beginning and later published a couple of other articles of mine which led to books.

Viola to my mother. April 17/69. New York.

I am sorry for the delay in writing to thank you for the lovely woollen bed-jacket. I am also so glad you remembered to send it to the U.N.. thank you very much.

Also thank you for the cards for my birthday and Easter. I’m afraid I hardly remembered my birthday nor that it was Easter. We did nothing and the reason was that I had to prepare several mid-term papers which absolutely sapped my energy. I think university work is very difficult and a great challenge. The difficulty lies in carrying a full-time job which doesn’t allow for time. I have not read a newspaper in months and the only recreation I’ve allowed

myself is to watch and listen to ice-hockey games. Otherwise it is all grindstone. So far I'm still enjoying it.

David now is preparing his paper on socialism which is a massive job and he has taken advanced statistics as well—so he's got his plate full.

Thank you for sending us the *Canadian Magazine* about cabinet wives. They don't seem to be having an enjoyable time. It was a nice picture of Marg Munro though.

We've had a fearful shock again over taxes. I do believe the American people will revolt—I think they've reached the ultimate they can tolerate. It is really scandalous. I'm taxed so much on my savings that I wonder if it is worth it. It is too too bad.

David and I hope to celebrate our birthdays after our final exams which will be about the end of May. David has arranged to have the Thursday 29th May off—so we hope we will be able to go away for that long weekend. If you are here—we may rent a car and drive up country, etc. If not, we shall go away to some resort. We really do need a change. I do hope, however, that you will be well enough to come down. I know how tiring traveling can be though. If you can let us know definitely early, we may be able to buy some tickets. I'd love to take you to the Ice follies with Peggy Fleming—she's the new Olympic gold medalist for figure skating. There are so many interesting things going on that I'm looking forward to my release from studies, so that I can live a little! The only things that depress me are the apartment, which I hope to fix up in the summer, and my job. The bad luck I have suffered over it has finally managed to demoralize me. What made it worse was that the Director-General of the IAEA bumped into me by chance in the corridor and gave me such a warm welcome and asked to see me in his office. He was so warm and so regretful of what John Burt et al. did that it was I who felt badly about his concern for me. Anyway one can't go through life without accidents and sorrows. I only hope I don't encounter too many of those, however.

David is busy negotiating for the LTA's (Librarian Technicians), also he is going to demonstrate with hundreds and thousands of New Yorkers who are mad at Rockefeller for cutting the cultural budget. They will be gathering this evening in front of the Public Library.

David hopes to take 2 more courses in the summer months, and then would like to go full time in the fall for 4 months in order to finish his MA in Economics by spring next year. I think it is a good thing. The sooner he finishes his courses the sooner he will return to Canada. He regrets not having gone into economics before instead of studying for librarianship. But, as I pointed out, he would never have been interested in economics if he hadn't been in the Economics Division in the Library in the first place. So there, one thing leads to another—if you're smart.

Must end soon. We both send you our love and hope you all are healthy and cheerful. Was interested to hear of Alec's trip to Jamaica. Did he go there on business? Did he enjoy his air trip?

Viola to her mother. April 22/69 New York.

It has been a long time since I wrote home. I want to thank you for your last air letter and for your Easter and birthday cards—also please thank Eustace, Rita and Daddy. I shall reply to Daddy's letter later on. Donald and Joan, Cecil and Babsie and Maurice and Betty were all so very sweet to have written to me for my birthday. Somehow, this is the first year that I received so many birthday cards. I guess because it coincided with Easter. Anyway I shall reply to all when I can find some time.

I am, as you can well guess, most busy with my studies and my work. I must say Mummy that the pressure is absolutely great. I have had no time even for the hairdresser. At the moment I have some mid-term papers and by May I shall have my final exams, which are always a fearful ordeal. It is not so much the work as the <u>time</u> that puts the pressure on one.

I eat a quick lunch and spend all my time learning and studying. I had a chemistry test—actually the theory of chemistry. I did not study all semester because there was virtually no time with all my other subjects. But I took one day off on the day of the exam and studied with one gigantic effort and I passed it with a 90 mark. Of course, I attended all the lectures and took notes which were of help.

I need hardly tell you, Mummy dear, that I shall be so glad when the end of May comes, and all my exams are over and I can relax. It has been nine months of constant pressure and study. David and I hope to take a long weekend and go away into the country. We both need it so badly.

Mrs. Beasley may come down by the end of May—so I don't know what we will do. David and I are otherwise in good health. He is busy with his union work and with his studies, too. I wonder how Donald is getting on in his studies.

Please tell Eustace that every Saturday afternoon I have been watching a university course on astronomy. Three lectures of 90 minutes every Saturday. Fascinating. I think Eustace should make inquiries about taking up some university courses on astronomy. He is so interested in the subject already. Please, Mummy, don't be lackadaisical now, urge Eustace to try to find out about taking up some serious studies on astronomy. It is more than just looking at the stars. He will have to study physics a bit. But I thought about him, and I have been so fascinated with these lectures.

Olga came down for a few days in New York. She came to visit some man friend of hers. I had a brief lunch with her.

As for me, the only thing that makes me unhappy is my career in the UN. I have had a series of bad luck. And looking back on it—it was my temperament. I am very much like Donald in a way—stuck up. And that is always misunderstood. Also I had too much pride and arrogance. All that had to be knocked out of me. In our family we all suffer that and we were never trained to understand and tolerate other people's faults. Always grouching and fighting. So when we are out in the world we don’t know how to tolerate and understand others, also we were never trained to develop a sense of humour—so we suffer in the end. That is why I wish Rita and Eustace and Donald to try to be tolerant of others and to develop a sense of humour—because when you’re out in the world that is what you will need. When I see my David, I am really put to shame. He is so tolerant and has such a nice humour about everything. Well, Mummy dear, I hope you will forgive me for not writing sooner. I’ve been busy and still am busy. David and I are sending you a small gift and wish you all the happiness in the world and send you all our love. Have a happy birthday and we will be thinking of you on that day.

My union work took a surprising turn in May 1969. The Research Libraries suddenly announced it would close on Saturdays owing to lack of funds. I had made friends with a few writers, in particular Ferdinand “Frank” Lundberg, who wrote *Citizen Hearst* and *The Rich and the Super-Rich* among other best sellers. Those writers on book contracts with publishers could use the Allan Room which had been established by the journalist Frederick Lewis Allan with typewriters and air conditioning. Other writers doing research used the Wertheim Study, a space partitioned off from the south reading hall established by the historian Barbara Tuchman in honor of her father. Other writers used the typing room by the Oriental Division on the second floor where they typed out papers and books—these writers usually worked at other jobs during the week and used the library on Saturdays and Sundays. A writer from this latter group, Dorothy Baker, approached me about protesting the closing. Cuts to the city budget were being protested in many venues but closing the Research Libraries on a Saturday was distinct from them. The city could not finance the private Research Libraries, but there was a way to circumvent this, and one was found eventually. Dorothy had a warm personality with lots of energy. She was in her fifties, slightly stooped, a square face with glasses, an intelligent smile and had lived with a Wall St. financier, now dead. She had been behind reform movements throughout her life and knew how to push the right buttons. She got in touch with a member of the cast of the musical “1776” playing on Broadway. This actor had the contacts throughout the theatrical and literary worlds to bring the big guns into play. [I recall only

that his name began with Van]. Other writers helped her organize a protest on the front steps of the Central Library on a Saturday morning. Betty Comden, half of the songwriter team of Comden and Green, became our Honorary Chairperson. The actor Tony Randall became our emcee. A slew of writers, actors, musicians and scholars agreed to sit on the front steps and speak in turn in defence of the library when introduced by Randall. Some of them were Cleveland Amory, Jerome Weidman, Alan Alda, James Earl Jones, Peter of Peter, Paul and Mary, a couple of professors from City University, and DC37 leader Vic Gotbaum, the latter at the request of Propper, the DC 37 manager. Comden had hoped to bring Judy Mitchell, the singer, but she could not come, which was a pity because I had no idea who she was, and, later, learning that she was Canadian, regretted her absence. I was to introduce Randall. Comden's stage manager would arrange the staging. Scores of celebrities would send telegrams to me to keep the Library open on Saturday—Marian Anderson, Arthur Miller, William Styron and others of note in their professions. Periodically Randall would read from a telegram that was delivered to Dorothy sitting at a clearing desk. [These telegrams along with the signatures of thousands of bystanders in huge scrolls and correspondence from concerned scholars I gave to the Library on my retirement; they are kept in the Berg Collection]. Dorothy had trusted a young writer friend to advertise the event to give us a large audience; she did not do her job. I had got in touch with a youth group, who could bring out hundreds of young protestors, but Propper persuaded me that it would be dangerous because they could not be controlled and I listened to him and cancelled them, which was a mistake.

The night before the rally, Randall, the stage manager and I met at Dorothy's apartment to discuss our plans; then Randall and the stage manger walked with me to the front of the library to familiarize them with the setting. The next morning when I arrived at the Library, I found that certain members of our local had put our Local 1930 banner across the front steps, which seemed to me to be advertising—embarrassing to me. We depended on passersby on Fifth Avenue to be our audience, and, although I feared a small audience, a large crowd began forming once people recognized the participants. Betty Comden brought a huge white sign with the letters CLOSED to put over the Library doors. I had asked the Library Representatives of the Teachers Union to get their members to turn out but only the two representatives arrived about halfway through the proceedings—huge surprise etched into their faces. The New York Congress Representative Ed Koch asked me if he could speak but our roster was already too full. Lundberg, who had quipped that defending libraries was like defending motherhood, entrained in from his home outside the city after it was over, which annoyed me. I had spent days on the telephones in our Division receiving calls from all over [and getting dirty looks from my colleagues who disliked the attention that I could not avoid]; I expected everyone to keep to his promise to attend. Many of our local members may have been scared away by Propper, who at a union meeting warned against anarchists disrupting the speakers. I was getting wary of Propper whose aim seemed to be to undercut the prominence of locals for the greater benefit of DC37. An awkward incident took place behind the speakers when a union member, whom I had helped win a grievance which earned him a promotion, approached me to ask a question. A brown-skinned Arab, he was originally from Aden. Americans had been shocked by the assassinations of John F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy, the latter recently by a brown-skinned Palestinian, whom my friend resembled. Since I bore a resemblance to John Kennedy, Tony Randall, standing near me, froze in apprehension as if he were about to witness another assassination. I directed my friend to a post among the spectators and saw the relief drop over Randall's features.

New York Radio covered the event and interviewed me—which was replayed throughout the day. "Eyewitness News", a popular TV news program led off the evening news picturing the event. The *New York Times* wrote an article about it and mentioned that the historian Barbara Tuchman had given the Library $500. Actually she gave the money to me for our committee to help finance our continuing protest. We called ourselves The Committee of Concerned Friends of the New York Public Library. Much of the speakers' criticism centred on Mayor John Lindsay, which brought a quick solution: the money to keep the private Research Libraries open on Saturday was to be granted to the Graduate Center of the City University, across 42nd Street, to be used to pay the Library for the students' use of the Library. Librarian Larry Murphy, who worked in the management office, reproduced my letter of thanks to the participants with an explanation of the funding on an automatic typewriter, which demonstrated management's pleasure at the outcome. An institution that could receive such an outburst of support and affection from the artists and scholars

of the nation had to be grateful, on the one hand, but on the other, it realized that from now on its autocratic decision-making would have to take the greater public into consideration. Unfortunately, it saw me as a greater threat than I could have guessed.

A good-looking, brown-haired man in his thirties engaged me in conversation after the rally and came to meet me in my Division the following Monday. He seemed interested in my plans for further demonstrations and then a couple of weeks later he turned up at the Library Association Conference in Atlantic City at a hospitality suite that we shared with the School Librarians. I recall only that when I complained of the government's huge investments in armaments when public institutions were starving for funds, he told me of the immense overcharging for weapons by the air force and intimated to me that he was connected with the military in some way. I did not see him after that, but wondered whether someone in the federal government had been interested in me.

Ms. Tuchman's money went toward Committee notepaper, which would be used, as she foresaw, in future attempts to close libraries, and I put the rest into an account with a credit union. Betty Comden was a great crusader for the library cause; she wrote me about working on fund-raising events, but I was too busy with union affairs. A librarian from the Lincoln Center Libraries worked with her to bring celebrities such as Margot Fonteyne to dance and others to conduct concerts to raise money for the Performing Arts collections. When the Bronx branches were threatened with closure, the actors Ruby Dee and her husband Ossie Davis rallied protest sit-ins. All the protests and celebrity fund-raising, however, were small rearguard actions against the inevitable decline of public services brought about by expenditure on foreign wars.

The response to the Library protest rally caught widespread attention, I believe, because of disillusion with the Vietnam War, about which the people had been lied to in the media and by officials. The Library, a beacon of learning, gave the cultural leaders a rallying cry against budget cuts, which, by extension, was against the War, which necessitated those cuts. A couple of months after the Library rally, there was a huge rally held in Bryant Park behind the Research Central building. The Park was unkempt, overgrown, where homeless slept. Citizens walked through it but few sat on its stone benches to look at its untended gardens. I used to walk around inside its walls on lunch break, sometimes with a lithe, bearded Ethiopian who worked temporarily in cataloguing and was plotting a return to Ethiopia—a studious fellow obsessed with political motives. I usually left the Library after work by the Fifth Avenue entrance and was glad I did because one day a mentally unbalanced character bought a rifle at a gun store nearby and sat on a wall on Bryant Park shooting pedestrians walking through the park and along 42nd Street.

Hundreds of young people attended this rally, crowding the park, sitting in the trees, and listening to Rod McKuen reciting his poetry. This was a more overt expression of antiwar sentiment, which was soon to inflame college campuses and bring thousands into the streets in silent marches. I saw one day from the steps of the Library a mass of people stretching the width of Fifth Avenue as far north as I could see and waiting to join the thousands silently walking down 42nd street to the United Nations on First Avenue. This was impressive!

I became known to the antiwar movement. Persons suggested I run for public office and were surprised to hear I was Canadian. I was asked to some events to support this or that cause and found participants, who mistrusted one another because their groups had different ultimate goals but all welcomed me. I recall a dinner at which Daniel Ellsberg was among the honorees for releasing the Pentagon Papers, which led to the beginning of the end of the Vietnam war and President Richard Nixon. I sat at the head table next to Ellsberg's wife, a slim pretty woman, who told me they had not been married long. She was a courageous supporter and must have known when she married him that he would be prosecuted for leaking the Papers. I can see him addressing the persons at the dinner and the New York congressional representative Bella Abzug, a powerful fighter for women's rights and an anti-Vietnam War resister, smiling at me as we departed. I don't remember speaking to either of them but both must have known of my library rally. The dinner probably was in 1971 before Ellsberg went on trial. Although I gave no thought to government reaction against those who did not agree with its policies—indeed, I considered myself too small a fish to even be spied on—I was certainly aware of government interest. I knew that my office telephone was tapped because the man who tapped it put in the listening device in front of me, which was kind of him. He did not say that it was a bug but the device looked ominous. Later, Santiago Moneo, the son of the man from

whom I rented my studio, told me that two FBI agents asked to inspect my studio and may have left a bug there.

Our Local 1930 headquarters was in a small old building wedged between the fire station and a much taller building on West 43rd Street. Iris Cox, vice-president for clerks, found that it could be rented cheaply. The drunken janitor lived next door on the same floor and overheard our heated arguments at board meetings. We would hear him suddenly burst out in anger, quarrelling with himself as if mimicking us. Below us was a messenger service and on the first floor below it, some months after we were established, a massage parlour moved in and offered girls as "librarians". I dealt with this experience in the second volume of my library mysteries trilogy, *The Grand Conspiracy*. It is a jaundiced record of my union experience at the time of the fiscal crisis in New York City, which brought out the worst in people. The first volume, *The Jenny*, based on the theft of the Miller stamp collection from the Library and its prize stamp the "Inverted Jenny" gave the reader an idea of how the Library was run and the attitudes of the trustees. It was liked by Americans who read it in manuscript. A literary agent, a *New York Times* editor, tried to find a publisher. The same agent would not touch *The Grand Conspiracy*—he simply shook his head as if I had committed a major faux-pas that Americans could not forgive. These works were written in the early mornings in the 1980s before I went to work and reflected what I had learnt from what I call "my political years." Within a year of our rally, the Research Libraries formed a Committee of Friends of the New York Public Library, a fund-raising venture, and from that point, the trustees appointed a President, whose main job was to raise money for the collections—Vartan Gregorian being the best known of them because of his penchant for making the news.

Ellsberg's biography reveals that his first wife asked for a divorce at the time he was to reveal the Pentagon Papers to the public; she was the daughter of a General. The father of his second wife was a rich maker of toys, who glorified military men and regarded Ellsberg as a traitor. Ellsberg had worked on compiling the Papers under McNamara and in the higher reaches of government advising Kissinger and Nixon, the very men who tried to discredit him later. His sudden recognition that what they were doing was wrong came as a thunderclap. The young Americans willing to go to prison for opposing the war had an honesty and compassion that the men running the government lacked; the deception practiced by Kissinger and company furthered their careers and fed off a gullible patriotism inculcated in the average American. The patriotism of Americans is touching in one sense and alarming in another. The American cannot accept any criticism of his country, even from his fellow Americans. His country has a natural right to do whatever it decides and the American is the world's best citizen, superior to those around the world to whom he periodically shows charity. This bull-headed righteousness is both mocked and feared by the rest of the world, which looks for and depends upon the rise of Americans liberated from it and who, on occasion, lead the nation against ferocious opposition in their country. Not only did Ellsberg have to withstand hatred from his countrymen, but the shock to his own patriotic system. That those honoring him at the dinner I attended were few should not be surprising.

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

Public Librarian's Professional Certificate

David Richard Beasley

State certificate came over 2 years after the degree; service on the job was required.

Above left, union members plant tree outside Library to memory of Mary-Ellen, one of our fellow organizers. Right rally in front of the Central Research Libraries to keep Libraries open.
Below left, Tony Randall, emcee, greets Cleveland Amory. I stand behind with stage manager.
Right, a reporter from CBC radio interviews me while Elaine Eldridge of Screen Actors Guild looks on.

Above, left Goldsworthy Gurney's steam carriage on its way to Bath from London, July 1829, the route we followed.
Above right, Eilean Donan Castle, Loch Duich, Wester Ross, looking westwards to the Isle of Skye—a romantic prospect that a motor trip through the west of the United Kingdom can bring.

Left, London bridge and smog.

TWENTY——CHALLENGES

Viola to my mother. June 11/69 New York

This is a much delayed letter but we are both gradually unwinding. We hope that by the time you get this letter you would have got over your poison ivy. We can't believe you got it at the Lilac Gardens, otherwise David would have been the first to get it. Anyway, I hope you are better now.

We both enjoyed our trip up to the Bruce Peninsula immensely and we loved having you. I thought it a much better idea than your coming down to NY which would not have given any of us the rest we all needed.

David has to go to Atlantic City on June 22 for a couple of days, and I may go to the University Residential weekend on June 20. A pity that these two events clash because I know David would have loved to come to our university weekend. All the Professors will be there and we have discussions, swimming, walks in the woods, tennis, etc. I can't go to Atlantic City with David because my boss will be leaving at that time for his leave and wants me in the office.

I worked like a beaver on Saturday—getting rid of our winter clothes and getting out our summer ones. Always a major job—I have to send our winter clothes, blankets, bedspreads and rugs etc. to cleaners and for storage—cost me the earth—but we just have no room in the apartment.

David has started his summer school on Monday and both the courses sound interesting. He's very pleased with the dynamic lecturer in one of the courses. We have not received our final exam results—except for one course in literature for which I got an 'A'. I am very proud of this particular mark as the Professor was very strict, demanding and mingy with her marks. She has a Radcliffe background apparently, and she certainly knew her subject. I learnt a great deal from her and I feel very grateful.

The weather continues to be marvelous and I've begun swimming, dieting and exercising.

I received a brief letter from my father who told me that he and Mummy went up to Scotland to attend my nephew's "first communion" ceremony. How sweet, little Michael is so mischievous that I cannot picture him looking goody goody in his white little suit. Apparently Rita has followed in my footsteps and is studying. It was I who urged her to take some degree and I find it odd that she has not written to me. Think I told you that my elder brother is taking advance engineering courses in St. Andrew's University—which is famous for its engineering school. He will be getting out of the Air Force and already firms have offered him jobs because of his special knowledge in electronics.

David has written the first draft of his introduction to his chapters which are to be published in September. His rally was also publicized in the Wilson Library Publication with his picture in it.

I read the article on why Canadians do not come to New York. I found the article amusing though a little exaggerated and slanted. I wrote to Ella Baird to thank her for her kindness in entertaining us that day. We both enjoyed the outing very much. I also sent her the reply I received from *Time* Inc. telling me they cannot send us the photograph she wanted.

I shall shop for a nice UN card this afternoon to send to Mrs. Davey. I was so glad she remembered us.

Had my classmate to lunch yesterday—Sandy. She's expecting a baby and guess who her doctor is? Dr. Hawks—my doctor—who helped me after I lost my baby. Apparently Sandy told me that he's one of the leading caesarian doctors in the world and lectures all over the world. My baby's case is mentioned in his book on *Breach Babies*. All that terrible memory came flooding back to me. Had I known that my pregnancy would have ended in such a complicated way, I would have gone to England. I was so full of confidence.

Sandy nearly lost her baby and has to rest a lot. She wants to go away to a quiet resort beyond Montauk Point away from her husband and two-year-old son. Asked me if I would like to drive with her and spend a quiet weekend there. Her husband comes from a millionaire-stock brokerage family—and he's very demanding apparently. He's partly Jewish. I have three friends whose husbands are Jews—all rich and all lazy men as far as helping in the house is concerned. They treat their wives like glorified housemaids. If I were kept in luxury, I wouldn't complain, but, if I've got to work and earn my own living, I would tell them to go and jump in the lake. An Anglo-Saxon husband may not be the most romantic or the most gift-giving type of chap—but at least he's humane and understanding and understands marriage to be a sharing.

Read today that Harry Howell (Ranger Ice-Hockey player from Hamilton who recently had a back operation, remember?) has been traded to Oakland Seals. Oh, how terrible. I liked him so much. He must feel very badly about this. Means selling his home and going to San Francisco.

Must end now—this has gone on long enough, and I've been rambling on meaninglessly. Love to Jim, Alec and Anne and Aunt Mont and Uncle Edward.

Viola and I rented a car from Budget in Hamilton and took my mother with us on trip of a few days up the Bruce Peninsula with Lake Huron on one side and Georgian Bay on the other to Tobermory at the tip. We met the Davies, the old couple who ran the hotel and shared memories of our stay with them after we had canoed the Saugeen River. The car had bad tires which meant three or four blowouts, which I had to repair; otherwise it was a pleasant journey. Viola liked to include my mother on these outings because she knew the love my mother had for me and the rarity of our meetings.

Viola to my mother. June 26/69 New York.

Thank you for your letter to David and myself. David told me that you called him on Sunday. He appreciated that very much and thought it was very thoughtful of you.

I'm so glad to know that it was not poison ivy you got but just shingles. I hope you are better now. I've got a couple of spots on my right shoulder too. It does not look serious at all. I am enclosing a newspaper clipping which I thought might interest you. You may be wondering why David is taking a Masters in Economics and where it will lead him. A degree in Economics is very important today and it is not an easy subject. In the United Nations—most of the men here are going to the same school that David is going to in order to get an economics degree for their own advancement in their careers. Most of my British friends here with Cambridge degrees are also having to take Economics and they are finding it difficult. With an economics degree David can move in all circles—government, academic, business, etc. It is one of the most essential subjects today.

The clipping will give you an idea of the demand for economists.

David has not found it the easiest subject in the world, but he has found it the most fascinating. I shall have to take a course in economics next year—but it will be only one course on theory—David is specializing in it.

My university residential weekend was great fun. It was set in a beautiful part of New Jersey and the country was magnificent. We had the famous scientist Vishyniac there, who brought his microscope and took us on nature walks explaining things to us, and then he brought his films showing us microorganisms that live on the beaches. Fascinating. We had

panels and small seminars and it was wonderful to hold these under trees; we had marvelous swimming in the lake and tennis, etc. Excellent food too and one cocktail party. I had a lot of interesting conversations with faculty and students more senior to me. The Dean told me that this programme will probably be a full BA programme by the time I graduate. That was the best news I had.

I think David would have enjoyed the weekend. There were several husbands. They also showed us a film and then we had discussions, etc.

David is now back from his Atlantic City convention. He seemed to have enjoyed it—but it was all business.

Since we did not celebrate David's birthday and I had promised to do so after all our exams —I am taking him to the Catskills Mountains on Saturday with some of my friends in the International Gourmet Club to the Auberge des Quatre Saisons—which has 65 acres of beautiful grounds—swimming, tennis, a library, color TV etc. and which will serve us a gourmet French luncheon with two wines. Jess Aland, my very dear Australian friend, will be coming (she belongs to the Gourmet Club in the UN). It will take us 2 and a half hours drive from 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. This outing is my birthday present to David. He can bring all his books to read and Jess and I won't disturb him.

I have just been notified of my grades—once more I scored all 'A's and once more I've been the only student to do so. So I've made the Dean's list twice in my freshman year—and I doubt if I will ever be able to keep it up. Apparently we have a very strict professor next year—who is a superior brain. I'm so scared already that David is making me read all kinds of books now in order that I should be ready for him in the fall. I'm not going to try as hard as I did the first year. I tried hard this year to prove to myself I could do it.

David has a couple of tough courses right now and luckily I am able to borrow most of the books from the United Nations for him. I don't envy him. I shall never scoff at University work again—I will have to agree it is tough.

Must end now—give our love to Jim, Aunt Mont and Uncle Edward, Alec, Anne and the children and to Miss Baird, Mrs. Crerar and Mrs. Swan.

PS. I still drool when I think of our lovely trip up the Bruce Peninsula, I loved every minute of it—and we were so happy you came with us.

Kitty Hood to Viola. July 22/69. Bar-Sur-Loup, Mas Saint-Claude.

First, do not ever think you could possibly put me off or whatever by anything you ever wrote by what you call bragging!!! I just love your letter and that you are utterly frank with me and tell me how you are feeling and thinking at the time, but I have been just bursting to tell you how much I enjoyed your papers, every word. They were fascinating for me—I think you have a marvelous clarity of thought and expression and I was most interested in the Professor's annotations and remarks—unfortunately several of these did not come through very clearly on the photostat—however a lot did. It is interesting that she puts so many comments, yes, very thorough as you say. Nicky she gave you very high praise and how satisfying that is. I was terribly interested in the Nabokov paper—goodness Nicky you have a marvelously piercing mind—I am just full of admiration and I must say I thoroughly enjoyed reading all of them. I love the way you get down immediately to the core of everything—I mean immediately one feels oneself in contact with a clear mind as though a bright light were falling on the matter in hand and one sees something fresh and clear—the same sort of pleasure I feel sometimes looking out the window at dawn when everything is bright and new and fresh—real joy. To think you have been hiding all this under a bushel all these years—well, not entirely of course, as I always realized you were extremely intelligent, but this training will be wonderful for you—the bud of your mind was always there and all it needed was water—or in other words guidance and encouragement, which you are now getting and making full use of. Any time you can send me anything of yours, I shall feel deeply honored and thrilled. I didn't find the paper on the Shakespeare sonnet at

all dull—the professor made a lot of comments on it which unfortunately are hard to read, but I got a copy of the sonnet and followed it with your paper—very interesting, yes, it is a very powerful sonnet.

Today we got the invitation to the "Vernissage" of M. Poullain's paintings and we will certainly go next Saturday—will write and tell you about it. How lovely if you had been able to come, but can well understand you did not want to come without David. Nicky what a lovely photo of David—yes, most certainly he looks like the Kennedy family—Ted—a lovely person. How awful poor Edward Kennedy having that accident and killing his own secretary—awful for him. There is no question of it being his fault is there? I so hope he will come to the top and that this time his guardian angel will protect him from assassins.

Yes, please do send me the publication you are typing for David. How did the CBS interview go—do tell me. Will also much look forward to snaps of you, Jess and David at the Gourmet Club. I do not know how it is I haven't written for so long—we have had visitors: actually quite a few friends from Israel for meals, also some British Council people to stay and our German friend from Bonn, and I am the taxi driver for my parents too, so time goes rushing by. I have been trying to find time to make a dress (I make all my own now) but still haven't made a start. It is terribly hot—but no doubt New York is even hotter. Difficult to sleep at night, but we are in and out of our pool which is a real boon. John is fine and a darling and always doing something—he really looks well though and we are really, I suppose, happier than before—much more stable and I am terribly fond of him so that I cannot think of life without him and so do all I can to keep him well and cherish him—after all he is a good bit older than me and has this heart condition as you know. I love my parents, but he is everything to me and the greatest pleasure is going off with him somewhere—we go for short trips and in October plan to go to southern Italy for a longer trip—3 weeks or so. His company is always stimulating and we are so much in harmony on important things, have the same tastes. You know how I used to get flared up in a temper, well at least he knows just what to say to nip it in the bud! The answer is a quiet <u>rational</u> reply and all my temper goes into thin air. Before he used to just close up and say nothing, which used to infuriate me and just acted as a provocation. Well, anyway, of course there are now very rare occasions that he drinks more than a few glasses of wine with a meal, which does not harm him or change him so that this worry has been almost completely abolished.

Do tell me what you are reading and thinking and planning—do love to hear from you. Have to drive my parents to a bridge evening (glad we could get out of it, as I prefer practical things or visiting friends).

Well, Nicky dear—oh, before I forget—today got a cable from my brother that he has a son, born on 21st July (the MOON day!) Isn't it exciting. They are coming to Le Bar for Christmas when Peter is changing jobs. They are in Rhodesia now while Frisca is recovering, she had the baby there. They wanted a boy so it's perfect. I am delighted for them, as we all are. I am so happy to think you know my darling Pete.

Well, dears, I send you so much love and affectionate thoughts to you both from us both—also to Jess please. So glad for her she could stay on for another while. Her American friend (Elizabeth Carmalt—you met her, remember that argument!) is due back for the summer but has not yet come from Paris.

Don't forget to send me papers and David's publication, you darling.

Viola to my mother. July 28/69. New York

Your letter has just arrived and I thank you. I am so sorry you did not get my last letter. Can't imagine what could have happened to it. However, I have a copy of it here and I shall enclose it. You will have to do without the clippings though. It was a *New York Times* article telling how much in demand economists are.

I also received a letter from my father who tells me that my brother and his family will be going to Singapore for two years. I don't think he is happy about it. He wants to get out of the RAF and with his technical knowledge in electronic engineering, he has already been approached by several big firms in England. This move to the Far East will mean the children's school interruption and also my brother's advance study in St. Andrews University. But it will be a good experience for Joan and all of them. They will have a big house and servants, although I have had to write and warn my brother about whom he hires as servants because things are not the same in the East as they were when we were there. I hope there will be a good school for his children. The British are pulling out all their troops in a couple of years and they want to train the people of Singapore before doing so and that is why Donald is being sent there.

Received a letter from Kitty. She must have gone to my boss's painting exhibition at the Chateau de Musée in the south of France not far from Kitty and John's villa. My boss, who is French, knew John Hood and served on the same Balkan mission for the UN in 1946. John was Head of that Mission. M. Poullain (my boss's name) is quite a remarkable man. A marvelous painter, an author of literature books for the Paris University publishers, and is a great tennis player, won the UN tournament championships for several years, won the south of France championship also, and now plays in Forest Hills. He will have several Cabinet Minsters at his opening, the mayor and other prominent artists and people, I'm told. Kitty and John were sent a formal invitation. I was given one, in case I found myself in the south of France, he said. I would have gone too, as Barbara invited me to stay with her for a week in Geneva, and Kitty would have wanted me to stay one week, and I could have gone home for one week. I was so tempted, but of course, I would miss David. Oh, I might as well tell you that M. Poullain's wife is a beautiful English woman—very accomplished herself—paints, and made a couple of films, I believe as an actress.

David has finished his summer school and has worked himself so hard that he is only now gradually recovering. I have several books to read and I am enjoying the leisure with which to do so. I have a good friend here—Moira Figgis, who is Cambridge Univ. trained. She and I have had several lunches together and I brought her home to meet David about a year ago. In my political class I came across a name J.N. Figgis who initiated the Pluralism Movement—and it turned out that it was Moira's uncle. Isn't the world small?

I haven't done anything to the apartment because David is battling with the landlord. The latter refuses to paint our apartment unless we sign a new lease, and David wants him to paint the apartment first before signing the new lease. The new lease asks for a 15% raise in rent. Cheek. So my hands are tied. Now that David has finished his studies, he and I can go together to get some furniture. New Beds and a couple of chairs. I hate New York in the summer—it depresses me. I may take the next two weeks off and go to a resort for some fresh air. I could take my books and swim in some lake perhaps.

Marvelous for Warren. I know he will enjoy himself. Europe is so very different from the American Continent. The people's attitude there is warmer and keener, and they are really interested in cultural things, even among ordinary people. I have always enjoyed my trips to Europe and have made very interesting and lasting friendships there. Warren will have the time of his life. He will be able to brush up his French, etc. What a splendid idea to send him abroad. David and I want to go to Laval Univ. perhaps next year for French. I have made inquiries, and it sounds very difficult but very interesting. This is only a thought.

I have not got in touch with Helen. No doubt she is away for the summer. I may give her a ring in the fall. What news of little Beverly in Montreal? Any wedding bells in the offing? I'm so glad Fraser Bruce's eye is a success—tricky things—cataracts. Give Big Bev in Burlington our love. I shall write to her soon, I hope.

Poor Ted Kennedy. People forget very easily don't they. The poor man has had just too much to put up with. I defy any one man to stand what poor Ted Kennedy had to—one retarded sister, two air crashes which killed his brother and sister, two assassinations—one stroke which paralyzed his father, two miscarriages by his wife, his own plane crash and

now to be the cause of a beautiful young girl's death—oh my heavens, I think people are cruel to say those horrible things about him—even if he were a little drunk or having a mild flirtation with a young girl—no ordinary human being can take that many tragedies in one's lifetime. Then he has to take care of all those children, the family financial affairs, and the political responsibilities of his State, the Senate, even the Nation. The Democratic Party has put so much pressure on him that I can't believe that he could be sane. If he reacted to this terrible tragedy the way he did, then it is more than understandable. How I hate people, Mother. I hate this habit of gossiping—I hate this habit of destroying others. It seems to be the custom. I can only say that people must be idle and must lead very nasty inner lives to think so badly of others and to say such nasty things of others. It is almost the done thing among people—gossip, gossip and gossip—never seeing their own limitations and never realizing the damage they can do to others. People should be put to work, or given things to occupy their empty minds, then perhaps they won't gossip so much. It is equal to murder—gossiping—because it destroys a person's character or chances of progress.

Don't you find these days, or perhaps it has always been the case, how people find it hard to share your joys and triumphs? The minute you have something nice—they become jealous and envious and want to knock you down. They can't sympathize with your sorrow either—they immediately gloat and say vicious things—like they are saying about poor Ted Kennedy. It has come to a point now where one can't say anything to anyone for fear it would be gossiped about or misinterpreted or used against you.

The Apollo 11 flight was simply magnificent. We had the Monday off. I felt so great and excited and festive, that I did all my housework on Friday evening, stacked up the house with provisions for the weekend and then settled down to a long vigil for 40 hours. I was glued to the TV. Poor David had his exam and had to study in the bedroom with the door closed so that the TV wouldn't disturb him, but I called him for the highlights, that is, the landing and the moon walk, and the take off. Oh, I enjoyed every minute of it and was moved at the landing. It was magnificent. I loved it all and wish I could have that weekend all over again.

The stupid UN wanted to send its flag and the charter, etc. but they were refused, ostensibly because they were not disinfected or something—but the Americans said the only flag will be the American flag. Another high Indian official will be leaving—I think that is wonderful news. We need to get rid of them. I don't know about Canada, but over here, during the Apollo 11 weekend, we had continuous programmes and marvelous discussions by scientists, etc. So fascinating. Read about Trudeau getting mad with the farmers who carried a banner calling him a pig, and saying "hustle wheat, don't hustle women!" How rude. What is happening to people these days, I wonder—no decency left, no respect for public office or personages. It makes me mad.

Marvelous about Carpentier being a Canadian. Another Canadian has been offered to be head of some Astronomy Institute. Can't think of the exact title or name. It is a pity that they have to come to the USA. But the Americans and Canadians are almost one nation economically.

Sometimes, I have much sympathy with Trudeau. I think he is quite right when he said that people should investigate newspapermen and TV and radio newsmen. Why not? They are public servicemen—they shape public opinion—why shouldn't they be investigated? Where do these newsmen spend their out of town evenings? With whom, etc. We should find out about their family life, about their wives, etc. Do they drink, do they take drugs, how much money do they spend on clothes, etc. Why not? Trudeau is right, why should poor prime ministers and big names suffer this indignity and insult by prying inquisitive gossipy newsmen? That horrible secretary of Jacqueline Kennedy's—what right has she to write such a vicious book about Jackie Kennedy? What a vulgar person she is. In the first place, she has violated the code of decent humanity—secondly, she has degraded and insulted the profession of senior and private secretaries—and thirdly, she has disgraced herself as a woman. As a Private secretary—one is in a very privileged position, and privy to the most intimate aspect of a boss's thoughts and actions—it is up to the secretary to preserve this

and honor this side of her work. I think this woman Gallager is a total disgrace—she couldn't have done worse if she peddled herself for profit.

We saw the David Frost show the other day—he interviews several interesting people. We enjoy his shows. He had that horrible woman Jacqueline Susanne. Oh, was she vulgar? She was horrible and insulted a Harvard professor in such a cheap and low way that David and I were scandalized for days afterwards. Truman Capote also insulted her on the Johnny Carson show. She writes such trash—I read bits of her book "The Love Machine" in a magazine—couldn't read very much, it was so bad. Yet the public buys and reads such rubbish—no wonder the world thinks so cheaply and evily.

For the first time in many months, David and I went to a movie—"Ring of Bright Water" about otters by Gavin Maxwell. If you have not already done so it is a marvelous picture for children—especially Peter.

David and I may go to George Lake next weekend for some lake swimming. We are tired of the wet and muggy weather here. It was ghastly yesterday—really sticky.

Must end now—I have written a scroll. It will probably take you days to read this letter. I'm sorry and apologize in advance. But it is a quiet day, and I have spouted and rambled on with no thought to grammar or sentence or even sense. Hope you will fare better by trying to understand this ramble.

David sends much love—he will be seeing the New York Public Library editors in about a week's time about his manuscript. It has been typed and ready for them—but there may be some changes—editorially speaking that is.

All my love and once more forgive length of this letter.

Viola to her mother. August 11/69. New York.

David and I have just returned from a long weekend at a Lake up north of N.Y. State where David was able to relax and get a little sun. We canoed and swam and it was wonderful to have someone else do the beds and cooking. I received your letter on my return last night.

I am sorry your knee and arm are hurting so much, Mummy dear. I think you have been working too hard. When the children leave on the 25th August, please take a good long rest. Ask Daddy to help you with the shopping, etc. Teach him to cook properly. If you can show him confidence, he will respond very well and may even surprise you of his capabilities. A rest is very essential with arthritis.

Although Mrs. Beasley wrote to say she was well she has been suffering from shingles on her right arm and can hardly use it. Like you, she has difficulty writing. Last year, Mummy, we really thought we were going to lose her. She got so thin and frail suddenly. She looks a little better but is not really herself.

Do look after yourself Mummy. I am so glad Uncle Yaw Ba's daughter came to stay with you with her friend. What does she say about Burma? I wish I could have met them.

Thank the children for their nice letters. Christopher said he did very well in school. Wonderful. What about Michael? Maybe he's a slow developer. I hope Donald will take all the precautions about inoculations, etc. before the children leave for Singapore. Pity he can't keep them as boarders in school. I wrote to Donald. Hope he got my letter.

I was very sad to hear about Kathleen Green. What is her husband doing? Oh Mummy, don't you thank God for looking after our family? Please try to be happy and kind towards Daddy and thank God we are all doing well in our own small way. I think you are wonderful the way you remain active. Wonderful of you to have enough curiosity to see the moon landing. I was so thrilled to think you sat up all night to see it. Shows what an active mind you have. Good for you, Mummy, and good that you allowed the children to stay up and see it with you. I am very proud of you.

I am glad Eustace has bought a telescope, a bigger one. Ask him to try to study astronomy. I followed some courses on TV and I was thrilled. If he could study astronomy as a hobby, he could even go into space work with the IBM. I hope Donald was able to finish one course at least at St. Andrews. Try to encourage them, Mummy. Or else we will all end up like Kathleen Thornton.

I was invited to stay with my friend in Geneva and in the south of France and I was very tempted to go. I could have stayed a few days at home too. But I couldn't leave David so I put it off. I am staying at home instead and busy buying furniture and getting rid of the horrible landlord's—At last!

How are Betty and Maurice? Yes, I am interested to know about the other Thornton children. When did Kathleen come to England? Where are Marmoo, Kendrich, Henry and Coral? Oh, how I hate wars.

The Thorntons, Viola mentions, were the children of Mrs. Thornton, Marie's best friend in Burma, about whom I wrote in *Violet's Flight*.

Viola to Kitty Hood. August 21/69. New York.

David and I were away for a week and are now back in NY. After sweltering steam bath weather, we have a clear, sunny and cool day—almost like autumn. Thank you for your lovely letter of 22 July. Oh you are much too generous in your praise for my papers. I was happy to know though that you enjoyed reading them. It's rather fun writing these papers—except that you have to do it in a very short period, which puts a tremendous pressure on you, and then there are other papers to do from other courses. Anyway, I'm so glad you enjoyed them, and I thank you for your warm and generous and very flattering remarks.

Reading your letter which is before me—you no doubt have read more about Ted Kennedy. I'm afraid he has acted abominably even allowing for his state of mind or alcoholic condition, or even if he were having a mild flirtation with the girl—what I think is shocking, is leaving that girl in that submerged car all night.

I note all you say Kitty about your love for John. I know what you mean and it is wonderful that marriages can be so very happy and wonderful. So often I hear the reverse. I really believe women expect too much from their men and are unable to make allowances. I can quite believe you are a very lucky person to have John as a companion—he is, as you say, most stimulating, and he has always been admired for his brilliance.

Marvelous about Peter having a son on moonday—what will be his name? Also, Bridget having a daughter after 3 boys—marvelous. Your family is certainly growing, Kitty, and you must have a lot of fun when they all come to visit you. Where will Peter go now? Is his Rhodesian stint finished already? How time flies.

Mr. Poullain returned on the 19th. He told me he was absolutely delighted that you and John went to his exhibition and how happy he and his wife were to meet you. He wanted to visit you but discovered there was literally no time and, as he does not drive, neither does his wife, it was difficult and he apologizes. He showed me a couple of newspaper clippings about the show—and there was one of you and John with the Poullains and a couple of mayors and other officials. Unfortunately he had no spare copies—so I had to borrow it and show it to Jess and David. You seem to keep your weight down—marvelous, and John looked as handsome as ever. Did you enjoy the show? And did you enjoy the Poullains. She is quite a lovely person—and they say over here in the UN—he's quite peculiar!! Although I find him OK and artistic. Do write and let me know what you really thought. I'm curious.

I'm at the moment at last getting my apartment organized. We have won our battle with the landlord—got him to agree to get rid of the furniture (he actually said we could have it to dispose of whenever we felt like it), got him at long last to paint our apartment—he was holding it over our heads on condition we sign a new lease with a rent increase—David told him to go to hell and the City Rent Office supported us and even decreased our rent for us.

> We have now chosen a couple of chairs and will have convertibles in our bedroom so that we will have more room during the day and can use it as another sitting room. Also putting a new floor in our dinette.
>
> Otherwise life is very quiet—I am reading a great deal. I have a summer reading list which keeps me occupied all the time. I find everything fascinating. You should try to read Jane Austen. I think *Emma* is one of the most perfect novels ever written. Jane Austen is a master of her art. Have you read *Emma*? If not, do read that book, Kitty, you will enjoy it for the sheer pleasure of the story—and for her absolute mastery of form and characterization. I have read almost all her six novels and everything about her. I have nothing but absolute admiration for her. I'm deep in Coleridge now, and find him fascinating. The other required books I have to read have opened my mind into other fields, and I now wish I could just hole up somewhere in the woods with stacks of books and just read, read, read. In a way, I'm glad I have a stupid asinine job, because it does not tax my brain and I have the time to devote it to my studies, which I so far enjoy. Although once again in my finals, I got straight 'A's' I don't think I shall be able to keep it up. In fact I'm terrified of a Professor Bell, who everyone tells me is a brilliant man but terribly strict and demanding and really mingy with his marks. He also has arrogance and is quite able to make the students look foolish. Oh, I don't like him already.
>
> We went to a University residential weekend. They have a lovely place in the country and every year after final term the students are invited to spend a weekend in the University's country place. We are allowed to bring our friends and spouse. They have seminars and talks, cocktails and film—and plenty of time for swimming, tennis, and other activities. I enjoyed it very much. Our guest of honor was Mr. Vishyniac—a Russian Scientist, now American. He took us on nature walks and brought his microscope with him—an electronic one—and showed us little organisms, etc. Most fascinating. Jess tells me that she will be visiting you soon. I hope she won't miss you and John, knowing how much you two travel.
>
> David is working very hard as usual—but I'm worried about his losing weight. I mean, he looks thin although his weight is normal. I think his studies are taking a lot out of him. It is such a difficult subject.
>
> We both send you and John our love, and, although we have not met your parents, we send them our good wishes. Do write soon, Kitty, and tell me all about your fascinating life. Whenever I'm down in spirit—I think of the type of life you and John now lead and long to be able to live like that in Canada. However, some people are not born under a lucky star perhaps.

Viola called her job in the Political Affairs Division "asinine" because her work was simple compared to the task she had in the Atomic Energy Agency liaison office, where she was the only one who could master the complicated documents filing and had to draft paragraphs for reports submitted to the Security Council. Her present division was very political and only certain members were called on for advice, the others showing up at their offices with nothing to do. In December of 1969, the Acting Director Stoessinger included Viola among those recommended for promotion to the Under-Secretary-General Kutakov—"she had already in the past been entrusted with a great deal of responsibilities previously borne by a professional."

From me to my mother. September 28/69. New York.

> My long silence through a long summer has not been intentional. I have been holding my breath until my summer courses were over. I wrote my last exam (on development planning) last Friday. On Tuesday I begin the next semester—Courses on Capitalism and Labor Economics—so for the moment I have the opportunity to make amends for my silence. Many things seem to be happening and yet nothing is happening. For example, I have taken several courses in economics, yet I find that I am learning little, and I think this has something to do with the offhand manner of teaching today. The malaise which has beset younger students concerning the irrelevancy of their studies has infected us all. We learn to apply ourselves to a job, but that job and our learning does not help us to

understand ourselves and our place in the world. To do this we would need an altogether different approach to education, the kind of approach I tried to give myself in my years in Europe. I yearn to write again because through it I come into contact with my soul or being or whatever it is that makes one feel whole. Work has become more bureaucratic and dull across the world, really an insult to an intelligent person. What we need is the contact of personality, not impersonality, and we need this in teachers who will love communicating their subject, not for application to a technical job, but for one's human development.

Another example is my Richardson biography. Toronto University Press has had the manuscript for almost seven months, but the editors have given me no assurance that they will publish it. How long must I wait in the twilight zone. The editors of the *Bulletin* should be letting me know if the two chapters will appear in the November *Bulletin*, but I have a hunch they are waiting to hear about Toronto U. Press. So you see, development is non-development, and planning has nothing to do with it, for as our friend has said: 'the best laid plans of mice and men aft gan astray'.

A further example is the library union. We shall be signing the working conditions contract, which I and my team have been negotiating for almost a year, on this coming Tuesday the 30th at 3 p.m. in the Director's Office. The bigwigs of the union will be there and so will management basking in the glory of two large forces coming together, and yet does it really change anything?—not unless the employees can use the contract wisely—for the battle will really begin in earnest after the signing.

My first love is writing, but one cannot live by doing the 'true' writing, doing One's Thing. I have an urge to create again, but I have to hold back until the balances are right, until I know what I have to say, and I can find the time to say it. And say it for whom? Many good writers have their books published years after they have been written—which may be my lot. At least it is a dream I cling to. Yet I have learned that publication means nothing really, that the act of writing is simply writing, and the gratification comes from that, whereas the act of publishing can bring unhappiness, distortion, as well as money in the bank. Publishing brings social recognition and promotion in our material-minded society, which explains why so many professors attain such prominence from writing a series of mishmashes of other men's ideas.

So that is our state. As for our material surroundings, thanks to Viola's efforts our apartment is looking quite different. You will be surprised when you visit us. We are awaiting three new chairs and some other accessories before calling our renovations complete 'subject to the need for refurbishing'.

Between the first and second pages [of this letter], I visited a friend in St. Vincent's Hospital near here. I have known him for some years at the library, then last week he told me that he was very lonely in New York; after six, when the library closed, that is our Economics Division, it was all over. He had not been able to sleep for months. He was too shy to date any girls. He is plain; Dutch Jewish, one of the most honest and kindest people I have known. He called in sick last Wednesday. Evidently he felt himself going round the bend, thoughts of suicide, and he committed himself to the hospital where I saw him just a few minutes ago. He has had a nervous breakdown, but at least he is able to sleep even if he is drugged to an extent to bring sleep on. This is what city life does to people, this is what our alienated world of technology has done—we must return to Goethe's world of nature, of alliance with the elemental forces of our planet from which we sprang and which nourish us as we should be nourishing them rather than exploiting and extinguishing them as we do. Is North America's biggest septic tank cleaned up yet? I bet not.

I shall drop Doug Bruce a line soon. I am sorry to connect him with Burlington Bay; it is the industrial connection, and a memory of my protest about the Bay to him once when he was driving us to Allan's country place.

But now how about you, my poor mother, with a cursed arm and that suspect Dr. who seems to usher so many into the next world. Are you sure you are doing the right thing for it—the

> trouble is not a lack of blood circulation, is it? For heaven's sake, don't kid yourself that taking pills makes you feel better. Only you know whether you are being helped properly or not, and if not, then find someone who can help. I hope you can visit us this autumn—the weather is lovely now—and if you cannot because you don't feel well enough, then something will have to be done to cure your arm. There are other doctors in Hamilton. But I really hope to see you in New York.
>
> Since I can make no further observations, I shall close now (except one observation, law must pay pretty well if my lawyer brother can buy a $100,000 cottage for the summer; librarians shall have to bargain one hell of a lot to milk the citizens of an equal amount—I know I'm in the wrong profession, but perhaps Viola and I will be able to afford a Canadian retreat in a north woods shack some day).

My concerns about the working conditions contract being used by the membership to their advantage were prescient, I regret to say. The wording was clear and superseded much of the Library's former staff regulations. Most importantly we formulated a grievance procedure that superseded the Library's requirement that an employee had to have tenure (usually after two years of service) before he could question his dismissal. Our contract gave the employee the right to grieve immediately after being hired, which library management neglected to spot. Castiglione, who had replaced Jack Stein in advising our negotiating committee, celebrated this concession with glee. In the two years before our next contract, I had just one grievance of an employee, who had been working for a few months, that went to arbitration, which the union won. The employee, however, found a better job elsewhere within a few months of our first victory. The importance of this clause was not understood, or *intentionally* misunderstood, by future negotiating committees, to our shame.

A word about the depressed librarian. He resumed work for a while in our Division. His problem was his homosexuality and his unprepossessing appearance. He returned to Holland to a library job and died of a heart attack while walking to work.

From my notebook.

> September 30/69. For a couple of years I did not see Clay. One day last summer he called when I happened to have a day off from work. He said he wanted me to be a trustee (along with Neininger) of his worldly goods. He was going to fly to Taos, New Mexico, to see his house—if the plane should crash he wanted to fix up his will. I was to have his books and notes and whatever paintings I wanted—while Neininger would look after his paintings.
>
> When I visited him he showed me photographs of his family—his father as representative for Hines Root Beer, Carnation Milk and many other products which he put on the western market—his mother as an attractive lady in a beautiful house and gardens—his brother with his horse. We took several hours to recount his life that these pictures brought to mind.
>
> Clay said he had been fired from his 23rd St. School of Design where he had been teaching the past 3 years—really squeezed out by the design part of the school (as opposed to fine art) and he is over 70. He is in Taos now. I expected him back before this—but the fall out there must be beautiful.

Viola to my mother November 10/69. New York.

> I have been meaning to write but I need hardly tell you that there are one million and one things to do and time just flies.
>
> It was nice to talk to you, but both David and I are just a little worried about your arm. I do hope that something will happen and it will get well overnight. David thinks you ought to go to some other doctor who may be an expert on your problem. We are both glad you are resting a lot.
>
> Our apartment is a little better than it ever was. The last chair arrived and I misjudged the green—the chair is olive or avocado green and I wanted emerald green. However, it doesn't look all that bad but I might get a chair cover with the right color. I've still got a lot of

painting to do but just haven't got the time. David is being opposed in his union—so he has written a letter to the members putting on record what he had accomplished last year. I've just had it typed by a sweet girl in our office and David will send it out next week. I am in two minds about David being in the union. I should like him to be President because it brings him prestige and a lot of power in the Library—if he is not elected many people can get nasty with him and make his life hell in the library. On the other hand, I'd rather David concentrate on his studies—because as soon as he gets his degree, we can leave New York.

I am enclosing the formal letter of acceptance of his article. It will only appear in January now—as they have to plan their publications and fit various lengths of articles to their printage allowance. I also hope they pay him something. We have not heard from Toronto about the book.

I have not written to Beverly yet and I feel very badly about that. I will do so.

I spoke to my parents yesterday. Mummy has been busy putting a new sink and table in the kitchen and redecorating the living room. She sounded cheerful and happy with her effort, but she is also suffering with her arthritis in her legs and fingers, etc. I wish someone would find a cure for arthritis. It would be such a blessing. How does one get shingles? Both my parents send their love to you,

I spent Sunday afternoon with some friends of mine—was invited to tea—but stayed for drinks as well. There is one person there who is a new officer in the UN—a Dutch woman —girl really, whom I find exceptionally brilliant and I do enjoy discussing things with her. We shall be having lunch on Wednesday. A couple of the girls I met were burgled last week, they said.

I am so glad Lindsay won. He was marvelous with our landlord. Besides he's honest and that is hard to come by these days.

My cousin visited us two Sundays ago. He wants to divorce his wife, but, although she hates him, she wants a separation because she said she is afraid he will marry again and all his money will go to his second wife. He's very handsome. Must end now, Mother.

David and I send all our love to you and hope you will get well soon.

PS. Trudeau will be here on Tuesday. Pity I can't go—I was asked but have classes.

Viola's mention of a Dutch lady brings to mind a lunch that she had for us and some of her friends at which we met an American from the Rand Corporation, who was more a shirtsleeve than a suit type. He was interested in my city and county documents project and my attempt to interest a company in developing a clearing-house for the publications. I welcomed his attention. After the rally protesting the closing of the Research Libraries, the publisher of a reference work called, I think, Worldmark, came to the Library to pick up a copy of my study on government documents. I did not hear from him again, but a couple of years later there appeared the *CIS Index to U.S. Government Publications* and its companion volumes the *Abstract* and microfiche of the documents, which was fashioned after the suggestions in the report. I was approached about the same time by an agent from the 3M Company about taking over my city document project, but when I was in Atlantic City at a Library convention shortly afterwards, he told me that the Library's business manager had nixed the idea; since the library manager had ties to the company through supplying it with library publications for duplication, he had to be listened to. Nevertheless, I now supplied the fellow from Rand, a company that fostered ideas, with examples of the bibliography. I heard words of encouragement from him and shortly thereafter a writer for the *Library Journal* wrote about the project and wrote to the chair of the American Library Association Committee for documents to have me speak at the winter convention in Washington, at which I developed the idea of a clearing house of city and county documents on microfilm or fiche. I had reached a point where I could go no further in its development and hoped that some company could take it over, although I preferred a nonprofit organization.

Viola to my mother. November 26/69. New York.

Thank you for your letter. It does seem a long time that your shingles have lasted. I think you must keep warm and rest as much as possible. David and I are very disappointed that you cannot come—life is so ironical—when you were able to come, our apartment was so drab—now that we can offer you slightly more pleasant surroundings, you can't come. Let's hope next spring you will be well enough to come. We had a couple of friends over and they told us that the apartment is so pleasant and the colors pretty. There!

I am enclosing some press photographs of David. He looks so much like Ted Kennedy sometimes. He is seeing the editor about his manuscript today—a few changes are required. As for the Toronto Press—I think they are a disgrace. To keep a MS. for almost nine months is shocking and if they don't give David a full report after withholding it all that time, I think David should demand one.

We hope to go out of town tomorrow for Thanksgiving. Both of us need an airing. Since we have not had any summer holidays, and since, when we were in England there was much rain—it seems like eternity without the sun.

Thank you for the clippings—David found them interesting. Fancy Miss Beasley keeping all those documents and papers! I thought that so amusing.

David does not think he will campaign. As I said, I am in two minds about his being elected. Whatever happens will bring certain advantages.

My family seems to be alright. I telephoned them two Sundays ago—my mother has been putting a new sink in the kitchen, knocked off the mantlepiece in the living room and put a neat gas fire instead—and new wallpaper, etc. She reminds me of Ned and Ann—they were always changing their house about. My brother will have to go to Singapore—and he went to visit my parents about keeping the children in England.

I haven't written to anyone. I should write to Kim and to Beverly—but I have hardly any news to tell. Both David and I enjoy a quiet life—we have so much to do and so much to read. We hope to go to the theatre and some hockey games soon.

Sorry to hear about George Bendelari—what will Mary do, I wonder. Do you really want us for Christmas, Mother? We must not ever ever impose on you. We will come for a short stay and try to eat out. It would be nice to go out to pleasant places—why not. Perhaps Alec and Anne can join us this time. They have always been so good to us and I am always so grateful. Perhaps they can come to NY—at least I won't be ashamed of my apartment any more, although there is still lots to be done. Much love to all in Hamilton. Take good care of yourself, Mother, and we both send you all our love.

Viola to her mother. December 19/69. New York.

It is 11.30 p.m. and everyone is in bed. I've been struggling with a paper for my exam and feel a little tired, but this is the only time I have to write to you. Thank you for your letters, Mummy dear, and also thank you for sending the cake, which has not arrived as yet.

I am so sorry for Donald. I shall be very glad when he gets out of the RAF. I thought he said he will be out next November—but now he's gone to Singapore for two years. What goes on with that bloody RAF? My first thought was why can't Joan look after the children, but when Donald told me on the telephone that he doesn't want to interrupt the children's schooling, I understand—although I don't know how the children are going to Singapore to join them! Who will take them there? They can't travel on their own. To be separated from their father for two years is really a long time, on the other hand. Please write to me, Mummy, and give me some intelligent details. You are the only one who can.

I also feel very sorry for you—at your age to be saddled with looking after two children, even though they are such darling children and you and Daddy get so much joy from their

company. They also like being with grandma and grandpa—so perhaps there is that consideration.

Perhaps it is as well that Joan has gone with Donald, he won't feel that lonely. Donald, I have found out, is a very sweet and affectionate boy who NEEDS affection and guidance. There is something in his make-up that blocks him from being freer with his thoughts and emotions and that is a pity. I was like that and have changed a little. Anyway, Mummy dearest, do your best. I have nothing but admiration for you and wish I were close by to do something. Now is your chance, Mummy, to ask Daddy to help you. Just try to think well of him and God will help you with the rest. One of the ways you can help yourself and Daddy is to ask him to help you with the children. Besides, he loves the boys and would willingly help. At least they will have the benefit of Eustace's company. Eustace is so brilliant and intelligent and has such a nice nature that the boys will learn a lot more from him than if they remained with Donald and Joan. So there are advantages. Cheer up, Mummy, it is not so bad as we think. In the diplomatic service these poor diplomats are sent to worse places than Singapore!!

My health is quite alright, dearest Mummy. Please don't worry about me. Although I feel happy that you do worry about me—shows you still love me. But I have been taking regular exercises and eating less and more nourishing foods and I'm fine really! My muscles are all toned up. I carry myself well, my clothes sit better on me and I can work much better. I only feel tired from lack of fresh air and sunshine. David and I will be flying to Canada for Christmas. Mrs. Beasley is not well and has been in bed for most of 1969. We are very worried. Anyway we must visit her or we won't be able to meet otherwise.

David has been reelected President for the next two years. Two other people wanted to run against him—but they lost badly. After all David has done. He founded the Union—he negotiated 3 contracts last year and got them so many benefits—and other people wanted to take that away from him. All they wanted was the power and prestige. David was really sincere in helping people. That was the difference. I shall send you the copy of the *Bulletin* next month when it is published—so you will see your son-in-law in print.

I am working very hard, Mummy, and am still top of the class. I was so thrilled to know that you are reading books. Wonderful, dearest dearest Mummy. I feel so happy! What a wonderful brain you have and how amazing your spirit is. God bless you. David knows the author very well. I must confess I hadn't heard of Frank Slaughter. Keep up the good work, Mummy darling. Wish I were near you so we could discuss books. I am so fascinated with my education.

Viola to her mother. January 6/70. New York.

We returned from Canada yesterday and there on my desk was your large parcel. I could hardly wait to get home to open it. It was superbly packed, although the outside carton was torn—no damage to the cake because it was so perfectly packed. I must say I immediately cut a tiny slice and was amazed to find it moist and fresh as if you had only just packed it. Magnificent! David said it melted in his mouth, and promptly became very greedy. The Flanker salt was also intact. I shall take some tomorrow and let you know how it worked. Anyway, dearest Mummy, thank you so very much for the cake. It gave me such great joy. The little orange candle shall also be used. Thank you.

Your cards to us and Mrs. Beasley came late but we were glad to receive them. Please thank Daddy and the rest of the family for their good wishes. I have not had any card from Betty and Maurice—are they mad with me because of Ma Rita? Could you find out CONFIDENTIALLY. (Please do not show this letter to Rita.)

David said he will write to thank you for such a delicious cake and also send you his first published work. He wants to send it and write to you personally so that you can regard it as HIS Christmas present to you and Daddy.

How are the children behaving? Anyway, Mummy, they give you joy and that may be a godsend. They might unite the family and make the home joyous. So look at it that way. Don't pity yourself because once you do that you are lost.

Mrs Beasley, who has been keeping ill health all year—is almost back to normal. She was cooking and looking after us like her old self.

We had a very pleasant holidays—almost two weeks in Canada. My health is good, Mummy. Mrs Beasley thought I looked so much younger. That is because I have kept up my exercises regularly.

I have not heard from Bunny—so don't know the latest news. Olga came to N.Y. just after Bunny did and wanted to see us. We couldn't and we have not heard from her since.

Theresa Moses married in December—a German-American social worker. Irene wrote a nice long letter to me. They are doing so well. She really is fantastic. Such an interesting job. Her husband has also written a book and it will be published in the spring.

Both David and I are busy—work and studies, and I'm under pressure again. Please write to me and let me know if you have received my card and letter and whether the money sent was received safely. Sorry I was a little late.

The Moses girls mentioned in Viola's letters were daughters of the Nicholas's close friend whom Viola called Uncle Moses in *Violet's Flight.* Irene married an American of Nordic descent from Minnesota and became a university professor; her younger sister Julie, who had been the secretary for the owner of the hardware store we met serendipitously on our canoe trip, visited with us when she lived in New York—once with a young Canadian, who was going to Burma with her to live.

Viola to her parents. January 29/70. New York.

I have not heard from home for such a long time that I wonder how you all are. I know that Europe was hit with the flu and wonder if you managed to escape it. What about the children? How are they? I wish someone would tell me and not leave me in the dark? How are you, Daddy, are you better? Have you pulled out all your teeth. What news of Donald? Are the children going out to Singapore only for the summer? Please write to me and let me know.

David and I have just finished our final examinations for the semester. It was quite hectic. We had a very hard task master for one course but he was marvelous. I learned so much from him. Most of his older students of previous years either hated him or dreaded him because he assigned such difficult tasks, and also he never gave anyone higher than a 'C' or a 'B' if he was very good. Well, I got an 'A' in his class and he said that I was the best student he has ever had since the programme started a few years ago. I was really complimented.

Last night I was thinking about you both. Daddy used to tell us when we were kids that if we met an Englishman we should be better than an Englishman and so on—well, for three semesters, I have beaten the Americans and English people in my class and remained on top. It was a great great strain, but I did it,

There are two things I must say on this matter. First, I feel really humble and proud. It is God's help that has made me cope—I know this for a fact. The courses are much too difficult and it is only God's help that has made me go through with them. Secondly, I want to say to both of you THANK YOU. Despite your lack of opportunities, despite your modicum education, despite the fact that you have never known the security of home life when you were children, you did bring us up to the best of your abilities and so I want to say, at this late date, THANK YOU from the bottom of my heart.

If I lived close to you, I would come home and tell you what I have learned. I know you would be interested and intelligent enough to learn. There is something that a University

education does for one—it does change you. You can't help it. It teaches us to understand issues so deeply. Life is never the same.

The only thing I want is for you both to be kind and considerate to one another. It is so futile to quarrel and pitch things up. We have lived to the best of our ability and that is it. Let us be kind to each other in our old age. When you are kind and loving to each other then I am happy. I hate to come home and see unkindness and fights. I really mean this, and I really cannot take it. I pray every day for my family and I ask God to give Rita understanding. She really thinks the world owes her something.

David's publication should be out any day now. He will write to you then. Poor Mrs. Beasley—she really perked up when we went there for Christmas. She suffers from loneliness in that big house and it can be dreary. You don't know how blessed it is to have a full and lively house, Mummy. It's a blessing—even though it means problems. But loneliness is the worst thing in the world and to suffer that in your old age is worse. So thank your lucky stars.

Viola to Kitty Hood. February 10/70. New York.

Thank you for your letter. I was surprised that my letter took so long to reach you. Doubtless all my other letters were late too over the Christmas season. I notice that your address reads: "Mas Saint Claude"—wonder if that had anything to do with the delay. I addressed my letter to "Le Tellouge."

David and I sent you and John a copy of the *Bulletin* of the NYPL in which Part I of David's chapters appears. I sent it first class printed matter, and hope it doesn't take months to arrive. We'll send you part II next month. The historian thinks David's manuscript is very Tory-oriented—which amused me because David is an out and out Tory—although he appeared amazed at such a charge!! It will be months before his manuscript is ready—because it is in need of much revision.

Jess left on the 22nd Jan. She was so emotional and distraught that I felt so sorry to see her go. The orphanage gave her a dinner party at the Director's home, and praised her for her kindness towards Theodore and another boy. They also presented her with a fantastic letter. I think Jess is quite amazing and exceptional. She has wonderfully unusual qualities. I'm afraid she was a little mad at me for not going to her farewell party at the office in which she made a good speech. But I completely forgot—we arrived from Canada that day—and all I had in mind was my exam that night. I completely forgot her party and she was hurt. Fortunately Mrs. Ferguson of UNDP gave a lovely party for her and invited only her good friends—so David and I went and she forgave us, I think. There were so many nice people at the party—a couple of Directors from UNICEF who were at UNWRA with her, and, of course, Roger Bayldon, and a few other people and Hal Chaille. Many people think Jess will be back—I wonder. The expense is too much for her pension. I can't make out Hal. He's obviously very rich—wonder why he did not marry Jess—they seemed to get along well.

Kitty, dear, I do hope your financial problems work out. I just feel utterly sad to think of your having to sell your villa. But perhaps a bungalow in a more convenient spot would be better. Being on a hill is quite difficult for older people. But I do hope you don't lose money on the deal. Money is so tight over here, and the cost of living so high that people are getting quite violent and vocal about everything. The stock market has been plunging and people are selling. I hope I did not sound callous when I said that I'm glad I have no money troubles—what I meant is that I'm glad I have no money, period. The war in Burma taught me such a lesson about property. At any time it can be wrenched from you. My poor parents lost all their possessions when their house was bombed in Burma; we all fled up to north Burma from whence we were flown across to India as refugees, we tried to make a home there during the war, went back to Burma after the war, tried to make a home there, left for England and finally got a nice but small suburban home there—where my parents are able to cultivate their little garden. I have nothing but admiration for them. They have always

had so much spunk. I only regret that my education went by the board in the process. Having gone to the University, I now realize what a difference it makes to a person. One's whole thinking is changed and made deeper. I have never enjoyed anything as much as my university studies because my faculty is made to work at full pelt. By the way, I have just got my grades back and I'm enclosing a copy for you. (Like bringing home my report card!!) The 'A' I got for the Interdisciplinary Seminar was like receiving the Nobel Prize for me—it was so tough—and Professor Bell was so strict—but what a mind! We've got him again—and I think he's great. He made me think—and he drove me till I was ready to drop—but how rewarding after all. We have got to produce seminar papers this spring term—and I chose Laurence Sterne's "Tristram Shandy"—which is a very difficult book—because it was one of the first books that probably attempted the "stream of consciousness"—which James Joyce did so well in his Ulysses. I'd probably rue the day I chose this book of the many other choices we had—but Tristram Shandy is an important book, and I'd rather study that under Bell's guidance. What I like about him, also, is that he's a snob. He's gone to all the best schools and universities—speaks with a brilliant vocabulary—teaches graduate schools as well—and very English oriented—meaning Cambridge and Oxford. So I enjoy his lectures immensely—although he frightens the hell out of me.

One of my friends invited me to Texaco for lunch at which our faculty was invited to speak. Then just a tiny group of us and the faculty lunched in the Board of Directors' room. I sat next to the Dean and we had a wonderful conversation. I felt great.

Now that you have read Jane Austen, Kitty. Try to read Henry James' Portrait of a Lady. It is James' best. It is not easy at first, but persevere—you won't regret it. His English is absolutely beautiful—he's a stickler for pattern and sometimes sacrifices his characters for the sake of an aesthetic pattern—but in Portrait, his characters are superb. He always talks about the European and the American—and loves to draw comparisons—The American's fascination for European grandeur—the American being seduced by European decadence—these are usually his themes.

I envy you the time you have to read—although I know you must be swept off your feet with all the chores you have—running two homes is no joke. Your parents need so much care and attention at their age and you are so wonderful to look after them so well. God will bless you, Kitty dear. Did I tell you, Kitty, that after the IAEA episode—when I was so hurt by the brutality of everyone, I got to really hate Steinig and others—and then one day, Beverley Bruce (David's relative) gave me a book to read, called "Beyond Ourselves" by Catherine Marshall. That book changed my whole life. It taught me what Christ meant in his simple statement. The book has nothing to do with organized religion, nor with superstition—but just explains what Christ meant—He was a simple man, and he preached a very simple statement—but to live by what he meant is most difficult. I do not scoff at Malcolm Muggeridge for turning Christian in his late life—he understands at last what Christianity means. Anyway, the book helped me to live and to develop my character—to see my own weaknesses and to try to overcome them. To love is not as easy as it appears.

I tell you this, Kitty, because I want you to know that faith is marvelous. It gives you unheard of strength in times of crises. I shall pray for you so that your problems will be solved. If you have faith then they will be solved. So cheer up.

Must end now, and write soon, won't you. Love to John and your parents. How is Peter? David was mad with me for sending off his *Bulletin* without his having written to you personally. I told him he can write a letter later. I wanted you to have his *Bulletin* as soon as possible—so just sent it off with a note from me—forgive me.

Viola to her mother. February 24/70. New York.

Thank you for your letter. I know how difficult it must be for you to write with all your obligations at home. But don't worry, Mummy darling, when you write to me—write just as you would talk to me. It is only when you write to other people that you should ask someone to help you with your English and spelling. After all, I'm your daughter and I

understand. It’s your heart, thought and spirit that matter to me most. Now you work too hard, and you take things too seriously. All your life you have taken things seriously. Just relax. If you do not wash your clothes or iron them one week the world will not end. Take one whole day to do nothing and you will see how well it will work. In the world today, Mummy, everyone now has to work. Even the very rich people will find eventually that they will not be able to afford servants. There will just be NO servants. In our economic class, we're learning how public services are costing much too much and disappearing—I mean, there are no maids, chauffeurs, nurses, teachers, bus drivers, railroad men, etc. These are getting harder to find. In New York City, people are always grumbling about scarcity of taxis—actually there are lots of taxis—but they can’t get drivers. The whole world is changing, Mummy. Rich people can't find cooks and maids, and now they have to manage on their own or pay fantastic salaries. So, just learn to relax, Mummy. It won’t matter if you just put off your household chores one day. When David and I were in England, you did so much for us, and we were so moved and touched by your devotion and love—but you did not HAVE to do it, dear.

I am so glad the children are happy with all of you. And I'm glad the RAF will take care of them. I think, Donald is right in a way, to see that their education is continued in England. Now that I'm studying in the university, I see what a difference it makes. Education on a university level is very important, and Donald MUST see that his boys are educated at that level. He must try from now to talk to them about intelligent things. As for Joan, Mummy, let us not make matters worse. After all it was not a love match. You wanted someone to look after Donald and the boys, and used Joan. She wanted a man and a husband and she used Donald. So now there is no use trying to make her sincere and all that. We've got to help make her understand and like us all enough to want to return kindness for kindness. So let us put all our nasty thoughts aside and concentrate on making her love her family

As for Bunny and Olga—l have not heard a word; I did not want you to say a word to the others—because I did not want them to know you had heard it from me. Rita has written to Bunny all about my letters to you and how I have hurt you. I should give her a newspaper column to publish it—it would have the same results. She must have been very happy to see how angry you were with me and how I hurt you. She completely missed the point that all I worried about was your relationship with Daddy. But she will learn someday. Anyway, when Bunny and Olga were well off they never thought about us nor would Bunny spend a single penny—even a packet of cigarettes to give you—but he would willingly stay and eat your food and clear off and brag about his wonderful job and friends. So now he writes to Rita to find him a woman. I suppose she will break her neck to find him one. Tell her not to have anything to do with this. Walter is damned right. Ignore it altogether. Rita herself is fond of Bunny and I think it is an insult to her to ask her to find him a girl. What next? They never stop using people, and our family are all goomps to be used.

Rita doesn't realize that I am her best friend. Because she speaks ill of me she thinks I speak ill of her. I'm always defending her as being young and inexperienced to everyone else. Of course, I discuss her with you but you and David are the only ones. I never tell Mrs. Beasley anything about her nor anyone else. But she would not hesitate to speak ill of me to all her friends. That is why, Mummy, as a mother you must lead a good example and not speak ill of Daddy to anyone. Rita only copies you. You can tell me anything—but to no one else. I should be a safety valve. Rita thinks I'm acting superior—what have I to be superior about? I'm not rich, nor beautiful or come from a powerful and influential family. I'm only trying to show her her faults that she will improve and avoid the mistakes I made. I have suffered too much to want to see members of my family suffer the same.

Wonderful news about Ma Khin Shwe. I understand how she must want to be near her sick mother. I wish I could be near you too, Mummy. I could share so much with you. I should love to talk over things I've learned with you and Daddy. You will be amazed how wonderful the world is and you wouldn't worry too much about your little life. The young people are right about many things these days. By the time Michael and Chris are grown up and are men the world will be quite different from what we know today. Thank God, Mummy, that you have food, shelter and money. Houses would disappear and people will

have to live in flats. Steaks are disappearing. I try not to worry too much. I only thank God for all that he has done for us. Don't worry about my studying too hard. I enjoy every bit of it and I only regret I did not do it sooner. At last my brains are being fully used. I want to get a degree and contribute to this wonderful world of ours. The UN is just BUNK. The people in the UN are mediocre and very stupid. All greedy, selfish and full of self-importance. It has deteriorated so much under U Thant. Put anything in the hands of the Burmese and you get a MESS—U Thant in the UN and Ne Win in Burma—same mess.

Do write a personal letter to David, Mummy. He looks forward to hearing from you. Don't worry if you cannot understand David's article. It is a scholarly piece of work. And since they are the last chapters of an enormous book it is difficult to understand. Already he has had offers for reprints and publishing. Mrs. Beasley's spirit bucked up after David's publication. She was so depressed before. So dearest Mummy, don't give in. Keep up your own marvelous spirit. You are really a very wonderful person. Tremendous heart and tremendous spirit you have. God bless you dearest Mummy.

I love and admire you a great deal. I only want you to be kind to Daddy and you will be perfect in my eyes. How amazed and delighted I am that you trot off to the library and get books to read. How I wish I were close to you to guide you in your reading.

You will find, Mummy, greater men and women, richer men and women and geniuses all suffered a great deal. So do not worry about anything. Cheer up. Laugh more and have fun. We have little, Mummy, but God has given us enough. Think how lonely, helpless and disabled some women are and then thank God you have Daddy and your children and friends and relatives around you. So my darling wonderful Mummy, may God Bless you always and keep you safe and strong. Be good and say a prayer of help when you are angry and irritated. He will help you. My love to you, Daddy, the children and Eustace and Rita.

Viola to my mother. March 10/70. New York.

Thank you so much for your letter to David and myself. I did not write to anyone for such a long time and then I went into such a slump after the final exams of last semester that I did not want to read or do anything. Now the tempo is picking up again.

I am so glad you will be coming on this short trip to New York. We have been to Sterling Gardens which is a nice outing. As a matter of fact when you planned to come last year we thought of including Sterling Forests as one of the things we wanted to show you. It is one and a half hour ride out from New York. You may be spending the whole day there—or perhaps we could see you on the 13th for dinner and you can come to the apartment. On Thursday we might be able to have lunch together either at the UN or outside. Would you like me to ask Helen if she would be free that day? David does not have classes on that day—but since you will be leaving on that day in the evening, it won't interfere with my classes. It is the second last week of our semester—so may be doing exams or getting ready for the finals the following week. I wanted to get tickets for a show—but it won't be necessary as you won't be staying long at all. It's a nice idea about seeing gardens like that—I hope your health will stay good, and you won't be too tired.

Our apartment has lots more to do—which I shall only be able to do in the summer. But it is presentable as it is now.

Regarding birthday presents—Elizabeth Arden's Blue Grass Cologne is my favorite and it is almost finished—but what I would like is another batch of casuals. I have written my last note which you gave me several years ago. I am going to give David a new electric razor since his is all worn out—but he needs a good shaving mirror which can be hung from a nail on the wall. I don't like his long hair—it takes away from his handsomeness—he looks like a hippy and although I wash his hair once a week now (it has such a lovely color)—he still looks dirty only because one associates long hair with hippy-dirt.

We went on the roof to see the sun eclipse. I got so excited that I looked at it with my naked eye for a short time. Then we went to the Metropolitan Museum to see the 12th century

exhibition. They also showed us a film on the Chartres which David and I saw when we were in France.

My friend Barbara is marrying a Spanish Ambassador. I wouldn't marry a Spaniard for anything in the world—even though he's an ambassador. I don't like their way of life. She's becoming Catholic on his account, and has annulled her previous marriage to a Frenchman. He's posted in West Guinea (Africa) and I can't bear the thought of going there just to see Barbara who has invited us. Anyway I can't dissuade her as it is not my business.

Douglas looked a little thinner. It was good of him to ask us out and to telephone us. I couldn't see him earlier than after my class, but he gamely waited for David's Union meeting to be over before having dinner.

I look forward to seeing you in May, Mother, and it would be nice if you could stay longer. You are always welcome to stay with us—(got a new mattress on the couch especially for you)—but I worry about the stairs. That is the only inconvenience.

Must end now, will write again. Lots of love to you, Jim, Alec and Anne and the children and Uncle Edward and Aunt Mont.

Viola to her father. May 18/70. New York.

I have been meaning to write to you for such a long time but I am going through very busy and tense times here in New York. I was rather worried about your health when you last wrote to me. Hardening of the arteries is due to a lot of cholesterol in your system, and that, in turn, is due to eating fatty and starchy foods plus all the alcohol you drink. When your arteries harden that means the inside of the arteries are lined or coated with thick fat and your blood cannot flow through freely—and when that happens your blood congeals and forms clots which lead to a stroke, and that can be fatal.

If you really, want to care for your health you will cut down on starchy foods, like rice and bread, and cut down on your drinks. But no doubt you will find that sort of discipline very hard to follow. So I am sorry. No one can help you except yourself—and that means having a strong will.

David and I just had lunch with Irene and Julie Moses—and it is the first time in almost thirty years that I have seen Irene. She looks fine and is doing such wonderful work—teaching at the University, writing a book, etc. Her husband also teaches at the University and has just published a book too. They have just bought a place by the lake and have invited us to spend some time this summer with them. Since David and I will be passing through Minnesota on our way to the West we will break journey there and spend a couple of days.

Irene will be flying to London this week to do some research in London. Her husband is already there on a research project. They have a lovely home and two talented and lovely children. Irene will be telephoning you at home and may come and visit your home. When she does, please tidy up the house and treat her and her husband very well. Her husband is a very intellectual Doctor of Literature, so please be on your best behavior.

Last week Mrs. Beasley came down with some of her friends on a garden tour. They saw various gardens in Philadelphia and New York State. She is better in health but still tired and has to be careful. She sends her best regards to all of you.

I thought it so amusing, because New York City was in such a turmoil, last week—rioting students and construction workers, demonstrations, student unrest—Nixon and Cambodia etc. and in the midst of all this bombings, arson, rioting, Mrs. Beasley and her friends—a whole lot of gentle ladies sail through on a garden tour! What a contrast! Anyway it is good to see that some people take pleasure in charming pursuits.

David was in Denver, Colorado, last week on a convention. He returned after the turmoil. He had to address some students at the New School of Social Research and at Columbia

University. He is also busy with big labour, who wish to do something about stopping the war. This country is being torn apart by that war and it is a shame.

You must lead a very boring life, Daddy. I wonder if you do read as I advised you. Try to get that Dr. Ba Maw's book again. It would interest you. Read the papers and let me know what you think of the world situation, and do you think Wilson will win the next election in June. If you can read and write your thoughts down to me—it could keep you occupied. Old age is very trying and problematical. People must learn to take leisure, and you must occupy yourself with something. Work on your football pool and read the newspapers—you will see how time flies. I am very sorry for you because I feel that you are just wasting your time in your old age after having been so active before—it must be a terrible experience and I sympathize with you. I can't do much except to urge you to read and to write to me so that we can discuss things by correspondence.

Have you read David's article?—read the one under the heading "Afterword"—it is simply written and it contains David's own thoughts and summing up. Let me know what you think of that. I am trying to keep you occupied—or else you will eat and drink out of sheer boredom—and your mind will crack—it will become exceedingly hostile until you may even go mad. That is why I urge you to read and occupy yourself in some hobby. Try the football pools, Daddy, and do something like that. I am very concerned about you and I do care.

Viola to my mother. May 26/70. New York

Many thanks for your letter which arrived on Saturday. We were very thrilled to see you in New York and was glad that you were able to see our apartment. It is not finished since I have to varnish the dining room chairs and put comforters on them, etc. Have to paint the wardrobe and cupboard that hides the frig, and so on and so forth. All that work we put in on the apartment was done in one month last year after the painters came in August. Anyway, it has cut down my housework by two hours, it's easier and roomier and more cheerful for me to live in. I suffered so much over that ghastly apartment.

Helen called me the day after you left. She arrived late on the 14th night. She had received my note inviting her to lunch but could not naturally. She said to tell you that she was particularly disappointed to have missed you. She took a 14 day flight so had to return after two weeks. She went with Up with People to London and had a wonderful time, she said. I told her that you too were disappointed not to have seen her. No doubt she will be writing to you.

I wish we had a big apartment, but David's salary is very low and unless he makes more money we have to remain in our little apartment—which enables us to save for buying some property in Canada, I hope. Once David gets his economic degree he can command a better paying job—until then we shall have to struggle or and I shall have to work. Once I get my degree I should love to teach—preferably little children—I'm not too keen on high school kids.

Warren wrote a letter to us and to his parents—so David called Ann last night and read the letter out to them. Apparently he is not exactly enchanted with the place nor with the school—thought the teaching very poor. He has applied to York University, etc. He writes extremely well and what I think is so endearing about Warren is his consideration for others. Said he would keep his letter terse so that we would have more time to talk to Ann. Isn't that nice? So few people think about others—everyone thinks selfishly. It is so refreshing to come across a young man like Warren.

We went to Barbara's wedding reception on Friday at the residence of the Spanish Consul-General. Barbara who is a very pretty girl was dressed like Ophelia with an ethereal gown of salmon pink chiffon. Her husband is shorter than her and certainly not the handsomest man in town. In fact I thought of Onassis. Anyway he has a sense of humour and told David and myself some funny stories about being the Spanish Ambassador in Equatorial Guinea. We enjoyed ourselves and I hope Barbara will be happy. I sometimes wonder if she married

for his rank or for love—but it's not my business. The food was good and the champagne was great. I think this is the first time I visited a Spanish home—they put every scrap of silver out for display. There was one cocktail table which displayed a whole lot of cigarette and snuff boxes—I suppose someone is collecting those. Another cocktail table was full of silver ash trays and a huge bowl of silver in the centre. Both, Annette Webb and myself thought it was too much.

My brother in Singapore sent me a birthday card which only just arrived. He said they have lots of time to swim, fly, sail, etc. Being a sporty type it must suit my brother. I should like to make a trip out there before he returns. Would be nice for David to see the Orient.

I hope you are recovered from your tiredness, Mother. It moves me a great deal to see you so game to be active. I really do admire your spirit. I told David that you are willing to walk anywhere and you certainly are wonderful in that respect. I hope you will take good care of your self.

Don't worry too much about Jim. Tell him to read books—if he is not inclined to do things. But I read in the Canadian papers that unemployment is very very high and that the economy is bad. There is also concern for Canadian/US relationship over Arctic waters, over American control of Canadian resources and industries, over American foreign policy in SE Asia, etc. I was reading about this in the British papers too. This morning in the *NY Times* Lester Pearson said that the UN must change or die—he said he gives it less than 10 years or else. It's true. It is in a dreadful shape. It's glamorous to outsiders, but it is terrible for insiders—the mediocrity, the duplicity, the intrigues are so terrible.

All that upheaval of Cambodia and Kent State murders postponed our exams, and so it left us free to enjoy your visit. I am sorry I was rushed over dinner, and that you missed David for the lunch. However, we were both very thrilled to see you and Miss Baird. The flowers in our apartment, which I bought so that they would be fresh for your visit are still blooming!

I just have to write two essays and I will be through with this semester. Somehow I was very tired this semester and glad to have it over with. David has two papers to write by the fall. I told him to write them now and get them over with.

He does not think we should come to Hamilton over Memorial weekend. The journey is too long and too expensive for such a short stay. We will come and visit you in the summer, Mother.

How are Alec, Anne and the children? And Uncle Edward and Aunt Mont? I hope they are all well. As for my father, I am concerned because he has hardening of the arteries.

Please give our love to all in Hamilton, including Beverly and Douglas and their family. Lots of love—David said he is writing to you. He is negotiating today for higher salaries in their new contract. I should think so. The librarians are paid the same pay as typists and I think that is disgraceful. Please write soon and keep well.

Viola to Kitty Hood. June 9/70. New York.

I have been meaning to write to you because your letter was so interesting I wanted to write to you immediately but at the same time it required thinking, and since thinking takes time, I was not able to give up the time from my studies. This last semester has been very difficult and hectic. I am having to take what is called "required" courses, and these include physics, chemistry, mathematics economics, sociology, biology, music, painting, politics, history, etc. and only then one "majors" in the subject of your choice. I no doubt shall choose literature. Whereas in the old days—probably as recently as five or ten years ago, Greek and Latin were important, nowadays science and maths are. I cannot tell you how utterly difficult physics is, and at the same time, how fascinating. I can only have utter admiration for men like Galileo, Newton, Einstein, etc. But how I hate having to do exams on their subjects.

Whereas economics is also an interesting subject, I can't imagine myself spending years on the subject. I don't know how David does it—all those graphs, and figures, etc. No matter how much I try I cannot have any feel or understanding of “marginal productivity", etc. However, I did enjoy learning the theory of men like Marx, Marshall, Shumpeter, Mitchell and Keynes, etc. We did study economic theory and American economics—fascinating.

I am telling you all this because the papers I had to do on these subjects are not interesting and besides we had quite a few class exams. One major thing we did was a seminar report on the 18th century. We all had to choose a book—whether a novel, poem, political works etc.—from a list drawn up by the professor. Then we had to give an oral report to the class. I chose Tristram Shandy by Laurence Sterne. I never had so much fun and at the same time difficulty in presenting a report. If ever you have a chance, read it. It is a unique book. It has neither a beginning, middle nor end, the reader has to wait until the third volume before the hero is born, and the narratives consist of episodes, conversations, excursions into learning, unfinished sentences, dashes, blank pages, blank chapters, chapters comprising two lines, digressions, digressions within digressions, sentiment—both the bawdy and humorous kind and there is very little action. In the midst of all this, the characters are clearly defined. In fact two of the most memorable and loveable characters in the English Literature emerge from Tristram Shandy. My report had to say why it is an 18th century novel and how it transcends the age, which meant reading about the 18th century. Our required reading besides the seminar report—were the French *philosophes*.

Since my seminar report was orally presented—I only made notes on cards. I also am discovering that I am a Ham. I sure loved talking about that book!

But if I do get over all these required subjects, and if I find the type of paper I am asked to do will be of interest to you, I shall certainly send you copies. Xerox copies are heavy and expensive to send, so I shall send them by slow mail. But in the meantime, I shall recommend to you certain books which I have enjoyed and we can then discuss them. Talking about books, I shall now talk about Henry James "Portrait of a Lady". My delay in writing to you is because I could not study the book in order to discuss it with you. I was really quite immersed in these terrible subjects I had to take this semester. I was thrilled to learn that you had read Henry James. The novel is exquisitely written. E.M. Forster, who just died, aged 91, said that James sacrifices characters for the sake of pattern. Pattern means the way the plot is drawn—e.g. supposing a hermit who lives in the mountains hears of a courtesan in the plains and wants to convert her—they meet and he succeeds, but because he had met her, he is corrupted and she becomes a nun. The pattern is like an hourglass. In “Portrait of a Lady” everyone relates to Isabel—like spokes in a wheel. But that is not so important. All James' characters do not have flesh or blood—they are extremely genteel and full of culture and talk—they all either die or are dying of some mysterious disease—one never knows—and they are all rich, etc. That is because James himself knew this type of society and he could write of it in his own exquisite way.

In “Portrait of a Lady,” Isabel is the innocent American lured by old Europe. Goswood is typical—robust, successful enterprising—whereas Osmond has completely given in to European decadence and is thoroughly corrupted by it. This is the broad outline. What is so marvelous about the book is James' mastery in revealing Isabel's character to us throughout the stretch of the book. We meet Madame Merle and Osmond very vaguely at first and through Isabel's innocent eyes, and James reveals the trickery of these two, very cleverly, and we too awaken to their evilness with Isabel. This is superbly done, Kitty. I just love the way the novel is written and thought out. You raise the question as to whether Isabel was so wonderful that everyone falls in love with her—James, an Anglo-American, certainly knew the fascination Europeans have for American wealth—and equally, the lure European grandeur has for Americans. This is roughly the idea behind the book. T.S. Eliot said that "the real hero, in any of James's stories, is a social entity of which men and women are constituents."

James is so thorough an artist, that every detail of the setting—the chairs, woodwork, the bindings of the books, even the light that falls on the corner of a rug—contribute to the effect he wishes to create. He is never slipshod.

The characters of Osmond and Ralph show a moral difference. Ralph and Osmond are particularly well developed. James uses technical mastery to describe his characters in one phrase summing up throughout the book—e.g. Ralph's serenity is "but the array of wild flowers niched in his ruin" or Osmond suggests "no stamp nor emblem of the common mintage . . . he was the elegant complicated medal struck off for a special occasion." These are hints that James' uses with deliberate care to nurture his characters.

Another theme is freedom and independence as Isabel so symbolized—and how the money that Ralph gave her for the protection of that so-called freedom is her undoing. What James wishes to say is that there is no growth except in living, in the process of living, suffering is inescapable; in the acceptance of life lies maturity and freedom.

There is much James himself was unfamiliar with. Like Jane Austen, he hated lower-class squalor and misery. So he never wrote about it. But those areas of feeling and experience with which he was familiar, he treated with unfailing insight, psychological realism, and scrupulous exactitude. I really loved the book,

I hope you won't mind my having preached my views on “Portrait of a Lady”. But I am so glad you respond to my suggestions. I only apologize that I took so long—but I have been laboring with four courses this last semester which is too much by anybody's book when you have a full-time job and a husband to look after. Now for news. I heard from Jess at long last from Australia. She has been traveling a great deal and is enjoying life. Wants to buy a house, but the one she looked at was too expensive. She does not miss her job, nor NY, but wishes to have a natter now and then with her colleagues. Sends her love to you both and said she will be writing.

We sent her David's printed chapters on Major Richardson. She was impressed but was anxious to know John's views. David was pleased that you and John liked his chapters. (I sent you the second part sometime ago.)

Also met Mr. Armstrong—an Australian MP who was just defeated—Conservative. He and his wife were so nice. Annette Webb introduced us and we had a drink with them. I love meeting people like that—one can talk openly about things. He shared my views about politics in general and about the UN—which is going further and further into absurdity. Someone suggested last Assembly to hold a Youth Assembly—and now only a handful of members have forked up the money—we need at least $750,000. So the Broadway musical "Hair" has come to our rescue and is raising the money for us—they have their musical playing all over the world—there are advertisements in the papers saying "send your dollar to the UN Youth Assembly", etc. Most staff members think this is a mistake—and already the youth are squabbling as to who should attend. The UN Members wanted their well-mannered conservative youth—whereas the youth fought for their own representatives—they won 126 seats—and promptly sent invitations to the Red Guards in China, North Korea, North Vietnam, the Palestine Resistance Fighters, the Cubans, etc. The American Govt. has not contributed and many other Member States seem to back off. This shows typical UN irresponsibility—if they voted a resolution they should honor it—but this has been the UN story—resolutions are passed without any implementation or intention to implement them.

I am getting more and more frustrated and disappointed in my UN career. I only hope it doesn't completely destroy my disposition and faith in myself. If I did not have my studies I would have quit long ago. Fortunately, M. Poullain is an absolute angel. He is so civilized, Kitty. We had a long chat and he gave me his educational background—he is so cultured, so accomplished in many fields. It is only because I have such educated people around me in this Division that I am staying. I do asinine work—copy-typing and a bit of research—but it pays me a salary and it gives me ample time to study—without which time I should find

University work impossible—it is heavy. But Oh how I regret not having had a Univ. education before—there is such a gold mine of delight and pleasure and life is so enriched. God how I wish I could graduate and go out and DO something. I should love to teach—I should love to impart knowledge to the young—that is what this education is doing to me — giving me such a tremendous urge to be active in some useful way—this bloody UN drains one—destroys one-and all one bothers about is one's self, one's own promotion, etc. How terrible that a woman in her middle-age as I am—to get excited as if I were 23 yrs. But I must hold on and keep my sanity and not regret my lost opportunities. I think if I had not been brutally humiliated or misunderstood—I should not have driven myself to getting this education.

We shall be going to the Canadian Rockies this summer in August. And we also want to find out whether we should like to settle there for a while. David wants to spend a year there. I should love it. I am quite ripe for leaving NY. So many firms are leaving the NY area—and they say it won't be livable in five years. Shell is leaving for Houston, for example this Aug. This is the trend over here. I only have two academic years more, and then I shall go full time studying. This will coincide with my getting a reasonable sum of money from the UN. Just writing to you about all this makes me feel less gloomy than I have been recently. I am getting more and more morose. The situation in the Universities has been terrible. They found four drums of explosives in our building in the MM NYU—and we had to end our semester meeting in the apartment of one of our colleagues. David's school also closed and he had to take home his exams—on which he is working now. The killings, bombings, violence and burnings are terrible to read about, see on TV and feel. The UN itself has been threatened. We had a Fire drill—but the guard said it is actually a bomb-drill as they had actually found a couple of them in the building. Can you imagine such a situation?

The stock market is down and even the businessmen are fed-up with the war. That war must end—it is destroying the country and the West. The UN is like the Middle East—the Russians over there have been taking over—big fleets in the Mediterranean, military and political aid in the ME, etc. The UN is the same. The Arabs and the Russians have taken over—the Indians and Pakistanis are there still. I was so amazed one day—I had to go to some floor and there is a Russian or Arab next to every office of personnel. It is incredible.

When I chatted to the Australian MP—we both agreed that whereas I like many things about the Americans—I wonder if they really can lead the West. I question their judgment —they are so well-meaning on the one hand but so naive on the other. I shall continue this letter tomorrow. I shall go home now, and find your letter.

The Next day. I have reread your letter and I think I have answered your questions. Forgive the length of this letter—its disorganization and slip shod writing. I just sit and rattle off whatever I think as if you were sitting down with me somewhere and I was just talking without regard for grammar, syntax, organization, etc.

But I do agree, Kitty. I should like to recommend books to you and then we can discuss them. I have recommended *Tristram Shandy*—it is difficult but it is extremely funny and very deep. Try to read *Gulliver's Travels* by Jonathan Swift. That book is fantastic. If I can find my paper on *Gulliver's Travels* I may send that to you—the professor did not return it to me but I think I have a rough draft somewhere. That paper took so much out of me that I went into a tremendous slump this semester. But Swift is great—really great. Also try to get hold of E.M.Forster's books—especially *Howard's End*, and *Passage to India*. I KNOW you will enjoy those. He writes so well and he's the sort of decent person, you like. Do read him Kitty. I would recommend his books first. *Gulliver's Travels* requires too much scholarly digging.

We have a University Residential Weekend coming up soon. We have a beautiful camp to go to—lovely meals, seminars, films, cocktails and dinner. I enjoy those weekends.

Must end now—if you have come this far, congratulations. I am certainly making up for all those months we have not corresponded. But as I have said before, Kitty, the studies are most demanding.

All my love to you and John. David sends love. I did not talk about him too much in this letter—because I wanted to discuss books with you. But David's MS is with a university. We have not heard yet. I did read the whole biography and I was fascinated with it. John Richardson certainly had a difficult life. But if and when it is out, we shall send you a copy.

All my love, Kitty, and to John and your parents. How's Peter and his family? What about your house? Have you sold it. Johnson's niece? That would be good—they are loaded with money. I hate to think of your selling that little paradise, but I'm sure you know what you are doing.

Viola to the President, National Broadcasting Corporation. June 26/70 New York.

It was with great disappointment that I read about the cancellation of NBC's ecology-series, entitled "In Which We Live".

I was equally disappointed to read about the lack of sponsor and viewer interest. I have watched practically every production of this series and have made it a point to be at home on Sunday afternoon in order to watch this programme. I have found the series most enlightening and very constructive.

I cannot help wondering if the real trouble is not in the slot-time. 5.30 p.m. to 6 p.m. is an awkward time for everyone and I'm sure if it is shifted around to some other more convenient time the rating will improve.

I consider it very important that ecological matters be constantly kept in the minds of the viewers, and it might be appropriate for me to mention here that Edwin Newman who commands the greatest prestige and affection is the right person to coordinate this programme. It was his name that attracted me to "In Which We Live" in the first place, because anything he handles is bound to be of quality.

Me to my mother. June 19/70. New York.

It was great fun seeing you in New York again. I hope you will keep up your energy and come back when I shall have a chance to show you the Library. We are in difficult financial times now. I am negotiating for salaries with the city which does not want to pay anything —so we are in for a long bargaining period.

Thank you for the clipping on the striking librarians in London, Ontario. I have quoted it in a report to the membership.

Meanwhile I have bad news about my Richardson ms. The McGill-Queens University Press rejected it. The editor wrote a long letter full of advice. So I shall have to revise it and try again. This apprenticeship has been very hard and very long but I have not lost hope. Who knows what the last word on it all will be? It is the last word that counts.

I shall be going to Detroit on June 28 for a week. On the Friday I shall come to Hamilton and stay the weekend—July 3—6. How’s that? Do you have room for a failing author?

Viola would like to come up on either Thursday or Friday—is that all right? She has left on her scholastic weekend in northern NY State. She had a great time last year. She listens to seminars and talks to other students—all in the fresh air of a country retreat.

I am writing my economic take-home exams—one of which I hope to finish this weekend when my darling wife is away. We’ll be seeing you soon.

My trip to Detroit was to a Labor Librarians Conference held annually to discuss labor publications, trends, etc. The participants came from University libraries with labor relations departments for the most part.

Viola to my mother. July 26/70. The Palliser, Calgary.

> We were so glad to get out of the heat and humidity of New York. Had a pleasant trip to Toronto—but was disappointed at the airport. Our duffle bag with our tent and sleeping bags etc was not on the flight. We almost missed our connection trying to trace it. There was just a chance it may have been put on our flight to Calgary—but we were disappointed here again. No duffle bag. So David insisted on Air Canada paying for our overnight stay in Calgary—after all, if we had our bag we would have camped out at no cost, we argued. So they agreed to pay us $10 for our room which cost $17. Actually we intended staying in Calgary anyway—But we were so fed up with the sloppy service of Air Canada that we made them pay up!! The hotel is excellent.
>
> So we are in this lovely room with bath—so modern. Everything is different. The clothes hangers—the bathroom gadgets, etc. We have a sedan from Avis—so it all turned out well so far. Our bag apparently was stuck in Toronto and will be put on the afternoon flight—arriving here at about 7.40 Calgary time.
>
> We both feel flaked out with the effort of getting out of New York in that heat. It's hard work—cleaning and tidying the apartment and spraying it with mothballs and insecticide. It's very cool here—in the 56ºs or thereabouts. We brought only a few warm things.
>
> I am enclosing a couple of clippings on plays and films in which you are interested. They are N.Y. Times clippings.
>
> We have not seen Calgary as yet. David is resting. Then we shall try to see some of the sights—to zoo, the tower, the planetarium. We shall leave tomorrow for Banff and Jasper, etc.
>
> I find little things amusing. On our trip from N.Y. to Toronto—we were famished for breakfast—but when the stewardess came to our row, she ran out of trays and we had to wait for the other stewardess to come up the aisle from the opposite direction. We were literally the last to have our breakfast. Then the coffee ran out and we could not get seconds. Of all the passengers on the plane, our duffle bag had to get lost!! Both planes were full.
>
> Calgary still looks like a pioneer town. Everything fascinates me because this is my first trip out west. I realize that living in N.Y. and working in the U.N. is really the height of sophisticated living both mentally and socially. I'm curious to know how much of that I shall miss, and whether I can really live the simple life. Will end now and finish it tonight after we have seen the town.
>
> The next morning: We went up the Husky tower—new-built in 1967 and opened in 1968. It is like the revolving tower in Niagara. Marvelous view of the whole of Calgary and the Rockies in the distance. Went to the zoo and then returned to the hotel. Calgary is not the most marvelous city of the world!! We both slept for about 12 hours and feel refreshed this morning. Will have a good breakfast and shop for provisions and will spend tonight at Banff (27th) at a camping site.
>
> David sends much love to all at home. He did not feel like seeing his friend Francis—too tired. So we will just drive off this morning.
>
> Lots of love to Jim, Alec, Anne and the children, Aunt Mont and Uncle Edward, etc.

Near Banff, with its turreted stone hotel in the hills overlooking the town, we picked a camping ground named after Eisenhower but it was so dirty we fled to a cabin in a Canyon where we could walk up to the tundra and see the ink spots bubbling. The next night we pitched our tent at Moraine Lake outside the Lodge and spent the coldest night I have ever endured. Worn out from little sleep, we drove in the warm sunshine to the great divide on the Banff to Jasper road until we came to a motel where we crashed at noon for a deep sleep. We camped by the great river in Jasper, visited the Lodge, hiked to lakes that I recalled reaching with my friend Collins years before and sat with some

bellhops and their girls on a grassy rise, drinking beer and swapping stories contrasting work in my day to their day. When we left Jasper early in the morning for Edmonton, we saw two moose grazing as if a symbol of our parting. At Edmonton University Library an East Indian Librarian interviewing me gave me little prospect of finding work and stories of the cold winters disillusioned me. We drove up to Slave Lake and beyond to Dawson Creek and Moberly Lake, the highest point in British Columbia to gaze at the road for the Yukon, then down through British Columbia camping at Fraser River Dam, and an old gold mining town whose rich years of splendor were long gone and on to Vancouver. Viola's letters catch our enthusiasm.

Viola to Kitty Hood. September 10/70. New York.

> We have just returned from our most marvelous vacation, the best I have ever spent. The Canadian Rockies are the most magnificent and the most beautiful part of the whole world. They are stupendous. If I had the means and the money, Kitty, I would invite you to see the Canadian Rockies and pay all your and John's expenses—so much do I want to share this beauty with you.
>
> Before leaving New York, David was utterly exhausted. He looked pale, haggard with dark ugly rings around his eyes. But we were hardly two days in the fresh mountain air when he began to look like his old self—so healthy and radiant. I loved every minute of our trip from the minute we left our apartment. New York was just beginning one of its worst spells of pollution, heat and humidity that we were glad to see the back of it.
>
> It was marvelous to fly across Canada and to see the lakes and wilderness in the northern part of the provinces. But the prairies! Honestly, Kitty, I had read a lot about the prairies, seen photographs of it, and heard people talk about the dullness of the wheat fields, yet I was not prepared for its sheer vastness. From horizon to horizon, at an altitude of 29,500 feet, there were nothing but square patches of green, yellow and brown wheat fields. My Economics Professor once told us that the wheat fields of Canada and the US alone—just that area—could feed the whole world. From that height, it looked like the whole world! It is so rich and fertile that everything yields in abundance. The milk, meat, fruits and vegetables are absolutely fresh and divine. Later on, in our trip we had to drive through some prairie country and experienced some really fierce winds, with nothing to break it, no tree or mountain, so much so, David had such difficulty keeping the huge Pontiac Sedan from blowing off the road. The roads are dead straight, that from a slight hill you could see literally for miles ahead—this is very dangerous for drivers as they can fall asleep at the wheel. I had to sing and chatter to keep David alert. After travelling for hours in the air across these flat wheat fields, Calgary suddenly appears like a mirage in the distance. This prairie city (more like a town) rises straight out of the flatlands. A mixture of ultra modern buildings and old haphazard and ugly buildings put up during pioneer times. The current joke is that from a building 10-storeys high in Calgary, you could see Winnipeg. It is quite possible.
>
> We spent one night in Calgary and then drove the next day to Banff and the Canadian Rockies. What an educational, joyous and exhilarating experience! The variety of scenery—the ice fields, glaciers, 10,000 year-old leftovers from the ice age on the one hand down to breathtaking valleys, rivers, streams and lakes, of fantastic emeralds and blues—have to be seen to be believed. The Canadian Rangers and the romantic red-coated Mounted Police—keep the country spotlessly clean and everything there is geared to give you a warm, friendly and happy time. There are nature walks—free of charge—where a geologist or botanist or zoologist would explain to you the flora and the fauna and the rock formations of these primitive mountains—so wild that we saw elk, moose, lynx, wolf, bear, weasel, ground squirrel, marmot, etc. So fantastic—so thrilling that I want to go and live there forever. David and I climbed mountains, sometimes hiking fourteen miles, or climbing 7 to 8 thousand feet—we would touch glaciers, or travel on them in snowmobiles—look down at the frightening crevasses hundreds of feet deep, or lie on the alpine meadows, drink water from the fresh streams, swim naked in the emerald lakes and rivers and just love nature and thank God for being alive in this magnificent world—a world that we stupid human beings are bent on destroying.

To camp is such fun. David and I have such a small scoutmaster's tent 5 feet by 7 feet—just enough to sleep two. We would wake at 5 a.m. and David would light our Coleman stove and make delicious coffee and toast, etc. I loved fetching water from the river and eating outdoors. Oh, Kitty, I just love that life. My spirit is ever renewed—I know no pettiness or ugliness there—I am so much in harmony with nature—that I wonder what the hell we are doing in this dreadfully ugly city—that is becoming more and more unliveable—what the hell am I doing in the UN—a dead, demoralizing place, a destroyer of spirit and mind—yet I must stay till I finish this education of mine. I must get that degree in order to survive in Canada.

David just has this semester and his final exam in April, and then he will leave New York—we are quite determined this time. I have had my fill.

Received a lovely letter from Jess—said that she had just written to you both. She thinks she has made a wise decision to go back to Australia. She will try to find a nice apartment that she can afford—at the moment she is living with a family. I miss her sometimes—she was quite a good old sport.

You must be extremely busy with your plans for building a bungalow. Please find some time and write to me and cheer my spirit up—it gets so depressed in this city—although I'm bearing up better now that I have had such a magnificent holiday. I am looking forward to going back to school only because it keeps me from vegetating in this Organization. This year will be our Greek year—we are to read the Odyssey and Iliad by Homer, all of Aristophanes' plays, etc. Plato's Republic and so on and so forth. Sounds like a difficult year—but at least I'll be doing something with my mind. Will let you know more when we start school.

An American girlfriend of mine married a Spanish Ambassador and is now in Guinea. She wrote a long letter telling me how exhausted she was from all the entertaining she has to do and attend. She wanted that sort of life—but I think was not prepared for the sheer strain of it. I would not want that life for anything in the world—a simple life, deep in nature is all I ask for.

David sends his love to you both dear dear people—whom we love and miss very much. I send you all my love and hope to hear from you soon.

Viola to my mother. August 28/70. New York.

When we come back there are so many things to get adjusted to that it is always a while before we can sit down and write. It is so hard to believe that we have had such a splendid holiday—it seems like a dream now. We both wish to thank you for putting up with us and allowing us to keep our duffle bag in your cellar. I hope you will take a lot of rest and recuperate. I honestly think you should go north with a friend for even a week. It would do you a world of good. Hamilton is polluted, but of course not anywhere near the horror of New York. Also, thank you for getting the tickets for David and myself—the play was most enjoyable.

The first day we arrived the weather was not bad. But the next day, David complained of tiredness and today he is in bed with a sore throat, slight temperature, a cold and feeling weak. If the pollution has affected him this soon and so badly, I really think David must leave New York right away. He has just one semester more with two courses to take—and I am wondering if he should even stay that long. He would, in other words, have done all the required courses by December this year, then he can take his comprehensive exam anytime after that. He can leave in December or January and only come back for his exam. I have just read in the New York Times that thousands of New Yorkers are leaving New York and emigrating to Spain, Italy, Britain, Australia and Canada. There is a filthy haze over the city that I can't see the buildings on the other side of the East River. (I have just called David at home, since he's in bed, and he said he is feeling much better.) I am so glad he's taking a rest and not driving himself as he is wont to do.

I have written for and received, this morning, papers for becoming a Canadian. David is finding out whether I can become a citizen immediately because of my marriage to him. He thinks there shouldn't be any formality. I feel quite emotional about giving up my British citizenship, but I feel closer to Canada than I do to Britain and I really love the country of Canada.

Got a letter from my friend Barbara—who is exhausted being Madame Ambassador in Guinea. The dinners and luncheons are killing her, she says. Jess, my Australian friend, also wrote to say she is enjoying being back home.

Our pictures of our trip look marvelous on the screen. Some of them are breathtaking. We wish you could have seen them on the screen. Must end, now, and we both send you our love, Mother, and hope you will be soon well enough to come and visit us.

Viola to Bunny Mellican. September 9/70. New York

Your letter with your news of your divorce was waiting for me on my return from my Vacations. I was not surprised at the news and was glad it was a clean break and not a separation which I consider to be unsatisfactory on all counts. Divorce is an upsetting experience—no matter how justified—so I quite understand why you had not written earlier. I'm sure it is the best decision because living as you both were only eroded one's disposition. I am so glad you and the children are now happy and settled in a new home and in a new environment.

I received a card from Kim who tells me that she is married. I feel so happy for her. I really think she's a very nice person and like most of us have not had the right opportunities in life. But I take off my hat to her for making something of her life despite the drawbacks.

I note your intentions to remarry. Be careful whom you marry this time—make sure she's compatible. There is nothing wrong with marrying a 23 year old—except that she's likely to become pregnant and would expect a life of a young bride—lots of fun, etc. Unless she's not that kind—but she will be looking for something in her marriage which you may not be prepared to give, since you have lived your life and are now in your fifties. However, this is only a cousinly advice—and as I've learnt my lesson from my own family—I shouldn't be solicitous and advise out of kindness of my heart—I only get kicks and vicious gossip. So disregard anything I've said—or take it for what it’s worth. David sends regards,

Viola to her father. September 30/70. New York

Thank you for your letter which arrived this morning. I am glad to know that all is well with you.

Yes, thank you, we had a wonderful holiday. It was the best holiday I had ever had in my life. New York was just beginning to have one of its most awful heat waves—you have to live through one of those to realize how awfully unbearable it is. The humidity paralyzes you and often people die of suffocation. David and I left New York with great relief. We flew to Toronto and caught our connection plane to Calgary. There our rented car was waiting for us at the airport. But the airline had lost our duffle bag containing our tent, sleeping bags and cooker etc—so we told them that we could not camp that night cheaply and because they were to blame they should pay for our hotel—which they did. The next day our duffle bag turned up—it got lost in the shuffle from NY to Toronto. David and I drove to Banff—in the Rocky Mountains. My dear Daddy, if I were rich, I would treat the whole family to a trip in the Rocky Mountains—it is just breathtaking—beautifully healthy and clean—most educational and simply warm and friendly. You would see ice fields from the ice age—you would see glaciers 1000 feet thick on the mountains—all relics from the ice age—you would see arctic type of terrain—then you come down lower and you have the thickest, most luscious fir forests—the rivers, streams and lakes are so clean and pure that we used to drink straight from them. The Lakes are brilliant emerald green and blue—the rivers magnificently clear and the water falls are breathtaking. I just cannot begin to tell you of my utter fascination. They have rangers who are geologists, zoologists, botanists,

and archaeologists—who explain to you the rock formation, and the flora and the fauna. The animals are wild and plentiful and are dangerous—but if you leave them alone they will leave you alone—they are magnificent creatures—wolf, lynx, moose, caribou, bear, weasels and a million others. How marvelous.

David and I climbed mountains 8 to 9 thousand feet per day sometimes—about 14 miles. He and I never felt healthier nor looked better in our lives. When I came back—people did not recognize me—I looked slim and muscle toned, I looked relaxed and healthy—they all said I looked radiant. As for my David, he was so haggard and pale in New York, but two days in the open air and he picked up miraculously and looked his usual self.

We camped in the open air—in forests. We would wake up at 5 a.m. and D. would cook the breakfast on our little stove. Then we would pack our tent and drive off somewhere else—or we would bivouac for about a week somewhere and go for hikes every day. What glorious glorious times, Daddy. How much I thank the good Lord for this earth—how marvelous the simple life truly is. And how I hated coming back to this ugly, violent city and the horrible, dull UN.

We took a train from Vancouver to Toronto—right across Canada from the Pacific coast to the Atlantic, practically. The train ride through the mountains and tunnels—reminded me of Maymyo—remember? I was so excited in the train—we had a bedroom that converts into a sitting room during the day—-three days and three nights—with all our meals included. What utter fun. I loved the whole trip from the beginning to the end. It had such variety. The country is rich and vast, Daddy. Simply a grand country.

I was surprised to read about Donald keeping the children in Singapore—after all that fuss. Well, I suppose if the schools out there are all that good he should keep the children there—but why did he not say so in the first place. I only hope Mummy is not too sad—but she should have the rest she deserves now. I'm sure that is a load off her mind. But if the children are having a good time I don't see why not have the whole family together. After all, Donald has to bear the brunt of his responsibilities and his children are his ultimate concern.

I saw Bunny last Monday. He looks terrible, Daddy. If you have a moment write and cheer him up. I know he's the sort of person who is tight with his money and when he's up, he is inclined to show off — but now he is broken. Try to write a cheerful letter to him. David and I were not able to go to Irene's place on our return journey from our holidays—I was sorry about that—but time was getting short and it was out of our way. We cut the whole of our American trip out. I wrote to her but have not heard from her. I believe she came over to see you often when she was in England. Write and let me know.

I have just read a marvelous book on the Middle East. Gunnar Jarring, U Thant's mediator in the Middle East, could not get a copy of this book—because it was suppressed in this country—he got one eventually and lent it to a friend of mine. I borrowed it and read with fascination about the whole story of the Middle East. The British played a very ridiculous and stupid part in the Suez crises of 1956—Dulles was petty in regard to the Aswan Dam—Eisenhower compassionate and statesmanlike—and Nasser the most misunderstood man. I was never more fascinated by a political book.

The tragedy of the ME situation is this, Daddy. Balfour was the first to talk about giving the Jews a "national home"—he thought about Kenya, or Uganda or some other place—then someone suggested Palestine. Ben Gurion and the various Zionists seized on this thought and decided that Palestine was their rightful home from Biblical times. (Abraham had two sons, Isaac and Ismail. Isaac was the favoured son who inherited Jerusalem—he was the first Jew. Ismail was not favoured by his father—and Ismail started the Arab race. However, Palestine at the time of Ben Gurion was inhabited by Jews and Arabs—but the Arabs were in the majority. The Jews could not make it their state since they were in the minority. The Zionists thought of attracting more Jews to Palestine to swell their numbers. In the meantime World War II broke out and Hitler persecuted the Jews—which helped Ben

Gurion in his Zionist movement! The Jews began to descend on Palestine in hoards and drove away the Arabs (without much ceremony). Often these poor Arabs would find themselves across some fence outside their fields, homes and gardens and able to see the Jews occupying their property—they were humiliated and outraged. Naturally they felt the Jews treated them badly and they wanted vengeance—hence they became the Palestine guerrillas. This is only part of the story. Anyway—the situation is confusing because the Palestine guerrillas who want to go back to their home are extremists—and Nasser, who wants to unite the Arab world and build up Egypt is a moderate. Nasser wants to make peace but the guerrillas do not want peace with Israel. Hence you get that confused picture of Arab fighting against Arab. Jordan's Hussein is pro-west but in an awkward position in the Arab world. They don't trust him—and yet he can't outright say he's pro-west and anti-Russian.

After reading that book—Daddy, I have great sympathy for the Arab cause. I feel sorry for them. They are not fighters and will always be outclassed by the Israelites, who I think are first class soldiers and airmen—they have the best intelligence in the world too (by intelligence, I mean spies). I wish you could read this book, Daddy. You will see how utterly mean Anthony Eden was and how really sick he was. But I doubt if you can even get a copy in England. This book was written by an American—a New York Times correspondent.

I wish I could sit and talk to you about the Middle East. It’s a fascinating story. Nasser's death yesterday came as a great shock to the UN. Arabs all over were crying openly. I’m so sorry too—because he was the only one who could have negotiated for peace.

The UN is going downhill so fast—it is terrible to see it in this tailspin. As for U Thant? His prestige has diminished altogether. Everything of importance is being discussed outside the UN. They are bypassing him. Some say he will stay on—and he will stay on for three reasons. l) because the other governments hate to shop for another man (they say Chile might get it); 2) the people who depend on him are pressing him to stay on (those who got nice fat jobs under him); and 3) he has no where to go. I personally hope he does not stay. The UN has really gone to pot—no one supports or respects it.

The names being bandied about after U Thant are Jacobson (Finland) (very good and young man—but a Jew, therefore tough on the Arabs); Waldheim (Austria) but western (his daughter was in our division for a while); Cacina (Mexican); and this chap from Chile. So heaven knows who will be U Thant's successor. On the other hand, the governments may want U Thant simply because they have lost interest in the UN.

Well, Daddy, this is a long letter and I apologize for writing such a long one. I hope you can read and understand all I have written. Please share this letter with Mummy and Eustace—but otherwise don't show it around. David sends all his love to you and Mummy, too.

PS: Mrs. Beasley has got emphysema (a lung disease from pollution). She has lost a lot of weight and is about 73 years of age. I feel very sorry for her.

Viola to her mother. September 30/70. New York

I am writing to you as I have just received a letter from Daddy. He tells me that Donald has decided to keep the children in Singapore. I hope that you are not feeling too sad about that. I think that in the long run, Donald and Joan will have to look after those children. They must live as a family unit and since Donald has described the school to be first class then it is only right they should remain with their father. I remember in Burma, those British military people (like Peter Brown’s father) were very privileged—so no doubt Donald and Joan are feeling very happy in their prestigious position out in the East—the last bastion of the British Empire. So cheer up Mummy—it is for the best. You must now take a lot of rest. The children must have been quite a burden on you. Take advantage of this rest and read and occupy yourself as you have always admirably done. I've always admired your capacity for doing things.

But if Joan tries to dump the children on you when it suits her just tell her to go to hell and that she must face that responsibility and sacrifice.

I saw Bunny last Monday—poor chap, Mummy, he looks so broken. He now finds himself very lonely, and is worrying about growing old alone. Olga really squeezed him dry. She got the house which she promptly put up for sale. She sued Bunny because the children took some towels, sheets and pillowcases. So Bunny wrote to her and said that since he did not know what the children packed she was free to sue them!! How mean she is. Bunny said that he bought a bigger and better house $40,000 to $50,000—but hardly any furniture. I think he did this to defy Olga and to make her jealous as she is so fond of luxury. She went to Ceylon with a German hairdresser friend—and is living with him now. Bunny has the children and since two of the girls are in College he has only the youngest with him. He had to spend a lot of money on the lawyers and as down payment for his house—so he is broke. For a man who was so miserly with his money—it is sad to see him so broke. He wished he had never taken Olga back. She really got the better of the deal. Well, seeing him so broken-hearted and unhappy, I felt sorry for him. So if you have a moment, try to write to him. Expect nothing from him, because he's brought up differently from us.

I have not heard from Irene since her return to the States. Did she have a good time at your place?

David and I are keeping better health than when we left on our vacations. We both must have fresh air to survive. This city has gone from bad to worse—like the UN.

Did you have a nice summer? I sent you cards from the Rocky Mountains. I wish you could have seen them, you really would have liked it, Mummy. Everywhere there is unrest—and I wish I could go and live somewhere quiet for ever. I have lost all interest in the UN as a place to work—I do enjoy talking and associating with some of my colleagues who are such knowledgeable and fine people—but I have to hang on for my own reasons. I ask God's blessing on you and Daddy. I think, Mummy, the simple things in life are the best—but we must be simple and kind—because, in the end, nothing matters. I regained my spirituality in the mountains this summer and I thank God for that.

Freda Waldon to us. October 12/70 Hamilton

Thank you for your letters. I was so glad to hear from you and hope I shall see you at Christmas.

Thank you also for the NYPL *Bulletins*. I found the chapters very interesting, a lot of the information quite new to me. I felt that I would like to prune your style a little but I can never read anything like that without wanting to improve it—it used to annoy my staff but I always claimed that the only thing I did better than any of the staff was writing—except for Katherine Greenfield. I had to concede she was good.

I haven't heard from Robert Weaver, but I met the assistant sales manager of the U of T Press the other day and mentioned your book to her. She said she was sure the editors would want to see it when it's ready. The person to contact is Miss Jean Houston, Executive Editor, U of T Press, Toronto 181, Ont.

It would be a good idea to apply for a Canada Council grant. Kay has left the National Library of course. I don’t know Guy Sylvestre as well as I did Kay Lamb but I'll write him on your behalf if it would be any help. I don’t suppose anyone on the Canada Council would know me now. I certainly think the book is worth doing. It's a wonder it hasn’t been done before.

I don't think many people know that he was as popular in his own day as James Fenimore Cooper. I'm afraid I haven't read either. I was so bored by Scott I decided I didn't like historical novels. The only ones I've ever really enjoyed I think are a couple by Alfred Duggan. Do you know him? If you ever want to write an historical novel, he should be your model. A really good one on the War of 1812 would be an addition to our literature.

Good luck with all your work—I hear Viola is having great success with her studies, splendid—I'll be looking forward to see you at Christians,

PS. This is a sad Thanksgiving here. I'm glad the two men are safe but I am not sure the Government should weaken and bargain with the terrorists. What a dangerous world we live in. Have you read Crane Britton(sp?) *Anatomy of Revolution*? If he's right, the crucial question is: Are our ruling classes losing confidence? Is the government afraid to use force to put down the Revolution while it still can? I don't think there is any doubt that the FLQ is only incidentally for an independent Quebec. They couldn't care less for Rene Levesque. They're out for revolution on the Chinese rather than the Russian model probably.

Viola to her mother. November 16/70. New York

Since talking to you on the phone, I have looked forward to a letter from you every day but so far none has arrived. I know you are busy painting the house, etc. But I wonder if you really do not have the inclination to write to me ever since I criticized you in your relationship to Daddy. If you have not forgiven me in your heart, I am indeed sorry, since I cannot do any thing about it—but I am asking you now, that if you are still angry and hurt, to forgive me because I am truly sorry.

But I once and for all want to explain to you one thing. As a daughter to you and Daddy, I CANNOT possibly side with one against the other. I love you both most dearly and I just want to help you see each other as victims of circumstances and to help you both to live reasonably peacefully. That is all I want. I cannot hound an old man in his old age just because he lost his job and has no hobby. Daddy cannot help it—he was the victim of lost opportunities. Where can Daddy go? What can he do? There is no escape for him—except death. That is why it is so important for all of us to help him in a kind and understanding way. No one must be allowed to be unhappy and we should all try—no matter how hard Daddy makes it for us to help him. That is all Mummy. Both, as your and Daddy's child, I have acted as I felt, and I am sorry that I have offended and hurt you. I don't think you can get this from any other child—I doubt that they have the means or wisdom to tell you where you are wrong. But I also know, Mummy dearest, that you are very wise and very intelligent and big-hearted enough to know that I only meant well—and that I am a stupid and tactless idiot in the way I went about it.

I was so happy to hear you tell me on the telephone that the best way to live is a simple way. How right and how wise you are—you always are. I am constantly amazed at your high intelligence, Mummy. I really mean this. I know we children, had we had the same opportunities as others, would have distinguished ourselves. We all have inherited your and Daddy's brain. So help us enjoy what we are doing—help us, Mummy, to be happy. We can only be happy if there is harmony in our house. We all are very closely knit as a family—but I want to be able to come to a happy house.

I told the Prime minister, Heath, when we had a party for him—the British staff members of the UN. I told him that I was one of those very loyal but neglected British citizens—Burmese by blood, British by citizenship, Canadian by marriage, American by residence and international by employment. He laughed, it was a fine party—and the British were very warm and decent people. I felt really quite good.

How are the children and Donald now? I am so glad they are happy out there. Now with Heath's government—they may have to stay out there longer. Are you happy yourself, Mummy dearest? They, the children, must have been quite a lot of work for you.

New York is becoming an impossible city to live in. Firms are closing down and moving out—people are jobless, prices are soaring, and the crime rate is going up and up beyond salvation. We are all not safe at all anywhere. Then the rivers, oceans, lakes, air and water are polluted. Everything is dying—birds and animals, trees and plants. I wonder where it will all end. The whole world is mad. That is why you are so right, Mummy, we must live simply and honestly as much as we can.

How are Cecil and Babsie? Please congratulate them on their 25th anniversary from David and I. I meant to send them a card, but quite forgot. I am going through a very busy and tense period, Mummy, and I really forgot. I have not heard from Bunny either. I did telephone Irene last Sunday, after I talked to you. I, too, have not heard a word from her. She said she is busy with her school, etc. but after November, she will be freer and will write to us all. I can understand that. David and I are so busy that we do not have time to even read a newspaper. Mrs. Beasley is not well—down with a cold. Her eldest son was 'laid-off' work, as they say in this country. The recession may turn into a depression, and I dread that. What a blooming world we live in.

The United Nations is also scraping the bottom of the well. It is the most depressing and demoralizing place to live in. U Thant is a failure and everyone I have spoken to dismisses him as useless. I must say that the job is an impossible one—but since he has no university education, he finds it more difficult. What a university education does, is to enable you to grasp concepts which poor U Thant has not been able to do in his illustrious position.

The staff are dissatisfied with salaries and promotions, and they are beginning to rebel. The delegations are openly criticizing the UN—and so we are all in a state of misery. I must be grateful to the UN for many things. It has opened my eyes to the ways of the world—it has enabled me to study—it has given me my marriage—it has provided me with a certain amount of security and money—and it has enabled me to pay for your house. For all this I am most grateful. I have also had my worst experiences in the UN. (But I hope God will help me over that hurdle. I still pray every day and for all of you. Must end now, Mummy. David sends love to you and Daddy, and I send mine. Please write to me Mummy, and tell me that you still love me and that you are not hurt and angry. Once more I ask your forgiveness, and once more I assert that your and Daddy's happiness is all I ask for.

Viola to my mother. December 3/70. New York.

Thank you for your letter which arrived on Tuesday, just after our Thanksgiving weekend. David and I spent a very quiet Thanksgiving with turkey, wine and cheese in our little apartment. He had to prepare an exam paper and so did I. I also took Friday off in order to do some shopping as I shan't have the time this month to do so. In one fell swoop I did all my shopping and even sent off the Montreal parcel on Saturday. I was so guilty about doing last minute shopping these past years and sending off the parcel late that I was determined to do something about it this year—and now they will be astonished to get their parcel too early!! Maybe the next year I'll get the timing right!

I'm afraid I got cufflinks and stud sets with initials on them for the men, i.e., Alec, Jim, Uncle Edward and Ned. It was the simplest for me, and, besides, it is an excellent and smart set which I'm sure they will like. Your letter therefore came too late to buy Peter a game set — because I got all the children some excellent calf-leather wallets and purses which could last them many years. Also got some clutch purses (French) for Anne B. and Aunt Mont. I got Ann C. some lovely notepaper monogrammed with her initials. I'm telling you this, in case you have not done your Christmas shopping yet and may want to avoid duplication. I got David a couple of pyjamas—size D, which he is already wearing—but I intend to get him something else for Christmas as a surprise. David gave me a lovely soft black calf-leather handbag which I needed and which I chose myself.

I've got to write a 25 paged paper before Christmas for one of my courses. It's bothering me because I have not done the reading at all. We are loaded this semester.

I tried to call Helen but have received no answer—presume she's away. Both David and I were distressed to hear that Peter has something wrong with his knees. How terrible for him. How do they know he will be OK by 21? It must be a relief for Mrs. Gates now. How I hate old age. It is terrible. Also, poor Anne's mother. Anyway, Mother, David and I feel quite awful about imposing on you at Christmas and we would like to give you as little bother as possible. I really mean this. We can always go out for meals to save you the bother. But I feel if we do not come for Christmas you won't get the chance to see David—

as time simply flies during the year. My mother is talking to us about her golden wedding anniversary in 1972. I hope that God-willing, they will be able to celebrate that. She wants us to go over to England then. But we may go next year as well—as David might be able to do some research in England for his biography. He may be getting a grant—but this is very vague so we should not get too excited about that—there have been so many disappointments in the past. I'm so used to disappointments now that I'm beginning to believe that life is one great one. I really do believe that all that matters in life is how you get on from day to day—if you can keep yourself interested in something, if you can keep your body and soul healthy by living a simple and honest life—that is all that matters. As for success, fame, wealth—they eventually are illusions. I see just how the UN which started out with such great ideals, which sincerely strove to bring about some good living for all of mankind—yet it has deteriorated to sordid squabbling and even fistfights among delegates as the enclosed clipping will indicate. The Western world is in a bad shape and I hope something will be done to turn the tables. In the UN we see the malaise of the world reflected. The Americans are sliding in the back seat—Personnel has been virtually taken over by the Russians and Arabs. And the kind of people who have taken the place of the Western nationals are a terrible arrogant and crude lot. Barbarism has always taken over from great civilizations and in that way I agree with De Gaulle. He wanted the culture of Britain and the Europeans to emerge again and survive but despaired by the two clumsy and crude giants of America and Russia taking over. Must end now. I have philosophized enough. I cannot help it, I live in a different world from the serene calmness of, say, Hamilton. The UN is too tumultuous.

I think Trudeau by recognizing China and throwing out Taiwan was very courageous and sensible. He was largely responsible for the 51 in favour to 49 against vote in the UN. The Americans suffered a real setback on this question for the first time. I hope Trudeau will go on being as courageous and sensible as he has been doing—or else Canada will be the first to be swamped when USA disintegrates. Canada is also in the front line—looking at her from North to South—she is between the two giants of Russia and America, with China just beyond the USSR. She is therefore very vulnerable and has to go along with the States. I'm glad I lived when I did. There will never be any peace. I really must end now. All our love to you, Jim, and everyone else in Hamilton.

Viola to her parents. January 20/ 71. New York

This is the first opportunity I have for writing letters having gone through eight weeks of intense pressure and tension. So many people have complained that I have not written, but I have had to write and explain that I simply have no time.

I have had to make many decisions that were not easy. In the first place I have had to make up my mind now whether I want to resign from the UN and go to full time study. It is not an easy decision to make. I earn a good salary and it is not easy to give that up—much as I loathe the UN and feel I shan't be getting anywhere there. Secondly, I was worried about David's reelection. Had he lost the election, he would have to resign from the Library and go back to Canada where the employment picture is very bad—the worst in the world. Thirdly—the money is so tight—the universities in such bad financial shape, it is doubtful if I can get the kind of scholarship I need in order to give up my job. And I don't know if I'm doing the right thing about going full time study—because by the time I get a degree decent enough to teach or command a good salary, I might be too old and jobs will be given to younger people by preference. So all in all, my mind was in a state of turmoil. Then came the exams and papers I have had to accomplish by the 15th of this month—if I did not complete them, I would not graduate in June. Then came the Christmas rush—presents, cards, shopping, etc. I had to leave the shopping to David for his side of the family presents. He's good because he can pick up bargains—being Scottish!! He gave them all books!!

Then we were invited to Romana's wedding—Bunny's eldest daughter—the one that looks like a Nicholas. I did not know whether to go up to Canada, come back to New York and then go up to Rochester for the wedding—because I had to write papers—or whether to stay

up in Canada and go to Rochester on our way back to New York. If so, what clothes to take, etc. All these small decisions over the big ones and the pressure of my work (I'm now doing two jobs) and my university studies really got me in a state of intense tension and exhaustion. This is the first moment I have for relaxing.

David decided that we should go to Canada for Christmas and stay there until New Years and drive down to Rochester for the wedding and down to New York after that. It was a good decision—as I was able to work at McMaster University in Hamilton, Canada, while David went up to Ottawa, Montreal and Kingston. I would catch a bus and go to the University at 10 a.m. and then Jim, David's brother, would pick me up in the evening. What I discovered was that working full time on a research job at a university is marvelous—one can accomplish a lot. I was able to finish a paper in three days.

Christmas was very quiet and only with family. We went to David's other brother's house—he's the lawyer—and had a wonderful dinner—Anne, the wife of Alec's was very upset because she used a new way of cooking the turkey and the turkey collapsed. It tasted alright though. I pulled her leg and told her it was the best collapsed turkey dinner I ever tasted.

Mrs. Beasley is looking very well—touch wood. It is amazing. She looks quite quite normal. She said she looks after herself and rests a lot. You should take the same course, Mummy. Rest as much as possible in between chores. She did not want us to leave her alone on New Year's Eve—she would have gone with some friends to a party actually—so David and I stayed with her—she got one other friend and we spent New Year's Eve very quietly.

On New Year's Day—it was very cold but bright and sunny. David and I drove down to Rochester—which is only about three hours drive from Hamilton. We arrived Rochester about 3 p.m.—the wedding was at 5 p.m. Bunny lives in a fine house. They call it over here—ranch-type house. A sort of split level house. Very big and spacious and has four floors. His wife is a young American girl—probably in her late twenties or early thirties. She comes of Swedish ancestry and seemed a very sweet and hard-working girl. Bunny needs that type—and as she is a nurse—she is able to do things for him. Bunny appears to be very happy with her.

I was surprised when Ingrid (Bunny's second daughter who married last April) came and showed me her tiny baby. It's a sweet little child. I think Ingrid is a lovely girl—so sweet and the best looking and most intelligent of the three. Ingrid's husband is a negro—he was the Director of her Educational Programme at the College she went to. He is now in Germany serving with the army and Ingrid left to join him on the 12th of this month. I gave her your phone and address in case she got to London.

Romana's husband is a young college boy who was 'majoring' in music. The Americans used the word 'majoring' when they mean specializing. He is white—with curly blond hair and he plays the trombone. He has had to discontinue his studies in his third year at College and has taken a job as a car-salesman. Romana is a beautiful singer. She has a professional voice and sang at her wedding with the band. She already works with a 'group' in a night club and earns $60 a night five nights a week. I think she can go a long way—she really sings superbly. Bunny ought to be very proud of her.

Olga lives in Fairport—a very rich suburb in Rochester. She lives with this German, who is her partner in the Boutique they opened. I don't think business was going well—what with the recession and the conservative type of people in Rochester, they don't go in for oriental goods. If they came down to New York, they might do better but they would have a great deal of competition. She and her German went to Venezuela for a holiday.

The wedding was very pretty. Ingrid and Yasmin (Bunny's youngest daughter) and their cousin—all wore their black hair long—their saris were scarlet velveteen and they all had white garland of carnations—really beautiful. The men wore black tails and red shirts with white bows and white carnations in their button hole. It was very impressive. I must say

Olga is very imaginative. The girls dressed in a Church before the wedding. David and I dressed in Bunny's house.

Then there was Paulette and Ali. I can only smile at Paulette, Mummy and Daddy. She is just a character. She had a blond wig, her dress was black lace—very short about six to seven inches above her knees—and she had nothing underneath on the top!! I just couldn't believe my eyes. But she did not care and she danced and had a wonderful time. After the dinner at the golf club—and dancing with a band—Paulette invited David and I to her house—she lives in a huge house which she rents the upstairs and it pays for the house. Her house is filled with all kinds of antique looking objects with red curtains and sofas. Please don't tell anyone about this, but it does look like a Madame's boudoir. Please don't TELL anyone I said this, Mummy,—not to Walter, Cecil or Rita. I don't want any misunderstanding, and I don't want anyone to poison your mind against me. I am just talking to you both as if you were my best friends and I'm talking freely as I would to my best friends, confident that you will not repeat it. This is just for your information.

Bunny and his family have carved out a nice life for themselves in Rochester. His daughters are quite Americanized and all have settled very nicely. Bunny was very hospitable and good to us and gave us a royal welcome. He begged us to visit them oftener. His in-laws on Olga's side were all so warm and friendly too and invited us to stay with them.

He was very grateful and so very happy to hear from you Daddy. He really appreciates your letters. I'm glad you showed graciousness and broad-mindedness in writing to him.

David went up to Ottawa while we were in Canada. He found himself in the plane with all sorts of Members of Parliament—one of whom was his cousin. David told them what he was doing in New York—being a Union President and all that. They were most interested. They told David that he could easily get a job in Ottawa any time. I hope the liberals win now. They are all from the Liberal Party—Trudeau's.

David's friend—his boyhood friend—John Munro is a Cabinet Minister. He called David at 2 a.m. just to say hello!

I have just one semester left to go. I shall then graduate in June. Too bad the economy is so bad. I'm worried if they have enough money to give me a scholarship. Just my luck.

I hope you got in touch with Mr. Rueben and got that copy of your will, Daddy. He should have sent it ages ago. He's so old now, I suppose he's absent-minded. Also, I'm worried that his wife may have been very ill and that put him off or something.

I'm glad Donald and his family are well and settled in a nice big house. The children wrote or rather typed very sweet letters to me. How improved they are. I shall write later to them. In the meantime, I must say, bye for now. This letter has gone on and on and I should stop.

Waldheim seems to be trying to reorganize this UN, but I doubt if even he can do much. He is going to see Nixon on Monday. Let's see what happens. The UN will go on surviving like a white elephant—not even the Chinese's admission will help change the way nations think and behave as human beings for that matter.

Much love to you both—and to Rita and Eustace and others.

I flew from Hamilton airport to Ottawa on a flight carrying several Members of Parliament back to the capital after the holidays. I intended to do a little research on Richardson before going on to Montreal to stay with my sister's family. I traveled and conversed with a Liberal MP from Hamilton, Gordon Sullivan. Gordon was the age of my brother Alec and I knew him from playing tennis when I was a boy and admired his play and that of his brother Jack. I had not spoken to him since those days, but he recognized me when we got in line to board the plane. I knew that he and Alec had quarreled over some issue, but he saw that I was far removed from local problems, and we spoke of old times [his grandparents, he said, lived in the grand stone house identical and next door to my grandparents on Main Street East, torn down for a mall and stores in the 1950s] and of present-day

politics, Nixon vs Trudeau, and introduced me to the NDP Stan Knowles. He said he would give my greetings to Munro, but John, curious about my arrival in Ottawa, called my mother in Hamilton and finally reached me at my sister's at a late hour. I assured him that I had just been researching in the archives and had no political ambitions. His determination to locate me I thought was very typical of him. I stopped off in Kingston to see my friend Bill Morley on my way to New York City by bus. I was amused by Bill's plastering of notes to himself all over the house, on doors, on lampshades, on tables.

Viola to my mother. January 27/71. New York

> I have just handed in my last paper one week later than I should have and I feel like celebrating. David also has to type out just one paper and he is through with exams, etc. But what a three week period of tension! Both David and I had to do something like seven long papers (David more) within three weeks—all demanding a great number of books to read. Now it is all over and I'm thankful except the new term starts next week—for me—David does not have to take any more courses.
>
> They are going to try to publish one of my essays in the Student's Magazine so let's hope something comes of that. What gave me the greatest thrill this last semester was my Greek Classics professor—an Englishman from Oxford University. He not only has a Ph.D degree from Oxford but also has an LL.D degree. He's on the faculty of Columbia University as a Ph.D adviser and will soon be appointed to the Board in New York University (my Univ.). Well, this professor, Dr. Stigall by name, has written a letter to the President of New York University, Dr. Hester, telling him that I was one of the most outstanding students he has ever taught—and he wants to publish my thesis! So that is the second paper of mine recommended for publication! He told the class that my paper was the best he had ever read in his teaching career! Oh boy! I never felt so thrilled. Please do keep quiet about this, Mother, until something comes of it all. But I thought that this might please you a little. I wrote to Mummy and Daddy this morning, also, to tell them the same news, but asked them not to brag about it to friends and relatives because they will only be envious—and I don't want that. I just want to share a little joy with just a few people. I've told only a couple of people in the UN—my boss for one—but no one else. People's envy is too painful for me to watch. Anyway, I've never cared for people's opinions.
>
> David is much better now. He was good enough to stay in bed a whole week. He also finished his exam papers! But the trouble he's been having may be caused by a tooth. The dentist said it had gangrene in it. He's now having treatment—a root-canal therapy job. I'm so glad he went. I've been begging him to. I cannot understand him not doing sensible things. After all, one cannot take him by the hand to a dentist, can one. I do not agree with the view that men should be helpless about such matters.
>
> Doug Bruce [Fraser's son] was here last Saturday. We had him for a drink and then we all three went out to dinner (Mexican) and came back to the apartment for brandy and some of my mother's Christmas cake. We had a lovely time. I find him extremely thoughtful and intellectual. He seems to be genuinely interested in economics, and he and David jawed away on that. He was surprised about Beverly's news but delighted. Doreen must be ecstatic —she was so anxious for Bev. to marry, Douglas was here with a friend to attend the boat show in which their canoe was exhibited. I think someone wants to write an article about them. He gave us a huge bottle of Courvoisier Brandy—so generous and thoughtful.
>
> We must frame your photograph. I like it. It has a place of honor in our apartment as it is the only photograph on display.
>
> My mother sent us a Christmas cake. It arrived very late though. I have not heard from them simply because of the strike, I think.
>
> I'm afraid the woman in Altman's gave us the wrong monograph on the notepaper I gave Ann Clements—when Ann wrote to us I noticed the initials were AE instead of AC. I shall have to write and apologize. If she had mentioned it to me, I could have had it exchanged. What may have happened was that the cover of the box may have had AC but the note paper

inside was AE—someone in the store might have put the wrong cover on the box. Or the woman may have misunderstood me when I asked for AC. It seems nothing ever goes right with our Christmas presents to the Clements!

I sent Barbara some stamps in my note to Anne. I hope she got them. It's frigid weather again. I love it. I find it more healthy than the horrible heat.

Got a note from Mimi Ponsonby. She's in Cyprus—teaching and writing. She's also learning to fly!

Kitty is madly busy with architects and building bungalows—so there is not much news from her, but she did send her best wishes to you—also John did so. Must end now. Hope Jim is fine. Love to all in Hamilton. Pity you did not know of Doug's visit, you might have sent the book by him.

Viola to Kitty Hood. January 28/71. New York

I have not written for such a long time. I was delighted to hear from you at Christmas and I'm glad the work with the architect and mason is going along rapidly and smoothly. If I remember correctly you are supposed to move by February? I'm sure it's fun designing and building houses—you have such a marvelous talent. That villa you now live in is so beautiful that I can't imagine your leaving it! Still if the price is good then nothing else matters. I hope when we next visit Europe we will be driven by the old place so that I can see your parents' house and the additions you put on to yours.

We may go to Europe this year. Do you think we can see you? If we do go, we may do so in August. Will you be settled in your new place by then?

I have some itsy bitsy news for you, Kitty. I may have two of my papers published. One is on philosophy. My professor said it was the best he had read since teaching in our program for the last five years. So he took it up with the Dean to have it published in the Student's Magazine. The equivalent is Scrutiny in Cambridge, England. I've submitted my manuscript and hope something comes of it.

The second paper is more or less a thesis. This gave me the greatest thrill, because my professor was an Englishman with Oxford University degrees. He's not only a Ph.D in classical Greek history and literature, but he also has an American LL.D degree. He is absolutely meticulous and makes tremendous demands on us. He wanted a 25-page typed ms. thoroughly researched and documented, etc. Well, he told the class that my paper was the best he had ever read in his teaching career! He wrote a special letter to the President of the New York Univ., Dr. Hester, and told him that I was the most outstanding student he had ever taught, and that I had written an excellent paper. Not only that, he is going to have it published in some journal or other. Isn't that great! I never felt so thrilled, I can tell you. What was so marvelous is that I did not give the paper as much care and attention I gave some of the other papers I had written, because we were so pressed for time—we all had to turn out something like seven papers in three weeks and we were belabouring under such tension that I had a pain in my back for weeks! I wrote that paper in four days.

I have only told a few people about this little moment of pleasure. I have not told anyone in the UN except three of the officers. I can't bear their envy and I have suffered so much on their account.

I must now turn to other matters! Mimi Ponsonby sent us a card from Cyprus. She's teaching and writing there and is also learning to fly! She sounded quite cheerful and is someone who will always land on her feet.

David also has been under pressure of studies and handed his last paper in last night. Then he has the frightening experience of trying a comprehensive exam. Once David has that degree, he may leave New York, except that unemployment is so high all over the States and in Canada. In several respects it is worse in Canada. Of course, his friends and relatives

are in either Government or business and are in a position to give him all the help he wants. Poor pet, David, was in bed all of last week with cold, cough and temperature. It was frigid outside so I made him stay indoors all week. He was able to finish his reading and papers at the same time. He may get a grant from the Canadian Council to finish his biography—in which case he may go to England this summer for a few months to do some research.

I should love to visit Greece, now, having studied its ancient history, literature and philosophy. What a fascinating world that was. My favorite book is the Iliad by Homer. The Lattimore translation is by far the best. Thucydides' History of the Peloponnesian War is a massive book, but it is great to read. I did my thesis on it.

These courses are getting so heavy, Kitty, that sometimes I wonder if I have the stamina to carry on. They are so demanding of time and brainpower. So many of my classmates have dropped off—and some have had breakdowns and others are late in submitting papers. The next semester starts next week, and I've only just handed in my last paper for last semester. It just goes on and on. How lucky people are to study full time with no other responsibility and rich parents to pay for their tuition, books and boarding. These kids just do not realize how lucky they are. If they had to work and learn at the same time, they would appreciate the value of time and rest.

The UN is as stagnant as ever. U Thant seemed to have said he would like to step down by '71 but no one believes him! He may be drafted for two years. Jacobson is in the running, I'm told. Anyway, I've lost all interest in the place that I can't even talk about it—so indifferent I am. I thank God I have my studies to keep me interested. Perhaps my destiny lies in the academic world.

I have not heard from Jess. I did write to her though over the Christmas holidays. Have you heard from her? How is John? I hope both of you are well and that your parents are well too. What news of Peter and his family? As you can see, I have not much to tell you except my own little world of academia.

Please do drop me a line, and let me know just where your new place is. I don't have your new address and Poullain was asking about it too. Wonders if you will be anywhere near him. Much love to you and John, and David sends much love to you both.

Viola to her brother Donald Nicholas. February 8/ 71. New York

Many thanks for your letter. I was delighted to hear from you and to know that you and your family are having a good and happy time. I envy you and I think it must be ideal for your children to be in such a free and outdoor environment. Please do teach them the skill of all sports. To be able to ride, swim, ski, play tennis and other games is one way to freedom. They can hold their own in any society and enjoy one aspect of life. Then too they must be educated. But I'll talk about this like an old hen—except that I want the best for your children since they are our only blood relation of the next generation.

Now let me talk about Richard Anthony's chances. It is so funny but just two days before I received your letter, I was talking to Joe Kyaw U. Joe's father was one of the early Burmese Presidents. Joe was educated in St.John's School, Toungo St.Paul's and Rangoon Univ. Then he went to Cambridge England and Gray's Inn and was called to the Bar there—therefore he's a barrister by profession—but now he's a broken man. He's been in the UN since it's formation in 1946—and is a wreck—both physically, mentally and spiritually. The reason is the Burmese Government . . . pure and simple. Just two days ago, Joe told me that all Burmese—all, including U Thant—are having passport and visa problems. When Joe's father died, his property was confiscated. Joe, by virtue of having married an English woman, is non persona grata with his Government and all the UN Burmese people cannot even go home on leave. U Thant wields no power—he does not get on with Ne Win. There is a coolness between them because U Thant is a close friend of U Nu—and was in that illustrious Burmese company when they went to Japan just before the war and brought the Japanese in. U Thant was their press relations man. The reason most people think U Thant will go on being SG, even though many people think he has served his usefulness, is

because he cannot go back to Burma. That is the situation. Since U Thant cannot help himself nor help anyone of his Burmese friends get passports, I doubt if he can help Richard Anthony. I am giving you his political background, to show you how very difficult the whole situation is.

Now one suggestion I can make is this. Ask Richard Anthony to write a detailed letter to U Thant—and send the letter to me. If he can, with his BA degree, write well and articulately what exactly his problems are, and how he thinks U Thant can help him—then I shall personally take the letter to U Thant and see what he can do. I cannot just barge in because I receive an emotional appeal from you and ask him to work miracles. This is a highly political matter with dangerous overtones for everyone. Ask Richard to write to you and you pass the letter to me.

The meeting of Commonwealth Prime Ministers was interesting. There are so many many problems—that I get sick of the whole thing. I have so much politics around me at close quarters that with the mass media of TV and radio—I wonder if politicians are all they are cracked up to be. So many mediocre men are in charge that it is frightening. If you think the Africans behave badly, as far as I'm concerned the others fare no better. But you must be a little more tolerant and patient. It is not easy to take over a country and rule it with finesse. It is not easy to have to deal with other nationalities on the highest level and carry it off without mistakes. So just try to be a little tolerant of others.

Talking about education. Donald, I have never spent a more gratifying two and a half years (going on three) than I have spent studying for a university degree. It is the most rewarding experience I have ever had. It is just fantastic. You know, all of us in our family are highly intelligent, and because we are intelligent we tend to be frustrated in our jobs and relations with others—that is because our intelligence have never had the opportunity to expand fully. That is why we are all so arrogant and touchy. But education —oh god!—I wish all of us could go to college in one of the universities in the Western world. It is just fantastic. Your brains expand, your vision broadens—and you BECOME tolerant of others. You understand the world, the people and the universe so much better that it is fascinating. THAT IS WHY I WANT YOUR CHILDREN TO DEVELOP THE MINDS AND THEIR BODIES AND TO GO TO COLLEGE. Not only because they will command good jobs and not be underlings like us, but because they would appreciate the world and life so much more.

In this last semester, I have had <u>two</u> wonderful compliments paid me. One by my American professor. He said that my paper on Nietzsche and Plato was the best he has ever read in our Program and that he is going to recommend that it be published in our students' magazine. The second compliment came from my Greek History professor—an Englishman from Oxford University. He said that my thesis (25-page paper) was the best he has read in his teaching career and he would like to have it published in a journal—perhaps in Canada. But more than that, he wrote a letter to the <u>president</u> of New York University—and told him that I was one of the outstanding students he has ever taught. The president, Dr. Hester, is a powerful man in America—he is head of the whole university—comprising 15 colleges and 44,000 students.

I was so proud of this, Donald. I immediately wrote to Mummy and Daddy (but there is that damned strike) to share this bit of good news to make them happy in their old age. But I also feel sad because I'm getting on in age and wish I had done this earlier. Yet I'm ripe for it now—I have the time and money to learn. The tuition is astronomical. Any education is being reformed drastically nowadays—so perhaps I'm in the stream of things. I should like to teach, I think. I'd love to impart knowledge to the young in view of my age and experience and now my education.

I am also telling you this, Donald, because I know that you too love to study and that you have a fine brain and mind. I therefore think you should try and keep up your studies somehow. It will give you the greatest satisfaction. I feel a different person already with my education. I can tolerate the world or whatever situation I'm in because my mind is always

being exercised and challenged. I just love to study. It is extremely hard work—and I've had to take four courses per semester—with a minimum of eight papers per semester to present within a certain time and all requiring the reading of several books and research. It is tremendous work—but oh so satisfying. They train you to write, and to lecture in class—to talk before audiences, etc. I have never never felt better.

I want everyone in our family to share this, Donald, to go through this training, it is so wonderfully rewarding. I hate the war and economic conditions of our family that prevented us from going to College. I feel that even if I were in the desert, I would be happy because my mind has been awakened to so many things. It certainly drives away boredom.

I should love to visit Singapore for a couple of weeks. But I doubt if I can afford the money. It is quite expensive to fly to the east, even though there are all sorts of chartered flights. I'd love to show David the East. Do you think we can sponge a ride with the RAF? That would be the day. Nothing like day dreaming, what?

Bunny Mellican is now divorced. He seems a broken man. Olga really milked him of his money. Bunny now has a new house—Olga took the old one and sold it and kept every scrap of money with her. Bunny is broke and also has the custody of the children.

Kim is married to the man who is the father of her child and she's ecstatic. Paulette told me she is going full-time to school. I don't know what she means, but no doubt she means she is going to college.

Both David and I had the flu these past few weeks and it really knocks one out. David has finished his courses and will have to sit for a terrible exam. I don't envy him. He has been very busy with championing the underdog against management. He was successful in raising the librarians' salaries enormously.

We spent a marvelous holiday in the Canadian Rockies. I can't tell you what a stupendous place the Canadian Rockies are. I shall have to say in all honesty it is the most beautiful place in the world. We drove and camped all over the place and climbed all sorts of mountains—saw ice glaciers thousands of years old. What an exceptionally marvelous place to live in.

Must end now. I telephoned Mummy last week and she said there is a mail strike, so she has not heard from you or me. Perhaps the RAF can do something. Don't they have their own mail pouch?

We may go to England this year. I shall graduate next spring, or June to be more precise. I shall then have a Junior College degree—or AA degree—then I shall have to go for two more years before I get a BA degree—and then three more years before I get an MA degree. Such is the long climb to education. The young people don't know how lucky they are to have gone to college in their twenties.

Lots of love to Christopher, Michael and Joan. How are the boys? I believe they just love it in Singapore. Give them all the encouragement, and love, Donald. Bring them up well—teach them EVERYTHING that is good—sports, studies, etc. They will thank you till their dying day. This earth is so beautiful—so full of mysteries—so full of knowledge and joy—and only education can give them the key to enjoyment

All my love to you and to your family. David sends great affection.

Viola to Kitty Hood. February 25/71. New York

I have just received your letter and I thank you so much for your good wishes. I am enclosing a copy of my paper which I had to retype because the professor has my original and xeroxing is too heavy and expensive to mail out. I don't think my paper would be of any interest to anyone except students in my class since the assignment was a mid-term one and I only wrote it for that reason. Just an exercise. Anyway I am sending it to you. To

make any sense of it try to read the source materials of Plato and Nietzsche. Write to me and I shall elucidate perhaps.

It turns out I was misled about the student magazine. What the professor said and what the Administration wants to do with my paper are two different things. The Administration wants to compile an anthology of all the best papers written by students in our program and to publish it in an informal way this year in order to focus attention on the quality of our program. So I was a bit deflated after that. Anyway, it gave me a bit of pleasure and excitement. So you see, it is undergraduate stuff and not worth the bragging I gave it!!

The other professor (the Englishman from Oxford) wants to work with me on my thesis with a view to publishing it somewhere—perhaps in a journal in Canada. I suppose, the fact they think these papers are publishable should in itself be taken as a compliment—whether they are or not should be a secondary question. I'm only saying all this to myself because I feel so disappointed.

I wish I were living round the corner from you Kitty—we could have so many chats and exchange ideas on all these subjects I am having to study. I feel so thrilled to learn about things, and I'm awfully glad I am so ignorant that my mind is receptive to everything. I have no preconceived ideas about anything so my mind is open to new thoughts. There are some people in my class who cannot take certain ideas or inhibited writings of certain authors and philosophies.

I like writing to you because you too are interested in literature and art. I wish I had the leisure to read. Last semester in one course alone we had to read Lattimore's translation of the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, all the plays of Aeschylus, Euripides and Sophocles and Aristophanes, and this semester we are reading Kazanzakis' massive book on *The Odyssey* —a modern sequel. This latter book is absolutely fascinating and really deep and full of marvelous ideas. John would really enjoy reading this book. I'm reading the Hindu philosophies this term—and the *Vedas,* the *Upanishads* and the *Bhagavad-Glt*a—and Buddhism—and find that Kazanzakis has based this epic on the oriental mystics. Fascinating. The introduction of this book is so inspiring. Try to get hold of a copy and read it. Poor David, he is dying to finish with his own studies in order to read all these tempting books I'm having to read.

What studies do to one's well-being is that it makes one very tolerant of everything that happens in life. I don't feel emotional about the UN, for example, anymore. Knowledge certainly stabilizes one.

You don't know how lucky you are to be in that fascinating paradise in the south of France —near the earth and surrounded by nature—no brick and mortar and junk and ugliness around you. Love your life, Kitty and enjoy it to the full. You are blessed. Don't worry about our coming this summer, Kitty. It is all still in the air. But if your house is full with John's children—D. and I can always live in a pension nearby. There should be no problem. It is enough just to see you and John. I'm sure your new bungalow will be as beautiful as your villa. You have always had excellent taste. I wish I could leave NY soon and live in pleasant surroundings too—it does so much for one's soul. But the road is long and full of hard work.

Viola to her mother. March 25/71. New York

Thank you for your letter which was most welcome. It seems so odd not to have communication with home. I would have telephoned again but these people over here are putting up the prices every other month—the telephone, electricity etc are all going up. I wonder where it will all end.

My darling Mummy pet, I am never amused at your English. I find it very charming and so real. I love to get your letters in which you just write what you feel. If you tried to write good English it wouldn't sound like you. But when you write to others—then it is a different matter. These other people don't know you, and I only wish to protect you when I

ask you to try to write to them properly. You have no idea how vicious higher society is—and when you get to the aristocrats—it's even more hellish—that is why Tony Armstrong-Jones (Lord Snowdon), Princess Margaret's husband, suffers so much in that society. They criticize everything, and they are very cruel when you have nothing. That is why, Mummy, I have always tried to protect you from these people—that is why I'd rather you did not have anything to do with them. I never never feel my family is inferior—I only just want to protect them from a society they cannot and will never understand.

That is another reason why I was so mad with Rita for telling Mr. and Mrs. French about me. She also wrote to Bunny Mellican and told him all about my cruel letters to you—what next? If I have a tiff with you, that is between you, my mother, and myself. I love you too dearly not to tell you where you are wrong. But for Rita to go and broadcast it all over the place—and then to tell lies to Betty and Maurice about the garage (it is still a mystery to me) I think she is very evil. The harm, an innocent thing like writing to Bunny Mellican is enormous. Bunny, for example, is very friendly with some UN officials who are influential. He has gone and repeated to them what Rita said about me—and so you have a vicious circle and it can affect me and my career in the UN. As a matter of fact my career in the UN has been affected by all this. That is why, Mummy, it is so Important NOT to gossip. Never. The world is small and someone knows someone and so on. If my life depended on the UN it would be very serious for me, Mummy. But you cannot tell this to Rita. She lives in a world where she is the center—she has such a high opinion of herself that I dread it if she ever were to go out truly in the world—she will have such a shock.

I was amused at your talk about the strikes in England. I do not think it is rubbish, my darling Mummy dear. I love to hear your view on matters. I really love it. You think very well and so does Daddy. I think you two are very wise and very intelligent people—only we all never had the educational training—that is all. Be proud of yourselves. As for me, Mummy, my education is about the best thing that God has ever given me. I have learnt so much—I find such solace in study—and I find how ignorant I have been. Buddha said—there is no sin, only ignorance. How right he was. How very right. All our errors and wrong doings spring from ignorance. My education has given me so much understanding of life, of people, of everything, Mummy, music, painting, sculpture, literature, history, science, etc. that I feel very humble. No, no my darling Mummy—I will never laugh at you and Daddy—never. I love you both very very much—always have—even when I'm mad. But never do I look down on my family—never. Rita is very ignorant when she tells that to others about me. No matter what I tell you and Daddy, up to your face, I always protect and defend you from others. As for my papers being published—both the professors and myself are too busy with this semester—so no doubt things will be looked into in the summer time. But I was really flattered that they wanted to publish my work. I thought it a great compliment and encouragement.

Last night I was very depressed—I get depressed sometimes—and my darling David was so sweet and consoled me. Oh my darling Mummy, how much I thank God I have my David. Such a dear sweet person. He does good things and has one of the finest characters I have ever met. So even though we are not the richest people in the world and not the most successful—at least God has given us some tiny consolation in our love for each other. I thank Him humbly for that.

David has been awarded a research grant from the Canadian Council. A couple of thousand dollars to finish his research on his book, to pay a typist and editor and his travel expenses. So he will be going to England this summer. I shall also visit England this summer. David may want to stay in a room in London—close to the British Museum and other places of his research. When I come, I don't know what I shall do. I do not like the idea of using a room in Betty's place—it caused so much trouble the last time. When I come home, I want to stay at home—so that, when I get up in the morning, I can chat over a cup of coffee with my Mummy and Daddy. I don't know what to do. I doubt if Betty and Maurice would want to put us up, any way—after all the mischief Rita caused—so awful. I never once mentioned Rita to Maurice and Betty. In fact, I was defending Rita once. Yet Rita believed the worst of

me and caused that mischief between good friends by telling lies. She had better change her character if she wants to survive in this world.

Will you tell me, Mummy, what I should do, when I come home this summer. It is all so awkward. The reason I don't like staying in other people's houses, is because I have to be obligated and be nice to them, etc. when I want to spend the maximum time with you and Daddy. Give me some suggestions in your next letter. David will be coming in July and August. I may come with him and leave earlier.

I want to leave the UN also. I have one more year before I graduate from this University. I may win a further scholarship with residential allowance to go full time for higher studies. David also wants to leave for Canada. So we are mentally attuned to moving out of New York and starting a new kind of life in Canada. I shall be able to teach. I should like that.

When I come to England, I shall chat with you about all I have learned. I want so much to share with you and Daddy all that I have learned. How I wish you were with me—so that when I come home I could share all my studies with you. I do that with David. David cannot wait to read all those books I've been tempting him with. My friend in the south of France was so thrilled with the professors wanting to publish my papers that she felt like cabling me. Isn't that sweet of a friend?

Viola to my mother. March 25/71. New York

Even though it is cold the sun is out and it looks like spring. It suddenly dawned on me that I have not written for ages to you. I am exhausted these days—spring does that to me—coupled with the strain of work and studies.

I was so shocked to hear of Mrs. Oliver's death and the manner she was found. How awful. Was she dead long before she was discovered? Anyway, what a shock.

I hope you feel up to your impending trip to South Carolina. I believe it is a beautiful state. It would be marvelous to have a change of air and climate. This winter was really a very severe one, especially up in Canada.

David received a note from Mrs. Crerar congratulating him on his grant. We are both very happy about it. I only hope David will do a good job and have that book published. It is publishable. Perhaps without the strain of his school courses and the union, he may concentrate on writing it well. I don't know how he manages to do all he does and still survive. I can't do more than take these courses—they occupy all my time. David did splendidly in the last couple of courses—got an A+ and two As. So his average through his Master's course on economics was a B+ average—which I think is phenomenal considering he did not study economics in his undergraduate years. If he could have gone full time he would have been fantastic.

David will go to England this summer, perhaps in July and August. I shall go too, but might have to spend a shorter time in England. For the first time since the middle of December, I received a letter from my mother. The strike was so long. I did telephone her a couple of times though. There is something wrong with her toe but she forgot to tell me what. She cannot go out shopping and feels very bored around the house.

David and I have not been doing very much by way of gadding about. Had Professor Freeman to lunch at the UK with David—and they got on very very well. He lent David a book about the family tree of the Gages and Mills—in which the Davis family is mentioned. David knows all about it—I merely glanced at the book.

We were invited to a cocktail party given by one of my French friends. A lot of very interesting and beautiful looking people in very fashionable attire. One of the people we met there was Guy Bolon—a portrait artist who painted the Archbishop of Canterbury. He told David that his ancestors went to Canada and settled in Toronto—they were the Jarvis family. So David told him that the Jarvises were related to the Beasleys and so on—now he

> wants us to have a drink with him when he returns from England (he's English)... in case he is related to David! I'm beginning to believe that there's a lot of inbreeding among the early families of Canada!
>
> Still hope to get a hint about Barbara. I'm so tired that I just cannot think. What would I want for my birthday? It's so hard to think. I'm miserable because I lost a pair of black shoes and the shoe bag you sewed for me for Christmas. I've telephoned the lost and found people every day—no luck! This is the 2nd time I've lost my shoes and shoe bag. My best pair too! I am so absent minded these days. I hated losing the bag—I loved it because it was your present to me.

Viola loved being an undergraduate and her professors liked teaching such a bright and eager student—in all subjects, and the Program covered them all, from politics to literature to physics to music to art to astronomy. It gave the students a well-rounded education, but I questioned its length of four years because it made the BA degree very long. I had some of the books Viola read, but had not read them, which made me envious of her learning, though I had enough economics to learn. I took three weeks off work to prepare for my comprehensive exam and spent most of the time studying macroeconomic theory, which helped me to pass. My new MA degree made no difference to the library management, except that I received the raise of $500 which I had negotiated for those librarians with second degrees.

The grant to me by the Humanities Division of the Canada Council paid for my air fare and stay for a few weeks in England for research on Richardson. I contacted Rear Admiral Drayson, a descendant of the family into which Richardson married, who gave me useful information, but I missed material in the Manuscripts Division of the British Museum Library because I was intimidated by the caustic librarian there. Fortunately, another Canadian came across the material and published it, but, unfortunately, he was killed in an automobile accident. The discovery was Richardson's authorship of the anonymously published *Frascati's*.

One of my supporters for the grant was William Morley, head of the Rare Books room at Queen's University Library in Kingston, Ontario. He heard about my research into Richardson, about whom he wished to compile a bibliography, from the widow of his former Group Captain during World War II. I had engaged her to do some research for me, and, when she heard from him on the same subject, she put him in touch with me. He came to New York City to research at the Library, and we corresponded for years. [He preserved this correspondence in the Queen's University Library.] He had a warm, engaging personality, shared my political beliefs [suggested once that I apply to be secretary to the NDP leader], rode a bicycle about Kingston and kept a large personal library of Canadiana. His second wife was the widow of the Canadian bibliographer, A. C. Waters. His last comment on Richardson was a review in *Ontario History* of Richardson's *Westbrook, the Outlaw,* which I issued in 2004.

Viola to my mother. April 13/71. New York

> This is just to tell you that David and I will be coming to the wedding after all. You made it sound so exciting that I thought we should go. We shall be flying up on Thursday, 22nd April, Flight 789, arriving Toronto airport at 7.15 p.m. We are taking an earlier flight than last time so that we don't have to stay up half the night waiting for a limousine. We shall return on Sunday.
>
> I called Helen yesterday. She will be going to the wedding and will be flying also. We thought of renting a car, but I think it will be too much driving for such a short time. Helen said it was a question of time with her. She has so many things to do before and after the wedding. She thinks there may be a few bow-ties—but David is going to wear an ordinary lounge suit. I shall drop a note to Doreen and Allan and let them know that we will be going. I shall give you whatever little news we have when we see you, so forgive brevity.
>
> I've got to rush now for a bite to eat before going to classes. We've got an essay exam tonight and I shall also have a give a short oral report about my term paper. I'd rather watch ice-hockey!

The wedding between Beverley Bruce and David Hargraft was a large affair. I spoke to Allan Lamport for the first time [about running for the New Democratic Party, which he, as a Liberal-Conservative, considered too beholden to Labour]. He had an expansive personality and an energetic disposition.

To Mother from me. [May 1971?]

> I am now writing to you on my new typewriter which is electric and portable and will take some getting used to. The print is good especially for a portable. Viola has been typing her papers on it. I have some news! I heard that I have passed my comprehensive economics exam, so am now a Master of Economics, a degree which I shall receive in June. I also have got my leave of absence from the library to go to England in July.
>
> There is much to talk about. Since I have not heard from Canada, it appears that I may stay on here for a while. I may go on for a PhD if I can do it in the subject area I want—that is the history of economic thought. I shall need 8 more courses at least. Am busy now reading about romanticism to prepare for the Richardson biography. Last week I was offered a job by a reprint company, which wanted me to develop an urban resources program, but it could not pay an amount equal to my present salary—which will be over $13,000 in July. The trouble with jobs like mine is that the mind becomes deadened by routine and the nothingness of sameness. The salary is not high and certainly far below what most of my boyhood friends make. Nevertheless, perhaps there will be advancement if I am successful in my projects—and, at least, it borders on the intellectual which gives some stimulus. I want to write again, but I lack a philosophy of life—perhaps a common ailment with artists today. The magic world of the heavens has unhorsed romanticism and left the individual or the ego grovelling in the dust. Marxism can give you realism, but no one can take that sort of thing seriously after the philosophies of Locke and Bentham have been so much a part of our civilization. It is my search for an avenue of reason that brings me to the study of economics in the hope that I shall puzzle out our predicament and be able to write again.
>
> I trust that you had a good trip to Ottawa (I think you said you were taking it in May). Give our best regards to Jim and the Alec Beasleys. Now that I am forty and I watch old films on television, I am beginning to marvel at how young the actors look, the same actors who used to look so inscrutably mature, so much a part of an adult world, which I find that I have been a part of for almost twenty years without knowing it. And I think of you at my age. How lightning fast the years must have gone. Mother, I am glad that you are active and interested. You have good health and a good mind, and are still pretty—which is more than one can say for those who are considered "old people". Must be off to work now.

As a result of an article in a Library magazine and my talk at the American Library Association on a clearing house for urban documents, a small publishing company, Greenwood in Connecticut, contacted me. I spoke to them about the libraries across the continent which were co-operating in the venture. My recent lists of bibliographies covering the past several years I had given to the Director of the Research Libraries Center in Chicago when he visited me at the Library. I heard nothing further from him, and, when I inquired about his intention to develop the program, I heard that he was traveling around the globe. When Greenwood offered to hire me to develop the program for it, as if it were its property and I was being hired to service it, I knew it was truly interested, but was trying to see how gullible I was.

For the past months I had heard rumors of Library management meeting quietly with DC37 leaders and that Agency Shop would be brought to the Library, which meant that all employees would have to pay union dues whether they were in the union or not. When it was time to negotiate a new contract, I took the news that we should ask our members to vote on accepting Agency Shop status as the result of the secret meetings which had excluded me. An argument for it was made by many who complained that the raises, health benefits and improved working conditions benefitted all the workers whereas only union members paid union dues; it was time the rest contributed. The majority of employees voted to accept it. One of the conditions stated that the local president would be released to work full time for the local, according to a city law affecting a local with a membership over 1200. I was concerned that, disconnected from my Economics Division, I would

not be able to continue with my city documents program. I welcomed the interest of the Connecticut firm, although I had hoped for a nonprofit group to take it on. Frank Lundberg, knowledgeable about most things and helpful, sent me to a law firm near the library, which agreed to work out an agreement with the publisher.

Viola to her mother. May 29/71. New York

> I have just received your note which sounded as if you are very worried about whether we are coming or not. Yes, we are coming, but don't know the exact dates. David has applied to stay at the London University since it is close to the British Museum—the place of his work. He will have room and board there for a very nominal price. The Canadian Government has given him that grant so that he could work—and he must work. I think that will be a very good arrangement for him. He hopes to go to England about the middle of July. The economic situation is so bad in the USA that David was afraid that if he took the time off without pay they may lay him off for good. But as President of the Union he is fairly secure for the moment. He has not bought his ticket or anything so he cannot say for sure when he will be arriving in London.
>
> The United Nations has no chartered flight this year so I shall be going on a New York University one—it's much cheaper too. I hope to arrive about the end of July and stay for about a month. David will visit us at weekends. I think that is the best arrangement since he can work uninterrupted and you won't have to bother about his meals, which is a tremendous bother, I know, for you. At least with me, you don't have to worry over much—in fact you don't have to worry at all.
>
> I am sorry I have not written before. I sent you a card and $30 but you have not acknowledged that—so I don't know whether that card has gone astray. I should like to know whether you received that or not. Whenever you don't hear from me, please remember that I am under constant pressure for eight months in a year. I have no time to even go to the hairdresser's. My studies take up all my time and I have eight exams or papers to produce every three months. It is no cup of tea, Mummy, that is why I don't write as often. This month of May has been full of exams and studies and I have only just handed in my final papers. On top of all that, I have had this bad back. I have only just returned to work after staying home for a month. Now I only work from 10.30 a.m. to 3.30 p.m., until my pain disappears. How I studied and wrote my papers, I will never know. I have had to take the pain-killing drugs and muscle relaxers that made me very drowsy and I could not think clearly. However I still managed to get all "A's" in my exams. After my final exams and papers—I go through a tremendous slump. I get depressed as the tension wears off.
>
> David has passed his Economics Comprehensive exam. He now has a Master's degree in Economics and can now be called an economist. It was a tremendously difficult exam—I suffered along with him. It was a very trying period. I feel so relieved he has passed that exam, Mummy. The graduate course in economics in this country is one of the most difficult. So now David can add to his name, B.A., M.L.S., M.Econ.,—very impressive what? He may go in for his doctorate later. I hope to take a short summer course in French before coming to England. Also my Oxford Professor wants to work with me on my paper in order to get it published. So I shall have my hands full again.
>
> The only regret I have, Mummy, is that my UN career is such a failure. I have been a victim of ignorance, and vicious envy by others. They could not bear to think that someone as uneducated as I was (before my going to the university, that is) could write and think as well as they. That was my downfall—having too much intelligence but no training. Anyway, I take it as a good experience and lesson in life. I only hope the good Lord will shield me from further such experiences. I hope I shall be able to study on and teach.
>
> In my absent-mindedness I clean forgot to send Christopher a card. I still have it here, I shall write now to Donald and apologize. There are a thousand and one things for me to do that I am bound to forget some things—so please forgive my not writing oftener. Please give my love to Daddy and Eustace and Rita if she is there. Please write and let me know if

you received that birthday card with $30. The post is so bad over here that anything can happen. All my love to you and don't worry so much, Mummy. I shall write again as soon as I know my definite plans.

Viola to Jess Aylen. June 3/71. New York

What will you think of me—what do you think of me—of us—these damned horrible Beasleys—Beastleys!! Oh, my dearest Jess, please do forgive us—one thousand times for not writing earlier to someone as dear as you are to us.

First thank you so much for sending us "My Brother Jack" by George Johnson. It was so thoughtful of you and we were very touched by your kindness. Many many thanks. We have not read the book as we have been snowed under with reading for exams. Both David and I have only just emerged from under a pile of books to take a good look at the world and our friends and family. So please forgive us for not writing. Going to School is eight months of solid, continuous grind.

Now let me give you some of our very dull news. David now has his Masters in Economics. I cannot tell you, Jess, what a difficult degree that is to get. After three years of solid grind, he had to take a comprehensive in April covering all those years of study. David was a nervous wreck, but I was a total calamity. I suffered so much with him that when he was told he passed, I felt I had earned his degree for him.

He has also been given a research grant by the Canadian Government—a tiny one—so he will be going to England to do some research. I shall be going over for a few weeks too. His book needs a little more research and his grant will help him get a good editor and typist.

I have been working very hard at my studies—and in January got a flutter of excitement when two of my professors commended me on my papers—one recommended my paper to be included in an anthology of student papers, which are considered to be the best which the University Administration hopes to get published this year in order to boost our Program. The other paper was a thesis—and my professor wants to work with me this summer on my paper in order to get it published in some learned journal—perhaps in Canada. This latter pleased me very much because the professor is an Englishman with Oxford University background. Not only that, he wrote to the President of the New York University—Dr. Hester—and told him that I was one of the most outstanding students he had ever taught!

Mind you, Jess, I take all this with a pinch of salt—as I'm sure nothing will come of it—but, at the time, I was flushed with excitement and pleasure. Now I just shrug it off. They probably meant to be encouraging, that’s all.

I have still kept up with my A's. But what I like most of all is the pleasure studies give me. My mind is so different altogether. I am more interested in things than in people—I have completely forgotten the UN and really do not care what happens to it or to me in it. They say U Thant is adamant in not accepting another term—so Jakobson may get it—Finn. I hope so—can't stand another Asian or African (Ceylon and Ethiopia have applied). Also Kurt Waldheim. He's a pain in the neck and his daughter an even greater pain in the neck. She was in our department for a while—very haughty and very stupid. She's beautiful though—some people have all the luck! I can't imagine anyone with more ill luck than myself. I think it is the UN that has deadened me somewhat. I don't think I will ever get any justice in this place.

Kitty must have moved to her new house by now. I haven't heard from her either. But then I haven't written to anyone.

The only highlight in my life since I last wrote to you was that David and I went to Toronto for one of his cousins’ wedding. It was a very fashionable and big evening affair. I got a special outfit for the occasion and really had all my excitement just getting my wardrobe together—almost as if I were the bride. But we had a lot of fun. What I enjoyed most of all

was meeting some of David's relatives whom I had not met before. Some of them are so marvelously interesting and stimulating—but others are so snobbish it's almost funny.

Just before the wedding I sprained my back at the hairdresser's. She did not adjust the chair to wash my hair and, when she tilted my head backwards to wash it, I pulled a ligament of something. I began to feel the pain immediately but thought nothing of it—by the afternoon I passed out in the supermarket—by the evening I could hardly stand—by Sunday morning I could not get out of my bed at all—the pain was excruciating. It was only by dosing myself with anti-inflammatory pills and muscle-relaxing pills that I was able to fly up to Toronto for the wedding. I could not let David and his mother down. After that, I had to wear a brace and have been away from work for one whole month and on reduced hours for three further months. The UN Clinic sent me home when I tried to come back after two week's absence.

So I have been on my back, literally, and only just recovering from this silly back trouble. How I ever wrote my exams or attended lectures and read and wrote papers I will never know. The pills used to make me drowsy and I could hardly think clearly from the drugs. Now, thank God it is all over.

I wonder how you are, Jess. Are you well settled now? Knowing you, I'm sure you must be active in something or other. You have always struck me as a very original person—full of originality, I mean. You always observed things that most people overlooked and you had such funny stories to tell. I do miss you greatly.

I believe your friends Joan Miller and her husband (she was Joan Nelson) left for Australia. Do you ever see them? I can hardly stand that woman after her insulting behavior at the Gourmet outing—remember? I cannot stand people with bad manners. It's funny how she got her P-l—and I believe she was a terrible student. Shows it's far better to be beautiful than brainy! Cat,Cat, meeouw!!! Sorry about my vicious remarks.

New York is dying rapidly. Firms are leaving. Rockefeller and Lindsay are cutting each other's throat and Rockefeller won't give L. his money to run the City and the City has raised taxes without the quality of services. People are losing their jobs right, left and center, prices are high, services are dwindling and are bad—crime is up and I really don't know where we are going. People say that there is a revolution in America. Canada is no better—job-wise. So we both are stuck here for a while. The only thing that keeps me sane is the University work. Without it, I would have lost my mind and disposition long ago.

Please do drop me a line, Jess dear—give me your news—and write soon and tell me that David and I are forgiven. We love you—and even though we are B's for not writing sooner —we always will have you affectionately in our hearts.

PS: Will write and let you know what we think of the book as soon as we read it —We at last now have the time.

Viola to my mother. June 10/71. New York

This is only my second week back at work. My back played up and the UN doctor sent me home when I tried to return to work about a month ago. Then I was put on reduced hours for three weeks and now I am fine. Have to be careful still. Also we are both finished with school work and I can at last relax a little.

Thank you for your cards from Ottawa and Montreal. You seem to be going on one trip after another—South Carolina, Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal! You should have a bag permanently packed! I am so glad you enjoyed your trips. Does that mean Becky has finished with her high-schooling? Good for her. She may be the big genius in the family. Ann must be very proud of her.

David is having his passport renewed—at least he needs a new one now. He is very pleased he has passed his Masters in Economics exam. I must say I am amply relieved. It was such

a difficult examination that David was so tense for weeks. I myself was a total wreck that day of his examination. When I heard he had passed I felt I had got the degree!! It's a good degree and it is not easy to come by from the New School of Social Research. He gets a few hundred dollars more on his pay check too. Not that that means anything with the soaring prices. It is virtually impossible to live even a little above one's means. I really don't know how families with children manage. I just can't imagine it. David and I hardly do a lot and we still feel the pinch.

We had very big bills—doctors, dentists, taxes, etc. I now will have to see the eye specialist, I need reading glasses—but I want to have my eyes thoroughly checked. I keep worrying about having seen the eclipse of the sun last year and wonder if there has been any damage to my eyes. One visit to the eye specialist costs $50, the dentist over $200. I sometimes wonder where will it all end? Now in New York our bus fares and subway fares will be going up to 50c. Our city taxes will be doubled—and postage, newspapers, magazines will be going up by 1 July 1971. I do believe the spiral upwards is a sign of the insane economic system we have. Even when our salaries are raised, the cost of living goes up faster. I feel very sorry for people who have to live on stable incomes—those on social security or pensions. I just don't know how they manage.

Just sounding off to you—perhaps you've read all about our New York woes. The city is dying and thousands of Americans are leaving for Canada, Australia, New Zealand and Europe. So many Americans are going over to Europe this year, especially the young, that all hotels, etc. are fully booked. Britain, for the first time, will be opening a camp to accommodate 2000 young people.

David hopes to go to England about the 9 July. He will go to my parents place for the weekend and then go to the London University—he hopes. They may provide him with room and board for a very nominal price. He will go over to my parents for weekends. I hope to go later—about the last week in July.

You can see we have no other news. I sent a card to Miss Waldon. So sorry to hear about her operation in hospital. Also Ella Baird sent David and me a *Time* magazine with an article about NDP in it. So thoughtful of her. Did you see Beverly when you were in Montreal? Is she settling down now?

David and I will write again and we both send you our love.

PS. Went to see "Hair" last week. It's innovative and moving in a way but quite vulgar. Even David was not terribly excited by it

My mother to Viola and David. June 30/71. Hamilton

This is the last day one can use a 6 cent stamp for a letter and it is about time I wrote to thank you, Viola, for your nice letter and the article on the U.N. It is very interesting and very sad to think things have developed the way they have. I do hope something can yet be done; but what? Ella Baird has been away but is home now so I told her I'll take it to her. She is not well and has sold her car. She is also thinking of moving out of town as she says she feels better in the country.

It is very hot here just now. 90° in the shade! I hope it is cooler there and will be in July. Out house is cool inside but we've only had two days of extreme heat. Tomorrow is our Dominion Day Holiday and they promise cooler weather. I hope so. Mrs Swan phoned and asked me to dinner tomorrow. She said Bill is back at Victoria Hospital and started his last year of his course in orthopedic surgery.

I hope you found a place to live, David. I'll phone you before you leave on the 9th. Your holiday will be next Monday, I expect.

I had several friends to dinner last week and had Mrs. Thompson and Dr. Freda Waldon. Freda asked if you'd be here again before you go to England but I said, no, as you were

here in April. She looks well and Mrs Thompson looks tired. Mrs. T.'s friends are hoping she'll go to her own apartment soon and I do too.

Fred has painted our front steps and floor and did it very well. He is quite a "go-getter," I think. He has eight places where he cuts grass, and he is going to paint their houses, he says. He also told me he is going to play in a big tennis tournament in Toronto. I went to Peter's closing yesterday. He got a citizenship diploma and I was at Barbara's on Friday. They have taken a cottage at Southampton for 2 weeks in August. Barbara will be at camp for 3 weeks. I've given up the idea of going to England. It will be so crowded. I'll try to be quiet this summer and save some money for a trip later on.

I think your new job sounds wonderful, David. Where will your office be, I wonder? I hope you are still coming back to Canada next year. Our bus strike has lasted over 5 weeks and is a headache! I could not find the cartoon of J. Munro I said I'd send, but there will be others. He's in the news so much. Good luck to you both, keep cool and well. Much love, as ever.

Fred Beasley, Alec's oldest child, was good at racket sports from early youth. In an earlier letter Mother mentioned that he won the Canadian Junior Squash Championship. He and his brother Peter won trophies in squash and tennis, a talent inherited from my father. We saw the family only at Christmas and sometimes on visits at other times of the year. Although at first Alec and Anne invited us to dinner occasionally to meet couples I had known from the tennis club, I found it hard to connect with them. Gradually we saw less and less of Alec's family through the years. Viola, however, corresponded with Barbara, with whom she had a special fondness because, for one reason, she was born about the time of our child.

Viola to Bunny Blessington. June 15/71. New York.

I saw Fay about two months ago here in New York and she gave me some bits of news of you. She told me that you are back in Vienna and that you are doing some kind of editorial work. I know exactly how you must feel, having been pulled out of Trieste—perhaps because someone else wanted the job. The same thing happened to me and this sort of thing goes on all the time in the world.

I just want to write to you to tell you not to despair at all. This sort of thing has existed from time immemorial in politics, government, bureaucracies, or any kind of profession or organizations. People who are normal human beings and operate in a direct way doing only what concerns them always find themselves victimized.

There are two things you can do—stay at the IAEA or get out. If you stay, you must develop some kind of objectivity of attitude or you will find it unbearable. The advantages of staying is that you have monetary security for yourself and your child. You have a dependence allowance and the Staff Association is trying to get educational allowances for GS staff's children. You will also get a nice fat pension and your medical bills are covered, for the sake of your child these fringe benefits are priceless. On the other hand, if you think that you are being destroyed as a human being then get out, as the price is not too high to try to save yourself and your sanity. Try another agency or a mission, etc.

You must develop a thick skin. No one is perfect. If you had made mistakes in the past then they were mistakes—not crimes—which the agency people try to make it out to be. They are not perfect or sweet innocent things either—they are just clever they have not been caught. Develop some other interest which will take away the immediate unpleasantness of your working surroundings. People are the same all over the world so you must learn to cope with them now and not cop out as they say here. As Buddha said—there is no sin only ignorance. All of us do things in our ignorance.

You must forgive me for writing in this vein and you probably will resent the tone considering we have not corresponded for years. But Fay gave me a sketch of your circumstances, and I want to help you avoid getting too embittered and to put some perspective back in your life.

Should you care to drop me a line, please do so at our above address. We hope to go to England this summer, but do not know when exactly. Fay told me you, too, may be going to England this summer. Let me know.

Readers of *Violet's Flight* will remember Bunny as the hellion and close friend of Viola in the Women's Auxiliary Corps in New Delhi during the war. I spoke of her formerly when she came to Vienna and Viola helped her get a job with the IAEA. She found work in the Agency in Monaco and lived in an apartment overlooking the Mediterranean Sea. Her son, Marc, took to the sea, met Jacques Cousteau and became the Cousteau Society's chief underwater diver.

Viola to Kitty Hood. July 1/71. New York.

I was overjoyed to receive your letter at long last—but I was most upset to read about the trouble you have had with those builders. Over £1,000 pounds and they were asking three times more than what you expected! That sounds like a fortune to me. God! They're everywhere! People seem to lie on principle, cheat on principle and kill on principle. Governments do that all the time, and as for management in bureaucracies and corporations, it is part of their natural life! I remember one of my professors asking why it was we were always going back to the Greeks—why are we enchanted by their works? Somehow it is the order they imposed on their chaotic lives (however briefly that lasted)—they envisioned an ideal and tried so hard to live by it— but in the end they failed as in the end human beings have failed, civilization after civilization. It makes me so mad and sad to hear of those swindlers, Kitty, and I'm indeed sorry that you have had to pay so much out. Reminds me of the accounts I've read of the defence contracts handed out by this Government to various corporations and how the original figure given is never adhered to—somehow by the time the project is finished and the bill is submitted it is 700% times the original figure. Probably all builders do that. Have you seen the "Forsythe Saga"?—on TV, I mean. The principal character, I forget his name, was building a dream house for his wife Irene, and there again the ultimate sum was far in excess of the estimate. I'm glad, though, for your sake, that the sum of £1,000 is not as bad as £3,000 and that you are willing to settle out of court.

I fully understand the terrible time you must have had, Kitty, and it is so good of you to write such a lovely, cheerful letter as you always do. Funny that you should mention Vincent Peale's "The Power of Positive Thinking". I read that book a few years ago. I often go to the Marble Collegiate Church (29th and 5th Ave) and hear him. Once I sat next to his wife who introduced herself to me. He comforts me also in times of great stress. In fact the book that changed my life was by Catharine Marshall (Beyond Ourselves). Remember all that trouble I had in the IAEA? (I'm still being blackballed by that.) Well, I was going around with murder in my heart and with such hatred that I began to fear even myself. One day one of David's cousins gave me a book to read, Beyond Ourselves, because she felt I was deeply troubled inside. At first I was annoyed that I would have to read the book, but one Saturday when David was at work, I read it—and I never felt so comforted—tears poured down my cheeks, and I felt that somehow there was someone or something one could cling on to, to lift you out of despairing misery. It was the beginning of my searching myself. I have still not found myself, Kitty, but the attempt is being made and it is a fascinating experience—very hard, believe me. What I liked about Catharine Marshall's book, is not that it advocates piety or religious rituals. It just appeals rationally to a person's ability to overcome obstacles in life. It builds one's character. Anyway, C. Marshall belongs to the Vincent Peale clique. Peale also tries to help people to see their troubles in correct perspective. Without struggle, trial and error, one could not possibly grow. I think it is wonderful that you read Peale's book and that you are guided by him. This proves you are even closer to my way of thinking than I knew you were and I'm thrilled.

I am truly glad John enjoyed that article on the UN. Everyone who has read it here has concurred with its contents. I personally do not think the UN can improve. Perhaps when China comes in. It has gone beyond repair. How could they fire all those people? Lately I went for my periodic checkup at the UN clinic. The doctor and I began to chat about the UN (BEFORE reading the article I sent you) and sooner or later he began to sound bitter

and cynical. He said the UN was a farce and that there was no recourse—invariably the same people seem to deal with everything. He said if he told what went on outside, no one would believe him—how true. It is sad to think that NO ONE leaves these organizations with affection—but only with bitterness.

As for me I had long ago given up ever making a career in the UN. I'm on their black list and I will never ever be promoted or encouraged. I should have fought at the time when John Burt and the IAEA were so cruel and unfair. But I was so overwrought I had no one to turn to and I did not know how to defend myself. Nevertheless, I'm glad I'm not totally destroyed—I mean, I'm glad my disposition is not totally wrecked—although I think they have destroyed a good deal of it.

Thank God July makes exactly 15 years I've been contributing to my pension—which means that whatever I put in, I will at least get double back. I was waiting to reach this level of service before resigning. I have one more year before getting my Junior College degree and then I shall quit and finish my studies full time. I hope I will find a teaching job somewhere—I don't mind teaching even village children.

Thank you for congratulating David. We are both so glad he has passed this difficult hurdle. But he runs into the same sort of trouble in the Library as I do in the UN. Americans are very difficult people to deal with—the ordinary Americans, I mean. Like John Burt, for example. David will be leaving for London on the 8/9 July. I don't know whether I told you that he has received a small research grant from the Canadian Government—so he will be in London longer than I can spend there. I hope to go there by the 27th July. I shall let you know, Kitty. I should love to see you just for a chat—but I hate to think of how unsettled you are with your having only just moved and what a bother it is to have guests. Although David and I would gladly live in a pension close by so that we avoid giving you any trouble.

I think you have summed up Jess quite correctly as far as I have observed her. She is quite amazing in many ways, though. I really do believe that she has an original way of looking at things and that she is quite energetic and has a heart somewhere inside that austere maidenly exterior. But we all have foibles and one should understand them. That is what I love about you, Kitty. You are so discerning and yet it never clouds your relationship with people. I'm only just learning to do that. In my ignorance, I used to slink off if someone hurt me, and I would never speak to him again. Silly, don't you think?

In my school work, I have got A's again, although I did not try very hard this semester. Sometimes I get so fed up with studying that I'm inclined to agree with some of the students that most of the lectures and assignments are all 'bull....'!! Just my luck, the man who wants to try to publish my paper has taken ill (he is a diabetic).

I'm reading in French now. Must try to brush that up. How I wish I were leaving New York this year instead of next. It is so expensive and depressing with all this crime and rising costs. Anyway, Kitty, David and I send you and John and your dear parents (have patience, Kitty,—I also dread old age) our love and affection. I shall write again soon.

Viola to my mother. July 15/71. New York.

Thank you so much for your telephone call on Sunday, it was so welcome. I was missing David—the first couple of days are the worst. Anyway I know that he has arrived safely because I calculated the time he should arrive home and I put a call through (7.15 p.m. NY Time = 12.15 midnight London time). My mother answered the call and said that my brother had gone to the airport (only 1/2 hr. drive away from our house!) but that they (Eustace and David) had not arrived as yet. Just then she heard the car drive up and to told me to hang on—and sure enough David had arrived safely. He said he had a good trip—the airplane was excellent—the only trouble was getting it off the ground. Sent his love to you.

I was seriously thinking of flying up to Hamilton this weekend but I have lots of shopping to do. Then this morning—out of the blue Jonas (Malpass) called me and invited David and

I to spend the weekend at their house in Bronxville. I told her David was in England and that I needed the Sat. to shop. She will bring both her sons to the UN tomorrow for lunch with me. I was thrilled to hear from her again. They have been having a terrible time with the Stock Market depression. They want to move to Colorado. I hope they do—would be wonderful to visit them there

Kitty wrote inviting us to visit them. David is reluctant as it is such a distance from England. He wants to go to Denmark—I don't—I've been there. Was there with a conference (Int'l Rubber Study Group attached to the British Foreign Office in 1951). I'd rather go to Sweden or Norway. However, we may just end up in Paris. Poor Kitty was swindled by the builders—padded their costs till the final bill was far out of the estimate costs. They're the same all over the world.

Am enclosing a clipping about Trudeau from the *Montreal Gazette*. You may be interested. Also you may not like it considering you are the last hold out for Trudeau!!!

I'm sorry about poor Beverly. I should not have sent her that card on second thoughts as these things are so delicate and sensitive and I can quite understand why they keep it quiet. I should have sent her a note at her home. I hope I did not offend their sensitivity. Poor poor Beverly. It must be very trying.

I'm rather enjoying not having to cook and meet deadlines for a while. It is so much easier to keep the apartment cleaner and neater when D. is not around. He's always dropping masses of papers and books, shoes and ties all over the place! I should look forward to seeing him again though!

I don't know Sheila Bruce's married name—but she said she and her husband were thinking of going to Zambia this month—have you heard anything?

The UN is full of bustle—I mean my office is. They are having a Management Survey team come in to interview us—our only chance to gripe out loud!! Now that I have no studies to keep me fastened to books and libraries—I am having a wonderful time being human again and having interesting chats about politics and various other ideas with my very knowledgable colleagues.

Will end now, Mother. Thank you so much for telephoning on Sunday. Love to Jim, A. and Al and children, A.Mont and U.Ed. and all your friends.

To Viola from me. July 16/71. Morden, Surrey

Since I last spoke to you so opportunely on Sunday after Eustace drove me from Gatwick, I have been staying on Kingsbridge Road and commuting to the BM every day. Your family has been very hospitable. Eustace will return tonight from 3 days at Eastbourne where he attended a business conference. I have followed your wishes and spoke little about your affairs.

Regarding my research, I have found practically nothing of definite use so far, but I have been reading a good deal and searching through the PRO and the United Service Club records. The Manuscripts Commission revealed that Chichester, a colleague of JR in the British Legion, left a diary in Yorkshire. I may take a couple of days to go up to see his papers which seem the most promising lead so far. Next week I may try to get a room near the Newspaper Annex in Colindale for a few days.

There are some interesting theatre plays—I shall try for tickets for "The Architect and the Emperor" and "The Merchant of Venice," (Jonathan Miller's production) closing the week of July 26. Beckett's plays are at the Young Vic—will get tickets for "Endgame" in early August. "Godot" and "Happy Days" are also playing.

We are looking forward to your arrival—hope you don't have the delays that I did.

Viola to me. July 19/71. New York.

I was pleasantly surprised to receive your letter this morning. I thought I'd get one only late this week! I'm sure it must be difficult to find anything on Richardson. The diary sounds exciting, though, and I hope it yields good results for you. Also hope you get that accommodation in Colindale so that you don't have to waste so much time commuting. Have you got in touch with John Caine? He may be able to help you. Have you spoken to the London Univ. people? Someone may have cancelled and you could get something there.

I hope you have attended to your clothes—dry cleaned them and ordered a suit. It should only take one morning or day, but it would save everyone a lot of bother later—I mean about sending the suit to you, etc.

The weather since you left N.Y. has been simply marvelous. Lindsay's fight against air pollution is paying off handsomely. As a matter of fact there was an article in the London *Times* about it. We've had nothing but good and acceptable days. It is about the best summer in NY since I came here. Today is the first cloudy and rainy day since you left.

I could have gone to Hamilton this weekend, but needed it for shopping and attending to clothes, etc. Got all the dry cleaning clothes back from the cleaners and wonder if you need your summer (check) suit which you used just before you left NY. Do you want your white sweater?

The first week without you was sort of strange—although I must say that it is much easier to keep the apartment cleaner and neater without your masses of paper and books and clothes all over the place. But this weekend I really missed you. After shopping in Macy's, I went to see "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid"—with "Little Murders" (Eliot Gould, Donald Sutherland and the guy of Catch 22, can't think of his name). I thoroughly enjoyed BC and the SK. and only enjoyed Sutherland's performance in Little Ms. If ever you come across the Butch C. and the SK anywhere, just go and see it—it is a lot of fun and excellent dialogue. I missed you quite poignantly after the movie.

On Sunday I tidied the books on the shelves—trying to put them in subject order but found that some books were too big for a particular shelf so some of them are out of order. But at least there is some semblance of organization. I liked doing it—took some of the time of loneliness off my hands. Played Baccharach's music and tried to learn the words of "Raindrops". You'd have laughed if you walked in the apartment—I was singing at the top of my voice and thoroughly enjoying it.

Out of the blue Jonas Malpass telephoned me and invited me to spend the weekend (she wanted both of us). I told her I needed the Sat. for shopping. Anyway she hopes to bring her two boys for lunch at the UN tomorrow. I got out the slides we took at New Hampshire to show her. I shall also bring some of our Rocky Mountain pictures to show my family.

I have finished my French and have tried to read as much of that as possible. Also got all sorts of documents for the editor's examination. Have been studying for that in case one crops up. The Management Survey Team will be interviewing me this week. One of the personnel officers asked them to interview me as I am "honest" and could be helpful. Rehearsed all weekend what I should tell them. It's like a confessional!

The stupid British only gave me a six-month passport and asked me to "clarify the matter" with the Home Office when I get to England. I've written to them to prepare the ground—the office is in Surbiton, Surrey. I guess that's not far from our home. I still haven't got my air tickets and have read all sorts of hair-raising stories about cancellations and delays, etc. I hope I shan't have that trouble. I'm not good at hanging around Airports. Those plays sound marvelous, especially "Endgame". Can hardly believe my good luck. Wish this week would fly—and my plane also!! No mail for you, except a letter from Clay Spohn, which I shall bring.

Clay Spohn to me. June 30/71. Taos, New Mexico.

> Am terribly embarrassed about having been so concerned about the third and last package you sent. I finally received it last evening with the contents intact and in good shape, including the outside wrappings. The New York posting date was June 3. So you see it took almost a month to arrive. And why it should take so long, I have no idea. But that was my real concern: I really had thought it lost, or destroyed, or gone astray.
>
> So I am terribly sorry if I have caused you much extra trouble over it—I certainly hope it has not given you too much extra to do, such as having it traced, as I suggested you do, etc. And especially at a time when you are getting ready to make your trip to London soon.
>
> It has just occurred to me: Have you ever heard of John Glassco, the Canadian poet? He arrived in Paris in 1928 when he was seventeen and almost immediately started writing his memoirs of Paris which he finished about two or three years later but did not publish until thirty-five years after that. It was recommended to me by some people in Santa Fe so I read it last April. Since Glassco arrived in Paris just one year after I left in 1927, many of the same people I had known were still there.
>
> One day when you have the time perhaps you should read it. It is so well written, and Glassco at that young age was so amazingly capable and well read, well informed about the literary people of that time and rather quickly meets most all of them. And his experiences and wild adventures, in some cases, are both amusing and tragic, but in all cases most knowledgeable and interesting—revealing, enlightening, daring, etc.
>
> The title of it is: "Memoirs of Paris" by John Glassco; published in both London and Canada (about 196?) in hard cover [actually *Memoirs of Montparnasse*]. Thought I would mention this to you since it does have something important to offer and, since you will be in London, it should be much cheaper there than here in the states, if you can find it here at all. I have forgotten the publisher's name. And the people I borrowed it from bought it in London about two years ago.
>
> I will be reimbursing you soon for the expense you went to in sending me the packages. And since you would not tell me the exact amount, I then will have to estimate it by the postage on the packages, etc. My best to you and Viola, and your trip.
>
> PS Was unable to find a book of Glassco's poetry in this small library in Taos, so have no idea what it is like.

I located the book in paperback and enjoyed it very much. Clay later told me that it was closest to the ambience of Paris of that day than all other books on the subject. Glassco's poetry was awarded the Governor-general's prize and his pornographic writing, so ably tied to his personality by Patricia Whitney's article in *Essays on Canadian Writing*, is entertaining. One of the parcels I mailed Clay contained slides of his paintings, which he intended to show a curator from the Oakland, California Museum, which was to mount a retrospective of his work.

Viola to my mother. August 19/71. Morden, Surrey

> The weather has been absolutely abominable in England. Only about two sunny mornings since my arrival. At the moment we are staying at the King's Head Hotel in Beverley, Yorkshire. The food is excellent. The town of Beverley is a charming little place with an 11th century Church, museum and art gallery. David has quite a bit of record-digging here —so we have spent three nights here. Tomorrow we will go to York and other places. I think David has also given up the idea of going to Norway. We may just drive through the Lake district or go on to Scotland. The drive is so pretty in this country. If only the weather would improve! It is just as well you did not come this year. It is constantly wet and cold. England is quite prosperous on the surface, and prices are rising. But it is still cheaper than New York.

We have seen quite a lot of excellent plays and I have visited some marvelous art exhibitions in London. My mother said that when you were here they took you to the Albert and Victoria Museum. What a treasure house that is. While David works from 9—5 in Beverley, I amuse myself with discovering the town and reading. I loved the towns of Oxford and Cambridge—very bustling and busy—but very congested. The art gallery here has some really excellent paintings by Fred Elwell. The pictures really give you the background of his times. I enjoyed them very very much. The FitzWilliams Museum in Cambridge was also interesting. It's almost time to meet David for lunch. This town closes between 1 p.m. and 2 p.m.

Lots of love to you and Jim and please say hello to everyone we know in Hamilton. David wants to write you so he will fill you in with the news.

Postcard to mother from me. August 15/71. Scene from Oliver's Mount overlooking Scarborough.

The weather has been cold, wet and dull, but we are enjoying most of our stops on my trip north to research centers. Stopped here to see if any history of Zealands. The old town runs up from the harbour where the red wharf is. The castle (Norman) lies above it. The remainder of the town is late Victorian and later. We stayed about one hour and left for Whitby.

I found an entry in a city directory in the mid-1800s for William Zealand, shoemaker. He and his two brothers, Thomas and my ancestor Edward, worked as powder boys on the warships during the Napoleonic Wars. Thomas was lost at sea and Edward came with the Royal Navy to Canada's Great Lakes during the War of 1812. William might have been demobilized after the war and taken up a safer vocation.

Viola to my mother. August 27/71. Morden, Surrey

The Charter people told us that our flight originally scheduled for the 30 August has now been postponed to the 2nd September. I find this most inconvenient. David, who has so much to do, will probably welcome this bit of news (he does not know yet since he is at the British Museum all day without a phone and won't be home till ten tonight). I hope we do fly on the 2nd and that it will not be postponed further.

We had a splendid trip around England doing some research at various places including reading through the Earl of Durham's papers at his estate. We did not go to Norway as time was getting short and the boat trip is 36 hours long. The weather has improved considerably and, when we were in the Lake District, we had hot and sunny weather. We met some interesting people all along.

Most of our friends are away on vacation, and we have seen a few this week. This is their long August bank holiday and most of them will return after Monday. We met a couple of young English people, who now live in Canada, last night at a dinner party. It was very interesting.

Will give you our news when we get back (if we get back!!!). In the meantime here's a little clipping about Trudeau, which will amuse you. [Recommending that he be the next Secretary-general of the U.N. because of his good relations with Russia, China, U.S. and Cuba.] We received both your letters and thank you very much. My parents are well and send you their love. England looks prosperous on the surface, but there is great unemployment and deterioration underneath, we discovered on our trip.

Viola to her father. September 7/71. New York

I have just posted a letter to you telling you the details of our chaotic departure from London. It is nice to be back only because I thought at one stage that I will never be able to get back to New York!

The temperature in New York was 97° and humid on Sunday—our first day back, and has been in the 89°, 90° mark ever since. It is such a shock to get back to these astronomical

prices in New York. Just to keep us in food and transport from the airport to our apartment —for just two days (Sunday and Monday) we spent $40, that is, £16. Isn’t it shocking?

I have thought about you a lot since I left London, Daddy. If David and I provided you with companionship, then you should try to continue that by letter writing. We both felt we were able to discuss all sorts of things with you and even though you always say that you are not educated, you will be surprised how well you are able to grasp ideas. So don't knock yourself down, Daddy. David said that you should never consider yourself a failure. He said that you have done exceedingly well and that through your guts and spirit and goodwill to your wife and family you somehow managed to provide them with a roof. So God Bless you, Daddy, and keep you well always.

Both David and I thoroughly enjoyed ourselves at home and our trip to other parts of England. I particularly want to thank you for your extreme kindness and affection you have shown David and myself in your own quiet and sweet way. I appreciated the Lemonade you bought and the nightdress you gave me—by my merely enquiring about it or joking about it. How kind you have been and I have noticed small little gestures on your part that have endeared you to me. David will write to you soon when he has settled his affairs. But he is very very fond of you and appreciated all your actions and the beautiful shirt you gave him.

My dear Daddy, I urge you not to worry about your past even if it is mentioned to you. As I have stressed one’s past means nothing. Only what you are today matters. You have nothing to worry about. You have a good brain, even though you do not believe it, you have one of the greatest and kindest hearts I've known and you mean well to everyone. As your daughter, I have nothing but the utmost affection for you.

Eustace is another dear person. I have spoken to him and he has his own problems of which he is quite aware and that always helps. Regarding your will. He is quite aware of what has transpired and although he has not said much, I know that he will execute your will, should he ever find himself in that position, well and fairly.

I have just been interrupted by two of my colleagues in the UN. One works very closely with U Thant and Jarring and the other is in our department. They said that they can't agree on who should be the Chairman of the Peacekeeping Committee and have debated this for the last 14 months, leave alone decide on who should be the new SG. Jarring was considered the most suited, since he knows the UN inside out, he gets along with USSR, UAR, USA and others—but he feels he has not the energy of a young man who could do a lot of axing—meaning cutting of staff. U Thant may have to stay. No one objects to him personally—but they can't bear the thought of others hanging on while he's SG.

PS. I gave Mummy the wrong information about the Book on the Suez. The author is Kenneth Love—not Kenneth Younger as I told her. Also it is published by McGraw Hill and not by Princeton Univ. Press as I told her. Sorry.

Daddy, try to get this book "Twice Fought War—the Suez Crisis" by Kenneth Love (McGraw Hill, 1969).You will enjoy reading it. Take your time about it, Daddy, but read it when you have a moment away from radio and television.

The United Nations is so quiet, I was very surprised. There has been talk of strikes among the staff because of the salaries and cost of living in NY. A friend of mine (who is married to a nice Jewish architect) tells me that costs of apartments are down because there is no money around. {Nixon, people are saying, has really hurt the middle class and poor—but he has helped big business and industry). They even say that NY will be dead in ten years. Such miserable news to come back to.

I enjoyed talking to you, Daddy, and I am sorry if I appeared subdued the last couple of weeks. That was only because I was tense and terrified about our flight back home. As it is, I can now think back and laugh as it was certainly an experience. The degradation of just getting a ticket was something I shall never forget—a ticket which we paid for! Everyone on our flight has made up his mind to complain to someone. In a way, I was glad to have

had the worry of the flight because it kept my mind occupied on that or else I would have felt very sad about leaving home.

I shall write to you very soon and talk to you confidentially as we did when I was there. If I did not have that worry I should have liked to have had another quiet day with you.

When David comes home tonight (at the moment we are both at work) I shall find out his news about being back the first day. I shall then write again to you.

In two weeks I start school. I can hardly believe it. I almost dread it because it means a lot of hard work again. I had a wonderful rest from all this and I wish to thank you very specially for making my stay in England very pleasant and warm and affectionate. I send my love and affection to you.

Viola to her mother. September 8/71. New York.

I can hardly believe I'm in New York and back in the office when only a few days ago I was wondering if I should put in for 'stranded money'! Even though it was hectic, I must say it was an adventure—now that David and I are safely back and our jobs intact.

I wrote to Daddy yesterday giving him the details of our flight back with all the various times.

Both David and I, Mummy, wish to thank you for your kindness in looking after us so well. I think David was so spoiled that he is beginning to miss all that fuss made over him. Actually, he has always been spoiled by his mother—being a baby long after the others were born. So he loved every minute of being spoiled by you and Daddy. Thank you, Mummy, for all your little kindnesses. It was wonderful to be home again and to see that everyone was well and that I now have nothing to worry about as all of you are doing well and have everything you want. It was also a great help to me personally, Mummy dear, in that I was very concerned about expenses this trip. I have had so many enormous bills to pay before and after my trip that I was particularly careful about spending money this trip. In that respect you and Daddy helped me a great deal in having us stay with you. I therefore want to thank you very very much for putting us up. I felt bad about depriving Rita, Eustace and you of having your normal rooms, and I am very grateful for your trying to make us comfortable.

I was so glad to eat well that last Saturday we were at home, because that plate of delicious curry and rice had to sustain us until 12 midnight London time before they gave us some insipid chicken and ghastly airplane food. I loved eating all those Burmese meals you cooked for us, Mummy—they were a treat.

Coming back to New York was coming back to hot humid weather with the temperature up in the 90°s, and an enormous number of bills to pay. Rita and Eustace are lucky in that they do not have to pay fabulous rents. The house is paid for and they only have to maintain it. When David and I go to Canada, we will have to start from scratch as you and Daddy did twenty-four years ago. I must say that your house is looking very very nice. I was delighted with the way the garden looked, and Eustace's little working shed—and the coconut bird feed, etc. You have every luxury in the house and materially God seemed to have blessed you and Daddy. There is only the spiritual side left and you can improve that only by directing your thoughts into correct channels. If you concentrated on what is good about Daddy, you will find that your relationship with him will improve. If you persist in thinking the worst of him and of his background and past then you will always find fault with him. To concentrate on one's past is to look backwards—you must concentrate on the present and in the future. Think cheerfully about people—don't let your thoughts dwell on useless things like background—it is so silly and quite wrong. You try to do that, Mummy, and you will see how much your spiritual relationship with Daddy will improve. He is so kind and good. He really is. And you are lucky you have a husband like that. He has no one in this world, now. And he can't help the way he is because he never had a chance in life. And what

background have you or any of us, to permit us to pitch things up to Daddy? We are all nothings, and we are all in the same boat.

I was so thrilled to see you read books and take an interest in things. Your garden is so lovely and I love the idea of eating vegetables from one's own garden. I hope your knee is better after that strenuous day at Chartwell—David at first thought it was Rita who was kicking the ball, and he said he was astonished to turn round and see it was you. You certainly have the spirit and energy to want to do things—but try to look after yourself and do not overdo things, Mummy. I was so happy to see you full of energy and carrying on bravely despite your ailments.

Thank god we had two days to recover from our flight ordeal before going to work. I was able to unpack completely and rest up before going to work. This UN is surprisingly quiet —before the storm, I suppose.

David went to work yesterday and found that all was quiet on the western front. The meeting he was so concerned about went off well, but they have left everything for his return and he will be organizing a meeting for next Tuesday. He hopes to buy a car and is making inquiries about what make to buy, etc. Where to park is another problem and a very expensive one. The telephone people are on strike so his office is still without a phone. I'm glad he will be working on his own now, working with those people in his Economic Division was not very pleasant—like all bureaucracies!

Mrs. Beasley called on Sunday and wanted to know about our trip so we will have to write to her about it. She sent her love to all of you. Could you do me a great favour—would you drop a line to her to say how well David looked and how happy you were to have him stay with you. She would appreciate it. If it is too much trouble for you to do so, or if you have no inclination to do so, then perhaps Daddy can do so. I forget to ask him.

I saw Julie Moses only briefly in the bus this morning. She is looking thinner than before the summer. I shall write again and give all this sort of news when I've found out more.

My poor neighbor who was away all summer returned yesterday and found herself locked out of her apartment as another neighbor had her key and was out. I gave her my key and told her to make herself at home while D. and I were at work. She was so sweet. When I returned in the evening—she had put flowers all over the apartment, washed up our coffee pot, gave us fresh fruit and vegetables she had brought from the country, and two bottles of German beer for David and some paper towels and toilet rolls. I thought her too kind. She's English, of course.

Betty and Maurice must be enjoying their trip in Greece. I think Greece is a much better place than Spain. I read about that Hamburg crash—poor people. That was a charter plane too. Oh, am I glad to be safely back! The plane trip itself was not bad at all. I loved that student crowd—so intelligent and amusing.

I shall write separately to Eustace and Rita, Mummy, but, in the meantime, please thank them for all the help they gave us and for the marvelous way they looked after us in one way or another. I shall also write to you soon.

All my love to you Mummy dear, and once more both David and I thank you very very much for the sweet way you looked after us. I also thank you for the nightgown you bought me. It will come in handy this winter. Daddy gave me one too, and his is a summer one. So I'm all set for the year! I think I left an old pair of sandals in England. Keep them so that I can wear them next year. They are very old and should be thrown away actually.

Viola to Kitty Hood. September 13/71. New York.

When we returned to New York just a week ago there was a letter from you which you sent with the intention of it reaching me before my departure to England—and what a really sweet letter. It was asking us to come between August 1—10. I am sorry I did not receive it

before I left. I don't remember when I wrote to you in England but it was when we were up in Yorkshire. Then today your lovely letter arrived assuring me of your gracious understanding. I cannot tell you how badly I felt about not coming when I was so full of eagerness before leaving New York. Thank you a million times.

I tried to telephone you one day when we returned from a trip to the north of England. I did not know your telephone number—or I had forgotten, although you did once give it to me. I thought I would ask the operator for the information, but it was virtually impossible to get the enquiries to answer at all. I held the phone for 20 minutes and then it was cut off. I am convinced that England is going to the dogs. It is so hard to get anyone to work. There is a tremendous shortage of staff all over. David said that no one can blame me for not trying to telephone you. Many days later when David was in one of the libraries in London, he looked up the Continental Directory and found your number. By then it was too late.

England is really one of the most beautifully tailored countries I have ever seen. Because of the rain, the grass is lusciously green and the profusion of flowers is breathtaking. And the houses! I just love looking at the houses as a pastime. But under all that lovely exterior, and under all that superficial prosperity there is something quite wrong about England. Up north, especially in the Durham, Newcastle area, there is a great deal of unhappiness. The people are glum and there is glaring unemployment. People just don't seem to care. It was the most depressing spectacle I have ever seen anywhere. In London you cannot go to some place which is typically English. The restaurants are all run by 'foreigners'—i.e., Greeks, Spanish and Italian. Only the pubs are run by English people, and they are all a bunch of amateurs—meaning families who buy a pub and run it as a means of earning a living, etc. They close for lunch, or because it is 'sport's day' or some other excuse. Such a contrast from this money grubbing country, the U.S. I guess I noticed this in England because I have been so conditioned by the New York rush and money grubbiness. Yet the English continue to be charming and polite. So civilized. I love London—the buildings are truly what James Reston calls "an architectural museum". One can go out on an outing every single day and see something different and cultural. So rich is England in culture. I saw so many museums, cathedrals, gardens, stately homes and plays and films that I have found my holidays most rewarding. I was breathless with awe in the Albert and Victoria Museum, for example. I believe that if ever England became bankrupt, she could just sell the objects of art in this museum and she would be solvent again for ever!

David was working at the various libraries and the British Museum every single day. Then I joined him in a trip up north. We went to Oxford and Cambridge then on to a lovely town of Beverley in Yorkshire (East Riding). We had to stay there three days and I loved every minute of it. The town is so small and so beautiful. It has one of the loveliest Minsters in the country. Every little street was a delight to the eye—old Georgian houses. It has a museum full of local talent. The Minster itself has one of the most beautiful choir carved screens in England—carved by one of Beverley's native sons.

Another highlight was working with David in the Earl of Durham's estate. Some of the letters of Richardson (David's author) were written to Durham. We went through all his personal letters, and, although I found some of the material David needed (and therefore earned my keep!), I got fascinated by letters from Queen Victoria, and Lady Blessington, etc. We then were given an unofficial tour of the present Earl of Durham's house (he's Mr. Lambton—Labour MP) and it was fascinating to actually see a stately home lived in. It was a wonderful experience. We had to drive right into the country—very hard to find—way off the normal highways. We had to take our own sandwiches and they gave us tea and biscuits. Mr. Lambton—whose fortunes suffered from death duties—now wants to develop a "safari"—i.e. bring real lions and tigers, elephants, etc. in his grounds and turn it over to the public.

We then went up the “border" country and saw such places as Abbotsford—Sir Walter Scott's home and many other stately Scottish homes—Mellerstain's House is absolutely breath-taking. The interior was decorated by Robert Adam. They say it is one of his best ever.

We then drove down the Lake District and visited Wordsworth's Dove Cottage, etc. It is beautiful—very congested, though, with tourists. The lakes are pretty but not as magnificent as the Canadian lakes. We met and spoke to so many interesting people and I was amused to discover that we were immediately taken to be Americans—even before speaking.

I must say that I was very sympathetic to America while I was in England and found people very glad to have Americans stay in their hotels, etc. Leicester was just full of Indians—fantastic. If you watched the people in the high street you would be lucky to see a couple of English faces—so many Indians there are in that city. I find the English getting openly hostile to colored people. It is sad.

After all the beautiful and opulent stately homes we visited—to visit Chartwell (Churchill's home) was quite surprising. How simply that man lived—so cosy and lived-in his house looked. They must have been a nice family to know. We bought several books while in England, needless to say. Thank heavens the charter planes don't bother about weight—they don't carry freight so they have ample room for luggage. We carried double the weight allowed and most of the weight was books.

We had a terrible time trying to get back. All those stories you read about stranded students in London were quite true and not one bit exaggerated. We were among them. We had paid our return fares in New York and yet we were not able to get a ticket back until after several trips and loss of temper. Everyone else was in the same boat. Finally we got a ticket five days later. David had to telephone New York as he was worried he would run into trouble—they lay people off on the slightest excuse over here—the recession is virtually a depression. Then the plane which was supposed to have left at 3 p.m. left at 10 p.m.—and then we had to get off in the freezing rain and wind at Gander for health inspection—the last straw. The fare was very cheap $219 return—but we really sweated with delays and hanging around airports. Never again.

Kitty, I know exactly how unsettled you must have felt about going over those places of your childhood. It is the terrible feeling of time gone forever that touches a deep chord of nostalgia and sadness in one. I know the feeling. I can never go back to my childhood haunts because they are completely wiped out of my life. The place I lived in as a child was completely razed to the ground during the war—nothing remains—I cannot go back and point to my house, my school or church or anything. My childhood friends are all scattered or dead. I think that is why I love going to Hamilton, Ontario—David's family are so well rooted there and I am all in favour of roots. One must have roots. I am so rootless. Canada, with David I mean, feels the nearest place in which I feel at home. Not even England gives me that feeling.

As for getting old—or feeling age creep up—try to not think about it, although the aches and pains nudge you into doing so. I now have to wear glasses—ocular fatigue, says my doctor politely! I jolly well know it’s old age. I suppose the strain of reading under pressure and in bad light (my apartment is the worst lit place in the world!) has strained my eyes. Anyway, I now have all the gestures of a grandmother. I squint and hold my paper at a distance—and put my glasses on deliberately—all very amusing to David.

But I try to not think about age, Kitty. Sometimes at night I get quite frightened. I dread suffering in old age or having to be dependent on someone. I'll probably suffer lumbago and arthritis like my mother—already I get rheumatic pains in my joints. But mentally I'm like a 20 year old. I talk and think like the young students around me. It’s shame-making—I should have contributed to the world in some way—teaching or doing something constructive at my age instead of sitting in this ghastly office destroying all decent feelings in me and feeling a terrible failure in life. That is what depresses me more than anything in life. I really do feel an absolute failure—and when I get a degree, what or where will it get me? It’s all such nonsense. I'll still be a stupid useless person.

I really do believe that the whole purpose in life is to do something that gives one joy—go through the daily tasks for keeping the creature comforts but to indulge in anything that gives one joy. As for looking for larger purposes in one's life—it's all bunk. We are all nothings—I even feel that life is meaningless—except that one should enjoy life as one feels—whether it is in being creative, or lazy, or whatever. If ice hockey (this is my argument to David to justify my indulgence in that game!!!) gives me great pleasure, then my inordinate interest in the game should be indulged. If gardening gives you pleasure, why should you not indulge in it and pass your days just doing that? I don't think that dreams of being a powerful reformer or changing the world for the benefit of mankind are ever achieved or materialized. Man has behaved in the same instinctual way ever since he evolved—the patterns of life brought about by laws and regulations have changed but the basic nature of the human being has not—and unless one can change that so that we do not have wars, destruction, envy, greed, hate, etc., only then will I believe that man has a destiny. If someone can find a way of channelling man's aggressive instincts to creativeness, then perhaps man can dream of being purposeful in the universe—as of now we are all mushrooms—blossoming and dying like all other living matter. I think that is why I like Samuel Beckett so much and why I love reading the "Ecclesiastes" in the *Bible* —I share their morbid views. All is folly under the sun, and everything is nothing—they say. But here am I—next week I go back to school and I dread it—the work is too hard. I want to remain idle for the rest of my life—just going out and seeing what other men and women have created for our pleasure. I shan't mind dying either—I just do not want to be an old decrepit.

What a stupid letter this has turned out—how boring for you—but your thoughts on your Geneva trip has triggered off something in me—the deep disturbing depressing feeling of being a great nothing—a great failure in life—as time slips by. But as David says, one should never look back or too much into the future—one should only enjoy now. So I pass that on to you—if you have got this far in this drivel.

David sends much love to you and John and so do I—and I am particularly warmed by your sweet understanding and thoughtfulness. Oh, one more thing, Kitty—one of the joys in my life is good friendship—a good friend like you—and that's worth living for.

Viola to my mother. September 15/71 New York.

Since we have been back we have had to catch up with all sorts of priorities, and I have had to write so many letters to England and abroad that I have not had the time to write earlier to you. David and I are in full stride now and already our holiday is a dim memory.

I was very disappointed not to go to the south of France. I felt so awful having to write to Kitty, after her warm invitation and my eagerness to accept, and decline her kind invitation. However, David had a point. He was paid very well to work and he had to work in earnest. He seems to think his research yielded something. I received a letter from Kitty yesterday—so full of understanding. It made me feel wonderful. If it is at all possible next year—we hope to go there definitely.

Another letter from my cousin—he is marrying again. I may go up for his wedding. His daughter married in April and is living in El Paso, Texas. His ex-wife has opened a boutique in a small town upstate New York—in partnership with some man—probably her boyfriend.

Our trip to England was full of interest. We saw some wonderful plays and films, saw innumerable cathedrals, museums and stately homes that I thoroughly enjoyed the trip from a cultural point of view. We rented a car and drove to Oxford, Cambridge, Ely, and then to Beverley in Yorkshire. A lovely little town. While David worked at the Record Office, I made friends with the townspeople and had a wonderful time. Every street was a delight to the eye—so quaint and old and the people so friendly and nice. They have a wonderful Minster with the beautiful choir screen carved in wood exquisitely by one of their local talent. They have a museum full of pictures of Frank Elwell—one of the residents—whose paintings depicted life as it was in the 19th century. Both David and I loved those paintings.

Then we drove up to York and saw the Minster there—it is being renovated and full of scaffolds, etc. It will be beautiful when it is finished. Saw the cushions of the Duke of Kent and his Duchess with their family arms embroidered on them—these cushions were used for kneeling at their wedding.

Then we went to Scarborough (the home of the Zealands) and to Whitby (the home of Captain Cook). I preferred Whitby because it was a more beautiful town and not so crowded with tourists. Scarborough was like Brighton. It was pouring with rain all this time and very windy and cold. But I still loved Whitby and we went sight-seeing in that terribly inclement weather.

We drove further north to Berwick-on-Tweed for dinner—stopping at Bamberg (Bamburgh?) Castle—where many films were made: “Becket”, “The Devils”, “Mary Queen of Scots”, etc. They use that castle because it is the most intact. Also visited Holy Island—quite unique. When the tide is in—it is an island; and when the tide is out one can drive to it. That’s where the first Christians landed.

The border country (south of Scotland) is magnificent as all of Scotland is. One can tell when one is approaching Scotland. The scenery just changes and one gets an uplift of spirit. Went to Abbotsford (Walter Scott’s home) and also saw a magnificent house—Mellerstain House—with interior decoration by Robert Adam. Stayed overnight at beautiful Melrose and altogether had a wonderful and happy time there. Before going to Scotland we had to stay in Chester-le-Street and Durham in Yorkshire. We worked in the Durham estate. The estate was buried deep in the country and farmlands, far far away from the busy highroads and quite difficult to get to. We had to take our own sandwiches and they gave us tea and biscuits. We looked through all of Durham's papers and found a couple of interesting letters from Richardson (David's boy!). What I loved was reading letters from Queen Victoria, and Lord Palmerston, etc. Then we were given an unofficial tour of Mr. Lambton's house and garden (he’s the descendant of the first Earl of Durham, but renounced his title in order to be a member of parliament in the House of Commons). Lovely house with doors in the library so that when shut you'd never guess there was a door among all those books! He had a very untidy bedroom though! His garden is being groomed for an intended safari (the craze in Britain now). You can go to Windsor Park, or Woburn Abbey, or Battersea Park and see real lions and tigers, elephants and other wild animals roaming around exactly as if they were back in Africa. When driving through these parks one has to lower one's car windows! We even saw a dolphinarium—dolphins and whales performing—much better than the one in Vancouver.

The Lake District was beautiful and you can stop on the way and eat snacks in little places along tiny rivulets. Although the lakes are beautiful they do not compare at all with the magnificent Canadian lakes. I love the wilderness of Canada best and will always love it beyond anything else in the world. I only wish to God people (especially Americans) do not go in hoards and spoil those lovely lakes and wilderness in Canada. No one is allowed to have cottages on those lakes in Britain, and they give you an air of being well trimmed. Grassmere, where Wordsworth lived, was full of tourists. I honestly thought the whole of Britain was there that afternoon—sports afternoon! I did not like it too much. We stayed in a little farm and dined in a cute and very old village of Hawkhead—where Wordsworth went to Grammar school.

David and I both stayed at my parents' home—almost camping there—but David could not find accommodation near the British Museum and London was chock-a-block full of tourists and students. I never saw so many students in my life. It was a great saving for David and I—and my parents were absolutely magnificent in the way they looked after us—and really spoiled David. I think David loved that. We went to Chartwell with our neighbors for a picnic and had a wonderful outing. My brother and sister were very sweet and drove us all over the place—they are so helpful. All of them are looking well and the house seems to have every luxury in it. They all send you their best wishes and highest regard.

The weather in England was not at its best—and it seems we came to the worst spell this summer in New York. It was hot and muggy all week and then it rained solidly for five days. What a come back! The UN is quiet—before the storm, I suppose. U Thant has told every one—the staff on staff day and the press yesterday that he is definitely not going to stay and no one is going to force him to stay even for one year.

So this Assembly will be an interesting one—the staff are militant and threatened to strike unless salaries are raised—U Thant said he will try and do something this Assembly—and so the whole world seems to be on the brink of something. Economically the Western world seems to be in a mess and politically the world seems to be promising something but we don't know what. Our rents are threatening to go up, and people are being fired left, right and center.

Next week I go back to school and I dread it—because of the amount of work one has to put in. I can't bear the thought of it. David wanted to go in for his Ph.D, but he thinks it would be better to concentrate on his biography—which I agree. I think in the past because he dispersed his time and energy to studies and union work, etc., he did not give the time and concentration to his biography. Now that he has been given a grant, I think he ought to concentrate on it this fall.

To Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas, Eustace and Rita from me. September 18/71. New York

Today at the first sign of cooler weather I am able to type by an open window and feel a soft breeze without the irritating humidity that makes the typewriter keys feel like small sponges. Viola and I have been busy getting into the swing of living in New York. We are unnerved by the sudden appearance of sparseness in the shops and the decline in services as well as the apparent rise in prices. Perhaps the atmosphere of an economic depression had been building up, but we had to get out of the society and return again to notice it. England gave us a feeling of prosperity in comparison with New York. We had a bit of England last evening by the way. We saw The Go-Between, a film, in which most of the action takes place in an English country home about the turn of the century. It was in the region about Norfolk and caught the vitality of the countryside and the peculiar fineness of English society extremely well. It is the sort of film that stays with you, which must be credited to the acting of course, but which can also be attributed to the verisimilitude of the movie. The English countryside has the quality of "staying with one".

I have paid scant attention to Richardson since returning though I have decided to concentrate on him during my weekends throughout the fall and winter. I am beginning to wonder if I shall be leading him out of the grave or if he will be leading me into mine.

As full-time union pres., I have been busy during the week, which is unpleasant for even the most energetic beavers in New York heat. On top of trying to protect people's jobs, which I have very little hope of protecting as management has the cleverness to choose the most defenceless to terminate, I find that a group of antiunion staff members are joining the union (because they will have to under agency shop) in order to support a fellow to run against me in the upcoming elections. They will be joined by the conservative members, who are considerable in number in order to control the union from the top—and we all know what that means. So it looks like an interesting battle.

My stay in England was a delightful retreat from all of this, and I thank you all for making my stay so pleasant and comfortable. I enjoyed our outings and our talks. I thank Eustace in particular for being so patient with the giant who took up so much space in his bedroom. Love to all from us both.

Top left, With Jess Aylen in Auberge de Quatre Saisons, NYS.

Top right, Viola with classmates in the Associate of Arts program of New York University.

Upper left, Driving along the Banff-Jasper Highway in the Canadian Rockies.

Upper right, The British Museum Library, now gone and sorely missed—a fond memory of many hours spent in exploring and reading.

Left, I recall watching the river from the back window of Sir Walter Scott's Abbotsford, as depicted above left.

Motoring at leisure through the United Kingdom one finds splendid mansions with interesting histories such as Mellerstain house, Scotland, with its interior designed by Robert Adam and completed in 1758.

TWENTY-ONE—PRESSURES

You, dear reader, may be interested in the kind of work a Local president does. I kept a diary for a few months in 1971 and 1972 before relinquishing it. I shall comment on it periodically. Changes were made in the Library. Freehafer retired and John Cory became the Director of Libraries. The new post of full-time President was filled by Richard Couper, who had worked with the N. Y. State Education Department. Couper played squash at the Harvard University Club, a block north of the Library. A hale and athletic, fair-skinned man, and removed from the library's internal workings—his job devoted largely to fund-raising and development of the technology—he was genial to me. John Cory appointed Billie Wilkinson, his doctoral student at Columbia University, as Personnel Director. Wilkinson was slight, highly strung and unwilling to compromise; his purpose was to combat me, which we both subconsciously recognized when we sent each other the same Christmas card of a fighting cock, which amused the staff which heard of it.

When my Economics Division learned that I was to leave on full-time union work, Alice Plowitz gave me a damning service review, which surprised me by its boldness in going beyond the pale. I complained to Wilkinson, who refused to discuss it and invited me to take the matter to arbitration, the last step in our grievance procedure.

From A Unionist's Diary

Tuesday, Sept 7/71. Started on full time with the union. Saw Miss Conroy (Personnel assistant]. Wilkinson on leave till next Monday. Cory will meet me next Mon. about schedule of hours for library.

Lunch with Angeline Moscatt [VP for branch librarians]—union problems—THI time to be used up at library's discretion/ grievance (Kurstenfeldt) to be taken up with Wilkinson/ Couper's statement in *Times*, re: library workers opposed to working more hours due to opening of branches—apparently misquote—to be publicly renounced. Afternoon with Stan Propper at DC37. I'm to have desk, secretaries will take messages/ expenses $30 per week —with car $45 plus gas.

[THI time refers to the temperature-humidity-index, which was recorded by a machine in the Photographic Division on the third floor of the Central Building. At a certain reading of heat, the employees went on skeleton staff, paid at time and a half, and the others went home. It was a contentious and troublesome issue between management and staff whether the reading was valid. A union member in the Photographic and Reproduction Division had the job of announcing the reading, but often I was called to argue the case with management. New York City in summer could become like a Turkish bath and the Central building which lacked air conditioning, except for the Executive Offices with their own air conditioners, could cause some staff to faint. Sometime in the late 1970s, the Library converted the large Central Building to air conditioning and the THI machine problem became a relic of the past.]

Wed. Sept 8/71. At Central Building. Talked to Mr. Gold [new business manager] about parking of car on library premises 10—11 a.m.—will see if I can park overnight if I decide to buy a car—suggested parking difficulties too great to rent a car for outlying branches—can park at library 1 day per week. Spoke to Abe Fox/ Doug Des Verney (still have to hear about grievance). To DC37 Bob Trotter (DC37 rep replacing Jack Stein) took me to accounting—filled in forms—oriented—spoke to Don Fowle about Seitz group—told him it

was not in union—forget it (except for one clerk)—spoke to Angeline—meeting Oct 14 notice for printing made out.

Sept 10/71 Central Building in morning—people anxious about wage freeze—dental benefits for research (Malanchuk)—Prince Gilliard [chief steward] going to see Mrs. Gurstenfeldt—Virginia Jeffries [VP for clerks] did not get Administrative Assistant job. Went to Bronx with Trotter—to Francis Martin and to Jerome Park—successful. Then to DC37 to give Janine Norfleet material for book on library use, etc.

Sept 13/71. Central building—spoke with Director Cory and Billy Wilkinson in company with Bob Trotter about hours of opening, first for Research Libraries, then for Branch Libraries. Research needs $150,000 from City University to open 6—8 more hours per week. Private aid is being solicited for Library of Performing Arts and Science and Technology. When one million is assured, Ford Foundation will give usual grant. Cory gave us fairly full picture of financial difficulties—wants help from unions.

Trotter and I spoke to Wilkinson in the afternoon about personnel problems—Mrs Ferrara and Mrs Gerstenfeldt whose terminations have been called for—we take their cases to 3rd step of grievance, skipping first two. Learned from Wilkinson that arbitration hearing on my grievance is set for Sept. 30. LTA negotiations will start when Henderson [James Henderson, Director of the Research Libraries] returns from vacation in last week.

Saw Alan Weiner—he is going to New Jersey County Library. John Jay Institute Library got too political and he wanted out.

[Weiner, a sympathetic fellow with a rolling gait, for whom I supervised the pages while he was on vacation, eventually worked for the City University Libraries, where again he endured the pain of internal politics. A colleague in my Division, Tony Simpson, transferred to the John Jay Library—an Englishman with an adventurous spirit, at one time traveling by thumb around Africa—who remained a friend. Some of these librarians, who stayed for a couple of years before moving to academic libraries for higher salaries, had interesting backgrounds. An older man, that is about ten years my senior, was Tommy Atkins. He had taken the name of the World War I British private. As a Polish Jew, he trained with the Free Polish Army in Britain during the war. He had come to the United States after marrying a lady from Chicago, but it was just a marriage of convenience, and he divorced her and married another lady, who worked in a library in New York. He was an “operator” but humorous raconteur and enjoyable person.

The turnover of beginning librarians was constant, which meant that the subject specialists had to train newcomers constantly. At one point, the Library hired non-librarians who were PhD students, confessing that they were continuing their education to avoid being drafted to fight in Vietnam. One fellow, after getting his PhD in political science, left to work in the soap industry where he expected to make a lot of money. He was Jewish, and, therefore, his choice of a monetary profession did not surprise me. Yet, it was disconcerting to have by-your-leave temporaries doing the same work as professional librarians; it was symbolic of the indifference of management to our working conditions.]

Called Dean Mikulsley’s Office at CUNY Grad School about getting reduced rates for librarians in CUNY’s cafeteria—will answer in a week.

Sept 14/71 Waited whole day for paper and ink delivery from AB Dick at HQ—never came. Exec. Bd. meeting that night at HQ (35 W 43)

Sept. At DC37 all day—made telephone calls, fixed up complaints of members.

Sept. 16/71 At Central Building in the morning. Wanted to go to Branch Libraries meeting on Friday but refused admission by management. Waited for A B Dick delivery at HQ in the afternoon but it did not arrive.

Sept 17/71. At Central building in morning—saw Wilkinson about Ferrari case, etc. Went to Sedgewick Branch in Bronx to see Miss Gerstenfeldt—will grieve her service review. Mrs Diamond will be the steward for this area. Visited West Farms branch—then to Washington Heights to see Day Care Group which took over basement last June. Saw correspondence to and from Library and Human Rights Commission. Spoke to Branch staff/ specifically Mrs. Ada Jackson, Branch Librarian/ Miss Boyle will be steward.

To my mother from me. September 18/71. New York

I have a chance to write now that the weather is suddenly cooler and the hectic workweek of union problems is over with. The scarcity of products in the shops has become more pronounced since we left here in July. I think a very serious depression will be upon us next year. The union's main job will be to protect people's jobs. I would like to return to Canada, but I understand the depression there is very serious.

I was glad to get the summer off to travel in England. Although I did not get the truly nagging questions answered about Richardson, the research was worth it. I must tell you about our motor trip. After reading in the British Museum Library practically every day, I was prepared to get a change of scenery and track down mss. in county archives in the north of England. The B M Library by the way is pleasant to read in; it has a great dome in pastel blue over the whole great room. The blue is bordered with gold stripping. The seats are upholstered in light blue. Each reader has a separate part of a long desk to himself. The desks run out like spokes from a center area where book applications are taken and books are delivered to and from. Yet the drudgery of research, especially when the findings are so meagre, turn a young man's fancy to thoughts of the open country side. England is fast building up. Only the moors of Yorkshire and Northumberland (King Lear country) are somewhat wild. After seeing Oxford and Cambridge, where I expected to find documents relevant to Richardson, we stopped in Ely, where only the great cathedral is of interest. The town is quite small and still has a central common where sheep and cattle graze and where we saw the red-smocked, saxon-looking bishop strolling just before twilight. What power these churchmen had just a century ago and how truly insignificant they have become today! Viola has told you about Beverley, Yorkshire, where we spent two days and stayed at an old hotel. She loved the town which is just as well as she had to amuse herself while I worked in the county archives. We visited York which has Roman remains and walked along the great wall, saw the great cathedral which is being cleaned and shoaled up to the cost of millions of pounds. Constantine, the Roman Emperor, who adopted Christianity after 300 AD, was born and raised in York; he was a son of the Roman governor. There are many rivers in England, and, if one takes the right high roads, one can see over valleys for miles. We stopped briefly at Scarborough now a resort town as you saw by the postcard. I looked in the public library for a trace of your ancestor, but the only record it had was a city directory for 1857 which listed William Zealand, boot and shoemaker. Perhaps a brother or nephew of Captain Edward. The parish records are still in the local churches and would have to be gone through for more information. I didn't have the time, but may get back there someday. There was a project to publish all these old parish records but it ran out of funds. Whitby above Scarborough is a sailor town, an interesting old harbour, narrow streets down the cliff sides where old salts stand in doorways to courtyards like ghosts from centuries past, and St. Mary's high on the cliff overlooking the sea stands boldly forth seared by salt and greened like the tombstones by raging weather, while behind it lie the remains of Whitby Abbey—shades of the Bronte sisters. But Whitby is famous for Capt. Cook who set sail from here to go to Australia or points south. And on the cliff opposite to St Mary's are the great mansions built by Victorians for summer pleasures and now rather empty, forsaken by younger generations whose pleasures are so different from the Victorians, more attune to the sun of the southern Mediterranean. We saw castles with their unique treasures from various centuries. Holy Island which can be reached by road when the tide is out was the home of early Christians—St Cuthbert of the English Church being its most famous resident. We saw Cuthbert's coffin and remains of his burial garments (from the 7th century) in Durham Cathedral. Speaking of Durham County (Durham city

bore the marks of centuries of industrial oppression—in the rocks, along the river bed, in the structures of the buildings, the physiognomy of the people—mining leaves its traces through generations). We went to the Estate of the present Lord Lambton (who did not accept the Earl of Durham title because he wishes to remain in the House of Commons) and were taken to his house by the estate agent from the nearby estate office where I was looking through the first Earl's papers. You remember he wrote the Durham Report on Canada! His library lined with books on two walls has a bookcase which is opened to lead into his bedroom. I'd like that. Lawrence's "Red Boy" is displayed prominently in the hall, the "Red Boy" being the first Earl's son. The castle by the way stands unoccupied some miles distant but visible over the fields and river. Death duties took their toll of the Lord's fortunes. The Estate Agent (one of three for the Estate) spoke of making a safari park out of the grounds of the castle. Windsor and Woburn Castles have done this successfully. The lions, tigers and so on live very well in the English climate.

We went to Scott country, soft, low-rolling hills, pleasant River Tweed, called the borderlands where his novels were set, where the Ettrick Shepherd, James Hogg, strolled the roads, and where Scott's Abbotsford, the imitation medieval castle can be found and toured. I am amazed at the stock of valuable paintings and other treasures found in English castles and even in humbler dwellings like Scott's. Certainly the long arm of the Empire brought home a lot of loot for a long time.

We wound our way along hedged-in roads through pleasant valleys and rough moorland to the Lake District, home of Wordsworth, Coleridge and others for so long. The tourists clotted the east sides of the lakes so we went to the west side of Windermere and found the country what it may have been like 150 years ago. Very beautiful weather, high, picturesque scenery, inspiring all of it from the border lands to this wilder nature—wilder in the sense of seeming unruly. We stopped at Birmingham library, the oldest in Europe, I understand, though its building did not seem old and was probably largely rebuilt, then we continued south making a detour to the Elizabethan town of Stamford. The motor car has spoilt much of the atmosphere of the old towns, though Stamford's Elizabethan strain showed through quite well, helped somewhat by Burghley House, a mile south of it, where Elizabeth stayed. Hundreds of paintings adorn the walls of this castle, and some rooms are painted so that the walls and ceilings are alive with people from the Roman Ages and sweep you up into their activities.

I must close this before I ramble on too much. Stay well mother and give our love to Jim, Alec and Anne and family. We may see you this autumn, though I doubt it. I am not buying a car—too expensive for New York—$500 for insurance alone— no place to park it, so not usable in Manhattan and most of the Bronx.

From a Unionist's diary

Monday Sept 20/71. Spent morning at DC37—to Central Building before lunch, spoke with Prince Gilliard in Mid Manhattan after lunch. Went to Cathedral Branch, to 59th St, and 67th St branches. Rec'd first expense check—$45.

Sept 21/71. In morning at HQ, then to Central Bldg—saw Wilkinson; then to Donnell—visited all Depts (except Sadpol), then to Columbus. At 6 to HQ—worked on Local Line till 11 pm.

Sept 22/71 Meeting at DC37 at 9.30 for staff. Spent rest of morning at DC37—then to Central Bldg—Wilkinson, Fox, Des Verney—put notices in bins—at HQ—then to Commodore Hotel for DC37 meeting on raising funds for political reasons.

Sept 23/71. To Wilkinson to expedite Gerstenfeldt and Ferrari grievances—to Donnell to speak to Sadpo people—to Webster and Yorkville branches.

Sept 24/71. DC37 in morning—Gerstenfeld grievance in the afternoon Central building

Sept 27/71. Ferrari grievance at 9.30 Mid-Manhattan. Gold's office for Welfare for Research people—matching branch plan. At HQ to retrieve key from Hassam, cleaner. Central Bldg—Lincoln Center.

Sept 28/71. At 35W43 HQ drawing up nominations and elections committees. Markey came to HQ. Ferrari grievance rejected at Step 3. On to Step 4. Finance Com meeting at night.

[First mention of Ray Markey. As a librarian trainee he came to me after a union meeting in the Bronx and wanted to take an active part. He was a member of the Trotskyist Socialist Workers' Party, which believed in permanent revolution. I thought he would be a helpful addition and supported his running for a position on the board as librarian representative from the Bronx. He was a most vocal trade unionist and suggested several labor actions, one that involved his Party, which the board adopted. He was active in the Irish action against the United Kingdom but with the Trotskyist division of the IRA, which he was careful to distinguish from the hard-line Catholics or Provos. At some point he was rejected from the Socialist Workers' Party for a reason he never discussed. Years later he became Local President and served some years in the post, including the period of the embezzlement scandals at the District Council, which I shall touch on later.]

Sept 29/71. At DC37 in the morning—then to branches—Library of the Blind, Hudson Park, Jefferson Market, Muehlenberg.

Sept 30/71. Gerstenfeld grievance at Cory's level—termination upheld. To Bronx with Bob Trotter—Throg's Neck and Westchester Square. Back to DC37 for delegates' meeting. I introduced motion to assembly to endorse peace rallies on Oct 13 and Nov 6—passed by voice vote.

Oct 1/71. LTA Negotiations in morning—hung up on LTA4's. In the afternoon to branches —96th St. Back to Central building.

Oct 4/71. Aguilar, Mott Haven, BBM, Melrose, DC37 in late afternoon. Committee meeting of Part-timers for Welfare Benefits till 7.30 pm

Oct 5/71. At HQ all day—Executive board meeting in evening. AB Dick delivered ink and paper.

Oct 6/71. At DC37 in morning—took forms to HQ for stewards—At Central Building—Stewards meeting till 8.30 pm

Oct 7/71. Fordham with Bob Trotter in morning—LTA negotiations at Central building in afternoon. Local Line meeting at HQ until 11 pm.

Oct 8/71. DC37 all morning—put Local Line in bins at Central building—collected contracts.

Oct 12/71. At HQ all day (met Jeff H for lunch). Labor meeting in evening (service reviews)—also candidate slate.

Viola to her parents. October 12/71. New York

Thank you very much Mummy for your nice letter which came a couple of weeks ago. I was so glad to hear from you and especially to know that you and Daddy went on outings with Eustace and Rita. I'm sure you both must have enjoyed the RAF air-show. I have never seen one and would love to see an air-show. Eustace is so knowledgable about aeroplanes so it must have been worth every minute of it. And how happy I was to know that you went to Canterbury Cathedral, Mummy, and that you pursued that interest by buying a book about Thomas Becket and reading all about him. Excellent and splendid. I don't know whether you saw the TV series on Civilization on the BBC—it may be repeated—if so, Kenneth Clark talks about Thomas Becket and Henry II. If you should see it again it would be even

more meaningful to you now that you've been to the Cathedral and read about Thomas Becket. There have been many plays about him too. I think “Becket” by John Osborne was one or by Jean Anouilh (French playwright). However, never mind all that. It is just good to know that you are taking an interest in things.

I am enclosing some photographs. Somehow I do not like the colors—my slides were so much more authentic. Anyway the one of Mummy and Daddy, I suppose, can be enlarged. Daddy, you particularly wanted one of these. I hope you will not be too disappointed. I'm not the best photographer in the world. I like the one with Rita and Hugh Thomson, Mummy and David. I am enclosing two in case Rita wants one. I should have asked for a bigger photograph of Eustace. My slide was a wonderful photograph of him—but somehow the color is all wrong in the print.

Have you tried to get that Book by Kenneth Love on the Suez, Daddy. Try to do so. The United Nations is in a state of flux—a sort of stillness and uncertainty. The Americans are putting tremendous pressure on some countries to vote for their resolution not to expel Nationalist China. Two small countries Maldive Island and I forget the other—who found they cannot afford to keep missions in New York and have withdrawn altogether—have now been flown in by the USA (expenses all paid by America) so that they will vote for them. The Americans are campaigning vigorously and threatening to withdraw financial support for the UN if the countries vote to expel Nationalist China. Such arm twisting I have never seen in my life! Of course, it might just backfire. I should like to see Red China in though —it would add a bit of color and excitement in our lives. No one knows about the new SG —the French and their French speaking colonies or ex-colonies are vigorously campaigning for a French-speaking SG—the Americans might agree if they get ECOSOC (Economic Department). The Americans do not want to replace Ralph Bunche with another American. So Daddy, wish you were here so I could gossip with you about the UN—it is fun—but hell to work in.

I tried to telephone home on Sunday hoping I could say a few words to Donald and Joan and the two boys. I should have loved to hear their voices, but there is a telephone strike here and I could not get hold of an operator.

Have they arrived? How are they? What excitement at home. I hope they are all well and in great shape. What are Donald's plans? I wrote a letter to him last week and hope he received it. I should love to hear from either of you, Daddy or Mummy.

By the way, Mummy, thank you for writing to Mrs. Beasley as you said you were going to do in your letter to me. She should appreciate it.

Bunny is now married and I got a short note from him—there were 200 people at the Church and 90 at the reception. But he still has not told me who the girl is. Someone told me she is Swedish. Have you heard?

I received a note from Fay Pannell—she was disappointed to have missed us—she wanted us to stay with her. She is the guest of the Canadian Government.

I have so many letters to write that I feel guilty not having written. Both of David's cousins wrote to me—one is in Zambia with her doctor husband for a year. What an interesting letter—and yet I have not replied. I am so busy as you can well imagine. I have got to give a lecture next week. The subject will either amuse you or frighten you—"Ethos, World-view and the Analysis of Sacred Symbols"—how's that for a title? It’s a highly technical subject in anthropology and I find it so fascinating.

Ice-hockey started last Saturday—too early David thinks—but nowadays the athletes are paid so highly, and they are so popular that money is in sport now. Anyway I was thrilled—I can hardly have enough of hockey. And what an exciting game it was. Over the weekend the Rangers won one and tied one—with the toughest teams in the League too.

By the way, Mummy, I found out from my Burmese colleague—Khin Bya is a very polite word—so Daddy was quite right. And tell Eustace that "The Go-Between" had not been shown in England when we were there—it is now being shown in England for the first time. I was right and he was wrong. I read the British papers, by the way.

David is very busy with all sorts of projects as usual. I hope that Nixon's wage and price freeze continues. It is the only logical way of stemming the ridiculous skyrocketing prices. No one wants to spend nowadays. People in America are saving fantastic amounts more than at any time in their history. They hope to pry some of these savings loose next year, to increase the money circulation.

Please ask Donald to write to me. Ask his children to drop me a line. I sort of feel remote from them—not having heard from them for such a long time.

Hope you are both well, Mummy and Daddy. David and I send you our most affectionate love and hope that you both will write often. Love to all at home—the house must be chaotic with the children—but what a nice chaos!!

From a Unionist's Diary

Oct 13/71. Labor-Management Committee meeting all morning (Union: Gilliard, Fujarski, Markey, Dash, Trotter, Beasley vs Wilkinson, Conroy). Peace rally in afternoon.

Oct 14/71. At DC37 in morning—Welfare—PR education conference trip—LTA Negotiations in afternoon, Wilkinson at 4. Membership meeting at Jefferson Market branch at 7 pm—Nominations for elections.

Oct 15/71. To Parkchester Square branch in morning. Grand Concourse at two till 3.30. Sadpol in afternoon. Central Building, Wilkinson and Simplin vs Fox and Beasley re Library Administrative Memo (LAM) 20: Bomb Threats.

["Bomb Threats" refers to the Puerto Rican Independence Movement whose adherents placed bombs in public places to draw attention to their cause. A bomb went off in the Library fountain near the 5th Avenue entrance under the Office of the Director of the Library, which caused Cory to jump from his seat. A library security team checked waste baskets about the Library for bombs. There were several telephoned warnings that obliged the staff to herd readers out of the Central Building, which happened several times when no bombs were found.]

10/18/71. To Parkchester Square branch in morning—Grand Concourse at two till 3.30. Sadpol to write up grievance—then to Central building.

Oct 19/71. At HQ. Fessler visited for short period. Paid Hassan for cleaning. Went to CUNY Dean Mikulski—no word on lower price for staff in cafeteria—went to Local 384 in Building for help in approaching student committee. Negotiating team met in the evening.

Oct 20/71. DC37 in morning. To Countee Cullen and Schomberg Collection for lunch hour. To Central Building—saw Wilkinson. Put *Newsletter* in bins etc. National P.A.C. peace meeting at District 65 with Markey in evening.

Oct 22/71. First visited Mid-Manhatten—Edith Ostrovsky. To Spyten Dyvel with Trotter in the morning. To pre-hearing at state Public Employee Relations board on Agency Shop in the afternoon. Central building in late afternoon—Sadpole people received raise and position but warned of termination on Nov 30 for lack of funds.

[The Public Employee Relations Board held hearings to discover whether Agency shop could be allowed within the law. Powerful interests were arrayed against it, one of which was the Mellon Foundation from Pennsylvania. The billionaire Mellon endowed the position of Director of the Research Libraries [then filled by James Henderson] and

encouraged staff to reject Agency Shop. One Technical Assistant of extreme right conviction wrote an open letter condemning me for being a dictator and so on in crude terms. I, of course, was excluded from negotiations on the subject, as I stated, and was not aware that it was being discussed. I was in two minds about it because I thought that it would turn off librarians, who were independent-minded and resented being forced into anything, as well as fearing that it would tighten the hold of DC37 over our Local because we could not elect to disband our union should we wish. I was also suspicious of DC37's closeness with our management, particularly since they agreed to keep me out of the picture, and questioned DC37's commitment to the Local over its newfound relationship with management. But since the majority of members favoured Agency Shop and it had been negotiated, I made the best of it and supported it publicly. Knowledge of Mellon's influence through the Research Libraries helped explain to me my current difficulties with my service review.]

Oct 25/71. Holiday

Oct 26/71. At HQ in morning after making phone calls from home. Lunch with Jeff and Aaron—delegates' meeting in evening at DC37. Met Joan Kiok (DC37 lawyer) before delegates' meeting—about unemployment insurance and bomb threats.

[Jeff and Aaron Fessler represented Greenwood Press and its takeover of my URBAN DOCUMENTS PROJECT. Fessler had been librarian at Bard College and was hired by Greenwood to develop the program, but it needed me to persuade my contact librarians throughout the country to join the program. The lawyer I asked to draw up a contract with the company arranged for me to negotiate a royalty payment, which he suggested should be 6%, but I was happy to see the project in eager hands and accepted 1 & 1/2%. The lawyer accepted a clause that allowed the company to dismiss me for lack of cooperation, which caused problems for me later.]

Oct 27/71. To Fort Washington (Caldwell, Canales, etc)—to Inwood—to Central building. Meeting at HQ with Ad Hoc Committee for Research Libraries in evening.

Oct 28/71. Trotter drove me to Allerton, Wakefield and Van Nest-Pelham in Bronx—then to Central building for meeting with Cory and Wilkinson about LAM 20 on Bomb Threats (Moscatt and Fox with Trotter and me). Evening meeting with Negotiations Committee and Local Line staff.

[The *Local Line* was the mimeographed sheets by which we communicated the latest events and our negotiating positions on issues to the staff, which I put in bins with books and communications that were delivered periodically to the branch libraries. The *Newsletter*, printed by DC 37, could be months late. The Library, supposedly, kept all these Local printings; for details of the issues they should be consulted.]

———————————————

Viola to my mother. October 28/71. New York

Well, it's all over—the Red Chinese are in. The excitement knew no bounds here. Very few Secretariat members knew that the vote was going to take place on Monday night—we all expected it to take place either on Tuesday or Wednesday in a more sedate manner and pace. David and I were watching the Education station on TV, when at 10 p.m. it was cut short and the announcement came about the US defeat. The next day—no one was able to work—staff members stood in groups all over the place discussing the night before. There was a great deal of relief and excitement among the staff. But when I saw the reaction of some delegations in the Assembly hall—I thought the UN had changed considerably and come a long way since 25 years ago. The Africans cannot be faulted—despite the snide remarks by many here about their behavior. It is their way and you can't expect them to behave like British Royalty.

I can't help feeling that all this happened because Canada took the first step in recognizing China and ousting Taiwan from Ottawa. That was a bold and logical step. At last, I felt, a country had guts enough to say and do what was common sense. At last someone voiced aloud that the Emperor had no clothes. That was the beginning. It helped America take the step towards a detente with China and the rest is history. No one can fault the Americans for putting up a good fight. It is to their credit that they went all out to defend their commitments—even if it meant being flagrantly two-faced about it. But the UN and its politics is flagrant politics and anything goes. Unrealism is more realistic than realism.

We went to a lovely dinner party at the Malpasses. They have a lovely house—like a mansion with a great flag sticking out of their colonnaded front—very colonial. At first I thought we had got the wrong house—it looked like an embassy. We met some very nice people including Bill Beutel—the ABC TV broadcaster and his wife. They had just returned from England where they were stationed for the last two or three years. They loved it there and hated coming back to the States. Jonas looks lovely as ever—Charles put on some weight—and the children have grown a great deal.

David is busy running for reelection. He is busy in other matters as well. He has received a good fee for reviewing some highly technical book on industry—and also reviews books for *Canadia*. He is also now a contracted consultant to a Publishing House who bought his project (the one he started in the NYPL but which his jealous boss tried to squash) and now David has a small sum for his idea plus 2 or 1 and l/2 percent of the royalties. He works at his biography and is totally immersed in his union.

I continue to study—find it harder and harder to attend classes, when there is so much excitement around. We have not been to any hockey games but we watch it a lot.

Got a lovely letter from Becky. We were quite surprised. Her letter was so amusing and so adult—that David thought she writes like a young woman, which makes him feel old. I have just replied to her letter. I'm sure she would love to get mail from home. She sounded very happy—and she has a tremendous sense of humor.

I have not heard from home—or even whether my brother and his family have arrived. I get very annoyed with my family for not writing oftener. Hope you are well, Mother, and that Jim is OK too. Glad to hear he's toeing the line. I hope his girl friend continues to influence him. Have not heard from Ella yet.

When we visited the Malpass home in Bronxville, I went upstairs to the bathroom. Charles and his two young sons sat waiting for me when I exited the bathroom as if they were watching that I did not look around, but I did notice that the room was sparsely furnished. This should have warned me of what was to come. Charles Malpass was a deceptive character. We had known him and been entertained by him for years, attended hockey games together, introduced him to some of our friends, but I was uneasy about him. He could be amusing but always superficial. He had a temper; Jonas told us that he took a wrench and smashed up his car in a fury when it would not start. When Viola, on her arrival in London, told me that Jonas Malpass had asked us to visit them, I wondered sarcastically what they wanted, but Viola thought I was being unkind. I was reluctant to meet them again after some years because on our last visit to them in their Rye Beach home, I was appalled at hearing his dinner guest, a loud, foul-mouthed bully, who belittled his wife and teen-age daughter, and wondered that he would associate with such a character. Thankfully, we arrived while they were dining and sat in the living room and avoided having to converse with the fellow. In January of 1972, Charles asked Viola for a loan of $10,000, possibly knowing that she would receive that amount on retiring from the U.N. She asked me to meet with him. Charles came to our apartment and poured forth a story of being cheated that moved our hearts. I had saved that amount towards a house we could buy in Canada someday, and, accepting a promissory note from Charles promising to repay us within three months, I wrote him a cheque. Partly I wanted to show Viola that I was willing to trust our friends. I was fairly confident in the power of the promissory note, but, cautious, I tried to see one of the DC37 lawyers for advice on it, but he was too busy to see me. When the three months was up and Charles refused to respond to my queries, my fears were realized. I turned to the lawyer who had recently negotiated my contract with Greenwood Press, and he asked a young

lawyer in his firm to resolve it. By tracing the cancelled cheque to Malpass's account, he discovered about $4000 had not been spent and froze it. A registry search turned up a long list of creditors, who had filed judgments against him, none of whom had been repaid. I recalled a neighbor of Malpass, whom we met at one of Malpass's parties, who was nervously wanting to ask us something but hesitated. He was probably on that list. My lawyer, who at first had treated the issue lightly, now asked me with concern how I ever got mixed up with these people. He turned the problem of retrieving the $4000 over to a lawyer from the Bronx, who, I guessed, specialized in this lower-level type of work. Viola was very upset and I felt like a fool.

Many apartments were burgled in Manhattan, and although we lived in the district colored pink on the city map, which meant the lowest crime rate, the apartments in the back of our six-story building were victimized, but never on the front facing the street, where ours was located. By this time Viola slept on our living room couch, and I slept on a mattress on the floor in our bedroom, which was good for my back. We kept the front window open for a breeze through the apartment. One early morning I awoke to a commotion at the window and heard a policeman demanding that the figure, about to enter the window from our fire escape, descend. A moment later the policeman climbed the fire escape after cuffing the intruder, a young black man. He said angrily they (he and his partner) had spotted him walking downtown and followed him, and to keep our window closed! To hire a thief to steal back the promissory note sounded like a Malpass idea, but, when I suggested this to the lawyer, he scoffed at it. [I recalled Malpass speaking of apartments being robbed of furniture and laughing uproariously when Viola retorted that a thief coming to our apartment would feel so sorry that he'd put furniture in it]. Our lawyer evidently did not want to get involved any deeper in this case. Now I began the merry-go-round of the court system with our fuzzy-haired, stocky, garrulous legal mind from the Bronx.

From a Unionist's Diary

> Oct 29/71. DC37 in morning. to Central building at noon—put *Local Line* in bins. At HQ in afternoon—visit from clerks in Picture Collection.
>
> Nov. 1/71. To Central Bldg.—then to Kingsbridge, George Bruce and Columbia (met Kruger at George Bruce—he was campaigning for forthcoming union election).
>
> [Stan Kruger worked in the Central Building stacks delivering books to readers with Memberg for whom he was campaigning for president to replace me. Neither had taken part in unionizing but the fact that the union president was on leave from library duties must have attracted them to the job. Memberg, sporting a goatee, was an engaging fellow, whom I had asked to represent the LTA's in negotiations. He was Jewish and had married a Puerto Rican girl, who worked in the stacks, through whose influence with Puerto Rican employees, perhaps, he expected support.]
>
> Nov 2/71. Election Day [for US Congress]
>
> Nov 3/71. To Staten Island—St. George in morning. Great Kills and New Dorp in afternoon. Called Markey after 6.
>
> Nov 4/71. Central Building—Wilkinson, etc. Mid-Manhattan over lunch—took Prince Gilliard to meet stewards in Central Bldg. DC37 in afternoon—membership meeting at Fordham in evening.
>
> Nov 5/71. DC37 in morning—met with Viani [DC37 negotiator] and Trotter over Working Conditions Contract.
>
> Nov 6/71. Saturday. Local 1930 contingent in rally against Vietnam War—6th Ave. to Sheepshead Meadow in Central Park.
>
> Nov 8/71. Central Bldg in morning—cafeteria talk—to Mosholu in early afternoon—then to Tremont until 5. To DC37 for Negotiations Teams. Meeting till 8 pm. Mass grievance from Tremont.

Nov 9/71. Guild HQ and Central Bldg in morning. LTA salary negotiations in afternoon. Board meeting in evening.

Nov 10/71. Typed questions and demands for management at DC37. Central Bldg in afternoon.

Nov 11/71. To Woodstock, Hunts Point and Melcourt branches.

[The many trips to outlying branches, of which there 90, where I spoke with staff and stewards and listened to complaints, required me to rent a car on occasion].

Nov 12/71. Meeting with management in morning about SADPO terminations at 58th St branch. Wilkinson in afternoon. Local Line to Douglas Des Verney. DC37 till 8 pm

Nov 15/71. At HQ typing and printing supplement to Local Line. Mid-Manhatten. Central Bldg.

Nov 16/71. To Central Bldg, then to SADPO at Donnell—interviewed terminated staff—Science Division to interview terminated staff. To HQ for evening meeting with Committee for Clerical Training and Career Advancement till 9 pm.

Nov 17/71. DC37 till 1.30. Letters to other Library Locals and Jerry Wurf [President of AFSCME in Washington, D.C.] Talk about terminations with Wilkinson.

[I wanted to develop a committee of library locals in District Councils throughout the country, but Jerry Wurf, a flinty organizer from New York City, disliked the idea of having a national organization within his national organization. I met with a few library local presidents during Labor Conventions but the infrequency of the meetings and lack of support discouraged progress.]

Nov 18/71. Labor-Management meeting. Service Reviews. To DC37 in afternoon—talk with lawyer (Irving Glasgow) about my grievance.

Nov 19/71. At Arbitration—AAA [American Association of Arbitrators]—all day—case—my service review. At 4.30 to Central Bldg.

[The Union and Library Management are given a list of arbitrators and narrow it down to an arbitrator both can agree upon. DC37 lawyers are too busy with grievances from all the locals to do research; they must depend on a briefing from the Local President or Chief Steward prior to the hearing. I had assembled all the papers to rebut the charges in my Service Review and, most importantly, a letter written by Alice Plowitz to our Local Secretary demanding to be taken out of the Union because she could not abide to be under me as President, or words to that effect. It demonstrated her bias, which made her Service Review questionable. She had sent the letter by Interlibrary Mail, but it had failed to reach the Secretary and was returned to the Economics Division, where DiRoma's secretary discreetly put it in my mail tray, which I checked periodically. Plowitz, aside from being authoritarian [and not just with me], was not smart. This letter undermined the Library's attempt to malign my work as a librarian. But one can never be sure about arbitrators, who are inclined to favor the more powerful, and I awaited his decision with uncertainty.

As for Irving Glasgow, I passed on a complaint by a black librarian to him, who was black, to challenge the Library's dictum that she had to retire at 65 when she claimed the New York State law allowed her to work till she was 70. He found against her. She got her own lawyer, who proved she could work till 70 and changed the Library's rules. She glowered at me as if I had been against her. I was embarrassed and sorry that she had to spend money on a lawyer. This case alerted me to DC37's growing alliance with management and the undependability of its lawyers servicing the locals.]

Nov 22/71. Central Bldg—then to Morrisania, High Bridge, 125th St.

Nov 23/71. To 115th St and Harlem. Central Bldg and HQ.

[I went to the branches in Harlem, especially the Schomburg Collection, passing through groups of young blacks with confidence despite the stories of whites being attacked for being white-skinned. A newspaper report, which stays with me, told of a black student attending Harvard University at his Harlem home over the holidays, who, hearing from friends that a white man was walking in a nearby street, went in a group to attack him with knives. The man was a decoy being followed a block behind by a police cruiser, which sped up to save the man's life as he was being attacked. I was puzzled that a boy, enlightened enough to win a scholarship to Harvard, would engage in such criminal action, and at his hypocrisy, when he would have met plenty of white students and professors at his university with whom at least he pretended friendliness.]

Nov 24/71. DC37 in morning. Central Bldg in afternoon. Linda Jenness at Political Action Committee meeting in evening.

Nov 25/71. Thanksgiving

Nov 26/71. DC37 in morning. Castle Hill at noon. Central Bldg in late afternoon.

Nov 29/71. Tompkins Square and Epiphany—Central Bldg. Wilkinson, staff in Room 316.

Nov 30/71. DC37 in morning. Municipal Reference in afternoon. Delegates meeting in evening.

Dec 1/71 Central Bldg—Muhlenberg branch—DC37, Working Conditions negotiating team meeting till 7 pm.

Dec 2/71. At Guild HQ all day. Stewards meeting in evening. Tipped $3 to delivery men for delivering food for stewards.

Dec 3/71. DC37 in morning—Central Bldg and HQ—to Muhlenberg to deliver people tickets.

Dec 4/71. Saturday.Guild election results—I beat Memberg for Presidency 316—206.

[Management expressed surprise that Memberg had done so well, although considering his votes from new members, who felt betrayed by me for bringing in Agency Shop, and a natural pro-management faction, I was relieved that he was so far behind. I was concerned, however, by the smaller number who voted this time and attributed it to our adoption of Agency Shop. I asked a clerk active in the Union, Marion Porro, who later became Local President, to conduct a series of evening educational events at Donnell Library auditorium. I was surprised when her first session was devoted to Agency Shop, at which she had the head of the DC37 legal division with me and a couple of other unionists as speakers. The auditorium was almost empty. The great enthusiasm the members had shown for the Local was gone. Meanwhile the hearings on Agency Shop before PERB were continuing. As for Memberg, a high school dropout, management gave him a good job in the technical services developing an automated catalog for the branches. He told me later that his running against me had brought him a high-paying career.]

Dec. 6 to 10/71. Puerto Rico. DC37 Education Conference. Biennial Leadership Conference. [As president of my Local I was expected to attend this conference with my Chief Steward, Prince Gilliard, in San Juan, Puerto Rico. I enjoyed the sun, sand and sea like all the others and listened to the speeches, the major one of which was given by writer Michael Harrington, who wrote on poverty in the United States. Prince and I shared a room with a door opening onto the beach, and, for a couple of evenings, I read Milton's *Paradise Lost* to him. Another evening we heard a male black cabaret singer with whom Prince was disgusted because the man was high on drugs. I rented a car and drove with Prince to the town of Ponce only to discover the grave poverty of Puerto Rico, the roads of which beyond San Juan were in terrible shape and many of the houses like hovels. I wrote about this in the Local *Newsletter* after I returned and suggested that the island's complete independence from the United States was necessary to save it.]

Viola to her parents. December 10/71. New York

I received your letter a couple of days ago, Daddy, for which I thank you and I shall reply to you at length in another letter. This is just a Christmas letter because cards are coming in now and I am getting cold shivers down my spine because I have not done any shopping for Christmas. I have been so busy both at the UN and at the University that I have really no time to shop or think of Christmas. But I realize now that time is getting short, and I want to send this money off to you so that you will get it in time to do some shopping.

I am enclosing $85. . . . I am sorry I cannot give you more. The dollar being devalued doesn't go a long way—and money is very tight over here. I am so sorry to hear of your swollen knee, Mummy dear. I wish to goodness I could take you away to a good doctor and warmer climate or something. However, your spirit has always been something I have always admired and so keep up the good cheer.

I note all you say in your letter, Daddy. I think if I were in London, I would have said something to Joan that would make her reel. I do not want to say anything because I always get myself in the doghouse with my family. So I have made up my mind not to say anything to anyone in future. I am so worried about the children being frightened about something. No child should be brought up in that way—it would mar him for life. But if Donald doesn't do anything about that stupid wife of his, then we cannot do much about it can we? I'd like to give them both a piece of my mind. Perhaps you and Mummy should speak to Donald about the children. I'm afraid to say anything to any member of my family because I am bound to be misunderstood. No one realizes that I do care—all they think of is that I am saying nasty things because I am putting them down—what a stupid vile idea. But never mind. All I care about is to try to prevent the problems everyone will face as he gets older in his fifties and sixties. I care about Rita, and Eustace and the children. I see so much of life, more than anyone at home, and I am only anxious to help them. But once more I must say that when I try—I always go about it in a way that is misunderstood.

I hope the children's sores are OK and that they will pick up their health. If Joan was so damned anxious to leave our house tell her to live elsewhere—but you have Donald and the children home. I shan't care two hoots to make that very clear to her. She seems to have complete dominance over Donald and the boys—that little cockney, low class woman. Boy, am I worked up. Please do not show this letter to Rita and anyone. I'm only just blowing off steam. Anyone who hurts my family will get it from me. Daddy, don't be afraid to tell Joan off in no uncertain terms if she ill treats the children, doesn't look after them, and if she tries to frighten them away from your and Mummy's love. Just tell her off.

Oh, Daddy, I'm so worked up I could wallop her. Please forgive me for this outburst—it is not pleasant, I suppose. But I hate any bullying.

David won reelection. Another guy ran against him for President of his Union, and that guy campaigned a great deal. Poor David was quite worried about losing the election because his salary would have been cut, and he would have had to leave his job and return to Canada where unemployment is the highest in the world. We both were very worried. However when they counted the votes at the polls—David won handsomely. About 1,000 members voted. I'm so glad they had so much confidence in David's leadership.

David will be returning to New York today from Puerto Rico where he went for a conference.

We hope to go to Hamilton for Christmas as usual. I have so many papers to write before then. I don't know what to get my in-laws for Christmas; it is an annual chore.

Julie Moses will be going to Burma on the 18th. If she goes via Europe I shall ask her to come and visit you. Maybe I shall ask her to bring back some longyis and shan bags!

The UN is proving ineffectual once more over the India/Pakistan war. The SG question has not been settled and the whole world is suddenly changed as a result of Nixon's jerky moves.

Mummy, if you do not feel well, don't have the crowd over for Christmas. It is too much of a strain for you. Poor Rita will be working her feet off too while Mme. Joan will be sitting on her fanny doing nothing. If she ever does come home MAKE her work. Oh, there I go again! I get so mad, Mummy and Daddy, that I am literally shaking with temper at the thought of Joan and her negligence of the children. Maybe I should not interfere and maybe I have no right to get so angry 3000 miles away. So please forgive me—after all, you know your own daughter Violet and that she has one helluva temper. Reminds me of how you used to go and beat up Uncle Bouché on Aunty Helen's behalf—that is how I feel right now. But please do not show this letter to Rita, Mummy and Daddy. Never know how she will take it and start off something quite unnecessary. I'm only telling you this in confidence—just blowing off steam. Although if you ask me to go ahead, I shall write to Donald and tell him tactfully about bringing up his children in a better way.

Anyway, if you have forgiven me for blowing off steam against Joan, I wish you all a very happy Christmas and New Year. I shall send cards later to everyone. Lots of love to you both. David also sends much love.

From a Unionist's diary

Dec 13/71. Ad Hoc Committee of Research Librarians meeting with Cory in morning. Fox and I with Wilkinson at 1 pm. Wilkinson ordered guard to turn us out. Saw Cory about incident. In Central Bldg and HQ for remainder of day.

[Abe Fox, a cataloguer with whom I became friends when in the Cataloguing Section, was a steward and later represented research librarians on the Executive Board when no one else wanted to serve. Wilkinson asked me to meet about health plans, but when I brought Fox along he grew agitated and called the library guard to usher us out of his office. I could not understand his objection to Fox. A couple of years later accidentally I saw Fox's name and telephone number scratched on Stan Propper's desk pad and wondered whether Propper got information about our Local from Abe and that Wilkinson knew this.]

Dec 14/71. At DC37 in morning—at HQ in afternoon. Saw Schumacher and Thompson about Saturday work in Rm 315 [Humanities Division]). Central Bldg.—Board meeting in evening.

Dec 15/71. Morning in bed making union calls. To HQ to give financial books to Belle Weinberg. Return about 4.30.

Dec 16/71. Ill with cold. Made union calls.

Dec 17/71. Ill with cold. Made Union calls. Wilkinson wrote to support that I take Puerto Rican conference days as either annual leave or under a contract clause allowing for excused time for conferences. I replied that I would do neither as I was on released time. Then I called DC37 to find that he has left me a memo saying that I must take annual leave by the contract terms. I call Wilkinson who is satisfied with my reply—says he only wishes that I had let him know earlier. I call Saki, Vic's [Gotbaum] secretary—she says Vic thinks I don't have to take annual leave off the top of his head—come in Monday. I wonder what game is being played.

Viola to Kitty Hood. December 17/71. New York

How can I apologize to you enough for my bad manners in not having written sooner to you? Please, please forgive me a million times. I have had such a busy time this fall that I

am exhausted. But nothing, nothing has happened for me to be so discourteous as to not have written sooner to you. Of course, I received your warm letter but I'm sure I replied to that. It is possible that it was my letter that went astray and not yours.

I do remember your having written to me, Kitty. It was a truly warm and close letter and I was utterly pleased to get that letter from you because I was so delighted that you share the same emotions and thoughts about life, etc. I could not possibly have ignored it. If I have, you must forgive me and I am stricken with remorse and sick with myself.

This fall has been an extraordinary one for me, Kitty. It involved so many decisions and uncertainties I have to make and face. In the first place I have to make up my mind NOW whether to give up my job and apply for scholarship and full time study. This was quite traumatic when one is actually faced with the decision considering the economic situation —the high unemployment in Canada and the US. I'm so unpopular in the UN (God knows why) that I doubt they would take me back should I leave. Even with a degree it is no longer a guarantee that a job will be waiting for me elsewhere. So many young people are not going to college for that reason. Then I shall be so much older that they are bound to give jobs to younger people. Secondly, the deadline for my application is 1 January, 1972— so I have to think about it now for next fall.

Then there was David's job on the line. Thank God he was reelected President of his Union for the third time. If he had lost he could not possibly have gone back to the Economics Division where they all hate him. He too is unpopular and has made enemies because he has fought management for the underdogs. He would have quit his library job and gone back to Canada where the unemployment is the highest in the world. All these terrible things were bearing down on me, and I probably had no mind to write.

Then there are my studies. God knows how I wish the whole thing were over. It is beginning to be such a strain that the thought of reading all those heavy academic books have made me positively sick. I can’t bear the thought I have three papers to produce by Jan 15 plus a mathematics exam on the theory of probability at about the same time. These things have kept me so busy, Kitty.

I also have taken over a P-l's job—she may be leaving and I hope to get the job—unless someone once more takes that away from me. It will not entail a promotion, but it will get a few people off my back. It’s a research job. It has kept me so busy that I have hardly time to study and I get so exhausted at nights.

Both David and I are well—that's not true, as David is in bed with the flu. But I am running around in circles about Christmas cards, presents and trying to get away to Canada. Also, there is a wedding in Rochester—my cousin has remarried and now his two daughters are getting married. I’ve discovered I am hopeless in planning and making decisions. They throw me off. Now I've got to decide whether to spend only a few days in Canada, come back to NY and finish my papers and then go up to Rochester for the wedding—or whether to stay in Canada all the time and stop at Rochester on my way back—if so what clothes to take, etc. All this makes me bad tempered. To top that, David wants to go to Ottawa and accept an invitation from his rich cousins to spend Christmas holidays skiing at their lovely resort in the Laurentians. I should love to do all these things—but I'm so concerned about those damned papers—which if I don't finish I shall not graduate in June and shan’t get that scholarship. So you see Kitty—it’s my state of mind and affairs that have prevented me from writing to <u>everyone</u>.

I used the opportunity of writing and making up with my friends and relatives through the Christmas cards. I have rattled this letter off and it has no news whatever. Actually there is no news. The UN was exciting for a brief while when China was voted in. No one worked the next morning—everyone was standing in groups discussing the vote which took place when no one expected it. The Chinese seem to be very straight forward in their speeches and, from that point of view, it is refreshing—otherwise the rhetoric is something we've all heard before.

The India-Pak. situation was so terrible—for nine months no one did anything about it and there was ample warning that the war would take place. The UN gets more and more abuse from the Press over here. I'm glad in a way. I should like to have this place thoroughly shaken up.

They are meeting this afternoon about the new SG—they seem to think Jakobson and Waldheim are the two frontrunners. If Waldheim is elected I shall be glad to quit—starving or no starving,

I hope the economic situation brightens. I get so worried about being poor again. I dread it. I cannot bear to be like the refugee I was during the war—it was too painful—and I'm paying for it now.

I hope this letter reaches you soon so that you will feel a little better about matters. I again ask for your forgiveness, Kitty. It is all my fault and I deserve your scorn.

Please give my and David's love to John and I forgot to include your dear parents' name, although I have not met them, on my card. Such is the state of my mind. I keep writing things at a furious pace in order to get my tasks done, like this letter. It has been hammered out rapidly. I can't wait for it to reach you. Write to me and tell me that you have forgiven me. Then when my papers are done, I shall write a long letter to you again. All our love to you, and you know that I wish you well for 1972—sincerely and with much affection, always.

From a Unionist's Diary

Dec 20/71. Wrote Stan [Propper] memo that Wilkinson satisfied with my reply—worried only about not having sufficient notice. At DC37. Central Bldg at noon. DC37 till 7 pm.

Dec 21/71. Central bldg in morning. DC37 in afternoon.

Dec 22/71. PERB Hearing all day.

Dec/23.. Wilkinson and Luthy vs Viani and Beasley in the morning. 1930 Contract.

Ms. Luthy was the longtime Personnel Director whose position Wilkinson was taking over. Our discussions alerted me to certain problems, which I wanted our Committee to discuss when I returned from vacation and which I made sure that Alan Viani and the negotiating committee understood. I argued that our original contract had eliminated the need for tenure because an employee could go to arbitration regardless how long he had worked in the Library. Management wanted to give tenure after two years [as it stated in its Rules before we had a union], when an employee could take a grievance to arbitration. Without tenure an employee could not grieve to arbitration. I sensed that a deal had been made secretly between DC37 and the management in exchange for Agency Shop to accept the Library's terms, and I foresaw all kinds of difficulties for the Local when the economic situation worsened and the Library wanted to shed employees. My committee members, including Markey and Memberg, could not understand. At any rate, I argued, employees for the City, which included our members in the City Reference Library, got tenure within six months. Why accept two years? On my way to the airport to fly to Hamilton, I called Markey, and the Clerical representative, Dorothy Dash, to refuse to meet with DC37 until I returned from vacation because I sensed what was coming.

Dec 24—Jan 1/72. Christmas vacation—Viani and Wilkinson called negotiating team on 12/28/71—team bewildered, agreed to terms—altho' I warned Dash and Markey that this trick might be tried while I was away. Markey told me that he did not vote because I had asked him not to, but he was in favor of the contract as it was shaped by DC37.

Jan 3/72. HQ in morning—saw Wilkinson—Central Bldg. DC37 in afternoon—ballot box for run-off election lost. David Hall at DC37 at 5.30.

[Run-off election for those Board positions where no one had 50 plus 1%. The ballot box was found eventually in DC37's mail room. David Hall, librarian at Lincoln Center Libraries and Yale University graduate, was nominal editor of our communications, although he wrote nothing. I guessed he might be too close to management, particularly when he was livid when I allowed a librarian to issue a sheet in the Local's name criticizing the trustees for poor management of the Library's funds; it was as if he had been personally embarrassed in management's eyes].

Jan 4/72. Central building—Wilkinson—Belle Weinberg. HQ. Clerical ratification of contract in evening—by acclamation vote—apparent that many, if not most, opposed—but vote called positive.

[The Clerical Contract bargained for all city clerks by DC37 with the city applied automatically to the Library branch clerks who were paid by the city; ratification by our clerks, conducted by Propper at our Local meeting, was a formality, and, to some, a farce.]

Jan 5/72. DC37 all day—Saw Glasgow about my case—respondent's brief. Saw Topol [head of DC37 legal department] about Agency Shop.

[My arbitration case is about the only one of the many I conducted which required written arguments after the arbitrator had heard the arguments.]

Jan 6/72. Was at DC37 and at Central Bldg. Membership meeting at 7 pm. Propper swore in officers. Discussion on part-timers.

Jan 7/72. At Central Registration all morning—Mrs. McCall's grievance. Difficulty getting meeting with immediate supervisor. Call from Propper's secretary—want contract signed by 2 pm. I had signed copies but waiting for Viani to produce addenda or letters to sign. Went to DC37, signed letters, gave copy of contract and letters to Viani to sign. An hour later, heard from Propper over phone that Gotbaum was going to oust me from presidency and put Guild under trusteeship. Was very angry [that is, I was furious and shouted angrily over the public phone to Propper at this insult]. Viani had misled negotiations team called while I was in Canada to believe that contract had to be signed before Jan 1 if Agency Shop clause to escape jeopardy by Ant-Agency Shop litigation—actually the lawyer had said to sign by Jan 1 only if Agency shop to begin by Jan 1. I had thought meeting with team to be held on my return on Jan 4, so all were fooled by Wilkinson and Viani.

I was upset with this de facto treatment and the impossibility of getting my committee to see the problem we would face by trying to save members' jobs through grievance procedures. I took a couple of days to think things over, possibly resign in protest, but then the contract would have been signed in any case because I was the only one of the committee opposing it and there was no one else who could run the Local at that time. The many secret meetings between DC37 officials and the Library management had created an ironclad agreement that was being foisted on the Local but I had no proof of this and knew that my committee members trusted DC37 regardless how it acted. The problem with grievances was that at every step, going higher in the hierarchy, every succeeding supervisor would support the original assessment so that it became a forgone conclusion that a griever had no hope of a fair judgment until he or she reached arbitration. This became obvious to the staff and soon stewards began giving up their positions and the burden fell on me to conduct grievers through every step, which they had every right to, but if they did not have tenure, awarded after two years of good service reviews, they could not go to arbitration. I encountered only two exceptions.

One was a black clerk in the Periodicals Division who was being fired for not checking periodicals into the record cards either fast or well enough. I showed that she was carrying twice the load of the other clerks, that the assessment of her work was highly biassed and that she actually was a good worker. When her grievance reached the level just under the Director, our argument was believed and she won her grievance. In this case, the head of the Periodicals Division was the German-born "Baron" Franz, who held opinions on running the Library opposite to those in power [especially Director Henderson], which made him the loser. He retired shortly afterwards; the shame of his clerk being believed before him [and I believe he was a racist] made his position untenable. The

clerk rose in the Library ranks and became a good union activist. She left the Library to study for the law eventually.

The other case dealt with Victor, a young Jewish man from Germany, whose family had spent the war in Sweden. He worked as a clerk in the Oriental Division but was ranked as a sub-clerk with less pay and benefits, the only classification in the Library. He was kept in this ranking because he was mentally disadvantaged in the sense of being slow to grasp concepts but otherwise bright and worked well with the collection; I often had interesting discussions with him and met him once in the sunken gardens in Luxembourg City where he liked to spend his vacations. I insisted on seeing him raised to full clerk and took our steward, a reluctant Rod Philips from the Economics Division, who later rose to high posts in the Research Libraries, with me through the grievance process. I learned that his supervisors in his Division supported his promotion, so that I took the grievance directly to Director Henderson, who firmly denied it. In this case the Chief of the Oriental Division, Dr. Mish, who gave me a letter supporting Victor's promotion, was one of the Fall-Mish-Franz group championing the Humanities against Henderson's technical policies, which is not to say that Mish supported us because of his argument with Henderson, for he believed that Victor was being discriminated against, but it may explain why he was willing to challenge the boss. Henderson was in a quandary because I explained that we would take the issue to arbitration when he would have to defend his objection against Victor's immediate supervisors, who supported Victor. Henderson promoted Victor to full clerical status.

To understand Gotbaum's threat to put our Local in receivership because I had not signed the necessary papers, one must understand that DC37's agreement with the Library through our Working Conditions Contract gave DC37 the chance to legitimate Agency Shop for all its locals throughout New York City, which would bring it huge returns in dues and more power over the locals. And to understand why The New York Public Library would agree to Agency Shop in return for the opportunity to dismiss employees without cause before they had tenure, one must recognize that the nation's leaders predicted that the economic situation was to get very bad, and the Library, being stuck with the first Working Conditions Contract, which allowed all employees regardless of length of service to go to arbitration, needed flexibility in laying off people. This had nothing to do with mass layoffs by the City for financial reasons, which superseded working conditions contracts. Moreover, arguments on the Agency shop issue were still being heard at PERB [the Public Employee Relations Board] and DC37 needed absolute support from our Local 1930, which I saw as the guinea pig in the experiment.

> Jan 10/72. DC37.
>
> Jan 11/72. Annex to see Mrs McCall—write letters to Luthy. See Wilkinson, Central Bldg. Canada Club meeting. Executive Board meeting.
>
> Jan 12/72. DC37. Education Committee in evening.
>
> Jan 14/72. PERB Agency Shop hearing all day.
>
> Jan 17/72. Morning to Bank—Mid-Manhatten branch—lunch with Viola at U.N.—Central Bldg—DC37
>
> Jan 18/72. Bank—Vice-president LaBalme of NYPL—Mrs. Davis from 1—2.30—HQ—Finance committee in evening.

LaBalme worked out of the Central Building. I suppose his job as Vice-president to President Couper was to raise funds and fill in for Couper at functions when Couper could not be present, but he seemed not to be very active. Why I met with him, I cannot remember. Lola Slavitz, head of the Burg Collection on the third floor of the Central building, complained that LaBalme was running a wine business from his office, and she, being a determined lady, saw the end of the vice-presidency.

> Jan 19/72. DC37. Central Bldg. Wilkinson.
>
> Jan 20/72. PERB hearing. Anti-Agency Shop group. Ruth Gage-Colby Testimonial in evening—spoke with Mrs. Ellsberg.

This was the occasion of the banquet for Daniel Ellsberg I mentioned earlier. Mrs. Gage-Colby was a journalist and peace activist who was being honored. Daniel Ellsberg spoke.

> Jan 21/72. with Trotter to Bronx. Riverdale, Eastchester, Morning Heights
>
> Jan 24/72. Part-timers meeting with Cory—no solution. LTA bargaining in the afternoon.
>
> Jan 25/72. Central Bldg—Dorsch grievance—Wilkinson—DC37 in afternoon—delegates meeting in evening.
>
> Jan 26/72. Wrote and telephoned from home. To PERB Hearing in afternoon.
>
> Jan 27/72. Hamilton Fish Park Branch mass grievance—DC37—Tibaldi [DC37 treasurer], Municipal Reference Librarians
>
> Jan 28/72. Central bldg. Wilkinson in afternoon. Bought vertical file [for HQ]
>
> Jan 31/72. Central bldg. DC37.
>
> Feb 2/72. Central Bldg,—Mid-Manhatten Executive board meeting in evening—preceded by Education Committee meeting.
>
> Feb 2/72. Telephone company—Central bldg.
>
> Feb 3/72. DC37 in morning. Meeting with Cory over Welfare Plan grievance in afternoon. Membership meeting at Fordham in evening—chaotic—Pally introduced amendment reducing part-timers dues to 50 cents per month.

Alan Pally, young, arthritic, often with a morose expression, was an LTA who worked for the Science and Technology Division and volunteered to be the Local's secretary, which meant taking the minutes at Board meetings. He ran unopposed in elections because it was not a coveted job. He would read the minutes of the last meeting at first and then his minute-taking grew less and less. When I asked for copies of the past minutes, he could not produce them, which is why, when I turned over the Local's records to the Labor Library at NYU, the minutes are not there. Pally began actively campaigning against me. He transferred to Lincoln Center Libraries, left the union and rose to important posts in the Performing Arts Library. He seemed to resent me when I told him that the Chief of the Science and Technology Division complained to me that Pally left the record keeping he was to do for the Division in a terrible state. I was puzzled how some employees in the Library seemed to sail upwards through promotions with seemingly little effort while others slaved away and made no progress. I shall deal with this issue later. The Chief of the Science Division, by the way, lived in New Jersey and commuted by train. He had a love of trains, I understand, but on disembarking one evening, he fell on the rails and his legs were severed.

> Feb 4/72. At DC37 in morning/ Central Bldg/ HQ/ Wilkinson 5—6 pm.

DC37 required my presence often because I picked up messages there and had meetings with DC37 representatives on issues; the Library Central Bldg. and Billy Wilkinson meetings demonstrate how often I had to discuss union and contract problems.

By this time the arbitrator's decision favored me and my service review was destroyed, but management gave no apology and acted as if it was right. This attitude was general with management about grievances that were won by the Local. Management, like an elephant with a long memory, never forgave the employee who won the grievance. As for Alice Plowitz, management promoted her to a classification outside the union. The character Popeye in my detective novel *Overworld/Underworld* was fashioned after Plowitz.

> Feb 7/72. Central Bldg, Fujarski—Fox at lunch—Weinberg cannot find audit book. To DC37—spoke with Diop about 3rd political party.

Al Diop was the black president of a large clerical local and served as the model in my detective novels *The Grand Conspiracy* and *Overworld/Underworld* for the character of Alex Mackart. I was

not sure of him and his interest in working politically with me; our communication was short-lived; years later he was among the Local leaders in DC37 imprisoned for embezzling funds.

Feb 8/72. DC37/ Executive Board meeting in evening—straightened out difficulties—plan for half-time workers. Delivery of *Newsletter*—until 10.30 pm

Feb 9/72. Central building—then HQ—writing of Part-timers news for *Newsletter* with *Local Line* staff till 9 pm

Feb 10/72. UN with Viola—DC37—party for Nat Triola [DC37 rep. getting married]

Viola to Kitty. January 27/72. New York.

You would never believe it but this is my third attempt to write this letter to you. The unbearable strain of exams and office finagling all coming at once left me feeling like a wet rag that has gone through a wringer. That was when I tried to write to you and abandoned it.

You ask why I said I would leave if Waldheim was elected. I think I once told you about his daughter, Lisolette, who was here as a trainee—or 'interne'—as they call it. She is tall, very pretty, and took an MA or BA from Columbia U. Within six months she was given a P-1 and within another year a P-2. The Russians pampered her from then—knowing jolly well her father was being talked about as a possible successor of U Thant—all this about three or four years ago. The Russians courted her and she was given any job she wanted. So it was very interesting to know that the Russians supported her father from the word 'go'. Although she had nothing to do with our Division, she once came and pulled rank on me, and I sent her flying with a sting on her ear (figuratively). She has been very cool to me since although when she left for Geneva (Narcotic Div.) she did come and say 'goodbye'. That is my first personal reason for not being pleased with Waldheim's election.

The other is that I know the wife of an Englishman, who is Austrian, who once worked for W.—Said he was a hard task master and that the wife is very bossy and interfering, and the daughter even worse. I remember when Lisolette was in our office, she used to watch who came in on time, etc. and once complained to me about it.

All this is very petty. The real reason I think is that W. may start out with great activity and determination to reform this place, but eventually he will be stymied by the US on grounds that he was elected with strong Russian support. Also, he's the sort of man who will be ruled by the letter—as one diplomat said to me—he won't budge without consulting the Charter which will always be on hand—by his bedside, etc.

Already he's trying to please the other side by shaking hands with maintenance men and manual workers and security guards—a nice image as someone in sympathy with the lowly. He's drastically discontinuing all temporary appointments and cutting out all those consultants that U Thant gayly allowed. Men and women who were pensioned off on retirement were kept on as consultants—droves of them. These are good moves of Waldheim. What I don't like is that I heard he may be keeping on CV Narasinhan as Chef de Cabinet. Actually all these fears of mine may prove groundless, and he may turn out to be the best thing this organization needs. The Russians, I need hardly tell you, are riding high. They won the SG appointment—I mean, the man they supported won. They backed a winner in the India-Pak. war—and within the secretariat they have taken over much of the power enjoyed previously by the west. The Chinese have not done much to deflate them either.

The job I have been doing to the praise and entire satisfaction of all—will now be given to a person brought from outside on a P-1 level. A G-staff cannot replace a professional is the eyewash story given me. This is so farcical that I'm going to sit back and watch a MA P-l cut and mark newspapers for his living. This is being done, despite the austerity programme announced by the SG. They'd rather spend money on bringing a new man in—paying him

installation allowance, huge salary and all the fringe benefits that go with it to replace someone going away for one year, when I've been doing it free!

I have long since given up on the UN method of administering this place. I now laugh at the whole thing. I think the Russians are interested in filling the post with one of their boys—either Arab or Indian or Eastern European. It would be interesting to see who gets it. This time, I've got a little sympathy from some of my colleagues. But I don't care. In the meantime I've got to go and see the College Director of Finance to see if I can get some scholarship for my future studies. I think I will quit this place, Kitty, and see if I can't make out elsewhere. I feel only a little reluctant about it because of the grim economic picture outside the UN. At least here I get a regular salary and the surroundings are congenial. If the scholarship is sizeable enough, I shall leave in the fall and pursue my studies full time, taking temporary jobs on holidays. I've worked long enough in the UN now that whatever pension I put in I shall get 100% back. . . . I think what one needs in life is courage to get up and go and do things. I think I've stayed put long enough. But I had to give David a little stability and direction. I think he now knows what the score is and has climbed down from his ivory tower. I think his experience in New York has opened his eyes and he at least knows where he wants to go. At least I hope!

Just read about the brilliant pianist Michael Rabin who died a couple of weeks ago. He was brilliant like Mozart. Was able to play the violin and piano at the age of 5—got his first professional assignment as a violinist at the age of 11 and has since won all the medals and honors a musician could ever win. At the age of 35 he had already behind him 14 years of professional success. Then he had a nervous breakdown—thought he was not growing as a musician. It was just after that when he came out of this nervous breakdown, that he committed suicide. This story has made a great impression on me. Probably, with all my grumblings, I should be grateful that things come late and slowly for me—there is such a thing as the tragedy of getting too much too soon. To comfort David, I read him the story. So as slow developers, I guess at least our interest in life is kept alive. But I do wish some success will come my way—even if it is a small one!!!

I don't know which way the world is going either—what with the UK going into Europe—USA and China becoming buddies—Russia and India and Japan huddling together—all of a sudden just one move by Nixon seems to have changed the whole world. No one seems to know if it is good or bad. The UN at this moment is very quiet and normal (meaning a mess) and I have always hated leap years—suffered awful things on those years—so I'm not looking forward to it.

Now I've chatted with you for some time and managed to say nothing as usual. I really do not have much news—because I lead such a mousy life—all work and no play sort of life. I start my last term next week and then who knows? All my love to you and John and to your parents from David and myself. David has a nasty cold—the flu bug is around this country. I hope I don't get it—it really knocks one out.

Viola to my mother. February 10/72. New York

There are so many pots boiling to keep my interest absorbed that I don't know what to do. I find the Hughes' case fascinating—it certainly is mysterious—and I think Howard Hughes is a twentieth-century phenomenon. David bought a book on Hughes that has been subsequently injunctioned—if there is such a word. The book is simply marvelously fascinating. So both David and I have been reading everything about the case.

Another drama is what's going on in our office. Such brazen power struggle going over an appointment of an American girl. She's a good friend and colleague of mine—her father used to be Canadian but is now American and is a doctor in Detroit. They are lying and behaving to her the way only the UN knows how. The Russians are trying to gain control of this organization, if they have not already done so and are ousting various nationalities and replacing them with Russians. I am going through a slow burn just thinking about it. But I

suppose you are not interested in such things because you have no experience in international politicking. So I shan't bore you.

I called Helen and she sounded alright although she mentioned a slight ear accident. She says she is suffering from a mysterious pain in all her joints and is resting as much as possible. Since Malcolm is at home quite often now she feels comforted. She hopes it is not arthritis. She has to go next week to find out if it is. She asked about you and sends her love.

David is working hard on various projects. Some of his Union members can be quite annoying—but David can handle himself in any situation now. He can be tough which many people do not realize.

I am in my last semester now and I can hardly wait till it is all over. The physical effort of going to the University at night is beginning to get me down. For eight weeks last semester I was constantly tense—even at Christmas time—but thank heavens I was able to go to McMaster and research a paper. It was a tremendous strain when I got back and had to finish three more papers including a math exam on the probability theory—the sort of thing which David had to do in his Graduate Economic course—so you can imagine the strain I went through. While all that was going on I've had to make up my mind about my job. Another Director has been wanting me to work for him and keeps dangling a promotion in front of me—something which I don't care about. I've had to politely put him off under one pretence after another—but I've been carrying two jobs since September and it was quite exhausting.

Oh dear, I've got to dash now. It's time for me to go to class. I read about the fire in Montreal—had no idea Douglas Bruce was in it. How is Beverley of Burlington? Hope she is well.

Is Ella alright now? Poor thing. I'm so sorry to hear of the robbery. Hope she did not lose anything very valuable. I shall drop her a line soon.

Lots of love to you, Mother, and congratulate Jim on getting some kind of work whatever it is. Also thanks for the cartoon about Stanfield. Thought it very amusing.

From a Unionist's Diary

Feb 11/72. Central building—wrote checks with Weinberg—late lunch with Angeline to discuss Ad Hoc committee for Branches—to HQ to write essay on Part-Timers.

Feb 14.72. Day off.

Feb 15/72. DC37—Larry Murphy, Committee of Concerned Friends typing of letters. Giving out Education Committee posters. Central Bldg—HQ

[Murphy, still working as Assistant to Director Cory, helped me with the automatic typewriter to send out information on Library finances to our Concerned Friends.]

Feb 16/72. Central Bldg—HQ to pick up more Education committee advertisements—to DC37—lunch for Triola—Central Bldg with meeting notices. Talk to Murphy

Feb 17/72. Central Bldg—notices to [LTA vice-president] Des Verney. DC37 at noon—Greenberg in Health and Security at 4 pm.

Feb 18. DC37

Feb 21/72. Washington's birthday

Feb 22/72. Central bldg/ DC37

Feb 23/72. DC37/ Central bldg/ LTA Negotiations/ Agency shop Education Committee meeting in evening

This was the meeting I referred to earlier which was supposed to educate and entertain the membership, but it was on Agency Shop which brought out only a handful of listeners in a large auditorium—a trenchant sign of discontent.

Feb 24. Central Bldg/ DC37/ rally at 125th Street. [Probably a rally to keep the branch in Harlem open].

Feb 25. Central building/ HQ/ DC37—staff meeting at 3 pm.

Feb 28/72.. CD27/ HQ

Feb 29/72. Green at Library of the Blind grievance/ Kiok/ Welfare grievance

Mar 1/72 Central Bldg.

Mar 2/72. DC37/ McPherson at Lincoln Center/ Riverside branch/ Membership meeting at Countee Cullen in evening

Mar 3/72. Central Bldg/ HQ

Mar 6/72. Albany State AFL-CIO

The unions met at the AFL-CIO State Convention at a resort hotel in the Poconos in early September. This entry probably refers to discussions about attending it. Ed Meany, head of the National AFL-CIO, had ordered unions to support the government's war against Vietnam and most union leaders so feared him that they allowed no dissent in their ranks. There was the Hard Hat Riot on May 8, 1970 in Lower Manhattan when about 200 construction workers mobilized by the New York State AFL-CIO attacked about 1,000 high school and college students and others protesting the Kent State Shooting, the American invasion of Cambodia and the Vietnam War near the intersection of Wall Street and Broad Street. The riot, which spread to New York City Hall, lasted little more than two hours. More than 70 people were injured, including four policemen.

Mar 7/72. Welfare grievance meeting—Glasgow, Propper, Nelson, Viani, Trotter. LTA bargaining in afternoon—completed. Board meeting at night.

Mar 8.72. Central Building—Ed Cotta leaflets

Mar 9/72. Central Bldg.—Annex grievance (Davis)—Jefferson Market

Mar 10. COPE at Americana—to HQ to turn out *Local Line* till 7 pm.

Mar 13/72. DC37 and Branches—getting out contract—notices—Miss David grievance Step 1 at Annex/ *Local Line* at night

Mar 14/72. DC37 —HQ—6.45—Union committee.

Mar 15/72. Green grievance Library for the Blind

Mar 16/72. Staff meeting at 9—to Donnell to give in check—Lincoln Center for Automation Tutorial

Mar 17/72. DC37—Central Bldg—Fox—HQ—writing out Davis grievance for Step 2.

Mar 20/72. Central Bldg—DC37

Here my diary terminates. It illustrates the constant shuttling between home base and branches around New York, the negotiation problems, conflicts in a work environment and political maneuvering. I enjoyed the work but disliked being boxed in to dealing just with the Local problems when I could have expanded our horizons. DC37 limited my activities and DC37 representative Trotter watchfully attended our Local meetings and had the support of most of the

Local's Executive Board, who felt secure under the umbrella of DC37's growing political power; our health and dental plans arose from DC37 bargaining with the city. Trotter and I got along, but I sensed that he, as a patriotic black American, tended to regard me, a Canadian, like a lesser breed—even dismissing me once as a foreigner. Some of my ancestors had settled in New England and New York a couple of centuries before the Revolution and contributed to the country's institutions, government and well-being, but a political difference had obliged them to form Canada, which had its own prize attributes. Americans, woefully ignorant of their history, believe the myths fostered by their politicians and corporations.

As I predicted, the number of grievances grew and more of my time was spent taking grievers from step to step. Those whose jobs we were able to save were glad to be reinstated but management was unforgiving and none of those employees were ever promoted; for instance, a Chinese cataloguer was being fired because he spoke English with a slight imperfection, and we persuaded the arbitrator that his English was quite understandable and, moreover, that cataloguing required little communication between a cataloguer and his supervisor. One case in particular unconnected with dismissal revealed this nasty side of management's mentality. A staff grievance dealing with the reading of THI in a branch division came down to the word of a young librarian, who could not lie in support of management's contention, and, owing to his honesty, the Local won the grievance. He stayed at his librarian level throughout his career, even though he switched from the branches to the Research Library where he would have a different set of supervisors but, unfortunately, the same personnel file.

DC37 won its case before PERB and Agency Shop was introduced into all the city locals. The president of the Brooklyn Local was released full-time like me, but the Queens Local president, Schmidt, did not have enough membership to qualify. To compensate, he was given a seat on the DC37 Executive Board. I sensed that the DC37 Board was a rubber stamp and lacked the courage to stand up for DC37 employees such as during a picketing by the staff of DC37 against their managers like Gotbaum and Propper for refusing a pay increase and reforms. I was walking by to enter the Union building when I stopped and joined in the picketing, to the gratitude of the employees and probably to the fury of the upper brass. I was the only Local President to join them on the picket line.

Viola to my mother. March 10/72. New York

> Thank you for your letter to David and myself. I'm so sick of studying that I'm glad to take a break and write to Jim. I've got to talk on an anthropological subject next Tuesday and I've had to read everything I can lay my hands on the subject. By now I'm quite sick of it. All of us feel the same in my class. We are just about sick of books! Four years of hard work are beginning to take their toll.
>
> We ought to write and congratulate Freddy for winning the Junior North American Squash championship. What an achievement! I told David we should write to Freddy, although we don't know when he won the championship. I hope he will get a squash or tennis scholarship to Cornell Univ. That's the Univ. Ken Dryden—the famous Montreal Canadiens goaltender—studied at.
>
> I'm glad you are thinking of going to England and Europe and hope that you will stay well this time. I don't know what my parents need. Something in the linen department, I think, pillow cases, sheets, table cloth—that sort of thing is always useful. Otherwise I can't think of anything. I hope Mummy is well enough to entertain you well.
>
> As far as David's biography is concerned, which by now has a long beard!—he's reading the literature and mood of that period—something he should have done in the first place. Anyway, he's working on it. Mr. Gundy or Grundy—who originally read it a couple of years ago and criticized it severely—has now read the new three chapters that David rewrote and had professionally edited and typed—now thinks the chapters exciting and interesting. I think one should have great patience.

Has Ned changed his job? Is it in the same company or a different one. The advertising business seems to be hit the hardest in the recent recession. We hope that Jim can keep his job after 1 April. It would do him so much good.

We got a pleasant surprise last weekend—Beverly and Douglas came down to New York. I had Bev. for lunch at the UN—but we only managed to see Douglas the last day for a drink. They both looked very well.

I have professor Freeman teaching me again this semester. He is such an excellent teacher that I wouldn't miss his class for anything in the world. He is now head of the Physics department in Rutgers Univ. He is going to take our class to his laboratory about the end of the semester and show it to us and do a few experiments for us. We are all looking forward to that. I must say he is brilliant. The way he can work out those terribly complicated equations makes us ga-ga.

Marvelous that Air Canada will be operating out of Hamilton. But I do hope they get that Radar landing gear. One of the reasons Douglas does not use Mount Hope is because of that he said. It's dangerous in a fog.

Viola to her parents. March 10/72. New York.

I have not written home for such a long time—but then I have not heard from home for such a long time either. Anyway I'm so sick of sticking my nose in the books that I thought I should take some time off and write to you. It's funny after four years of really hard study —now that I've come to the last semester of this programme, I'm so tired of books! But I've got to give a talk next Tuesday on the Cheyennes Indians—another anthropological subject. It's quite fascinating, but I should be glad to get rid of general studies and concentrate on the subjects I hope to specialize in.

I shall not know what my plans will be till about the middle of April. I shall then let you know. I'm so glad you sounded interested, Mummy. Sometimes I get the impression that nothing matters. That is because I get no answer from home. My last semester which ended about the third week in January was successful. I have still managed to get the highest marks except for mathematics. Although I got 100% for my final exam—the highest in class —my mid-term exam marks pulled my grade down to 'B'— instead of 'A'. By anyone's standard that 'B' is a very good mark, but I've aimed at getting all 'A's that I was a wee bit disappointed. These high marks will determine my future in the academic world. As I said, I will let you know my plans as soon as I know which direction I want to go in.

One of my professors this semester is a Canadian who comes from the same town as David's family—Hamilton. It then turns out that his sister is the close friend of my sister-in-law. Then it turns out again that David and he have common ancestors. What a place Hamilton is! Everybody is related to everybody else!

By the way, Mummy and Daddy, Mrs. Beasley will be visiting you in May this year. She is going with a friend on a packaged tour to Europe and hopes to visit you when she is in London. She wants to bring you both a wedding anniversary gift and asked me what you may need. Perhaps you can give me an idea when you reply to my letter. I hope Mrs. Beasley stays strong. She tires so easily. But when we saw her at Christmas, it was like a miracle to see her looking her normal self—she actually put on weight and had color in her cheeks—something that was absent in the last couple of years.

Have you telephoned Mr. Ruebens, Daddy? He should send you a copy of that will. Bunny and his wife will also be in England this year. They want to come about the time of your anniversary. So you will have quite a crowd.

I'm so glad that the coal strike did not inconvenience you too much. The way the newspapers report it, we all thought everyone in England was going through dire hardship —cold and starving! But I should imagine it was fun. We had a similar experience in the famous blackout in 1965.

The Irish situation is getting to be quite bad. I hope they, the IRA, do not start their indiscriminate bombings in London. I should really worry about all of you then. St. Patrick's Day parade (17 March) has already taken on a serious political overtone over here in New York. I shouldn't be surprised if the British Consulate and embassies and airlines are attacked on that day. I shan't come by BOAC—that's for sure. I'm too scared of bombs and hijacking.

Viola to her parents. April 6/72. New York

Today is my birthday and I don't feel any different. In fact, I hate being reminded of my birthday these days. I cannot celebrate since I have classes tonight.

Thank you for your good wishes and please thank Rita and Eustace for theirs. I also, wish to thank Rita for the short note she sent me. It is good to know she was of good cheer in the hospital and that she is okay now. Thank you also for your letter, Mummy, telling me of Christopher's birthday. I shall send a very tiny contribution later.

Well, I have had the good word from the University. I won a scholarship to go full time studying in September this year. The Dean of the University said that I won it purely on my own merit and that the competition for scholarship is fierce and widespread and that I should consider it an honor. I can't tell you, Mummy and Daddy, how grateful I am to this country for giving me this opportunity to study. The cost is so high—it would be virtually impossible for an Englishman, let's say of the professional class, to afford this kind of education expense for his children. What made me so worried was that the Universities in this country are going through very great financial difficulties—the inflation has hit the universities just as about everything else. I was so worried I would not stand a chance of getting any scholarship at all and that I just could not afford to continue my studies. I haven't got that kind of money to spend. It's roughly about £2,500 a year or $6,000.

I was thrilled and I'm glad that my hard work during these four years of struggling through night school has paid off. My record was so good that I was considered a privileged student and was one of the first batch to be accepted. They accept the brightest students before 15 April, and assure them a place before others. The standard to this university is very high and the Dean told me that just to be accepted is considered an honor. Apparently only the very rich and the very talented can afford to go to this university. To win a scholarship you have to be very poor and talented—or just plain genius. Hundreds and hundreds of students apply for scholarship that the selection is scrutinized. I had to submit my financial status in detail. They check everything, your bank account, your income tax return, your husband's earnings, etc. By comparison with many others, I am considered financially fairly well-off —yet they gave me a good scholarship—so the Dean told me it was based on my credentials. I feel so overjoyed. My David is delighted and has given me every encouragement and consideration. He said not to worry that I will not be earning a salary and that we could manage on his salary. I shall have to cut down on everything, Mummy and Daddy, as I shall be a full-time student. I don't know how I shall adjust to that kind of situation—not having had to stint all these years.

Now what I propose to do is this. I shall have to work it so that although I shall virtually leave the UN about the middle of September, I shall actually be drawing a salary until 31 December. You see, I have saved up three months holidays, so I shall be paid for that when I resign. But what I shall aim for is to ask to give those three months leave as notice (UN permanent staff members have to give three months notice)—in that case I shall still be contributing towards my pension and that pension will double for those three months. Also, I shall be accumulating leave during those months, so that I can start school in the middle of September while virtually on leave from the UN. You needn't try to understand all this—just to tell you that I shall have to try to work all this out so that I get the maximum advantage financially.

As a student, at least I don't have to dress. I can wear slacks or jeans, and look like a hippy for all anyone cares. I shall have to work even harder at my studies—because if I can do well in full-time studies—I may be able to get other awards.

All this, Mummy and Daddy, must be kept quiet still. I have not told the UN anything at all. I shall tell them only in June or July. I don't want anyone to know, yet. I just want to tell you—as after David, you are the two dearest people I have, and I wish to share my small triumphs.

As for the UN—Waldheim is scrimping and scraping so much it is becoming a joke in the UN. He is trying hard to radically change this place. The new Chinese high political official has been appointed—and already he and the Russian have fought over who controls what in the African section. The Russian seems to have won out. Very interesting, don't you think?

Mrs. Beasley is looking forward to her trip to England. I hope she stays well, and doesn't tire herself out.

Mummy and Daddy—do you think you can keep the news about my scholarship quiet for just a little longer? I am so nervous of getting too happy about anything these days. I have had so many disappointments that I feel it is almost wrong to be glad about something. And then people are so envious. I cannot tell you. They can hate someone for just succeeding in small things like getting a scholarship. I hope to God everything works out for me this year.

Please stay well, dearest Mummy and Daddy. I shall look forward to seeing you in July. I have just sent a check for my ticket and I hope I will be able to secure a reservation. I shall give you further news of my plans later on.

Viola to my mother. April 7/72. New York

Thank you so much for your birthday card and your good wishes. Thank you also for your marvelous gift of $10.15 which was very useful, as it just managed to fill in my account, which was on the brink of being overdrawn this month. I shall buy something useful with it later on. At the moment, I just cannot think of shopping for what I need, etc. It was most generous of you, Mother, and I thank you very much for your most thoughtful gift.

I hope my gift to you and my card arrived on time. I also sent Barbara a little necklace made of Thailand sterling inside her card. I hope that arrived safely and on time. My gift to you is for your travel to England. It is always useful to have a supply of them.

I heard from my family. Rita tells me she hopes she won't miss you as she will be going to Rome and Capri for two weeks from the middle of May—about the time you will be in England. She is quite recovered from her recent hospitalization. My mother is having trouble with her toe and knees. I hope your London stay will coincide with Rita being there —as she can drive you around—my poor mother won't be much help.

I have managed to get a fairly cheap airfare to England for about a little over two weeks for $284. Other airlines are offering excursion flights for $440!!! The UN has a good one. If they can get it filled to capacity the fare will only by $193—but it is for five weeks and I cannot afford that time—neither can David. David shall not be accompanying me to England this year. It would be too expensive. Besides there is just nowhere we can stay cheaply—and my parents' house will be full. David also said he has nothing he can accomplish in England as he has done all his research there.

I have just received notice that I have won a scholarship to go full time study in the fall. It came two days before my birthday. I thought perhaps with the great financial difficulties the universities are having, together with inflation and bad economic conditions, I would never stand a chance of getting a scholarship. I'm thrilled, as my Dean told me that I should consider myself very lucky and honored as the competition for scholarships is fierce and widespread. It is a pretty substantial scholarship and a great help.

I have three months leave owing to me for which I will get paid in cash whenever I leave. So what I plan to do is to work it out with the UN so that even though I leave in September —I shall be paid until 31 December 1972. Then I shall ask for leave of absence for one year —which they grant in the UN for study. In the meantime, this fits in nicely with David's tenure as President. But should he wish to leave earlier for Canada, he will do so.

ALL this is ONLY a PLAN—not fact. So please don't mention it to anyone as yet, Mother, please. We are only thinking aloud, David and I. I have not told the UN anything as yet. Some people are so envious that a tiny triumph like getting a scholarship could send them into tantrums of envy and they would do everything to put a spoke in my wheel. That is why I would rather just keep this information between you, my own family, David and myself. I don't want it spread around. I hope you had a pleasant holiday (birthday holiday) with Alec and Anne. I'm so pleased Jim is still working. How are Mrs. Crerar and Ella? I hope they are well. Write soon, mother, and soon I shall have more time for celebrating and socializing. I've worked so hard these four years that I've become dull!

Viola to Kitty Hood. April 10/72. New York

I received your letter on Saturday morning—it was a bright sunny day and your letter uplifted me no end. As a matter of fact you were next on my list after my parents and David's family.

My news is, Kitty, that I won a scholarship—The Robert Ettinger Award—for outstanding academic work. I shall now go full time to University in September. I was afraid I would never stand a chance of getting a scholarship because the Universities are in great financial trouble, all running huge deficits in the millions. The competition for scholarship is fierce and widespread—and considering I have got some money saved up, I thought they would never award me the scholarship. I had to submit every detail of my financial resources—tax return, bank and savings statement, husband's earnings, etc. Yet they gave me a scholarship and the Dean told me it was purely on my credentials that I won it. I was delighted. Now I'm terrified that after all that build up, I will fall down flat on my face at full time school.

The scholarship will give me the incentive to leave the UN. Actually, I do believe that unconsciously I was working towards this goal and had given my job secondary if zero priority. My thoughts had taken such a different direction through my education that I had unconsciously severed all interest in the UN. The Director of that P-l job—who fought to get an outside P-l—has been pressing me to go and work for him, promising me a promotion sometime in the future. I sometimes think people must be insane. I've been trying to put him off my back—because I want the time to work on my final exams this May—so that I will graduate then. I honestly do believe, Kitty, that even were I offered a P-5 job, now, I would refuse it—simply because I am so tired of the UN.

It is not sour grapes—the meetings are becoming so long-drawn and tedious—so inept and inane—that it requires a masochist to sit through them. The level of debate is puerile and most of the speeches have deteriorated to name-calling. The documents are dull—and on the whole I think there is an air of disenchantment all round. So I'm glad to get out about this time.

Waldheim is already not very popular. He has started pinching in the most bizarre manner. For example—there is a 10 percent cut down on telephones and copying machines—probably electric typewriters. His new appointments reflect the decline of American influence and emphasis on the third world. I'm enclosing a clipping which might interest John. C V Narasimhan was, the rumors have it, thrown out of UNDP. He was standing astride the UN and UNDP—holding two top jobs under U Thant. When Hoffman retired and Petersen was appointed, he just told CVN that there was no place for him in UNDP and promptly appointed two American deputies instead. So CVN is back at the UN as Chef de Cabinet. But Waldheim has an Austrian —Hennig—called Head of Secretariat for the S.G. —whatever that is.

The Chinese seem to lack UN experience and seem to lose small battles with the Russians. Everyone is delighted that the African, Djermakoye, has been stripped of his authority—he and Gerab (Personnel Director), whom U Thant appointed, wielded a great deal of power. Bruce Turner has resigned and no one has been appointed to his place as yet. There was a facetious memo put out by OPI making fun of the SG's economic drive—exaggerating about all of us having to walk up to our floors because the elevators have been stopped to save electricity—etc. It was a joke and thoroughly enjoyed by all—but the 38th floor had the security check who initiated the memo and even tried to match the type with the typewriter, etc. If Waldheim cannot take a joke then we all might as well give up. He seems to have no sense of humour—typical Austrian.

Another rumor was that Reuters was supposed to have sent Waldheim a questionnaire—saying to the effect that since the UN was in such financial difficulties, and considering the SG's plan to cut down expenses—was it true that he had a new bathroom installed at great expense in his 38th floor flat? Was it true that his wife's unofficial travel expenses were billed to the UN—and was it true that his daughter Lisolette in Geneva was going to resign (which she is not, because she said her father was appointed after she had got the job on her own!). There must be some truth in this Reuter's rumor—because a friend of mine, who works in the Department of General Services, said that her office had a directive from the SG's office to list every item of work done in his 38th floor apartment and what each item cost.

He is cracking down on other things as well, and people do not seem all that happy. There is apparently an Austrian/Swiss clique developing on the 38th floor. The new American Bradford Morse will not have the full authority Bunche had. Brian Urquhart, who is dealing with the Peacekeeping Question—hoped he would be promoted to Assistant Secretary-general—but he was not included in the promotion list of this level. Three others got it. Guyer from Argentina is a Swiss German with Argentinian citizenship. Probably a Nazi-type. From the enclosed clipping you can see that; Waldheim has capitulated to the Russians over the Apartheid Unit which is at present under the Russians—by right it should have gone to the Chinese, who are going to be in charge of Political Affairs and Decolonization—but they fought fiercely over who should control the Apartheid Unit and the Russians won. I think that that is going to be the pattern in this place. Waldheim seems reluctant to offend the Russians.

In another incident he upheld U Thant's decision to fire two Taiwanese journalists on grounds that they represented the wrong China. The press has not let up in their criticism of Waldheim and even a chap called Gross argued legally that it was wrong. Here again, Waldheim has not had the courage to see through a problem but has capitulated to the Chinese.

Anyway, Kitty, it is not going to be any concern of mine anymore. I hope to God I’m making the right decision. I want to go to Canada with a University degree so that whatever job I have it will not be something that will frustrate or degrade me. I need to be an asset to David. I used to feel so ashamed that all his friends and relatives had all the education and opportunities in their lives and that I was a silly idiot in their midst. I guess one needs a kick in the pants to get ahead—so I'm glad the UN gave me a nice kick or else I'd have been too lazy to do anything about myself.

I’ve talked at length about all sorts of things and have not even commented on your lovely letter. Your letters too give me great happiness, Kitty. Whenever I get your letter, I always bask in the warmth of your words—and besides I imagine you writing in a beautiful house surrounded by magnificent scenery and flowers that it cheers me up. I can hardly wait till I finish with New York.

It must be very sad to have your Daddy ill, Kitty. Old age is a hateful thing. I feel very sad to see my parents grow old. I am so glad your Papa is well. How sweet of you to go and sit and play bridge with them to cheer them up. You are very very kind. I wish I were with my parents to help them too.

Isn't it marvelous that Izzy adopted a child. How wonderful. I'd love to cope with children. I love their innocence and their capacity to be moulded. I had a chance to have my nephew, when he was three, all to myself—and I was amazed at the way a child responds to kindness and teaching. The human brain is such a marvelous machine.

I've just read a book by Jaques Monod—Change and Necessity. He's a biologist that won a Nobel Prize in discovering the property of proteins and nucleotides. His book is one of the most satisfying books I've read in a long while. About four chapters of the book are very technical and difficult—but the rest is easier to grasp and the last chapter is philosophical. That is the best chapter I've read anywhere. He explains with precise scientific logic how it is possible that biospheric life may have begun by a pure chance happening and how life, including human beings, evolved. I took a couple of courses of genetics and so understood some of what he talked about. In his last chapter, he explains why 20th century man is in such a state of despair. And ends by saying that we must realize that NATURE IS OBJECTIVE—that there is no shame—that we are alone and fundamentally isolated and that nature is indifferent to our sufferings, our music and our crimes. Once we can accept this fact that we are alone in the universe's unfeeling immensity—only then can we choose to act. He goes into the Ethics of Knowledge and the Knowledge of Ethics and how man—by choosing to pursue knowledge objectively can then transcend himself.

It's such a magnificent book—simply because it takes courage to accept what he says—and it is not a negative book. It's a book, I thought, that gave man hope. What is wrong in believing that we live and die purposelessly? His book has been fiercely attacked and debated—but at the same time his book has been translated in every living language today. I have recommended this book to my professors. It is the only book I know that should be read by every twentieth-century man—and student. Yet I doubt if it will be accepted. It's too radical.

Kitty, I've talked a lot. But your letter was so wonderful—so inspiring—so encouraging—that I want to tell you everything and share with you everything. I read Trollope some years ago—and must read him again. When I go full time, Kitty, I should begin majoring (specializing) in literature. (My minor will be philosophy.) The reason I've chosen these subjects is simply because they will stand me in good stead in my old age—I should never feel dull with a book. Secondly, they are the subjects that challenge my imagination and are full of ideas. The Social Sciences or Natural or Physical Sciences are good subjects but it's too late for me—I could never ever become anything in those subjects except a technician. One needs years and years and years to be professional in those subjects.

Please give John and your parents our love. My David is working very hard and has given me every encouragement in my studies. I'm so worried about not earning an income—I shall have to stint even more—but David said that we could easily manage on his salary. I thank God for small mercies. The cost of going to a good university is astronomical—it's $5,500 in our university. I just could not afford that kind of money—money going out and not coming in—so I'm grateful for that scholarship. I'm glad my four years of struggling through night school has paid off.

Viola to her father. April 13/72. New York

I have not written to you for such a long time. I did not have much news really—so whatever and whenever I wrote I had to impart news to both you and Mummy. Today, although the weather is bad, I feel a little relaxed. I therefore thought I should write to you.

Well, I have made up my mind to leave the UN and the reason I have had the courage to do so is because of my university career. I was awarded the Robert Ettinger Prize—for outstanding academic work—and this scholarship has enabled me to continue my studies. You know, Daddy, I have always underestimated myself. I have always felt that whatever I achieve could not be much simply because if I could do it, then six million others must be able to do it better. I have never been able to assess my own worth. Always thought I was intelligent but average or ordinary. Until I found out that I have been really very privileged

to have been accepted by this prestigious University. They have three batches of students—and they give priority to them according to their ability. For example, the first batch are those who have reserved a place in the University from childhood (in England, as soon as a boy is born, some families write and ask for a placement in Eton or Harrow), the second place is given to truly outstanding students and the third are those who will be accepted provided there is place left over.

This University accepts only very highly qualified students. Only those students who score excellent marks in their Entrance exams are accepted. I am therefore very pleased to have been given a first priority in accepting their offer of a placement. Secondly, Daddy, to get this Scholarship prize is quite an achievement as the competition is extremely fierce. Thirdly, I was genuinely amazed that two of my colleagues in my class were turned down as they were considered not qualified enough! I was truly astounded to hear this. This alone made me realize that I have been honored. I humbly thank God. I also thank you and Mummy for giving me these brains.

I want therefore, Daddy, to do well. I want to do really well, but I shall have to work extremely hard now. I want to prove that our family is something. I am sick and tired of everyone scoffing at our family—and all these years I have tried to urge everyone in our family to improve—but I went about it so fiercely that I earned resentment from everyone. I am indeed sorry. I am so sorry I could cry. But I am so encouraged by what the University has done for me that I am determined to bring the Nicholas name up. I am going to wipe out the past. That is how I feel. I want to share this small triumph with you and Mummy. I want you to live to see us do something with our lives.

When I was interviewed by the Dean, he told me that one thing about University work—no one can take it away from you. At the UN, for example, I was doing the work of a Senior Director—yet I got no recognition—only envy and vicious attack. They have deliberately kept me down—no education, no background—etc. Well, I am going to make them eat their words. I am going to show them that I can do more with a good education than getting stuck in the UN. I am now being offered a job with a promotion. I have put off giving an answer. I don’t want to tell the UN anything yet. But I shall soon do so.

Under Waldheim, the UN doesn't look much changed inside the Secretariat. In typical Austrian fashion, Waldheim has begun to skimp and scrape—cutting down on telephones, staff, documents, and other insignificant things. His new appointments reflect a decline of American power and emphasis on the third world. Already the Russians and Chinese have squabbled over who should control what regarding such matters as Apartheid and Decolonization. The Russians seem to win out every time. The Chinese so far have been a bit of a disappointment. I guess it is only because they are new to the UN and don't understand its workings.

They gave a party for U Thant's birthday sometime in January—many invitations were not accepted—quite an affront to poor old U Thant. He is not popular in this country. They think of him as inefficient and useless.

David is working very hard on his book and on his job. But both of us can hardly wait to leave New York. I must finish my studies, Daddy, as I should like to go to Canada with a good degree. I can then command a truly good job. If I can do well, and get on my University's scholar program, I might even be able to win the Rhodes scholarship and get to Oxford. But this is a dream of mine, and nothing will come of it. I might fall flat on my face and I should look stupid. That is why I don’t want you and Mummy to brag too much—in case something happens to spoil it all.

The people in the UN are so envious and have been so vicious that I shall have to be very discreet until it is time to tell them or notify them.

I hope to come to England on the 28th July—my plane leaves New York on the 27th. I shall let you know in good time.

Just wanted to share with you my thoughts and hope that I do not sound conceited in my boasting. I don't mean to boast. I only mean to give you and Mummy joy. That life can be rewarding in small ways. That is all. Just want to make you and Mummy happy about something.

David sends love to you and Mummy and all at home. Write soon to me, Daddy, and let me know if you are pleased with me. I should love to hear from you and to get an encouraging note from you.

Viola to her mother. April 19/72. New York

How utterly wonderful and sweet of you to have sent me that card of congratulations—I loved it—and it made me so very happy. I was thrilled that you were pleased with me. I really walked on air all day after hearing from you. Many many thanks, Mummy. I loved the student with cap and gown sitting on top of the worldI With scrolls of books!

You can tell Rita and Eustace and Donald, Mummy. The only reason I don't want anybody else to know is because word might get round to the people in the UN. It is not the right time to tell them I'm going to leave. You'd be surprised how news gets round the world fast. For example, supposing you told Walter, he will tell Cecil, who will tell Bunny, who will tell his Ceylon friends, who will tell the Ceylon people in the UN, etc. I hate people so much that I would rather not bother with them at all.

I just want my own family to rejoice with me, that is all. My poor friend who has been my classmate for the last four years—has almost been rejected at the University I'm going to. She has to forfeit a few credits. The Universities in this country have a credit system.

The award I got was the Robert Ettinger Award—a man who left money to go to students for outstanding academic work. You ask how long do I have to go? Education is a very very long process, Mummy. Going to night school is even longer. Let me explain. You have to have two years, if you went full time that is, of general studies—that is, they make you take such diverse subjects as physics, chemistry, maths, biology, anthropology, sociology, economics, literature, philosophy, history, music, painting and god knows what else. All students have to take these subjects to round off their education. Also, it shows whether a student is able to grasp concepts in all fields. It is very very tough, Mummy, and each course is demanding. Then when you get through this stage you can major in your special field of choice. I have chosen literature and philosophy. So when I go full time in the fall (September) I shall be studying nothing but literature and philosophy. No more maths and physics, thank god. Those subjects are fascinating but ever so difficult at the college level.

Also, you have to have language qualifications. Thank god I have a diploma from the UN. The university I'm going to is a very prestigious one—and very demanding of qualifications. In other words, a student has to be of the highest academic level to be accepted. So I'm really thrilled to be accepted by the university.

You know, Mummy, only a few years ago, I was ashamed of myself not even having a high school certificate. It was lack of that certificate that prevented me from going to college earlier. Now I can hardly believe that I have all the necessary qualifications (including language) to take me to the best university in New York. I am so grateful to God. I truly am.

But more than anything, I am so grateful to you and Daddy for giving me these brains. I never knew I had any—at least, sometimes I felt that. I never took people seriously when they told me I was highly intelligent. I used to scoff at them. But at least the University has told me that perhaps I do have some brains after all. I personally do not feel any different from the next person. I have never felt superior to anyone. The UN has taken every ounce of pride out of me.

So to go back to your question as to how long I have to go. I shall be graduating on the 31 May 1972—this year—with cap and gown!—and I will get what they call a Junior College degree (half BA). When I graduate again in December 1973, I shall get a BA (full BA, that

is). Then, if I want to go on for an MA, I shall have to study a few more years. So you see, it is not easy. People are lucky when they go to college soon after high school. It is easy for them. Today, it is not only hard (there are more up-to-date subjects to grasp) but also extremely expensive in this country. I certainly could not afford it if it were not for the scholarship money. Boy! am I thrilled to get that.

So my triumphs come in small doses, Mummy. But I'm grateful. I really have to work hard and sweat for anything I ever got in life. What is good about getting a nice big kick from the UN is that it spurred me on to get ahead on my own steam.

I have a plan—if I can do well in my full time study—I might get a fellowship—that is the university will pay me to study for my MA and teach at college level at the same time. That is what my next aim is. But please don't show this letter to anyone else except Daddy. I don't want to sound as if I'm bragging and ambitious. I may not be able to study brilliantly in full-time. I may have to compete with such brilliant young kids that I may fall flat on my face. That is why I don't want you to tell even Rita about this. This is my plan I want to share with only you and Daddy—no one else.

Besides, Mummy, all David's friends and relatives have had wonderful opportunities in life —they all are rich and educated—I've always secretly felt like an idiot not having the knowledge they had. I want to go to Canada with a college degree so that whatever job I get will be a worthwhile one. In the UN 44 percent out of 100 percent of the "professional" staff have NO UNIVERSITY DEGREE—including 13% of the Senior Directors. I was flabbergasted to read the statistics. And yet these bastards were trying to keep good people (like me) down. So many people with good college degrees have been kept down in this joint. It's a disgrace. No wonder the UN is in such a mess. I'm so glad the USA is losing interest in it. It is not worth it.

I shall finish my school on the 18 May—I graduate on the 31 May. All of us will wear caps and gowns and go in a procession and receive our diplomas. There will be many speeches, etc. My classmates have asked me to make the valedictory speech! Then there will be receptions and all sorts of things like that.

Well, Mummy dearest, I've boasted enough to you—so forgive me—I'm just enjoying a moment of joy with you. I am sharing my innermost thoughts with you—and I don't want you to show this letter to anyone else. It is just between you and perhaps Daddy and myself. So drink a toast to me—and I raise my glass to clink yours and Daddy's.

From mother to me. May 2/72. Hamilton.

Just this morning I realized that you will be 41 years old in two more days! Time goes far far too fast—I've been busy house cleaning and getting ready for my trip which leaves by Air Canada a week from Friday, May 12th in the afternoon. Am getting quite excited and am trying not to have too much to do the last few days before leaving. Ann and Ned were here last weekend (I mean a week ago) and picked up Warren's things to take back to Montreal. They both looked well. Ned says he walks now to his office (Doctor's orders) and feels better, and he likes his new position. Ann is as busy as ever and has a lot to do taking Mr. Clements to the doctor, shopping for him, etc. He is 84 now and nearly blind, but otherwise pretty well.

Warren was to begin his reporting yesterday at the *Star*. I hope he'll like it. He was here for 3 days 2 weekends ago and we were delighted to have him. He spent one afternoon looking round McMaster with a friend he knows there. He is a dear, looks more like Ann than Ned except for his hair, which he has little of. He said, if he likes reporting and they want him to stay on after the summer, he might do it and give up university. How is your book progressing? Well, I hope.

I expect to see Becky the last weekend in May. She had a nasty thing happen on her Easter holiday. They flew to Lebanon and while in swimming she was bitten by a poison fish and would have died if the doctor had not been able to get the right antidote and fortunately she

has recovered but is feeling very tired, she says. I had a letter on Friday and she said she'll be so glad to see one of her family. It is the first time she has sounded a little homesick. She said she'd like to spend the weekend with me. It is wet today but we had 3 nice warm sunny days so the trees, etc. are beginning to bud. It is a late spring here. I'm a bit worried about leaving Jim alone. He is working, but drinks a lot on the weekends and about 2 weeks ago was stopped in Dundas for impaired driving. He has to appear in court on May 17th and will have to pay a fine and have his car taken away for 3 months probably. He is worried, of course, and seems to have no will power where liquor is concerned. Marjorie Westcott was here on Sunday to dinner. She says she'll take a week's holiday to come and stay at her mother's and be with Jim before his court case. It is worrying me a lot, but I don't know how I can help by giving up my trip now. As long as Jim can keep his job, he can get good dinners there at noon, and Anne is always good about asking him to dinner on Sunday. He managed well six years ago when I was away. I said he should go to "AA" meetings once a week at Central Church and Marjorie agrees with me. She said she'd go with him, but it won't help, unless he is determined to give up.

I'll send you our itinerary. Our agent is slow. He has hotels booked but has not completed our itinerary yet. Will be at Berner's Hotel in London at Oxford and Berner's streets. For Vienna we'll be at the Stephensplatz just opposite St. Stephens Church.

We had an exciting day on Friday. The Gov.-General was here for the Can. Club's 60th anniversary—we went to citizenship courts, then "a flag raising" at new Jackson Square luncheon at Connaught—lots of bands, a parade, etc. Am enclosing something for a book or treat.

To mother from me. May 5/72 New York

While I wait for a lawyer at the Union HQ, I have found an opportunity to write to you—I think how much time has slipped by without my writing to you and can shake my head at the speed of time just as you shake your head at my reaching 41 years of age.

Thank you for the money, which I shall spend wisely. My birthday was spent at a Peace Rally in the morning and at a union membership meeting on Staten Island in the evening. A small present was given to me by Fate when the Rangers beat the Bruins in a late evening game of which I was able to hear the tail end.

Thanks for enquiring about the book. I am still working on it; though I may not be finished it till fall, I have the feel of being almost through with it all.

There are so many things happening to me in New York, and I am able to do more now that I am on released time from the Library. When I have finished the biography, I want to study economics thoroughly.

Viola is a good student, isn't she?

Warren sounds as if he has been dedicated to journalism. He should continue to study until he gets an M.A., however. If he leaves university for a year he may not want to return.

Please give Becky our love—she will be glad to see you. I remember how great it was to meet you in Paris. We walked and talked when we met until we were stopped by the glass front of a restaurant. I remember the interested look of a lady sitting in the restaurant who seemed to enjoy our enjoyment at seeing one another.

You ought to have a great time this summer, but please take it easy. There are so many things to see but they all demand energy—don't get tired out—and don't let yourself get too nervous or excited as you can be tired easily by emotion. I wish that I could show you Vienna. Stephanskirche is the old landmark in the city. Along the main street, Grabenstrasse (Street of Graves) you will see a monument to the victims of the Black Plague. I used to walk by it all the time when I taught pre-school children further up by the Belvedere Palace. Please see (1) the Belevedere Palace and Gardens (2) the Kunsthistorische museum

(Art Museum—near the main Palace). If you stand by the Heldenfiguren, two riders cast in Bronze in the square of the main Palace in the city, you can see all the important points in the Inner ring. (3) See the Schoenbrunn Castle out of town (4) See Grinzing, the suburb and one-time village, where people drink wine and continue up the hill to Carlsberg from where you can see the City and the Danube.

The Viennese woods stretch all around the city, and they are different in every area. If you were 20 years younger, I would suggest that you walk in them—after a while you would come to a Gasthaus and sit sipping beer or wine until you were refreshed.

You will probably attend the Staatsoper.

No doubt tour buses will take you about. I would really enjoy showing you that city and pointing out the various places in which I lived—Boerseplatz, Schulzstrassnitzkygasse. Have a marvelous trip, mother; if you don't over-reach yourself, you will really enjoy it. Thanks again for the present—hope the cosmetic case is what you wanted.

PS. Am sketching a map of Vienna on reverse of p.2 from memory.

Viola to her parents May 12/72 New York

The sun is shining today and so is my heart. I am just bubbling with excitement and I feel I must write to you both and share this moment of great honor with you.

The Dean of my University has just telephoned me to say that I have been elected to represent my class at the commencement exercises on 31 May 1972.

Commencement Exercises mean that there is a very solemn ceremony held in Madison Square Gardens, when all the graduates of the whole of the University are presented with their diplomas from the President of the University. All the graduates, mean that all PH.Ds, MAs and BAs—the whole University—participate in this ceremony. They invite prominent men to address us graduates—by prominent I mean Nobel Prize winners—great statesmen or scholars—and sometimes even the President of the United States.

By being selected to represent not only my class but all those who are graduating this year in the AA Programme—is one of the greatest honors a student can have bestowed on her. I shall have to sit on the platform with all those prominent people and go up when my class is called and receive a diploma on behalf of all my classmates from the President of the University,—Dr. Hester, and tip my cap.

There will be thousands of people present—guests of the faculty and the prominent people. There will be television, radio and the press. Can you imagine me sitting on the platform with all those people? Oh, Mummy and Daddy, I feel so overjoyed, so honored—and I am beside myself with joy. I only wish to God you both were here in this country and can see me up there. I shall do all that for you. I shall secretly dedicate this occasion to you both—my own parents who I dearly love and whom I wish to thank—because without you—I should not even be in this world! God Bless you both.

On the 31 May, Mummy and Daddy, from 9 a.m. to 12.30 noon New York time, I shall be sitting on the platform with a lot of marvelous people of this country and even the world. I don't as yet know who the guest-speakers will be. Well, that will be roughly 2 p.m. to 5.30 p.m. London time. So you both can quietly drink a toast to me— because I want you to share this first real achievement on my part—I want both of you to be spiritually with me.

Today David had to go to Washington for the day—to talk with the Pay Board—and I cannot even share this moment of joy with him till this evening. Also, he will be away in Houston when I graduate so I shan't even have my husband with me. Never mind, probably there will be other occasions. I shall have a friend of mine take some pictures of me sitting on the platform and will send them to you. I shall be on television too!. Ha, ha, ha! I'm sure to fall flat on my face or trip over my gown—that will be the day, what?

I have no more news—just want to send this to you because I'm so excited. I sent Christopher a card with £5 in it. I hope it arrives safely. It is for his bicycle.

All my love, Mummy and Daddy—cheers! Love to you both.

PS Mrs. Beasley will be leaving tonight for London. She will telephone you.

Viola to my mother May 23/72 New York

I had written a letter yesterday but had forgotten to bring your card which you sent us before you left with some vague addresses—so I could not post the letter. Today your air letter from London arrived and we both were thrilled to hear from you. Sorry I did not write earlier as I should have liked to have welcomed you to London with a note from us. Sorry that you are having bad weather in London. Southeastern England always gets the worst weather. But anyway you seem to have a busy 'touristy' time and seem to enjoy yourself despite the weather. Good for you.

Sorry also about Mummy not being able to come up to town to have lunch with you. If you called during the day my brother would have been at work and my mother would not be able to have taken the bus and underground and then walk with her bad foot and in her condition. It's a very long way to London from our house.

I hope you will have an opportunity to visit them when you get back. Rita would also be full of her holiday news.

Don't worry about Jim, Mother. Just enjoy yourself. I'm sure his girlfriend will look after him well. Will you be seeing Becky in Lugano? I hope so. Give her our love.

My parents were delighted about my award—but something had developed which came after you had left. I was called by the Dean of my University and told that I was selected Class Representative at the Commencement Exercises. That means I have been chosen to represent my whole school that is graduating in my degree. I shall have to join in the procession and sit on the platform with all those dignitaries. I will then have to accept the diploma on behalf of my whole class. That is a signal honor bestowed on a student—and I felt very thrilled and very honored. That is also because I got the highest average of the whole school. Usually they have very prominent guest-speakers at these commencement exercises. So I shall feel very honored sitting among those people and shaking the hands of the president of the University.

One good thing about being Class Representative, the University pays for the renting of your cap and gown! Ha ha ha! A little saving there!

David went to Washington on Sunday to a protest march. His Union asked him to do so. I find these marches a waste of time and money. The Union pays of course. Still there are better things they can do with their money!

On my graduation day—the day of the Commencement Exercises—which is 31 May—David will be away at Houston. He will be going to an important convention a whole week commencing 28 May to 2 June. He feels very badly about missing my graduation ceremony—but it cannot be helped. I should have loved him to take a photograph of me on the platform and accepting the diploma from the President of the Univ.

He will be coming to the reception given by the faculty for us graduates on the 25 May. This will be given at the Faculty Club on Fifth Avenue. I want David to meet some of my professors. Mr. Freeman took us out to Rutgers University to show us his laboratory. It was very interesting—unfortunately it was a terribly wet day and dampened our spirits somewhat. He also is looking forward to going to Vienna. He said if he ever left New York the two cities he would like to stay in are Vienna and Athens. He's welcome to Vienna—besides they don't even have ice hockey!

I hope Becky is fully recovered from her poisonous fish. Fancy being bitten by one. That's the trouble with most of these places—they are not fully secure.

Beverly told me about Marjorie Bruce. It's lucky she was not hurt seriously. Helen also had an accident and told me her BMW was hit broadside and there was not a piece of glass left in the car. Helen looked so well that day we lunched together. She sent her love to you.

I hope the weather is better in Europe, Mother. But please take a lot of rest in between sightseeing. Both David and I send you our love and wish you a pleasant trip. David will be writing to you too.

To mother from me May 30/72 The Rice Hotel, Houston.

I am spending this week in Texas at the International Union convention as Chairman of our Local delegation. The political workings of unions are most easily observable at these large-scale Conventions. Aside from the work of the convention, I have seen something of Houston—wide-boulevarded, rich, new-looking skyscrapers—and visited the famous astrodome tonight where I watched a baseball game in this mammoth air-conditioned dome.

You must be enjoying your European trip. I hope you like Vienna, which you may have seen something of by the time you read this. I enjoyed reading your letter from London—perhaps on your return you will see the Nicholases—it is difficult for Mr and Mrs N to get around.

Viola will be graduating tomorrow. I am sorry not to be able to see her. I went to a faculty reception for the graduates and spoke to her professors. She should take every opportunity to study because she can attain high academic standing that will lead into an interesting career.

Keep well, get lots of rest and enjoy Vienna—that city of mystery whose streets I wandered, whose parks I sat in, whose atmosphere became a part of me.

Union Conventions were devoted to passing Resolutions, most of which were not acted upon but made everyone feel good. They give Local delegates the opportunity to meet and mix and make everyone aware of the union's political concerns. AFSCME supported Democrats. The only political campaign in which I took an active role was the Senator McGovern attempt to dislodge Richard Nixon. It was so obvious that Nixon had expanded the Vietnam War when he promised to end it and that he was becoming more criminal in his actions against protestors and critics, much of which was pointed out to the American people by McGovern, that I was sure that McGovern could win despite the catastrophes that attended his campaign. I canvassed for him by handing out leaflets and going to his appearances.

The convention in Houston had a priest addressing us at one time. One of our delegates, Edith Ostrovsky, who was eloquent, challenged him on some points and caused a commotion. Our Local also challenged a resolution with which we disagreed and convinced other Locals to support us. I overheard Victor Gotbaum threatening the black president of a Local with unseating him if he continued in opposition with us. The handsome treasurer of that Local was a colored lady with whom I became friendly and we visited the art museum and ate a dinner in an outdoor restaurant to the sound of gypsy violins. Conventions are conducive to unexpected brief romances.

This subject gives me a segue to my romantic life in general. Viola and I loved one another deeply but, as I mentioned earlier, we had no sexual intimacy because of her trauma about sex after her childbirth. She had a slight vaginal infection for which she took a concentrated antiseptic solution for some years which may have added to her apprehension about sexual intimacy. I could not live without sex, however, and through these years I met Rose for three or four hours every week or two. Our passion was intense but not all consuming; we discussed our lives and problems. She had her circle of friends, and, aside from going together to an important film or seeing an art exhibit, we did not go to parties or make our relationship known, except of course to the Moneos. My landlord

Jesus Moneo liked her. She encouraged me in my writing. Her favorite authors were Thomas Hardy and Thomas Wolfe. Since we were so compatible and agreed on the discreetness of our liaison, why then did I break away from her at this time?

At Tony Harvey's farewell party, to which I was invited, I sat next to one of the Director's secretaries, a pretty, sparkling young woman, who engaged me in conversation. I liked her and we met for coffee breaks which led to walks together and finally to bed. She was married with several children—I shall call her Roselynne—and she could spend only Friday evenings with me for a couple of hours after work, after which I walked her to the subway and she traveled all the way to her home in the Bronx.

Rose had been busy securing her divorce and finding a house in Brooklyn, which she made into a duplex with a friend, which meant that our time together was limited. She blamed this for our break-up. We remained friends for a time, but, soon, being a beautiful woman, she met someone else. I had given Rose the nick-name Ariadne, which implied the leading of her from the labyrinth of her marriage to liberty, but I had not foreseen that the thread would break, liberating Theseus for further adventure.

At first, my attraction to Roselynne was to her bright personality, her need for help, and a curiosity about her personal connection to management—that is, whether she might have been asked to discover things about me for her bosses, the sort of role I suspected the departing Harvey had played. Her husband was an alcoholic whose irresponsibility had put her and her children on welfare. She was lucky to get work with the Library and owing to her brightness and willingness, she was noticed and made a secretary in the head office. After a time when our friendship was noticed (we would meet for lunch), I got a call from a hoarse shouting man claiming to be the mafia who was going to rub me out. I was in bed with the flu and angry that the telephone operator had put this ridiculous call through to me—which I suspected was from Roselynne's husband. Shortly afterwards, DiRoma called me to warn me that someone had called the Division threatening to kill me. I suppose my colleagues in the Division must have wondered about my connections. When I ventured into the street next, I was followed by a dozen plain clothes policemen, who thought they were being invisible, as if to protect me. But all concerns disappeared quickly once the call was traced to Roselynne's husband, who was now living in the streets.

One side of me is ready to help people, which was a reason for my forming and working in the union. Another side is a passion for educating, which may be seen in my writing. Both came into play with Roselynne. I gave her a copy of the "Selected Poems" of William Wordsworth and one day, wondering whether she had read it, asked her about it. She quoted a Wordsworth poem in full with such emotion and understanding that I was surprised and very pleased.

She was John Cory's personal secretary and probably communicated some of my thoughts about union matters to him but, I was sure, not to harm me and really of no concern to me. I knew from remarks by Wilkinson, that I overheard, that management knew and approved of our relationship for its own reasons. Cory, whose second wife was alcoholic and was causing him troubles, had a special liking for Roselynne. I sympathized with him and was amused in negotiations when he insisted on adding the word "reasonable" to clauses in the contract, knowing that reasonable would allow management to interpret reason as it saw it. He was a fan of Louis Carroll and quoted from "Alice in Wonderland" on occasion. He also said once to belittle our concerns: "consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds" which sounded like Carroll but actually came from Emerson: "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has nothing to do." At a union meeting, I referred to him once as a "gentleman", which brought me scorn from a couple of my board members, and rightfully so, because his later actions belied such a description.

Roselynne and I were in love, just as Rose and I had been in love and still were in a way. And yet, these loves were not as deep as the love between Viola and myself. I know that Rose expected nothing other than our sexual closeness and friendship. As for Roselynne, she seemed to treat our relationship as an arrangement, as a thing of the moment. Without such affairs, I could not have continued in my marriage, and, as Viola knew nothing of them, and they did not interfere with our marriage, we were able to pursue our goals confident in our support for one another. This is not to

say that I did not have twinges of conscience, that I would have welcomed the sophistication of a Parisian marriage where all concerned could be friends with perfect understanding.

Roslynne's husband died, which freed her to re-marry.

Viola to her parents. June 2/72. New York

> Now that my big day is over I can sit back for a while and enjoy just briefly my laurels. We seemed to have had one party after another and a lot of mounting excitement. What made me feel even more excited were the good wishes you all sent me. Your lovely card, with everyone's good wish came one day before my graduating day. I never felt so moved, so happy and so united spiritually with everyone of my loving family. What a joy it is to know that your family shares your joys as well as your sorrows. Thank you all—everyone of you—for giving me such warm and affectionate support. It made my day. Donald's brief letter came yesterday sending me his family's good wishes. It's such a joy to know that Donald appreciates things. He is such an affectionate and good person. I only wish everyone in my family will go out and do the same. We are all highly intelligent people and deserve to get ahead.
>
> What made me very proud and at the same time humble was at the party last week given by the faculty (Deans and professors) of our Programme for us graduates. At this party—the head Dean (Russell Smith)—announced that I had the highest record in our Associate in Arts Program—that means I came first with honors out of the three schools graduating in my degree. This was a great surprise to me, because I all along thought I only came first of my class—but to come first in all three schools is indeed an achievement and a great honor. That is why the panels of Deans selected me to be the class representative.
>
> I cannot tell you what a thrilling experience it is to be part of a very privileged group in such a solemn ceremony as the conferment of degrees in a university's commencement exercise. The whole University and all the dignitaries were dressed in purple gowns—the caps were black—the tassels different colors depending on the type of school you were graduating from—for example, the school of medicine had gold, law—green, etc. The School of liberal arts—white. The MAs and Ph.Ds wore hoods with the same color as their tassels and the doctorates wore three black arm bands on their sleeves. Us bachelors only wore cap and gown.
>
> We had to be at the Felt Forum in Madison Square Gardens where the ceremony was to take place at 8.30 a.m. We all got dressed at one section of the forum. Then we all had to sit in various sections depicting the schools. Then came the procession to the arena where thousands (17,500) of people (parents, friends, relatives of graduating students) were seated. The procession starts with a student (also with high honors) carrying a banner of the school—then come all the graduating students of that particular school—PhDs first, then Masters and then Bachelors. The line of order is the oldest school first (which was the school of medicine). This was the school that was first established before the other schools.
>
> When all the candidates were seated in the arena—only then the platform procession started. This was headed by the Grand Marshal carrying a huge silver torch. Then came the President, the High faculty members, the dignitaries, and then the privileged class representatives (that's me!! hee, hee, hee!). They played the University Alma Mater while we marched in, right across the arena in the center aisle. Then we mounted up the platform and took our places in an orderly manner (for which we were rehearsed) and sure enough our names were on the seats! Then they played the American national anthem and the ceremony began. Many speeches and conferment of honorary degrees on prominent men and women.
>
> Then the President made a speech. Then the various head Deans of the various schools got up and made brief speeches and called out the class representatives by name to accept the diploma on behalf of their whole school. As soon as my Head Dean (Russell Smith) got up

—I had to stand at my seat—and my whole school (three schools actually) stood up on the floor. Then the Dean said a few words honoring us—then he said, "And now I have the honor and pleasure to call on Violet E. Beasley to accept the diploma on behalf of the whole of the Associate in Arts Programme for the School of Continuing Education...." etc. As soon as he mentioned my name, I had to walk up to the front and left of the platform—accept the diploma in my left hand, shake the Dean's hand with my right—turn round and go to the President of the New York University (Dr. Hester) shake his hand with my right and tip my cap—take two steps in front of the platform and raise my diploma high towards my schoolmates at the rear of the floor. They all tip their caps at me and I return to my seat until the Dean had finished his speech before I sit down.

I cannot tell you, Mummy and Daddy, what a thrilling moment that was. My classmates and the Deans and professors all came and hugged and kissed me for doing it so well and they all told me how proud they were of me. It is this warmth and affection from all my classmates and professors that made me feel so good, so proud and so humble at the same time.

But secretly I looked at my time—it was about 12.10 noon NY time—which must have been 5.10 p.m. London time. I said a wee prayer and dedicated the occasion to you both—my own parents.

After the ceremony my classmates and myself went and celebrated with lunch. Then we went home for a few hours—I fell asleep—and at 5.30 p.m. had to go to one of my classmate's apartment—she lives in one of the swankiest places in New York City—where we students gave a party to the faculty members (professors). We each contributed towards the party (I made Swedish meat balls and took a bottle of sherry). All the girl students wore long dresses—and I can hardly tell you what a success the party was. Among my classmates, Mummy and Daddy—we have one beautiful girl who used to be a model, now a Vice-President of a Corporation, another an editor of a magazine, another head of Personnel in Texaco—another a chief accountant, another a Reverend Baptist Minister—etc. All of them practically had gone to college before but dropped out because of marriage or some other reason. They are a wonderful group and I liked them all immensely.

At the party—so many people came up and complimented me and congratulated me for being such an outstanding student. I felt slightly embarrassed—but I secretly liked it! One of the guests was an American General—who told me that as a number one student—if I wanted any job later on I could go to him. So now, Mummy, all is over. My great task lies ahead. I shall have to work doubly hard now to keep up my reputation. I can only say I shall try very hard. Only by trying your best can one really succeed.

I am not unhappy now that I started my academic career so late. I have more sense and experience now. The UN with all its detestable side— has been one of the best schools for me. It has taught me more than anything else what life is all about. So with this note—I shall say *au revoir*. I shall see you at the end of next month. I shall be sending you a photograph of myself with cap and gown. And more than anything else, I want to thank you both and every one in my family for giving me such affectionate and warm support. I love you all very very much. David, who is in Houston, Texas, called me up yesterday. He's so unhappy to have missed my graduation. He—who was the one to give me the strongest support and encouragement throughout these years. Had it not been for David, I wouldn't have been able to carry on—it was so tough and so demanding. However, he also was with me in spirit. Bless him, and you both.

AT THE SWEARING-IN CEREMONY OF YOUft NEW OFFICERS: ***(left to right) Vincent Castiglione, DC 31 Asst.*** *Div. Dir. (giving oath of office); Marian Kahn, Exec. Board; Camilla Fabris, Exec. Board; Gretchen Haseltine, Exec. Board; Viola Barrett, Trustee, Bronx; Moritia Frederick, Exec. Board; Iris Cox, Secretary; Angeline Moscatt, Vice Pres., Librarians; Donald Browne, Trustee, S.I.; Virginia Jeffreys, Vice Pres., Clerks; Douglas DesVerney, Vice Pres., LTA's; David Beasley, Pres., Local 1930. On vacation at the time of the ceremony were: Pauline Belth, Treasurer; Dorothy Eosefow, Trustee, Manhattan; David Hall, Trustee, Research; and Sylvia Howard, Exec. Board.*

Union negotiating team for Library Working Conditions Left to right: Jeffreys, Moscatt, Beasley, Cohen (DC.37), Miller, Markey, Dash, Campbell.

Right, picketing the Research Library's Central Building; I with bullhorn, our members strolling in a circle and allowing readers to go into the Library. In the lower picture, one can read the signs we carried.

Mother and me with black bags under the eyes from the air pollution in NYC.

TWENTY-TWO—BETRAYAL AND TRIUMPH

Viola to Mrs Howard. June 7/72. New York

> You may be very surprised to get a letter from me—a person you don't know, but I tried to telephone you at Rye Beach this morning and was told you were under an unlisted number.
>
> The reason for my wanting to telephone you is to find out if perhaps you and myself share a similar problem in regard to Charles Upton Malpass.
>
> Mr. and Mrs. Malpass and we have known each other off and on for the last thirteen years, although we don't really know much about each other's affairs. About five or six years ago the Malpasses invited us to spend a weekend at 50 Sea Road, Rye beach, New Hampshire. After that weekend we did not see them for more than five years or so, although we have exchanged Christmas cards. Last summer Mrs. Malpass telephoned me at the United Nations where I work and asked if she could come to lunch there with her two sons. I was delighted to return the hospitality they had extended us in Rye Beach.
>
> At this lunch, Mrs. Malpass told me vaguely that the reason she was not spending her summer in Rye Beach was because she and her family were barred by your family from taking possession of her Rye Beach home and that you were the new owners. I did not pry too deeply into the reason why and Mrs. Malpass did not proffer any further explanation. Later on, in November of 1971, the Malpasses invited us to their home for dinner and again the Malpasses mentioned briefly and vaguely their trouble with their Rye Beach home. In January of 1972, Mr. Malpass telephoned me at my apartment in Manhattan and asked me for a loan. I referred him to my husband. Mr. Malpass came to see us on 15 January and told us that the reason he needed a loan for a short period was because he wanted to pay off his mortgage and to secure a second mortgage on his home. He convinced us that there would be no problem and that he would be able to pay us in 50 days time. Out of goodwill and friendship, we loaned him quite a large sum of money which comprises most of our savings and Mr. Malpass gave us a promissory note. It now transpires that Mr. Malpass is having difficulty giving us the money back and we have had to take him to court.
>
> He has told us some wild stories, one of which is that he has $37,000 tied up in his Rye Beach home. Apparently another court case awaits him on that score. We have never had any financial dealings with Mr. Malpass before this, and since he is giving us trouble and has lied to us so glibly, I suddenly thought that perhaps his Rye Beach court-case may have something to do with Mr. Malpass's habit of defaulting payments; after all, I cannot imagine anyone being barred from his possession if he is entitled to it legally.
>
> What I am trying to find out is if Mr. Malpass has a history of running into financial difficulties through default. If so, I should be most grateful if you would be good enough to telephone me or my husband COLLECT at my apartment in Manhattan. The telephone number is MUrryhll 5-0957. I am at home any evening after 7 p.m. and on weekends. I should be most grateful for any information you might give me in order that we might throw some light on the matter. Mr. Malpass is acting in rather a strange manner.
>
> Please forgive my writing to you out of the blue, but since I could not get in touch with you on the telephone, I had no other alternative but to write this letter to you. You would be doing us a great favour.

We received a telephone call from Mrs. Howard, who told us that Malpass had rented the house from her and her husband and had refused to leave, claiming ownership through some complicated deal; they were paying a lot in court costs to retrieve their home. I spoke to a Malpass friend, a

former submarine captain, who said that he had lent Malpass $3000 and was prepared to write it off. Another Malpass friend, a tall, good-looking, ever-smiling surgeon, who seemed the very model of upper middle-class rectitude, who now was a major in the military medical corps, called me to try to persuade me to drop the case against Malpass. He offered to intervene with Malpass's lawyer, but I sensed deception in his solicitousness. I heard later that so many patients died under his hand that he had to leave his practice and join the military to continue in his profession. I was having trouble in the courts to boot. My lawyer arranged to meet me to have the case heard, but I could not find him or the courtroom, although I enquired of the court clerk and practically paged the court corridors. The next meeting, since Malpass did not turn up, the case was adjourned, and, I believe, this happened again. Finally Charles Malpass came to court wearing a thick white neck collar. He did not look at me. As proceedings were getting underway, he fainted and an ambulance took him away. It looked faked to me. My lawyer was amused. I was paying him by the hour.

The following letter illustrates the problems that the insouciant Malpass caused and the lack of integrity and morality of a Wall Street operator. Malpass was not operating with millions and billions of dollars as do the tycoons, but he, nevertheless, had their character traits.

Helena Walsh (sister of Wm. J. Howard, owner of 50 Sea Rd property) to Viola. April 13/73. Brighton , Mass.

> I had just returned from Rye Beach, New Hampshire where I went to see the chief of Police on this Malpass. I learned much regarding his lies, stated on the court transcript. I was also told of the two cars—Porsche—that he brought to the 50 Sea Rd property in 1965. He claimed one stolen and the other stripped. Per the chief Dockham—"Both cars were driven back to New York."
>
> He has insured cars under the Malco Diversified Corp, Mt. Vernon, N.Y. in 1971 through the Summer Agency, Harryston, N.H. even though this Corporation was dissolved by the Secretary of State, Dept of Corporation Bureau, 162 Washington Ave, Albany, N.Y. on Dec 15, 1969. This is why when anyone attempts to collect—through Sheriffs—one couldn't take the cars not being in either Charles or Jonas Malpass's names. I've yet to get the information on the plates, but they were also requested in Rye Beach and mailed to a Rye Beach Post Office Box. 1971 they were not living at the 50 Sea Road house—my brother and family [were] there. At present we have a tenant in the house.
>
> Although not owner of my brother's property, they have placed insurance on same in Ann Jonas Malpass's name, only to be cancelled for non payment. Yet on the transcript he stated paid $610.13. Also on the transcript he stated, he was never sued by the lawyers, Burns and Hinchley of Dover, N.H. and that he paid them. They did engage a Bronxville Attorney to bring suit and got only 1/2 of their fee. He was sued by Philbrick and Jameson in the Exeter Court in 1964 by the firm of Griffin and Harrington. In 1970 they got some cash from Malpass—some still owed.
>
> His lies to date in the courts were taken for granted and to be true. I have been able to get some of his lies taken care of and stamped by a notary. Hope to get one from the Police Dept of Rye Beach but it has to be given to the lawyer my brother has. He has stated the police went to the 50 Sea Road home when he brought a van up from New York with washing machine, dryer, bedding, etc. Not so (1971). Also stated my brother, William J Howard came with 2 police and took his 2 suitcases and papers out of the house—"also not so." All still in house or maybe thrown out. Also stated when he and his wife came to the Sea Rd house on May 30, 1971 with 8 cops—Not so. Rye Beach don't have 8 cops and they certainly wouldn't send them all to the property. The police of Rye Beach now have a fair idea of these people, and so has the Secretary of State of New York, Bur. of Corp, also all the Insurance companies.
>
> Would it be your monies that is held in escrow with either the offices of Shaw and Eldridge, Exeter, New Hampshire or a bank in Exeter, N.H.? Shaw and Eldridge being his attorney would know where this monies is held in escrow. They'll also want to be paid. If these Malpasses can put their cars so no one could attach them, their home in Bronxville, N.Y.

could be the same, or anything they own. Frankly, I believe if you want any of your money, you should have your lawyer put an attachment on those monies in escrow. Hope he is for your interest not like some my brother engaged and paid them well to get nowhere. Feel we may get some place on the "Motion for a rehearing." I have sent into the court here much information and hope to send more next week. I believe you folks should get your lawyer to act fast—before all too late. I believe the firm of Burns, Bryant, Hinchey and Nandeau of Burns Bldg, Dover, New Hampshire—Mr Hinchey is the one to contact—I believe he will be glad to be of help to your attorney and you folks. Malpasses were his clients and they only got 1/2 their fee and settled for same—so Malpass no longer his client. I've told Mr Hinchey of this $42,000 in escrow. To place the attachment not a big deal, nor very costly, I should think no matter what the small cost it would be worth it.

I know to date my brother has spent more than the entire property is worth plus the supplement to him and our entire family.

At this writing I have just learned my brother has had the transcript sent from the U.S. District Court here in Boston to the U.S. District Court in Concord, New Hampshire. This was the court that Malpass stated all his lies that are on the transcript. The court here mailed to my brother the statements I had sent to them with the Notary seals on them. He is to mail them direct to the N.H. Court to be attached to the transcript that was sent back to them from the Boston court. This transcript with the lies was the hearing held in the U.S. District Court of Concord, New Hampshire where these Malpasses lies counted.

I suggest you waste no time on trying to get some of your monies. There could be other attachments also. This type of man has to be caught up with—he can't keep outdoing people who had trust in him. Wish us luck and the same I wish for you folks. Do let me hear from you.

Despite her advice, such a tedious involvement in the courts was not in our interest. My lawyer traced the several thousands of my money not yet spent through the cancelled check to Malpass's bank account and froze it until we could get it freed by court order. Finally, Jonas Malpass appeared in court. Her clothes looked well-worn and when she spoke she could offer no defence. The judge awarded me the money and said that the case should not have gone this far; it should have been resolved right at the start. I sensed he was warning me that it had been dragged out by my lawyer, whose fee comprised three-quarters of the sum recouped. At that time, a financial loss could be deducted at 50% from income tax; our loss then was not so great.

Viola to her father. June 14/72. New York

This is just a wee note to wish you a very happy birthday from David and myself. We are both enclosing some money so that you may be able to buy yourself something—preferably something useful and warm. I have mailed to you and Mummy another gift—a photograph of myself as you requested—in my cap and gown. I should be glad if you would—or Mummy—do write and let me know when it arrives and if it arrived without damage.

We telephoned Mrs. Beasley on Monday night—the day after her arrival home. She said she spent part of Saturday with you all—and that you were all tired after a party for Rita's birthday. She did not say too much as the telephone call was brief.

Bunny Mellican came to visit us one Sunday afternoon. He may have to move to Arizona or some place. Of course, he might not have to. It will all depend on the budget of the school he works in. Everywhere there are drastic cuts in money and projects and personnel. The UN also is going through great financial difficulties. The US Government is adamant in reducing its contributions. I'm glad—because there is so much waste in this organization.

Olga Mellican's business went bankrupt—she is now working as a receptionist in some firm or other.

> I hope all is well with all of you at home. Tomorrow I have an appointment with my adviser —he will advise me on my future courses in the University. Actually David planned my courses for me—I only need to have it approved.
>
> All my love to you and Mummy, Rita and Eustace, and Donald and his family. Excuse brevity. Am in a hurry—just want to wish you a very Happy Birthday on the 20th June.

To escape from the New York City heat we took the bus to Hamilton. The bus trip was long, made longer by a wait in Buffalo when we had to change to a Canadian bus line to take us to Toronto. From Toronto we caught a bus to Hamilton. On returning to New York we usually elected for the overnight bus so that we could catch some sleep. Several times, when I went to Canada alone, usually to do research, I returned by bus and, arriving in the morning, walked the few blocks to the Research Libraries to begin work.

Viola to my mother. July 10/72. New York

> Both David and I wish to thank you very much for giving us a wonderful time as usual. Everyone was so kind to have entertained us and shown us such warm hospitality. We were most exhilarated by our visit to you. Please also thank Jim for driving us all over the place. I shall write to Anne and Aunt Mont later.
>
> I shall be leaving JFK on the 23rd and will return on the 5th August. Rita telephoned yesterday to tell me that my mother was most anxious to know when I was arriving. I could not say anything yesterday as I did not know then. Only 5 minutes ago the Travel Agency called me to give me the details. I shall be flying via Dublin.
>
> Our trip back to N.Y. from Hamilton was not bad. Very fast, and we both managed to sleep a little. David had that day off—but I went to work bleary-eyed! We arrived N.Y. at 6.30 a.m.
>
> I found just the right thing for my mother! Last year she told me she wanted a kimono-style dressing gown, which is hard to find, as most dressing gowns have button-up fronts. I went to Saks and to my good luck there was a brand new shipment of dressing gowns, kimono-style. And in GOLD! It's warm, although made of acrylic and very elegant! I hope she likes it. I bought Daddy a pair of gold cufflinks. I shall even keep the Bar-set I bought in Birks for ourselves. I hope I shall be able to use it when we come to Canada. How I dream of having a nice place somewhere.
>
> I took that horrible French exam and did so badly that I shall have to do it again in September.
>
> The most marvelous news is that the man who bought "Westbrook" (David's Richardson biography) has written to David and he is going to send the newspaper series on "Westbrook" to him. He's a dealer in Montreal and knows some of the people David knows in connection with Richardson. So David will get a good look at "Westbrook" free.
>
> We are both well and once more thank you for your warm hospitality. We so enjoyed seeing you and visiting with you.

After more than ten years of searching, as I mentioned earlier, Richardson's last novel, *Westbrook, the Outlaw*, turned up after more than a century in an Albany, New York warehouse, and with its discovery I was able to put the finishing touches to my biography. The book dealer in Montreal, who was not aware of the importance of the item, asked me to prepare it for publication by verifying and correcting the names of persons and places.

Viola to her mother. July 10/72. New York

> You must be most anxious to know the details of my arrival. I am sorry I could not give them to you earlier, but I just did not know when and how I was going to come. The airlines made such a mistake and had put me on a flight to Paris via Amsterdam. This, in spite of

my having made arrangements in January this year just to be on the safe side. Only goes to show that no matter what precautions you take someone can muff it for you.

I am now going to arrive London on the 24th July at 3.14p.m. at Heathrow by Air Lingus (Irish) from Dublin. Could you ask someone, either Rita or Eustace, to meet me? Of course, if they cannot get off from work, I shall be able to get a taxi or something. This flight is Air Lingus Flight No.l62.

I'm flying from New York to Dublin on TWA Flight 8243, leaving JFK at 11.45 p.m. on the 23rd and arriving Dublin at 12.30 on the 24th July.

Sometimes I have to laugh at life, Mummy. Here was I, so careful to get the time off for your anniversary and planned so early in the year—and I have in the end had to scramble to get anywhere. That is life for you. You must try to have confidence in me and great patience, Mummy. I know you were worried about the date of your party since it is going to be at the French's but I would break my neck not to let you down and you know it.

David is bitterly disappointed not to be able to come. In the first place he cannot get the time off because last year he used up so much time (remember that horrible flight back from London when we were delayed one whole week?). Secondly, David has to be in New York for two very important reasons. He has very serious negotiations about that time, and he has a court case which demands his presence in New York. These are vital reasons. So I hope you will understand and accept big and small disappointments in life.

There are a million and one things that I have to think about and do. I have appointments with my adviser in the University, a French exam, and registration to finish—all on specific dates. Then I have the UN to worry about. Getting the time off for your anniversary is not easy—especially when I have to save leave for my education in the fall. Then I have had to manoeuvre and fight off everybody else who wants to go about the same time. These are small irritations and skirmishes that crop up. So you see, Mummy, it is not easy and we have our own problems over here.

David and I went to Hamilton in Canada over the 4th of July long weekend. Mrs. Beasley looks extremely well—touch wood. She so much enjoyed seeing you all, she said—even though you all were tired. She was delighted with the roses you gave her and she gave one to my sister-in-law, Anne. Anne wanted to plant it and grow it, but it was too late. I might bring her another one. She seemed to be thrilled that it came all the way from Surrey, England.

I'll keep further news for when I see you all. I hope I shall have my return flight confirmed tomorrow. These people have given me kittens. So have patience, Mummy, and go ahead with your plans for the 29th—I shall be there. All my love—David sends great love and asks you to please understand his great disappointment.

Viola to my mother. August 9/72. New York

I seem to have come back to a busy office. The SG left for China today and a paper on China had to be whipped up. That was the day I arrived. I am now back to a quiet office so I thought I should write to you about my eventful trip.

My parents' golden anniversary went off very well. It so happened that friends and relatives were visiting in England about the time so the crowd was huge. My family hired a coach (a chartered bus) which arrived at 10.30 a.m. and everyone assembled at our house about 9.30 a.m. in order to leave for Tring, Bucks, (where the Frenches live) on time. When everyone arrived that morning everyone seemed to have cameras and movie cameras and our back garden looked, as my nephew Christopher described it, as if a press conference was taking place. Such a reunion I never dreamed of.

Our neighbor suggested we all wear long 'hostess' dresses—so my sister-in-law Joan, Betty (our neighbor) and myself wore long dresses. (Mummy came with me to a shop 'down the

road in Morden to buy a dress.) The coach took about 2 hours to reach Tring. We had such a happy time getting there. I sat with my two nephews. Rita had spent the night with the Frenches at Tring in order to get things ready there. Her fiancé was also there. They both worked very hard to fix things up—the hi-fi, the drinks, the canapes, etc.

The day was simply beautiful. The sun shone all day. When we had all settled a bit—my parents cut the huge cake which my mother baked and which our neighbors marzipanned and decorated. My nephews served the sparkling wine (which tasted like champagne) and then came the speeches (given by my brother Donald first), my cousin (from Rochester, N.Y.) and a few others. Then my father spoke and last of all, and most surprising of all, my mother read her speech which Rita typed—although the thoughts and words were Mummy's. I was very proud of her. She read the speech like a professional—and improvised with humour.

Then another surprise. Joan (my sister-in-law) and the two boys sang a "Happy Anniversary" song with Christopher (12 yrs. old) playing the accordion. It was a splendid touch. My brother Donald and Joan gave my parents a gold necklace with a George V sovereign dated 31 July 1922—the date of their (my parents') marriage. Rita bought some rubies from my mother a year ago—and had them mounted in a beautiful gold broach (hand made)—the five rubies to stand for my parents' five children. Joan also requested on the radio, on the 31 July morning, for a song to be sung for my parents' golden anniversary—and it was played.

There was plenty to eat—turkey, ham, chicken curry, etc. Plenty to drink. Much dancing and entertainment by my cousins, who are all very talented and the Frenches said it was the best day they had ever spent in the country.

About late afternoon—I was talking to the coach-driver-for whom I felt sorry that he was sitting by himself (he was given food and drink, of course)—I was summoned by my brother Donald that my parents wanted to see me. That was when Mr. French made a little speech and announced Rita's engagement to Albert Innes, called Bert for short. Of course, I had known about that the second day I was there but I pretended it was all a surprise. So the announcement was later made public and everyone greeted Rita and Bert and a toast was drunk to them.

The next day the Church celebrated a special Mass for my parents—my nephews served as Altar-boys, and my brother Donald read the lesson. It was most impressive. I was fascinated by my nephews. They are so well-behaved and interesting to talk to. They were so cute at Mass. Both my parents were moved to tears. The hymns were hand-picked by my mother.

The priest came home for a piece of cake and wine. We all recorded our little messages to my parent on a tape recorder. I read David's letter out on his behalf.

On Monday—the real anniversary day—I bought two bottles of champagne to toast both my parents and Rita and Bert. For the first time just our family were at home—i.e. Donald's family, my own family (with only David missing) and Rita and Bert. Bert then slipped an engagement ring on Rita's finger—gold with tiny rubies.

Rita's fiancé is a Scotsman—a manager of IBM—like my brother Eustace. He has known E. for about 16 years and has always been his close friend. He was married before and his wife died about six or seven years ago just after their silver wedding anniversary. He has two girls—one 24 and one 21. Both have been to college—one teaches modern languages, French and German, and the other is some therapist or other—I forget which.

Rita will be living in Bert's house in Kingsbury—near Wembley. Both his daughters announced their engagement just after Bert did his. They both will not be living with Rita. He apparently has one sister in Watford and one brother in Enfield.

I thought Bert was a nice person—a lot of fun and I think Rita will make him a good wife. At any rate, I am glad and relieved that she is at last getting married.

> Both my parents like Bert very much. They missed David very much and were really quite disappointed David was not present.
>
> I am so glad I went home and met and saw everyone. I am amply relieved that my brother Donald and Joan have done well by the boys. I was afraid that she was neglecting them. They are well disciplined and interesting. I thoroughly enjoyed their company.
>
> I sent off a piece of cake from my parents to you. I hope you get it soon. It is delicious.
>
> My trip back was pleasant if a little long. I was lucky to have got a cheap charter across for just two weeks. I missed David very much. I saw a few friends, and went off to the theatre alone—saw "Sleuth" at matinee. Will fill you in on more details about Rita when I see you. They hope to get married on the 21 October, 1972.
>
> PS: David looks great with his tan. I think he looks like a glamorous star. Sorry to be so solidly descriptive—but I thought I had better get this off to you first. My parents were thrilled with our gift. My dressing gown gave Mummy the greatest pleasure because it was just what she wanted.

Viola told me that the tradespeople from whom her parents had bought meats, vegetables and other goods for years contributed to the occasion by giving them roasts of beef and other foods. I thought this was the best side of the English, who recognized good people and wished them well. In their early years living in south Morden, this Burmese family was accepted readily. Aloysius cut quite an adventurous figure in the local pub, The Beverly [named after a fighter airplane], where he recounted stories of Burma, but in later years when England was flooded with emigrants from Jamaica, Pakistan and other former colonies, the English became resentful and expressed their anger so that some, who had come later to their community, regarded these brown-skinned Burmese with suspicion. The Catholic Church brought them English acquaintances and opportunities for recreation such as a badminton court, where Eustace made a good friend, an Irishman who married an English girl. I noticed, however, that Aloysius was drinking beer alone in the pubs—after Sunday service and in the afternoons—his old friends having died or moved away. Viola's letters to her parents reveal how worried she was for their well-being, especially for her father, whose loneliness in his retirement was exacerbated by Marie's apparent disgust for him. One telling moment I witnessed, which upset me, was to see little Michael kick at his grandfather's ankle with disdain—so influenced was he by his grandmother's attitude.

Viola to her mother. August 9/72. New York

> Since I have arrived I have hardly had a moment of rest. As soon as I walked in the office, I was told that the SG was on his way to China and a paper on China had to be ready by that evening! The bathroom ceiling is leaking badly—and my apartment needs a new coat of paint.
>
> My trip back to New York was pleasant—if very long. I had to hang around for 2-1/2 hours in Dublin (not enough for me to go to town and back) and 1-1/2 hours in Shannon. It took only 6 hours and 10 minutes to cross the Atlantic to New York, from Shannon. We went very far north and saw giant icebergs. By contrast, JFK airport here is chaotic. London, Dublin, and Shannon seem like quiet, tranquil little villages compared with New York.
>
> Mummy, it is just as well I did not bring any plant—that is the one thing that I had to put in writing and was questioned verbally on. I would have run into difficulty.
>
> I packed and sent your cake, Mummy, to Mrs. Beasley. I put it in a small white box with a note from you and Daddy.
>
> David was looking very well when I got back. He managed to get some sun and his tan makes him look really glamorous! I told him he missed a good party and he was very sorry he did. I told him how very disappointed you and Daddy were—indeed everyone at home. The eating of your cake, however, was his compensation. I rationed it to three desserts each. That is for three dinners we had cake for dessert

I cannot tell you, Mummy, how much I enjoyed coming home for your and Daddy's golden anniversary. It is always a naturally emotionally charged occasion for anyone, but more so for me. Because my heart aches to see you and Daddy getting older and I long with all my heart that you two should be happy and not at crossroads all the time. If you listen to Daddy when he talks to you or questions you, he really shows concern for your health and for your age. He wants to help. He really feels sorry for you. If only you will overcome your irritation with him by some superhuman effort—you might see that the poor man needs guidance from you. A little kindness and he will transform.

As for you? Mummy dearest, I was so happy to see you look well—despite all the aches and pains. You were the Mummy I always loved and admired. I always pictured you as someone kind and gentle—helpful and sweet always—and this is how I found you this time. I feel so happy about it. That is the picture I want to carry of you in my heart.

The big day was largely due to your effort. It was largely your day. Your initiative in making it an occasion was the key to its success. How hard you worked—the cooking, sewing of your clothes—your loving friends and relatives and family. All a tribute to you. And my greatest pleasure and surprise was the way you read your speech—most professional. Not a word mispronounced—clear as a bell—and full of ad hoc humour (ad hoc means, spontaneous, or on-the-spot humour). Excellent. I was very proud of you. You have tremendous qualities, Mummy—sheer determination and courage—hard work and good sense. I take my hat off to you and cherish you in my heart. Yes, Mummy, your and Daddy's anniversary will always be remembered by us all. It was a great occasion and a memorable one. I also enjoyed the Mass—and the two boys serving as altar boys—and Donald reading the lesson. Very moving.

Another joy is the thought that Rita will soon be settled. And another good thing was that I feel that Donald and Joan are doing well by the boys. They perhaps need discipline and authority—especially Michael—who knows he can get away with anything in our house. Joan has imagination and intelligence. Now that she has learnt to adjust to your ways when she is at your house, she may be an asset.

As for me, I feel a bit depressed today. I wish to God I had not wasted my years in the UN. I wonder if all this education is a waste of my time—where will it get me? Both David and I must now leave New York—uproot ourselves and make yet another life—for him it is his home—for me it is yet another country to get used to. Just when everybody else is getting nicely settled—Donald, Rita and Eustace—I am about to get unsettled. As far as property is concerned I own nothing. If you came to our apartment, you would find it simple, almost bare. Yet everyone has looked upon me as well-off and settled. Well, perhaps it’s because I'm down in spirits today and the weather is lousy. Maybe I will be different tomorrow. I am scared of the studies I am to embark on. It’s going to be really stiff.

Well, Mummy dearest. Thank you so much for your endless kindness towards me. I do appreciate everything you have done for me—your thoughtfulness in all things. I told David how you and Daddy drank to him in his absence—he was very touched.

Only try to rest as often as possible, Mummy. When all of us have left, I hope you will catch up with some sleep and rest.

Next year, I hope David will be successful in finding a good job. You can pray for him.

Both David and I send you our warmest love and I should love to hear from you often and soon.

The bathroom ceiling was leaking. This reminds me of the problems we had with the shower in the bathtub. Several times the building owner burst into our apartment unannounced to rush to our bathroom and find that the leak did not come from us. One morning after I bathed in the bath tub and minutes after I left for work, the ceiling over the bathtub caved in. Fifteen minutes earlier it would have crushed me. The owner finally discovered that the leak was from plumbing in an apartment above ours.

Viola to her mother. August 21/72. New York

Just a short note to thank you for the few words you wrote at the bottom of Michael's letter. Nice to hear from the boys. I enjoyed reading their letters—except I did not understand Christopher's remarks about 12 hours and 24 hours! The first week I was back here I went shopping. I sent Rita and Bert a couple of towel sets. The towels I found in Ely's in Wimbleton were so expensive I wondered how the English could possibly afford them. Even with postage and packaging—what I have paid here in N.Y. is amply cheaper than Ely's. I guess, Britain with her balance of payments, have stopped imports or is cracking down on such things—hence the scarcity of goods and hiking of prices. At least in this country we grow cotton. I am not sending sheets to Rita, Mummy. You misunderstood me. Besides I don't know what kind of beds they have. Sheets are more expensive to send because they are heavier. So please tell Rita to go ahead and buy sheets for herself. The towels I sent them are designed by the famous Frenchman Yves Saint Laurent. The towels were sent off the first week in August, so she should get them on time unless the blasted British dockworkers go on strike again. That country is so run down it is a great shame to me.

David and I have been having a quiet time. He's busy with his various proceedings and I'm marking time here at the UN. Saw Julie Moses (Julie Khin Ma Ma) and her boyfriend—had them over for something to eat. She will be leaving for good in October. Wants to go back to Burma and open a boutique or something. Mrs. Beasley was not very well. She went with her son Alec and his wife Anne to Toronto for lunch at the Yacht Club—when suddenly she passed out.

She had to be taken home in a wheel chair. We called her the day I got her letter to find out how she was. She seems to be better—although she needs a lot of rest. She was gadding about too much, I guess. She tries to do so much socially. I hope to hear from her soon after her visit to the doctor. So you see, Mummy—Try to rest as much as possible yourself. It is essential at your age. After all we all love you and want you well and healthy for a long time.

Please give my love to Daddy and all at home. I am enclosing a clipping about the Durian fruit—it stinks, this article says. Thought it will amuse you. Much love to you, Mummy, and will write again soon when I have more time and news.

To mother from me. August 28/72. New York

We've just been watching the summer Olympics—from the American point of view. The Canadian-Russian hockey game in September will be great to watch but the Americans will not be showing it on TV here. We envy you being able to see the games.

The one thing from Canada that the U.S. does recognize, however, is cooler air, which we are all grateful for at the moment.

We are busy at our jobs—I spend my free time on the book and Viola learns French and prepares for university. We had good vacations. The week in Canada was just great and I enjoyed taking you to Stratford. Thank you for putting me up both weekends. Viola and I always return from visiting you with appreciation for all the things you do for us and we are impressed by the seeming effortlessness of it all, though we know that you put a lot of effort into it. That is the secret of great art.

But I am concerned about your health. You were going to let me know the results of your tests. Please do so. It is true that the older one becomes the more like a hospital chart one runs the risk of resembling, but I would like to know just what was wrong and how you feel.

Watch hockey on TV for us and let us know what you think of the Russians. Viola sends her love.

Viola to my mother. September 7/72. New York

> The last days here in the UN are dragging. I can hardly wait for the day when I don't have to get up every morning and get dressed to be somewhere at 9 or 9-30 sharp. At least going to lectures at 9.15 twice a week is not so bad simply because one does not have to get dressed—I can just wear slacks and a pullover.
>
> So many of my colleagues here in the UN have been splendid. They've invited me out and have all congratulated me on LEAVING!! They wish they too could leave. Well, I suppose after so many years in one place one gets a little tired. The work is getting duller and duller simply because the disillusion among the staff members is great. Anyway, with the UN going the way it is, I'm glad I shall soon be out of it.
>
> We were so surprised to hear Ann's voice on the telephone. I hope they are all well. I was so surprised that I forgot to ask about Becky and how she enjoyed her year in Europe. So glad that Warren will be going back to school.
>
> I'm suffering with a fearful headache this morning—one of those sinus jobs. I hope I don't get attacked during an examination with this pain. I just can't do anything with it—can't read or move around much.
>
> I hope you are feeling well now, Mother. We both were so worried about how you were. I hope you are having as much rest as possible. Perhaps it was because you forgot to take your pills that day or something. Anyway you must be very very careful now.
>
> David is upstate New York this week for a couple of days. Some Union conference or other. At a nice Lake spot—I hope he will get some time to absorb some fresh air and sun—although it was a cool week.
>
> I was thrilled that Team Canada won the second game—but they only tied the third. I think the Rangers were hopeless and I was glad Sinden dropped a couple of them. Brad Park has always been my favorite; and he has proved to be one of the best. I hope they win the rest of the games. The Russians are excellent though. Their passing is simply superb.
>
> Must end now. Just want to say hello to you and to ask you to let us know how you are. Wish Freddie could come down for Forest Hills. I hope he develops into a first class player. He can easily make Wimbledon. Wouldn't that be great?
>
> Lots of love to you, Mother, and to Jim and everyone else in Hamilton.

The convention I was attending in the Poconos, the AFL-CIO New York State Union Convention, comprised all the unions and was presided over by the President of the Steelworkers Local, the men who built the skyscrapers, that is Iroquois and other American Indians who had no fear of heights. I had composed a resolution calling for the end of the Vietnam War and had sent it in to the Committee organizing the meetings. Knowing the violent behavior of the construction workers to any suggestion of pulling out of Vietnam and admitting defeat, I expected a battle and it being voted down. A lady representing the New York Newspaper Guild made friends with me and asked to join in supporting the resolution. She had an interesting background. Her father was Cherokee and had been a rodeo rider. She had been married to a Jew and seemed knowledgeable about the Jewish religion, despite the fact that her husband divorced her to marry a Jewish girl. One evening she took me to the carriage races, and I watched her bet on the horses with a passion, which surprised me. Together we worked on the resolution, but, the night before it was to be presented, I rewrote it to make it stronger. Victor Gotbaum sent one of his minions to ask if he could become the sponsor of it, but then withdrew when he may have realized that his reputation among the construction workers would bring about its rejection. The Convention's vote was overwhelmingly in favour. I and my new friend from the Newspaper Guild went on stage to shake hands with the Convention President, an Iroquois, who, I noticed, looked with special interest at the pulchritudinous Cherokee. George Meany, when he learned of it, made no objection; since the Pentagon Papers revelations, the government and the war had been discredited and all the tough-sounding false patriots lost their bellicose language and put down their clubs.

Viola to her mother. September 23/72. New York

It has been a long time since I wrote to you. I was hoping to hear from you and to receive copies of some pictures of your and Daddy's anniversary. I have been very busy here. In the last week I have had the painter in and the whole apartment was a mess. We have thousands of books which had to be emptied from the book shelves. But I worked so hard physically that my apartment is ship-shape now.

Well, Mummy, I have left the UN. They gave me a secret party and a gift—although officially I am only on annual leave. I felt a little sad, yet I do not miss it all that much yet. It's funny but I have worked all my life since the age of 17 and suddenly find I don't have to rush in the mornings (except on Monday and Wednesdays) is a real luxury.

I went to my first lecture last Thursday. The lecture was by an English professor from Oxford. How marvelous! It was on such a high level that I'm scared. I wonder if my brains are going to function. However, I will do my best. When I go to Canada, I shall at least have the necessary qualifications.

I received a letter from Donald and Joan. Donald told me, in a few lines, about Bunny Mellican's problems. Then yesterday I received a short letter from Bunny himself who told me about his wife and daughter, Ingrid. They both want divorces. Mummy, remember I told you of my suspicion about Bunny when we were driving back in the bus from the Frenchs? I knew something was wrong then. I really do believe, Mummy, that even if Bunny's wife, Linda, had a mental breakdown, I wouldn't be surprised if Bunny was the cause of it. Please keep this to yourself, Mummy. I wish I were sitting at home with you to chat about this.

You see, Mummy, Bunny is very selfish and cannot share anything with anyone. He hates to spend and give. And an American girl is brought up to believe that her husband must support her at any cost. I bet Bunny did not want to pay for her holidays and there was a row. Linda must have found out about Bunny and his ways. No woman would put up with it. Also, Bunny, with all his so-called education, is very dull. He took me out to lunch once in June this year and I found him incredibly boring and dull. All this must have sparked the mental illness of his wife—if this is true, that is. Most Americans suffer from mental instability, Mummy. You'd never believe it. They seem so normal and nice and all of a sudden they go off the rails and we get an Oswald assassinating Kennedy, etc. My troubles in the UN started with these mad Americans. Well, I guess poor Bunny has to learn his lesson. I shall write to him and proffer my sympathy—and there is little else I can do.

As for Ingrid—I'm not surprised either. Negroes are even worse people to get involved with. They are not only mad like white Americans, they have a chip on their shoulders. Ingrid's black husband must have suffered in Germany where there had been a great deal of color and racial prejudice between the white and black soldiers and the German population. Ingrid must have suffered enormously. Also these negroes are very vulgar people. Their speech and behavior are so rude and obnoxious. You can't blame white people for keeping them at arm's length.

Bunny was so secretive about everything as far as I was concerned. On his way back from the Far East, he called me from the airport and told me that he had a cable calling him home at once. He had to cut short his holiday. I said I hoped nothing was the matter and he did not say anything. I had to hear from Donald first before hearing from Bunny.

Well, let's hope he stays clear of marriage. Maybe there is something wrong with him.

I got a note from Kim. She wanted to send you and Daddy a gift. I told her not to go to any expense as you have everything that anyone could want—but a card or note with a few kind and affectionate words would do. Did she write to you?

Julie Moses wants to return to Burma by the end of the year. She is giving up her apartment. As for me, Mummy, I feel just a little tired but I now have time to rest. I feel odd not having to rush in the mornings. I hope I'm doing the right thing, Mummy. What do you think? My David is so sweet and encouraging. He says it's such a help to have an educated wife!! He's quite right. I must be able to hold my head up when I go to Canada.

I'm having to scrimp now, or rather to be careful with my money. I used to be so careless with expenses before when I was earning money. Now I'm a little careful. It's good training.

By the way, Mummy, I forgot to mention to Eustace that I owe him some money for a telephone call. One to Canada and one to Dublin. Please forgive my oversight. Could you ask him what the expense was? I shall write to him soon to thank him for driving me to and back from the airport. I've been rather absent-minded recently—a sign of the beginning of menopause, I read recently. I must thank Rita too. I received a short note from her and I owe her a letter. She must be very busy preparing for her wedding. I'm glad she's making it a quiet affair. Let me know how things go, Mummy. Always interested. I hope you are well, Mummy dearest. Please drop me a line. I need a few words of encouragement from you.

Viola to my mother. September 25/72. New York

Thank you so much for telephoning us and for your letter. I'm glad you were resting that Sunday. I was going to write to you, when you phoned. I have just returned from three lectures. All very fascinating and all seem very hard—I mean I've got tons of work, reading and study ahead of me. The professors all seem very impressive with Oxford and Harvard backgrounds. I hope I will be able to cope. I sort of feel "scary." But I suppose I must have a degree before I get to Canada. At least David wants me to have a good degree from a good university. In order to apply for Canadian citizenship, a good BA degree and money and a Canadian husband will give me high points for getting priority treatment, I'm told. So for the first time in my life I seem to be getting the necessary qualifications for entering a country!!

I left the UN on the 14th September. They gave me a surprise party and a gift. It was very sweet of my Division . . . although I am only on annual leave until 31 December or rather 6th January, 1973. That means I'm on full pay. This leave was tricky to get at all, since it comes during the General Assembly period. That is why I had to be so careful to time it right. I can then resign after January and get a lump sum, which I hope to invest so that I can live off the interest until we get to Canada and maybe buy a place somewhere for David and myself.

I am now having to be very careful with my expenditures. I don't want to have to spend too much money. I want David to continue saving as much of his salary as possible so that we will have a nest-egg when we get to Canada. It's good training for me to be careful with money.

I had the shattering news from my cousin in Rochester. He and his new American wife are divorcing. It will be over by mid-October. Also his second daughter wants a divorce from her husband. They were married in April 1971. They seem to lead typical American lives—marriages and divorces as part of everyday life. Perhaps my cousin is not cut out to be married—he's too selfish and miserly.

I just received a letter from Mummy. She sent me some pictures of the anniversary. When I come to Hamilton, I will show them to you. So far I don't miss the UN. Maybe later on, I will, I suppose. I do miss reading the Canadian newspapers. I will have to go to the UN Library to read them. Glad team Canada won the 6th game. If they win the next two, they will win the series. I think they are a far superior team to the Russians. The Russians are only a better conditioned team.

Enclosing a clipping about Quebec for your information. Marvelous if Trudeau will win. [It dealt with the inevitability of Quebec's separation from Canada as presented by Premier René Levesque.]

Will end now, Mother. David and I send our love to you and hope you will rest a lot.

Viola to her parents. October 27/72. New York.

I have been meaning to write but I cannot tell you how swamped I am in my work at the University. The load I have taken is twice that when I went to night school. This College I am in, is very difficult, but for the first time in my life I feel I am getting an education of the highest calibre. So please forgive me if I have not written, I had meant to drop a line to Rita and Bert, and I will yet get round to doing so.

I hope Rita's marriage ceremony went off well. No doubt they are on their honeymoon now. Rita must find the house very quiet and you must miss Rita a great deal, Mummy. But think how happy she is now that she has her own home and some future. I was so worried on her account. I hope Eustace too will find someone nice.

Now Mummy and Daddy I want to talk to you about lending money. I am glad Daddy had the ready cash to help Donald out. But that money which Daddy has been saving for the boys should be clearly and legally stated that it is primarily a LOAN and as such, Donald and Joan must repay that money to the boys. What guarantee that the money will be repaid to the boys? Should anything happen to Donald, Joan inherits the house with the furniture that we supplied. What guarantee that she will repay that money either to the boys or Daddy? You must sit down with Donald and make him write out a will to state that the house will go to the boys, or that the furniture will be sold and repaid to the boys.

You never know when a person is confronted with such a situation—it is very hard to get someone to pay you back such a large sum of money. And all that saving you have done, Daddy, may yet go to furnish and help someone quite outside our blood-bond. So don't be slipshod and casual in a Burmese sort of way. You are now in England, and dealing with the English. The wife inherits everything, if you don't spell it out LEGALLY. Another bit of advice I would like to give you Daddy. To put all those hundreds of pounds in Premium Bonds is quite foolish. Had you put those hundreds of pounds in a SAVINGS BANK, it would have accrued interest for you all these years and you would have had at least two to three hundred pounds more—increasing all the time, whether you add to it or not. Premium Bonds give you no interest—and the chances of your winning is so slight anyway. A couple of pounds is quite sufficient if you are lucky—the prize is the same. I therefore suggest that you stop buying any more premium bonds, convert what you have to money and put them in a savings bank, leaving only a couple in the Premium bonds.

You must learn to be practical with money—as you never know when an emergency might crop up and you will need ready cash. I urge you therefore to put your money in the Savings account rather than in premium bonds. I hope you will listen to me, Daddy, and see what I mean about all this. Of course, poor Donald deserves to be helped since he does contribute to you both every month. But l am thinking of the boys. I too will have to spell out where my money should go. The children have only us to help them and I know what it is like not to have any source of income other than one's earnings.

I received another short letter from Bunny Mellican. He is spending $80 a week on Linda's psychiatric care. I wonder if she is really mentally ill or whether she left Bunny and he's trying to make up a story. Whichever it is, I feel sorry for him, in a way, since either way it is a burden. Ingrid is with him now, and so is his youngest. The oldest comes every week to visit them. I think Yasmin is very spoilt and may have had something to do with Linda's unhappiness. Bunny adores his youngest daughter and has spoilt her so much that even I find her a bit of a brat.

Mrs. Beasley wants us to go down for a weekend, and we were going to visit her to see the autumn foliage—it is so pretty in the country over here—but my studies and David's work

prevented us. David has to go to Rochester in November—he has to debate with some lawyers on intellectual freedom—I might go then. But I long for these damned exams to be over—I must say I am overwhelmed this semester.

I hope God will guide and protect me. Sometimes I wonder what all this is about. He has helped our family so much. I think, Mummy and Daddy, you two have been blessed despite all the struggle. It has made life worth it. Think sometimes how much better off we are than millions of others? That is why it is nice to be humane to each other and tolerate each other's faults. I hope you two will try. How is Eustace? He must miss Rita too. But at least he is a friend of Bert's and that is a great blessing,

I received a card from Betty and I should write to her—I will. Please give them both our love.

Tell Rita that I thought about her on her wedding day. I imagined the time and wondered how the whole thing went off. I wish I could have been there—it would have been such fun.

Must end now, will write again. Just wanted to chat and advise you on money matters. Please send large piece of wedding cake. All my love to you both and to Eustace.

_____

The debate with lawyers was to be held at the State Librarians' conference. Three lawyers were to address the convention on the liberties of the citizens and three librarians would criticize their positions. The lawyers were to provide the librarians with their speeches before the convention, which they did not do. They spoke in such a convoluted, opaque fashion that defied understanding, thus I spoke about intellectual freedom, mentioned Vlad Lenin to stir up interest and cited statistics to show that Americans did not know their constitution, their Bill of Rights, etc.

Since the convention was in Rochester, I visited Bunny Mellican and his family in their split level home. His daughters left for a late evening at a dance hall while Bunny told me of his plans to find a wife who would act more like a hired maid than a lover. I thought of the scandal that he and Olga had caused in Rochester by their marital infidelities; at one point, Olga had an affair with her Catholic priest. She self-published a small book excoriating Bunny, whom she called "Albert", his real name. I recall two occasions when Olga came to New York City and called us. The first was to have drinks when we met her Spanish lover, a sharp-featured, stern young man with the fascist mien that upper class Spaniards adopt, who seemed impatient to get her into bed; the second was much later when she asked to spend the night and she slept on my mattress on the floor of the bedroom—we guessed that she had had an abortion—someone called by the next day to pick her up.

Viola to her parents. November 19/72. New York.

Thank you so much for your lovely long letter which I enjoyed reading very much. Rita's wedding went off very well—God bless her and Bert. We both wish them well.

Your speech was most appropriate and true and full of wisdom yet it was quite amusingly put. Good for you, Mummy. You really have wit!

Tell Betty, she is welcome to give my clothes to charity. There may be one black dress though that I might have included—I'd like that dress back. It's an excellent dress and too good to give away. If it is in England, please keep that and give the rest to Betty. Perhaps Betty may want to use some of my clothes—ask her. She's welcome.

I feel terribly sad today—because we just heard that Anne, our sister-in-law was operated on for cancer of the breast. She is in hospital now. I love her very very much, Mummy, and I can't tell you how sad I feel. She is David's brother's wife. She works so hard—keeps her home immaculate—entertains beautifully and makes everyone happy. She was truly a sister to me and I am extremely fond of her. If you can say a wee prayer for her, Mummy, I shall be very happy. She has three children—fortunately in their teens. Barbara, her daughter, is the same age as my son would have been had he lived. I am especially fond of Barbara, as a result.

David is busy as usual. He had to go up to Rochester to debate some lawyers on intellectual freedom and so telephoned Bunny and visited him. Bunny has decided to divorce his second wife. She refuses to live with him and said their marriage was a "farce." She could not stand Yasmin and her boyfriend. Yasmin used to irritate me, too—although I never showed it or mentioned it to anyone. Bunny, I guess, just treated Linda as someone who lived around the home. American girls consider marriage as an economic institution. They want to be kept—Bunny, I guess, wanted Linda to earn her own living.

Ingrid is also living with Bunny now with her child. Her husband wanted her to think "black"—meaning, wanted her to live and think like negroes—and to sever her relationships with the white man. Naturally Ingrid could not possibly do such a thing. It was a big and terrible mistake on her part. I'm truly sorry for her as she is such a nice girl.

I am so glad about all this news, Mummy. Life is such a struggle. We can only try to make one another happy—that is all we should do. Life is pretty awful on its own.

I wrote to Rita last week in reply to her nice letter. The letter came back to me for postage stamps! Shows how absent-minded I am! I hope Rita does not work her fingers to the bone. She deserves some rest. She could have brought the dog home with her and chained him in the garage or something. She can't be a slave to a dog!

I hope dear Daddy is well. I long to see him happy. He cheers up whenever anyone talks to him. He is such a dear and good person, Mummy. Try to make him happy. He is getting old.

My heart is too full of sadness about my sister-in-law—so I'll end this letter to you with my thanks for your nice long letter and with all our love to you, Daddy and Eustace.

Viola to her parents. December 14/72. New York.

I am enclosing herewith $50. This is $20 for you, Mummy, $20 for you, Daddy, and $5 each for Christopher and Michael. Either give them the money for their savings account or buy them a gift. I am sorry I cannot send much more as I'm not rich any more. Not working means no money coming in. So I'm cutting down on expenses. I have been extremely busy, Mummy and Daddy. This university is real and on a very high level. The work is so demanding that at first I wanted to give it all up. It was too hard. Now, you would never believe it—but in two of my classes I came first! I was the only one with an 'A'. The professors are Drs. of literature and Philosophy from Oxford and Harvard. Here I am competing with young men and women from the top and poshest schools in the USA. I never felt so great. But what work I have to put in! My old brain is getting so forgetful that it is a great strain to sit for exams. I hope God will help me further. But the main thing is, I am really getting an education now.

David continues to be busy. He is also taking a course on Calculus—sounds frightening.

How is Eustace? Must be quiet without Rita at home. How is she? Does she come home often? Daddy, I have not written to you but think of you often with great affection and only wish you to be happy, dearest Daddy. Hope you are getting the rest you need, Mummy. At least now you have only Daddy and Eustace to cook for.

Our Christmas is going to be sad with poor Anne, my sister-in-law, not well. I am really so sad about her. But the world is so strange these days. I wonder if it is old age that makes me say this. Yet here am I getting my degree at the same time as my nephew! He was 4 years when I first met him! But studying and competing with young people keeps me going. They don't seem to notice my age and chat with me as if I were young like them. I like that. Mummy and Daddy and Eustace, we send you all our love and affection for this Christmas.

Viola to my mother. December 29/72. New York.

Our trip back to New York was OK except that we had to sit for one whole hour in the plane at Toronto airport. They wanted to take some passengers coming from Winnipeg and their plane was late. One woman in our plane had to make a connection in N.Y. for another

destination and she was hopping mad—and so were all of us. Consequently we arrived in our apartment at 2 a.m.!

I feel so much better, although I still sneeze and cough. David seems ok too. I felt really bad about being under the weather in Hamilton. That and my constant worry about my work at NYU. It was nice of you to put up with us, Mother. David wanted me to enjoy a few days off from books, but I can't do that until I'm quite through. Maybe we shall take a week's holiday someday. I must sacrifice now if I'm to enjoy later.

I'm sorry, though. It was no fun for you and Jim. We were probably more trouble than anything else. I hope I did not give you my cold. That would be just awful. Maybe we will take a cottage late summer and you can come and stay with us. I'd like to give you a nice restful holiday for a change.

For us though it was wonderful to see you. We always enjoy ourselves in your company. What I like is that you make us feel so much at home always. Thank you so much for everything, Mother, and I'm sorry for not being at my liveliest. Love to Jim and happy birthday on 4 Jan. 73.

Viola to her mother. January 8/73. New York.

My first day at University after Christmas holidays. Returned home at 3.30 p.m. and there in the hallway was your parcel. Oh! how happy I was to see it because I knew from a distance that it was a "cake parcel". I was really very very happy because I never expected it. Thank you very much. Had it as dessert tonight. It was sweet of you, Mummy dear. I do appreciate your kind thought.

I was down with the London flu over Christmas. It was no fun for Mrs Beasley. I hardly went out and only saw family. Had a lovely time though.

The next two weeks we have our final exams and then I start another term. So far I am enjoying my studies even though it is hard work. Don't ever scoff at university studies, Mummy. It is not only great, it is very difficult.

David wanted to order a suit from Hector Powell but they are asking £86 to £88. David thinks it is too high. Wondered if Eustace could order for David and get it cheaper. Anyway David will be writing you soon.

I wrote to Daddy last week. Hope he received my letter. Also wonder if you received my card and money-gift. I always feel anxious as I take a great risk sending money so loosely like that. That is why I always like to know as soon as possible.

Got a note from Bunny. Said he did not send cards this year but had a rough time. He and his wife will be divorced (with no property settlement) this month.

How is Eustace these days? Do you visit Rita and Bert often? Do they come over often? Must have been great having Don and family home for Christmas. Please write and let me know how things are. How are you managing without Rita to drive you around for shopping? Do give me some news. I am always interested. Must leave room for David who wants to add a few words.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas—We ate your Christmas cake for dessert tonight—it was delicious. Thank you. In spite of all her studying, the scholar of the house is able to give me a good dinner. Women's liberation is just fine so long as women remember how to cook. Hope you remain well and happy for 1973. Give my love to Rita, Eustace, Donald, Joan and the boys—plus relatives—and my love to you both.

Viola to my mother. January 29/73. New York.

It was so nice of you to telephone us although you had to convey such sad news about John. I have just written to Vivienne.

I had luncheon with a friend of mine—the first since the beginning of the fall term. I'm afraid I have withdrawn so much from social life that I have hardly anything to talk about. So I shall see some of my friends in the UN and catch up with a few scandals!

David is also relieved I'm finished with my studies for a week at least. I start again next week. This last semester was very important for me. If I did well I could get a few privileges. By getting all A's I've made the Dean's List. That apparently is an honor!

I am sorry I got that cold and flu for Christmas. Also I hate having to worry about papers and assignments over Christmas. I just like to relax when I come to Hamilton. Anyway maybe all this will lead to something!

I was thrilled to hear Mitchell Sharp speak frankly about Canada's role in the new supervisory commission in Vietnam. He said the old ISC was a "farce". Like most such commissions, it is a farce. The UN has several such "farces" to keep itself busy!

Sorry about Ella. Maybe she will come out soon. But she probably needs company. And give her, Mrs. Crerar, Mrs. Swan and Mrs. Stuart our love.

Becky wrote a letter to us. She seemed to be really thrilled with the bangles we sent her. Said they were the only jewels she wears that have had the most compliments. Her letter was terribly amusing. Both she and Kim have such a sense of humour. So has Freddie. Somehow I adore the Alec Beasley children. They, like my brother's nephews, are my favorites.

My parents sent me some photographs of Rita and Bert on their wedding day. Rita looked so pretty in her outfit. Hope you got David's registered parcel by now. He sent the broach last week. Must write now to my friends. We both send all our love and hope you will take care of yourself and keep warm and rest a lot.

At this time [January 1973] I was deep in negotiations with Library management for an improved working conditions contract. I made my periodical report to the membership in our *Newsletter*, wherein I noted that we won welfare benefits for part-time workers and prepaid legal services and spelled out our working conditions demands such as:

(I) Abolishing the Service Review after tenure and reform of the present format for those untenured (Vide: proposal in Local 1930 Newsletter, Feb 1973). The City has done away with Service Reviews after tenure. These reviews are the cause of much bitterness, misunderstanding and disharmony among the staff. They seem to be used as clubs rather than incentives. And sometimes they deliberately defame staff.

(2) Promotion Panels, one for Research Libraries, one for the Branch Libraries, half union, half management, providing for open discussion, thorough review, and an avenue of appeal. Also entrance to training seminars would be unconditional. The Brooklyn Public Library has used a similar panel successfully for years.

(3) Clerical Advancement (Proposal in Local 1930 *Newsletter*, Nov. 1972). This gets clerks out of a dead-end job. All staff should be behind this demand because with a motivated clerical group, we shall see a revitalized professional group.

(4) Reduce time before tenure to six months. City workers who work successfully for six months receive regular appointment, which includes Departmental Librarians who are members of Local 1930.

Management's arguments against these demands are pitifully weak; it is gambling on the apathy of the staff. Collective bargaining, however, is a long tradition in labor relations which should be understood by management, but often is not. The union should not be expected to hold staff demonstrations on every single demand just to show its seriousness. And management is not expected to agree to any unreasonable demand. The idea is that

management and union staff make up the library; neither one has a prerogative, neither one has a greater right in society. There are, nevertheless, certain inalienable rights contributing to the dignity and well-being of the worker. The Union, unfortunately, is constantly called upon to stop management from violating these rights. For instance, management's position on service reviews, tenure, promotion panel, reclassification, clerical advancement, etc. is akin to slave-owner mentality, and by its intransigence it perpetuates indignities to the worker. Some complain that the union has not moved fast enough along the road to library reform. I agree with them. But the union is not a revolutionary organ, and its object is not to displace management with progressives (although such a change would be welcome). The union can only use the collective bargaining procedure to effect reform. Ask yourself why we have been talking with management for months and gaining ground only inch by precious inch? The answer, I think, will be found in management's mentality. Ask yourself why we have to go to so many arbitrations? Because management will only agree when forced to by statutory law. For instance, the new maternity leave we have been negotiating, has been agreed to by management only after a City Personnel Order, Federal E.E.O.C. Regulations, and political pressures of Women's Liberation forced it to recognize that agreement would be wise. I understand that in *The Staff News* as of this writing (Jan. 29) that the library is publicizing this union demand to which it has agreed. But why should the library choose this demand to publicize, and why should it do so at a time when negotiations will be going on for weeks to come? The truth is that the library cannot afford to hold any longer onto its outmoded regulation. If it really wanted to help pregnant workers why did it not adopt the Union's demand in 1968 which was better than the present agreement? When Women's Lib is on the move, and politicians feel uneasy, the library comes to agreement, but as for staff morale, dignity of the worker, advancement possibilities—forget it, management is in no rush. Consequently, the staff has to push it. Support your negotiating team.

Viola to her parents. [Feb, 1973] New York.

David and I are just relaxing listening to some country music and it's beautiful. Remember last year on your 50th wedding anniversary how we all listened to some music we knew from Toungoo days? What a lovely evening it was.

This letter is to tell you that Julie Moses will be coming to London and will call you—if she has not already! She will probably arrive before this letter. She will call you or Rita and would like to visit you on Sunday, 4th March. I told her that you both would love to meet her again as you were so fond of Uncle Moses. I hope either Rita or Eustace will drive her home. She left the UN—she was very unhappy. We had her for dinner yesterday. She is a marvelous cook. She will then return to N.Y. and leave by freighter-boat for Rangoon for good.

Both David and I are very well. I did very well in my exams. They might give me extra money for summer school so that I could graduate sooner. I want to get my MA as quickly as possible. The University dean told me after seeing the results of my exam—all A's—that he will help me about jobs. They think I should be a University professor. I'll probably teach Michael and Christopher at University!! I'd love that, Mummy and Daddy. Stay well and see me achieve something, Mummy and Daddy. How much I want you both to see me achieve something. I'm working very hard and have given everything up for my studies—so that I will do something with my life! Thank god for David. Always at my side and always encouraging. His project has come through. His idea was sold to a publishing firm and so now for life he will be receiving royalties. If the publication sells and it is being sold all over the world, he will be earning income for life. His first big success, I think.

Forgive if I don't write oftener. I'm constantly studying. I am being encouraged by all my professors.

Viola to my mother. March 7/73. New York.

It was so nice of you to call on Sunday. I am sorry I have not written before this, but apart from a very humdrum life and studies all the time, there is little to report. I know you like a social life, so I feel if we aren't doing anything in that area, you may not find my letters interesting.

David has had a few things happen to him which may interest you—You know for years when he first started with the Library he was keen on a project. He had a brilliant idea of centralizing, cataloguing and indexing all governmental and municipal documents in this country and Canada. The men in the N.Y. Public Library (who were jealous of David's idea) put a lot of obstacles in his way. Till finally they told him he must not work on that project during office hours. Finally again, they told David they were not interested in his ideas or projects. So David went scouting around the country for a publisher who will take on this idea of his. After years and years of struggle a publisher in Connecticut approached David and said they were interested. David sold his idea and was paid a small sum of money plus a contract which stipulated a royalty for all copies sold plus the status of consulting editor. The first issue is out and it looks very impressive and David's name is printed on it. Now whatever money they make on it, David will get a percentage for life, I hope.

Another good thing is that the novel of Richardson that David discovered after centuries of search by scholars will now be printed and the preface was written by David. We have the galley proofs here. Thirdly, David, who is already in the *Who's Who in the Library World* and who is also in the *International Bibliographic Dictionary* is now going to be considered one of the most 2000 most prominent men in 1973! Gee! I never knew I was married to a prominent man! David has taken his photograph and I'm sending you both the serious and the smiling one. I like the smiling one! You may keep both.

Next week my favorite professor has suggested to me that I go and see Shelley's "Cenci" which is made into an opera. Both David and I will be going—so David will be meeting my professor. He's English with a Doctor of Philosophy and Literature Degree from Oxford. A brilliant wonderful person. He thinks I ought to go to Harvard! Don't mention this to anyone, please. I told David to read the "Cenci" before going so that we can discuss this intelligently. It's such a contrast to move from the diplomatic world to the academic world. I love the latter. Another one of my professors is Mr. Cameron, another Rhodes Scholar, also with a Dr. of Literature from Oxford is Canadian from Montreal. He's English actually —family came to settle in Montreal but not old Canadian. Went to McGill. Brilliant and one of the 13 authorities on the Romantic Period in the world. I hope to introduce him to David someday. David never cared for the diplomatic people, let's hope he will like the academic ones. I'm lunching with a Romanian diplomat on Friday. He was a colleague of mine in the UN. I'm interested in what's going on. The SG was bitterly attacked over his being shunned in Paris. Also a professor friend of mine from my other school wants to come and listen to one of my professor's lectures. She teaches anthropology in Rutgers University (The same University as Mr. Freeman's). She will be my guest at my favorite professor's lecture tomorrow. He was kind enough to grant me permission to bring her along. She is young and quite brilliant. She taught me at my other school and she's now my friend. We lunch occasionally together.

I have so many people wanting to lunch with me—I shall have to put them off until the spring recess. Maybe we will go to Bermuda for a few days. Also I might plan to come to Hamilton on 6 April since it is a Friday—if I have no exams or papers! Think about it—what do you say? The weather is awful and I'm sipping tea while writing this to you. I feel very guilty not having written to anyone. How are all at Hamilton? Hope Ella is feeling better. Love to Mrs. Crerar, Mrs. Stuart and Mrs. Swan.

I'm delighted Anne is progressing so well. I hope she keeps it up. Becky must have been first-rate in her play. What a gal!

Peter has learnt his first lesson in life when he lost his wallet. Freddie should have tipped him. I have not heard from home. A childhood friend of mine has gone to London for a holiday and will be looking up my parents. I hope I get news of them. Well, Mother, forgive dull news. I shall write when mid-term exams are over in two weeks.

Viola to my mother. March 27/73. New York.

It's a lovely sunny day so I thought I'd write to you. David heard from Mr. Gundy—a distinguished Canadian scholar who has been reading David's manuscript on Richardson. He has praised David's work, pointed out a few sticky areas, and for the first time said that it was publishable. This is about the happiest news I've had in a long time. There is still work to do, but at least for the first time there is hope for getting it published. Gundy's word is absolutely sacred in the literary department. So hang around, Mother. You will yet see your son in print.

Yesterday Helen and Malcolm invited us out to New Jersey. We had a splendid day with them. Malcolm especially was so relaxed and really great fun. Helen came with us for a long walk in the woods. They've invited us to go anytime and visit them, pick up their spare car and drive around. David seems quite keen. So we may see them now more often.

Helen and Malcolm look extremely well. They had been in Colorado all these weeks. Mary is in California now. Lost a lot of weight. Had a large cyst removed. Helen sends her love to you.

I don't think we can come up for our birthdays. I have so much to do and David thinks it's expensive. We hope to come up in early summer for the Stratford festival. They are giving me another special scholarship for the summer months. I want to finish off soon.

The opera was a disappointment, but, since we were with one of my professors, the company socially was most stimulating. Had lunch with some friends on Friday. It was a sunny day and we had a wonderful time. They were some university friends of mine. David and I will be going to a Canadian cocktail party on Thursday. It is the Canadian Universities Club. I have too much to do now and it seems I'm more busy now than I have ever been.

Hope Anne is coming along splendidly. Give Bev and Doug our love. Wonder if they are coming to N.Y. this year. Poor Ella. Hope she recovers, although I feel it's just her age that has caught up with her. Very sad. Give our love to all in Hamilton. It's a lovely sunny day and I wish I were driving along in Canada—but I've got work to do so must not dream.

Viola to her mother. April 6/73. New York.

Thank you and Daddy and Eustace for their good wishes for my birthday. I was so worried about your pain and arthritis, Mummy dearest, that I had to telephone you immediately. My poor darling Mummy. I wish they would find a cure for arthritis soon. But Mummy have you heard of Vitamin E tablets? Why don't you try them? You can inquire if the chemists have them. Give them to Eustace too. It's excellent.

I was glad to talk with you, Mummy. How I wish I were in England to try to help you. A little after I spoke with you on the phone I went to lunch and a concert with David's cousin Helen McAlpine. It was a marvelous treat. We also went and spent a day at their beautiful home in New Jersey. They told us to go out often and use their spare car. But I have been so overwhelmed with my studies, Mummy, that I have absolutely no time. At my mid-term I got 3 A's and one B+. If I can keep this up I can have a very good future.

The price of food is very high here now. David and I are eating a lot of stews and curries because we can use them for 2 or 3 days. I am budgeting myself now that I have no income of my own. My David gives me a monthly allowance for food, etc. I hardly spend any money on my own person—except books.

Getting a University degree, Mummy, is no easy thing. It's very difficult and I have the highest respect for those men and women who have gone to first-rate universities and

passed. The standard in this present college is so high, it is 3rd—next to Harvard and Princeton in the USA.

Viola to my mother. April 12/73. New York.

Thank you so much for your birthday card and the loveliest surprise—the Book. It's the sort of book I should love to read—immediately—and I can hardly wait for a break from my studies to get down to it. I'm especially interested in Mike Pearson, not only because he was so intimately connected with Canadian affairs but also because he was such an internationalist and did so much for the UN and the international community. Many many thanks. You really hit 'the jackpot' as far as I'm concerned.

Did Helen call you? She took me to lunch and a concert—it was such a lovely surprise that I told her it was a nice birthday present and told her it was your's too. She said she would telephone you. Hope your party at Anne's was a success. I must drop a line to Anne and thank her for her card.

Got a card from Ann and Ned from Curacao. What a marvelous trip that must have been. Got a letter from Daddy—the first I have received since Christmas. Mummy is very ill. Both her knees are swollen and in great pain. She had to be taken in an ambulance to St. Helier's Hospital for treatment. I telephoned home in my anxiety. She must go for further treatment. Daddy said you sent them an Easter card and to thank you for it and to explain to you the circumstances at home. Rita and Bert are fine. Daddy wrote a lovely letter to David to congratulate him and so did Kitty and John. David will be sending you a copy of "Westbrook"—it had arrived here in N.Y. Hope you are well, Mother.

Viola to my mother. June 12/73. New York.

It is 95° here in N.Y. and we have the fan full blast. We had a good flight back—a lovely clean day and saw upstate N.Y. clearly. David and I have had to start work and studies almost immediately. My lecture hall is air-conditioned so it is not too bad.

We both want to thank you, Mother, for a wonderful week. We both thoroughly enjoyed visiting you and our week in Hamilton. David felt very pleased. Also I think having met John Munro has taken a load off his mind. He was drafting his curriculum vitae last night.

We are very pleased to have seen you look so well and normal and much much younger. Remarkable Mother. You gave us a lovely week and we both picked up our health and energy. We always enjoy your company and we think you are a great trooper. We love taking you with us on trips. I thoroughly enjoyed our drive and that lovely simple picnic lunch under the trees. Hamilton is a delightful city for taking walks. The walks to Dundurn and the Mountain were marvelous. Also your hospitality and tolerance of all our antics. Hope we were not too much bother for you, though.

Our TV had conked out so we can't watch the Watergate hearings. We hope to have air conditioning installed on Friday.

I'm having lunch with the Dean of my old school next week. Will end now as David wants to add a few words.

Thanks for the warm hospitality—David

Viola to her mother. June 12/73. New York.

Just arrived back from one week's stay in Canada. Received your letter dated 30 May. I am sorry your legs bother you so much, dearest Mummy, and I do hope your resting a lot will help. I feel so sad to see you and Daddy get old and frail. But the main thing is to keep up your spirit.

Mrs. Beasley was looking remarkably well and young! It is incredible that she, who is 77 years old, can be so active and have such remarkable ability to bounce back. And do you

know what has revived her spirits? David. She is so thrilled by his achievements and wants to live to see him published that he has given her a boost and a will to live. So also, my darling Mummy, I want you and Daddy to buck up your spirits and try to live to see us do something with our lives. I, for example, need you and Daddy to encourage me and to share in my small triumphs. I love to get your praise and approval. Half the time I try so hard to accomplish something is in order to please you and Daddy. David has given me so much encouragement and is behind me 100% in all my endeavours. I think I told you I won the Weissborg Memorial award which pays my tuition for the summer. $1500 for studying 3 subjects. That's how expensive education is. However, I have made the Dean's List twice so now I'm admitted into the Coat of Arms Society.

When we were in Canada, David dined with his friend John Munro, the Minister of Labour in Trudeau's Government. He has offered David a job in the Labour Dept. in Ottawa. David is to help a professor to write the history of the Labour Dept. and to draw up plans to reform the Labour setup in Canada. That is a good start. So by Jan 1974 we may be living in Ottawa. I cannot live away from David so I might do my Masters and Doctorate in Canada. This is a shame because my professors and my university have marked me for all sorts of help. I can get a fellowship in my university, which means teaching at university level and studying at the same time. I adore some of my professors. They have become friends of mine. Anyway, I am sure the good Lord will guide me to do the best thing for both David and I.

I was very pale and tense by the end of May. But one week in Canada's fresh air and we both picked up our health. I am quite normal now. The weather is 95° and we have had a severe heat wave. We will rent an air conditioner for the summer months so that I can study.

Has Rita resigned yet? How is Eustace and dear Daddy? I wrote to Daddy a few days ago and so did David. We got the cuff links safely. I was very moved and touched by dear Daddy's generosity. God bless him. He is a very good and loving and affectionate man who only needs kindness and affection. Everyone needs that—every living thing on earth.

How are all the relatives? Try and write, Mummy, anything, any news. I am always interested. I am very busy with studies. Did I tell you that Johnnie Phipps' niece and her husband came to New York? I last saw her when she was 5. They are lovely people.

Well, Mummy dearest, I hope your spirits are better. I wish I can come home and console you and relieve you of your chores and gossip with you as we used to. I love you very much and wish I had the wisdom now a few years ago. Love to you from David and myself. David is thrilled you read *Westbrook* and congratulates you. Even I have not read it. Excellent Mummy.

To mother from me. September 2/73. New York.

I enjoyed hearing from you this morning and am glad to learn that your leg is somewhat better. The weekend with you was great fun, so I am glad that you enjoyed it too.

Viola is relieved at having got through the summer of studies and may be going to Princeton next year. She received a Coat of Arms Society Award because she had consistent excellent grades in three or more mandatory or required courses for two straight semesters. It is a rare award, needless to say.

Thank you for your letter and the clipping about Beasley. Some years ago when I visited the Canadian embassy in Athens I was asked into the office of the 1st secretary who commenced conversing with me casually under the mistaken impression that I was a foreign service officer arriving from Egypt. I pointed out that he had the wrong Beasley. Perhaps the man described in the clipping was the right Beasley.

I shall do my best to market the Richardson biography. I don't want it to be a "popular" biography. I think Canadians are ready for deeper and more significant writing. There is a

new breed of publishers in the country—leftist in politics, socially concerned and artistically aware. I shall try to get in touch with them.

We hope to visit you in Hamilton about Sept. 20 and arrive back in New York on the 23rd.

Viola to my mother. July 13/73. New York.

I have a few moments so I thought I ought to write and thank you for your notes to us. Between the Watergate hearings and the summer studies and friends' demands, I have been kept more than busy. David is obsessed with Watergate, needless to say, and now he is taking a course in Columbia University which will be helpful to him if he ever gets that job with John Munro. David had sent him his Curriculum Vitae. Of course this is a bad month for the Liberal Party and John said there were several votes of a crucial nature coming up in July and if the Liberal Party can survive these votes, there will be no election for a year. So I guess John is busy. Thanks for the clipping of the Munros and the Queen.

You will soon be going on your trip and I hope you are taking a good rest before going. I'd love to visit the Maritimes someday. I hope you have good weather and a lovely time. A friend of mine returned from Australia. Her family are multimillionaires—sheep and dairy farmers. I met her parents and so did David and they had invited us to visit them in Australia. Annette was here a few years ago and then returned to Australia and now has come back to N.Y. She hopes to marry Tony Weir, the ex-husband of actress Mary Martin's daughter!! We went to a party given for Annette and met a lot of nice people. Daddy wrote to me today and mentioned hearing from you and sends my family's best wishes to you. My studies are intense and I am now preparing for one test on Monday and the finals on Friday. Then I go on to French in the 2nd half of summer. It's such a long grind I might say. Some people take 12 years to get a BA. We wrote to Uncle Edward and hope that they operated him on time. David has not heard from his publishers yet. All our love to you, Mother and bon voyage.

———————————————

My course at Columbia University, on a grant from the New York State Librarian's Association, was in oral history. I asked Frank Lundberg to be my project and entrained to his home in Chappaqua, north of New York City, to tape his life story. He was very interesting about his time as a reporter in Chicago during the Al Capone era. The next session, I angered him about introducing the subject of communism to which he, like many American writers, reacted defensively. What he could not abide was a suggestion of communism in his past, which was natural after so much blacklisting and "patriotic" congressional committees. I met in the Library many writers doing research and take a hiatus in my story to tell you about them here.

Right, Marie and Aloysius Nicholas on their Golden Wedding Anniversary.

Above, Family gathering in Morden. From left, Aloysius Nicholas, Bunny Mellican, Walter Nicholas, Viola, Eustace Nicholas kneeling, a relative, Marie Nicholas, a relative, Cecil Le Cerf, Donald Nicholas.

Below, John Richardson's last novel, Westbrook, the Outlaw, which was lost for over 120 years. I had searched for it for 10 years when a secondhand book-dealer informed me that it was being auctioned at a book auction house two blocks from where I lived in Manhattan. It turned out to be a serialized version in a rare copy of a New York newspaper which was cleared from an Albany warehouse to a jobber for sale. I published it under my Davus imprint.

Below, Viola graduating with an Associate of Arts Degree which began her astounding scholarly career to her PhD in English Literature at New York University.

TWENTY-THREE—LITERARY LIONS AND STARVELING MICE

Readers today could identify possibly a half-dozen names from Edgar Allen Poe's sketches of writers of his day entitled *The Literati* and find Poe's physical descriptions of them more entertaining than his comments on their literary abilities and shortcomings, which at this remove are irrelevant since their works are not read.

Thus, in setting down my impressions of the literati which frequented my workplace, the venerable New York Public Library, during the period of my "incarceration" there, 1965 to 1992, I have been made aware, by the fate of Poe's sketches, that possibly none of these people will mean anything to future generations. They may mean nothing even to the present generation since there are so many writers today that only the most puffed-up are recognized, though whether their works will be remembered is problematic. Possibly my sketches will provide a moment of pleasure to biographers and historians of the future, who may be looking for a description of a figure from the past.

Of course, one cannot live in New York City for over thirty years and avoid encountering some "famous" literary figures. I have listened to the novelist and journalist Norman Mailer, for instance, when he addressed a radical crowd in a Greenwich Village Church. I know that he was shortsighted because he seemed to recognize me as a friend in the audience until he put on his glasses [or maybe he thought I was a Kennedy because many people mistook me for Jack]. In the same way I know that Robert Kennedy, the politician, was shortsighted because he looked surprised and smiled mischievously at me as if I were his brother Jack when I was exiting from a movie house that he was about to enter. When he was beside me and put on his glasses, however, he saw his mistake, and by then his security team was admonishing him for getting too far in front of it. I have met touted novelists at parties of the day where some were snobs, their names now forgotten. Famous figures generally used the General Reading Room on the third floor of the New York Public Library, where I was not working. I worked on the second floor in the Economics and Social Sciences Division where the arts-related crowd rarely appeared, unless they were interested in some sociological reference or a government document when they would have to ask for assistance to find it.

The General Reading Room comprised a large catalog and reference hall, where librarians stood at a long reference desk, and two long reading halls called the North Hall and the South Hall. Librarians in this area sometimes told me of the eccentricities of the world-famous scribes who used the collection such as Aldous Huxley, whom they called "irritable and bad-tempered." Since Huxley was extremely shortsighted, his irritability may have been justified.

There was a room partitioned off from the South Reading Hall called the Wertheim Study, which was meant for writers of dissertations as well as professional writers. I would work there on occasion because one could keep the books one was reading on shelves there rather than return them to the stacks from which they would have to be retrieved to be used again. I recall seeing Antonia Fraser, a well-known author of biographies, immersed in a book there and taking notes. She was attractive with blond hair falling to her shoulders, wore a suit, and was well-filled-out. For the most part, however, professional writers used the Allen Room on the first floor, if they could get a spot there. It was, by comparison, sumptuously furnished with an alcove for each writer complete with typewriter (probably a computer today) and air-conditioned in the days when most of the library rooms were open to the hot, humid New York summers. Among the longtime residents there were Nancy Milford, who wrote a biography of Zelda, novelist Scott Fitzgerald's wife, Robert Caro, who wrote biographies of American politicians, most famously of President Lyndon Johnson, and James Thomas Flexner, historian and biographer, notably of President George Washington. Nancy Milford was stand-offish and, I think, somewhat fearful that her reputation from her one best-selling book, which was her PhD dissertation, could not be sustained by whatever else she could write. [She did publish a successful biography of Edna St. Vincent Millay some years later]. Caro, I think, I talked to in the staff cafeteria without knowing his name; we had an interesting conversation on some

political subject; he was a short man with dark hair and quiet spoken. Other writers mentioned to me little escapades that Caro encountered in his vast research with which he had regaled them. Flexner was a short, imperious man with long white sideburns. On the few occasions I met him while doing my own research, he would glare at me as if I were an interloper because he had been brought onto the prestigious Board of Trustees, which regarded me as the Enemy. Once, however, in the main reading hall, when I fetched a high chair for a lady friend whose foot was injured and brought it to the open shelves for her to sit and do her work, he gave me an appreciative smile. A requirement for a seat in the Allen Room was a contract from a publisher. Thus, a list of authors, who have used the Allen Room over the decades, would represent a rogue's gallery of literati. Writers who first wrote books and then looked for a publisher would have to sit among the hoi polloi in the reading rooms.

My first encounter with a writer using the library was before I became a librarian. I recounted earlier my association with Thomas Costain, the historical novelist, how I met him when he was visiting Hamilton, Ontario, his attempt to help me find work on magazines in New York City, and my meeting him a couple of times when he was doing research in the library. His papers in a university archives reveal that he donated money to the New York Public Library over the years. His attachment to the library had a subconscious effect on me, I suppose, because eventually I studied librarianship and walked into the hiring office of the Research Libraries. That Costain published his first book at age 55, after he was dismissed as an editor at the Doubleday publishing house [a risk common to the profession], remained a beacon of hope for me through the years when publishing houses rejected my manuscripts. At least, I thought, I might succeed as a writer if I published before age 55. Yet Costain's papers reveal the superhuman toll his writing demanded from him—from early morning to late night, seven days a week throughout the years when most men relish retirement. As an editor he had learned the tricks of best-sellerdom when, as editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, he discovered and promoted writers such as John P. Marquand and Kenneth Roberts. Now he used this knowledge to feed his family and to become a rich success in American terms. His writings too are valuable, especially his straight histories of England, which I admire for the color and character he gave to an important period in the development of democracy.

Writers of little or no success interested me as much as the "bestsellers." Jeb Stuart I recall from my first days in the library. He had written a novel about American soldiers in France during the Second World War. I believe it was called "The Deserter" or something along that line. The one scene from the book that sticks in my mind was the encounter of the soldier-protagonist with French women in a cabin in an isolated part of the war-torn countryside and the understanding with which the women took the soldiers to bed. As I got to know Jeb, I found that women, and especially the shape of their breasts, were an ongoing fascination for him. He expressed his admiration for a librarian with pointed breasts in the Periodical Room, with whom he eventually had an affair. (I knew her breasts were pointed because I enjoyed them once). Unfortunately, he did not produce another book but had to make a living from selling magazine articles and writing pamphlets for organizations. Slim, of medium height, with an expressive oval face and a quick smile, Jeb must have been attractive to women as he seemed to have an eye cocked for pretty ones. Finding that he was making no progress in New York City, he migrated to California, possibly to Hollywood, and never returned. He would have been desolated to learn that the librarian in the Periodical Room fell in love with a homosexual, and, after years of numerous affairs, became a lesbian and moved to California, possibly to Hollywood where she may be competing for starlets with Jeb even today.

In 1969 the Research Library entered a fiscal crisis and its trustees decided to close the library on Saturdays to save money, which I have described some pages back in some detail but shall add more here. The spark-plug behind the protest was Marion Baker, who used the typing room, which used to be located off the second-floor corridor next to the Slavonic Division. This was a room where writers could bring typewriters and work on scripts, most of the clientele being "would-be" writers whose enthusiasm for the craft was admirable, if delusional. Some time after the protest, the library managers closed the room and incorporated it into the Slavonic Division, possibly in reprisal. Marion was slightly stooped from scholarly work, with a bright, wide-browed, smiling face and a talent for persuasion. She gathered a couple of male writers in her train and began voicing the concerns of those who could get to the library only in the late evenings and on Saturdays and Sundays because they worked business hours during the week. The library had been cutting back on hours surreptitiously on the excuse that, since there now was a union, it would be forced to pay in

accordance with city-union contracts. It closed the Central Research Library on Sunday afternoons and much later began cutting back on night hours. Eventually there came a time when the Library no longer remained open till ten in the evening but closed at six, remaining open till nine for one evening in the week. Marion, who was a Professor of Drama, and had been active politically with liberal-minded actors in many social causes, foresaw this gradual shutdown. She used her theatre contacts and soon a Saturday protest was set for the front steps of the Central Building in front of the closed doors. I won't describe the great planning and energy that went into this campaign but simply remark that I was many times speaking over two telephones at once while on the public desk in my Division, much to the chagrin of my supervisors, who resented my union leadership and seemed baffled by my sudden elevation into the world of celebrities. They helplessly watched as the protest took form.

Among those addressing the crowd, which had gathered on Fifth Avenue on that sunny Saturday morning, were Charles Flood, the novelist, representing a creative writers' organization, and Jerome Weidman, representing the musical comedy writers. (His brother, who worked as a reference librarian in the History Department, told me that he never spoke to him; he, himself, was trying to publish historical novels.) All the while Marion Baker sat at a table sorting telegrams and directing the show, a dynamo of energy.

Marion had a theory that history developed in cycles and she had set out to prove it. The issue became an obsession with her. Long after the library had opened its doors on Saturdays and announced that it had received extra money from the city as a result of the protest, I would see Marion in the library and talk about the repetition of historical events according to her detailed cyclical schedules. Later I heard that she had been asked to address interested groups in India about her theory and had become so involved with Indian religions, in which the eternal spirit and the higher realms of historical theory seem to blend, that in a state of feverish excitement she was found wandering, dazed and vulnerable. She was flown back to New York to a "retirement" home where she died. A woman of gentle humour, nervous, rapid gestures, insightful mind, and concern for her fellow man's welfare, she was not afraid to act against the odds, as she demonstrated so well in taking on the powerful library trustees, the city and state governments, and the war-rabid conservative faction.

A writer helpful to her in the protest was Shepard Rifkin. He was always involved in a writing project but little seemed to work out for him. He was indeed a literati because he was a confirmed professional writer—in the Hemingway style. If he needed money, he would work in a secondhand bookstore or as an ambulance driver, or in odd jobs, which he could count on for material for his fiction. The trouble was in his writing. I picked up his novel on Jews who had commandeered a boat for Palestine but found the writing opaque, confusing. He told me that he had been working on a book about the New York Harbour and had gone out with the Coast Guard to learn about it first hand, but nothing came of it. He resorted to writing Westerns to formula and was angry that his publisher wanted to change his name because it sounded Jewish. He had an homoerotic masochistic imagination, from what I could gather from his conversation. As the years went by, he became bitter. Heavy-set, mild-mannered with a broad face that easily betrayed his thoughts, Shep disappeared from the library shortly after I published my travel book *Through Paphlagonia With a Donkey,* which met with some local success. When I encountered him on the street, he ignored me and seemed to say something derogatory to his companion. It is most difficult to set up as a professional writer and see one's dreams go unrealized. In the arts, disappointment cuts very deep. I met him again on the street much later and we exchanged a few words; he was writing in the Wertheim study room. His best writing was in hard-boiled fiction, I believe, and he was a strong supporter of Israel, even retiring to Tel Aviv in his 90s.

Another of Marion Baker's writer friends was Charles Gregory. Charles was from Toronto and had served with the Canadian army during World War II. Thin and dark-haired, he had a quiet, amused, philosophical manner that reminded me of the Canadians who had been friends of my brothers and gone off to war. But he confessed that he was hiding a predisposition for terror that seemed imbedded in his soul. His parents were Armenians, who had escaped the holocaust in Turkey during the First World War, and Charles grew up with the ever-present sense of fear they never lost. They would keep the blinds in the house down during the day and convey other signs of paranoia that were transmitted to Charles, causing him severe periods of depression. Another experience haunted

Charles. A trusted family friend stole a large part of the money that his family had made. Fortunately, he was married to an outgoing Swiss girl, who had an important job in some motion picture company, which allowed him the time to write his plays. He was a hard worker and came to the Wertheim Study every day that the library was open. I read one of his plays in manuscript. It had dramatic power, but it owed too much to the techniques of Ibsen to be popular in the modern age, I thought. It was about brothers, one of whom was a Nazi. Charles won a playwriting award for another play and told me jubilantly that an agent was negotiating for its production on Broadway. But again, the agent was dishonest and Charles was caught up in a lawsuit trying to keep his play from being stolen. It was not produced. He told me much later that a couple of his plays were produced in a Los Angeles theatre, where he had gone to see them. Meanwhile he worked toward his dream of success, always hopeful. A friend of his, the author of a popular musical, *The Man From La Mancha,* persuaded him to move near him in Connecticut. Charles and his wife spent weekends driving about the countryside until they found the house they wanted. He tried to persuade me that I should move to the area. But I had read a newspaper report about a nuclear plant that was situated near them, and I warned Charles about the radiation and speculated that perhaps the real estate prices were low for good reason. He scoffed at there being any danger. A couple of years later, however, he developed stomach cancer. I saw him in the Wertheim Study reading the I-Ching. He told me that it had helped him come to terms with life, with ambition, and brought him peace. Deep shadows developed under his eyes as he grew sicker and sicker, and then I did not see him again. One of the librarians in the Main Reading Room said that he thought that Charles had died.

My Economics and Social Sciences Division was arranged so that the researchers came to the separate desks of librarians, from which the librarians would direct them to certain shelves or walk with them to indexes or vertical files and guide them through the initial steps of their research. Thus these librarians worked closely with the readers in contrast to the librarians in the General Research Room of the Humanities Division upstairs who rarely left the reference counter. Consequently, I soon met Ferdinand (Frank) Lundberg, author of *America's Sixty Families*, *Citizen Hears*t (the source for Orson Welles's film “Citizen Kane”), *The Rich and the Super-rich*, etc. He was about my height, filled out but not corpulent, with a fleshy face, capable of expressing emotion in quick fashion, able to become chomping angry and hilariously comic. He was garrulous with an offhand drawl, which some regarded as a fault, but his analyses of politics and predictions on almost every subject were invariably correct. He would hold court in the staff cafeteria on tea break from the Allen Room, where he worked for years, surrounded by other writers. I owe him thanks for directing me to a literary rights lawyer when a publishing firm wanted to take over a project I had been developing. This lawyer made it possible for me to receive a steady income over many years where another lawyer with less experience would have failed to protect my interests.

Lundberg told me that the *New York Times* would review none of his books, but that did not hinder them from becoming bestsellers. Lundberg was an old-fashioned liberal whose long training as an Associated Press reporter in the Chicago of Al Capone made him knowledgeable in research and sensitive to important current issues. He was not on the political left and reacted strongly to any such suggestion, possibly as a result of the witch-hunting McCarthy years. He gave me a signed copy of his last book, *Cracks in the Constitution*, which revealed how politically conservative were the new States of America after the Revolution. When I told him that I had sent a copy to a friend, a former diplomat, who had wrestled over the questions of constitutions, most recently the Israeli one, he said: "You didn’t send him the copy I gave you?" His question revealed the insecurity and suspicious nature of the man, but this came from years of dealing with the crimes and petty behaviors of thousands of politicians, businessmen, and gangsters that must have haunted his idle moments with distrustful thoughts of the human race. I should add that he was protective of his signature because it had value and if he signed a book to me he wanted to be sure that no one else had it. But Lundberg was above all generous, and he would go out of his way to help someone who was doing serious research, which I know because I sent researchers to him.

One writer whom Lundberg helped was Gerard Zilg, later changed to Gerard Colby (his mother's name) for good political reasons. I first met Jerry or Gerry in connection with my union work. He and Arthur Felberbaum, who taught small classes of Marx's *Das Kapital* in Greenwich Village, were leading a campaign to persuade public institutions to open their books. The New York Public Library was hiding its true financial state while threatening the public with branch closings and staff

layoffs because of the right-wing political agenda in the aftermath of the loss of the Vietnam War. Naturally I was interested in supporting the "Open the Books" campaign.

Gerry had published a book exposing the Dupont industries, *Behind the Nylon Curtain*, which received good reviews and sold well in hardcover from Prentice-Hall publishers. The Book of the Month Club chose it to recommend to its members, which meant that Gerry would do well financially. Having printed its catalog, it was preparing to mail it, when a call from the head office ordered the catalog destroyed. Apparently a Dupont had used his political clout to strike the book from the Club's list. This same Dupont had prevailed upon Prentice-Hall not to print a paperback edition to which it was committed contractually. Gerry had nowhere to turn for help. I mentioned his plight to Lundberg and somehow he got in touch with Gerry, who with the help of the left-wing law firm of Leonard Boudin began a suit against the publisher and the Duponts. Gerry told me that the judge bent over backwards to be nice to the Dupont who testified but eventually had to find in Gerry's favour, though awarding him barely enough in damages to cover his court costs. Lundberg put Gerry in touch with his publisher Lyle Stuart who reissued the book. {At one time Lundberg had to show that his book *Citizen Hearst* was the basis for Orson Welles' film "Citizen Kane" and settled out of court for an undisclosed sum.]

The Duponts' climb to power and control in America at the expense of many people was well-documented in the book, but the issue most embarrassing to the Duponts was their raising of an army that was preparing to march on Franklin Roosevelt's government in a coup d'état. Gerry had come across this little-known threat to democracy in government archives while he was working as an aide to a congressman. Being a former member of the Students for a Democratic Society, he saw immediately its importance as a warning to Americans of the dangers posed by their large corporations—a danger that has expanded in the intervening years to a control over the essentials of living and all forms of communication.

For twenty years, Gerry worked on his second book about Nelson Rockefeller and America's corrupting influence in Latin America under the guise of religious missions to the Indians. A small portion of that time he spent in my division and, in the acknowledgements, kindly credited me with helping him. Writers occasionally thank librarians in print, and some may think that such recognition would help in bringing them favour from the library administration. Such, unfortunately, is not the case. Administrations care not at all for an outsider's opinion of their staff; promotion and preferment are internal matters and depend on cliques, personal likes and dislikes, rarely on ability. In my case, of course, I was the hated union organizer and "trouble-making" union president, whose promotion would have seemed to justify my evil deeds. This attitude was personified by my Division Chief, who humorlessly called me "a troublemaker" when he presented me with my library service pin. My troublemaking, however, had made it possible for me and the rest of the staff, including my Division Chief, to receive a better pension upon retirement, among other benefits, which seemed not to occur to those people who valued that invisible line separating management from mere staff.

I remember Mary King, an activist in the civil rights struggle, who was writing *Freedom Song*, and whom I helped for just one afternoon because she was leaving for her home in Washington, D.C. She left a set of questions with me, that I researched and mailed to her. Before she left she told me that she intended to thank me in the book, which obligated me to send her the answers. She was a comely lady, a shining example of the white population of America that put itself in the line of fire for the civil rights of blacks. She walked stiffly because she had recently had a bad fall from a horse in Ireland, where she had been writing her book.

As for Gerry Zilg or Colby, he was representative of that rebellious youth who fought injustice yet was not certain of what it wanted, other than a change in the status quo. A large man with a large head with black hair and swift intelligent eyes, he could go through any door, travel to any country, be it the Amazon or black townships in South Africa, to get what he wanted.

An attractive girl touched with American upper class distinction from New England, Charlotte Dennett, who worked as a reporter, became attached to Gerry, seemingly mesmerized by him as she listened to his brilliant discourses on politics, and proved herself equal in courage when she accompanied him to interview people in South Africa during the apartheid era. Her father had been

an official in the CIA and was killed when his plane taking him to Turkey was sabotaged. Brought up in comfortable circumstances, she and her brother were dedicated to exposing the corruption and double-dealing that all governments trafficked in. When Gerry married Charlotte, they invited Viola and me to the wedding, the reception of which was held on a ship in the Hudson River. We spent an enjoyable evening with a couple, the only others who were from Gerry's group. I had met the man through Gerry and his activities on the political left. He had grown up in Mongolia and had the warm personality but fearlessness of that region. He had moved to Philadelphia and, although we exchanged letters, we soon lost touch, which I regretted. We danced to a South-African black band. Charlotte helped Gerry to write the mammoth book on Latin America which I mentioned, *Thy Will Be Done; the Conquest of the Amazon; Nelson Rockefeller and Evangelism in the Age of Oil.* They risked their lives to do the research; so many reporters were killed before them trying to reveal the truth, their deeds unrecorded; Gerry and Charlotte's bravery was awe-inspiring!

Just as Lundberg had taken on the Hearst empire and the oligarchs of his day so Zilg aimed at the Dupont and Rockefeller empires, but Zilg hit harder and more to the left. His books consequently did not attract the curious yet cautious readership that brought Lundberg the income of bestsellerdom.

Gerry began working with the proprietor of *The Private Eye* Magazine, which, I believe, affected his political beliefs, which, in turn, led to his split with Arthur Felberbaum and his alienation from the socialist-communist adherents, whom he had helped to promote. At a Board meeting of the Marxist Collective, Gerry had a heated argument with Arthur Felberbaum and Arthur collapsed; Arthur died later from a heart attack. Some from the Collective blamed Gerry, but Arthur was a victim of his poor eating habits and lack of exercise. He visited me in the Library a couple of days prior to his death, when I sensed an unhealthiness in his body. He told me that the previous weekend, he had been invited to a cottage outside the city and enjoyed the fresh air and walking in the woods. Gerry was sensitive about what people were saying, and, I, in an unthinking moment, reported what I heard from a merchant marine sailor with the same first name as another member of the Collective, whom Gerry, owing to my confusion, thought had maligned him. When I realized my mistake, I did not want to revisit the issue and felt uncomfortable whenever I met this fellow, which, thankfully, was rare. Gerry remained active with the American Writers' Union for many years, and when I was resident in Canada, I joined this union [unaware that Gerry was its president] for a brief time to conduct a grievance for me against a contract-breaking publisher. Although I wrote to him, Gerry did not reply and his union decided, after contacting the publisher, that it lacked the expertise to fight my grievance. I suppose old friends from the past sometimes decide to leave the past in the past.

One writer who combined scholarly research with bestseller status was Barbara Tuchman, slight, of medium height, light brown hair, a serious air that remained even when her eyes lit up with humour, and the gentle manners of a lady. She was for the underdog. After the writers held the protest against the library closing, she called my home and left a message with my wife that she was contributing $500 to the cause. I thought she was giving it to the library but discovered that she meant it for our Concerned Friends of the New York Public Library Committee. (The library later formed a Friends of the New York Public Library Committee and hired fund-raisers to exploit the work that our committee began.) I did not meet Barbara Tuchman until many years later, but we kept in touch by notes over the years. She must have been sympathetic to my struggles on behalf of the library staff because she was the President of the Authors' Guild. When I was no longer union president but back on staff in the Economics Division, I would send her copies of reports suggesting reforms for the Library, which I addressed to the trustees. I knew from experience that management would ignore any report from me or any committee I formed to produce one, but by having an ally outside the Library with the influence to affect some trustees, I saw some changes made, although not so that they appeared to be in response to my suggestions. I made the mistake eventually of listing Miss Tuchman as recipient of a copy of a short report I sent to some of the more friendly trustees such as Mrs. Vincent Astor, and shortly thereafter Barbara Tuchman was announced as a new member of the Board of Trustees of the Library.

I had written a short book, *How To Use A Research Library*, that I thought the library would want to issue because it would be helpful to researchers and bring some income into the library. As I mentioned previously, Barbara Tuchman consented to provide a log, but the book was held up for so

long by the Library in its discussions with Oxford University Press, about eight years, that Ms. Tuchman had developed eye trouble in the meantime. I dispensed with a log but for some reason (I suspect internal politics) the Library still held publication in abeyance. By chance, I met Ms. Tuchman for the first time when she came to my Division seeking help in her research on the American Revolution. She asked about the book's status, and listened with a moment of thoughtful silence. Not long after that, Oxford University Press negotiated directly with me to publish the book without the Library's participation. The book sold very well, better than most of the press's publications, according to the Oxford sales manager, but the Library was not supportive. Barbara Tuchman, however, was supportive of the Library and helped its new director in his fund-raising before her death.

Tuchman's visit to me may not have been incidental. A year or so earlier I met her niece at a PEN reception at the Canadian Consulate in New York, to which I was invited although not a member of PEN. She was the young wife of Budd Schulberg, who was in his 70s but spry and with the interests of a younger man. With them was a woman in her late thirties or so with heavy mascara and looking for a young blood to have sex with. Possibly this woman, I think a relative of Mrs. Schulberg, attracted them to me of all people in this large roomful of scribes. Thankfully there was a New Zealand writer who could fit her bill and was more interested than I. When the party was breaking up, Budd Schulberg asked me to go with them to a reception at the New York Research Libraries Central Building hosted by some rare book society that was promoting Guenter Grass's *The Flounder*. I told him that I might be greeted there with suspicion because of my union activity, which, I think, interested him as the author of *On the Waterfront*. Since we all could not fit into one taxi, I followed them in another, and Schulberg and the New Zealander waited to walk with me following the two women into the Library's 42nd street entrance, where the guard, who ran the custodian's union, a sort of doormat for DC37, challenged me with derision, for I was no longer Local president: "What are you doing here?" I replied, looking back at Schulberg, who looked at me with sympathetic amusement, "I'm an honored guest." More cocktails, more conversation, the New Zealander now thick with the mascaraed lady, the evening went swirling in a crowd. Schulberg introduced me to the host, a rangy, bright-eyed man, who seemed genuinely glad to see me—since, in Schulberg's company, I was taking on an importance I did not deserve. In conversing with Mrs. Schulberg about her aunt's contribution to the Library, I happened to mention my recently published *The Canadian Don Quixote* and offered to send her a copy. She may have read it when she received it and passed it on to Barbara Tuchman, who, realizing that I was an author, dropped by the Economics Division and been scandalized by the long delay in the publishing of my book on library methodology. But this is conjecture.

At the PEN reception I saw a few writers I recognized such as Robertson Davies, the bearded novelist, talking with an old gentleman across the room, and Pierre Elliot Trudeau, former Canadian prime minister, who stood, short and smiling, at one edge of the crowded room. When Norman Mailer, the American novelist, entered, he nodded to Trudeau as he passed on to a group in the centre, and Trudeau nodded back. Mailer, I thought, was shy. At one point, for some reason, two pretty young women, came gushing up to me to ask for my autograph, which, I, surprised but pleased, gave them on small blank cards I had with me. Who sent them? Possibly Trudeau who I suspected had read my biography of Richardson, which John Munro had bought from me on his visit to me at the Library. Since Munro was very unlikely to read such a book, let alone go out of his way to buy it, he very likely picked it up for Trudeau. When Stephen Lewis, the Canadian politician and diplomat, addressed the crowd, I stood where I could watch Trudeau, and I think he was aware of that. I should have spoken to him, but, as I was not a member of PEN and felt myself as outside the celebrity circle, I did not take the initiative.

One of the most interesting writers I met in the library was Art Shields. In looking back, I marvel at the resilience and courage of this man. I first met him waiting for the elevator in the third floor hallway of the library when it still had wooden elevators run by elderly operators. He was lanky, thin, rawboned. I thought I could smell printers ink about him and took him for the editor of some newspaper. He asked about my organizing a union, which I had just started. I was surprised that he would have heard of it. I saw him a few times in the library in the next few years but held no conversation with him. Later he said he remembered meeting me first when he came into the Economics Division looking for a report on the troubles in the Congo when Tshombe and Lumumba

were in the headlines. I could find only one report, which was in French. Then, according to Art, whose sense of humor responded to the circumstance, I set on the desk beside him a French-English dictionary.

We became friends when [my union leadership days terminated] I worked in the library which began to suffer cutbacks with a vengeance in the late seventies. I was surprised to learn that Art was in his late eighties. He was a reporter for the communist newspaper the *Daily World*, at one time called the *Daily Worker*. We began having lunches and talked about the union troubles and the government retrenchments. When my biography of Major Richardson appeared, Art was enthusiastic about it. He read it twice and read passages to his wife, who was then working for the Russian news agency in New York. He gave it a full page review in the *Daily World* and emphasized Richardson's American Indian connections. (When Lundberg saw the review, he remarked, "It'll do you no good, Beasley.")

I learned a good deal about the crackdown of the U.S. government against communists and the imprisonment of large numbers of them after the World War II for simply belonging to the Communist Party. I spoke to Art about a book I had just read that recounted an American communist's experiences. It was good reading for the first part but became dull for certain reasons later on. Art knew the man. I suggested that he write his memoirs and remember to keep himself in the forefront—a difficult thing for a collectivist to do but essential for an interesting book.

Art was given a 90th birthday celebration at the Town Hall, which I attended. Praise came from all quarters. Art was the first reporter to write about the miners' black lung disease. He had been active in reporting on the civil rights struggles. A reporter from Reuters News Agency said that Art would have won the Pulitzer Prize for Journalism many times over if he had had the right politics. Art took the honors with humility and was pleased that I had come to the event. Communists like Art worked for the good of their country. I considered them patriots. But the American populace was terrified of associating with them, which kept them somewhat isolated and may have deprived them of balanced judgments.

By way of parenthesis, I recall meeting the remarkable woman, Raya Dunayevskaya, founder of the Marxist-Humanist group. A couple of the New York members of her group came to know me when using the library and arranged for me to have lunch with her when she was visiting New York. I had written a few paragraphs in the Local *Newsletter* praising her vision as important in the future, which probably sparked her interest in meeting me. We met clandestinely on a street corner in the rain and chose a nearby restaurant, but no sooner were we seated when a group of men with the obnoxious air of brash F.B.I. agents sat at a neighboring table and occasionally leered back at us to intimate that we were under their surveillance. Raya was a brilliant woman whose writings are worth reading, but I was not a committed Marxist and probably did not display promise as a follower. We had a pleasant conversation.

My article, printed in the *Newsletter* issue for March 1985, is worth noticing here because now in the second decade of the 21st century, Dunayevskaya's ideas are increasingly relevant.

Book Review by David Beasley

The Coal Miners' General Strike of 1949-50 and the Birth of Marxist-Humanism in the U.S. (Chicago; News and Letters, 1984), 47p. Raya Dunayevskaya, *Rosa Luxemburg*, *Women's Liberation, and Marx's Philosophy of Revolution* (New Jersey; Humanities Press, 1981), 234 p.

The Coal Miners' General Strike of 1949-50 was caused by the introduction of the continuous miner, a caterpillar mounted machine that ripped coal out of the coal face, swung it back and piled it high about the work crew. Since coal dust explosions could "twist steel rails like pretzels" at speeds over 50,000 miles an hour, the miners feared for their lives from the clouds of dust and heat created by this new machine. John L. Lewis, the great leader of the miners' union, refused to fight the introduction of automation, but he did call a work action when contract talks stalled. Exasperated by months of jockeying for position between union leaders and mine owners, the miners began a wildcat strike that quickly spread to mines around the country. When Lewis ordered the miners back to work, they refused to go.

The story of how the rank and file controlled the strike and arranged for their own food relief despite opposition from their union leaders is vividly told by Andy Phillips, who was a participant. The miners forced the coal operators to negotiate a better wage and Welfare Fund. But the continuous miner could not be stopped. It caused thousands of workers to be laid off, bringing about the Appalachian depression area as we know it today. Months later in 1951 the miners of West Virginia struck over this "man-killing" machine and forced Lewis and the owners to negotiate a seniority protection clause. "All subsequent contract talks were held in secrecy, and we first learned of new agreements when they were reported in the newspapers," Phillips comments wryly.

Active in the strike was Raya Dunayevskaya, philosopher and Marxist with a perceptive and enquiring mind, which in her writings since that period has carried Marxist philosophy over the impasse of Russian communism to an enlightened vision for the future. At the same time she has demonstrated a development of thought that hues more closely to Marx than that of other Marxist political groups.

The miners' strike taught her that spontaneous action created its own philosophy and led her to found Marxist-Humanism. Yet another left-wing party! you groan. But this one is directed by the workers, and I think, will become important.

Dunayevskaya explains her party thus: What became imperative for revolutionaries in the state-capitalist age (she includes Russia and America in this description) was to recognize the class nature of state-capitalism and not to limit the discussion of organization to "democracy" vs "bureaucracy". What was needed was not just a political rejection of the "party to lead" but a whole philosophy of revolution as it related to organization. Her book, *Rosa Luxemburg, Women's Liberation and Marx's Philosophy of Revolution*, calls on Rosa and Marx (as distinct from Engels) to support her reasoning. She selects the Women's Movement as a salient example of spontaneous action becoming a form of philosophy. She shows us how Rosa, by championing mass action, overcomes the straitjacket of organization thrust upon her. Marx, she writes, always recognized the importance of women for the success of revolution. Dunayevskaya is stimulating and profoundly insightful in guiding us past the thickets, the maze, and the bear traps of Marxist thought as it has been presented by some of his interpreters. She introduces us to the recently translated *Ethnological Notebooks* that Marx wrote in the last years of his life. The *Notebooks* confirm Marx's emphasis on the Man/Woman relationship as the most revealing of all relationships, initiate his concept of "revolution in permanence", and establish the possibility of revolution in the Third World in advance of the Western nations. Extending these ideas, Dunayevskaya connects Womens' Liberation with Third World liberation and emphasizes the Black dimension to the Women's Movement by several pages of bibliography at the end of her book.

A description she writes of Marx deserves to be quoted because it demonstrates both her understanding of the man and Marx's appeal to his readers.

> Marx's historic originality in internalizing new data, whether in anthropology or in "pure" science, was a never-ending confrontation with what Marx called "history and its process." That was concrete. That was ever-changing. And that ever-changing concrete was inexorably bound to the universal, because, precisely because, the determining concrete was the ever-developing subject—self-developing men and women.

In the 1880s Henry Adams lamented that the ideas of the two most important thinkers of the time, Comte and Marx, were not taught in American universities. Comte has fallen by the wayside (though he may be found in university attics) whereas Marxist thought has invaded every intellectual discipline. I believe the above quotation gives the reason for Marx's durability and relevance. And Dunayevskaya's extension of Marxist thought provides us with a promising path into the future, which has the distinct advantage of encouraging us to develop it as we proceed. There could be no better antidote to Orwell's threatening vision of 1984, already close upon us.

As an aside, Hannah Arendt warns in her *The Origins of Totalitarianism* that Marx's law of the movement of history through the dialectic, the logical process, can be adopted by ideology by transforming the idea into a premise. "Ideologies always assume that one idea is sufficient to explain everything in the development from the premise, and that no experience can teach anything because everything is comprehended in this consistent process of logical deduction." Dunayevskaya seems to have been aware of this danger.

Returning to Art Shields, when the first volume of the autobiography appeared, it was received enthusiastically by communists, to small groups of whom Art was sent by his publisher throughout the country to address. It was translated into Portuguese. Entitled *My Shaping-Up Years*, it took Art from his birth in 1888 to his bout with the Spanish flu in 1918 that prevented him being shipped to Siberia to fight the Red Russians. In between, the reader is given a fascinating picture of American working life. The first paragraph sets the tone: "I was born in Barbados, a British Crown Colony, where my father, a preacher, was stationed by the Moravian Church. The Moravian Brethren were the first to preach to the Black slaves in the West Indies. They were threatened with imprisonment by plantation owners when they came to the islands in the eighteenth century." Art told me that my descriptions of Richardson's experiences in the West Indies inspired him to start writing.

Since writings by communists and socialists are not reviewed in American mainstream publications, I asked an editor of the *New York Daily News*, John Montgomery, whom I knew from his research on economic subjects, to speak to the paper's book review editor, which he did. He said that he would have no influence, but to all our surprise, a columnist covered it on the back page of the first section and revealed that Art was a communist whose memoirs were good reading. Art's publishers were so pleased to be cited in a major newspaper that they sent me a hardcover copy of his book. Montgomery, a conservative, was pleased to have been of service. Art told me that he had become a reporter for the communist newspaper because the city newspapers he worked for were closely controlled by the capitalist owners, who prevented most stories about the realities of the city from being printed. Art actually did not become a communist until the start of the Second World War after he had been reporting for the *Daily Worker* for decades.

Art was clear-spoken and had all his faculties working well, save for his hearing, for which he wore a hearing aid. At about the time he was finishing his second volume, *On the Battle Lines*, which took him through the miners' wars, the stevedore strikes, and so on to his close scrape with death in Madrid during the Spanish Civil War, Art made a cameo appearance in Warren Beattie's film "Reds", which told the story of the American reporter John Reid and the Russian revolution. Art had known Reid in New York. Art's words are the last to be heard at the close of the film. He told me he saw the film three times.

Art came less often to meet me for lunch. His wife, Esther, suffered from Alzheimer's disease. He had to stay home to look after her. She might put a pot on the stove and forget to put water in it. She might lock herself in the bathroom by mistake. She might wander out the door and down the street and be unable to find her way back. Art himself suffered from certain attacks: at one time a painful bowel obstruction that required an operation, at another a hernia, an operation which he had done at a Toronto hospital known for its advanced method. Sometimes when a woman came to clean his apartment and keep an eye on Esther, he could get away to meet me for lunch. The doctors were charging him too much to medicate his wife, he thought. His earnings always had been small as a reporter for a small newspaper. He lived in an apartment paid for by the party that was often used as sleeping quarters by party officials who came to town. He was trying to write his third volume while still writing for the *Daily World*. I tried to help him by recording his memories on tape, but he could not hear the tape when it was played back to him.

When we first began talking, Art tried to interest me in joining the party, but soon understood that I had no interest in it. We disagreed about Stalin. Art claimed not to know about Stalin's massacres of hundreds of thousands of innocent Russians, and tended to disbelieve Khrushchev when he revealed it. Stalin was great, Art said, because he insisted on developing heavy industry when his opponents favored light industry. It was Russia's heavy industry that made the difference in its war with Germany. I sensed that Art was glad to be a friend of a noncommunist who was tolerant of people's political views. It gave him a window on other points of view from the perspective of someone who was known as sympathetic to the left and who had no axe to grind. The policy of the United States

of having just two political parties that can band together to outlaw other parties with different agendas is a serious flaw, in my opinion. By isolating individuals and banning their views, the government makes it harder for the population to get at the truth and rethink political positions so essential for its survival.

The Russian government offered to take care of Esther with free medical care. Art took her to Moscow and intended to return with her in a couple of months to finish his third volume. This last volume would have dealt with his becoming a communist, his expulsion from the party by a U.S. government agent, who had infiltrated the leadership, his reinstatement, his many activities in the civil rights movement, his fight for recognition of the black lung disease, the Vietnam War and the years he spent in Russia, but he finished only one-third when tragedy struck. I sent him a review of his second volume that I wrote for my union newsletter and mailed it to his New York address, where a comrade picked it up and took it to Art in Moscow. Art wrote in reply that "both of us had accidents and sickness" but that he expected to be back in New York as soon as he could manage it. "I'm recovering strength with the help of a splendid course of physical therapy. They are miles ahead in that." The letter was carried back to New York and mailed to me. Later I learned that Art died in hospital at 98, struck down by a hospital system that was declining like the rest of the country.

Glasnost under Gorbachev began shortly after Art's death. The bankrupt, gangster-capitalized, ruthlessly indifferent state that is Russia today would have broken Art's heart. The sterling qualities, the sacrifices of this man for a better life for everyone had been defeated apparently by degradation and dehumanization in both the mighty empires. Art's legacy are his two volumes. He complained to me that he used to be able to write all day and into the night in his young days, but in his nineties he could manage only four or five hours of concentrated work a day. His third volume promised to be the best because in it he would have described the persecution of and changes in the American Communist Party. Both economic systems had insisted on the rightness of their causes to the exclusion of principles that could have made their nations healthier had they adopted tolerance and understanding of opposing viewpoints. Art, like the Russian population, like American youth, was actually a victim of these systems. Battling injustices daily, Art was caught in a mindset that gave him support. He said to me once that the individual was more protected from abuse by government if he belonged to an organized party. The party gave a person political protection. But for me, membership limited thought and expression; an individual must find his own way regardless of the dangers. Aleksos Panagoulis of Oriani Fallaci's powerful memoir, *A Man*, is the epitome of this individual. Art Shields may not have been able to understand Panagoulis just as he was unable to appreciate the writings of George Orwell, whom he considered a traitor to the left, because that was how his party had branded him. In the end, however, the individual alone counts; his party is of no use. I remember walking with Art holding my arm along a crowded 42nd Street when a strongly built young man crashed full force into Art's back and kept running for another twenty yards, when he stopped to look back to see what damage he had caused. I shouted angrily at him and he ran on. Art may have had the breath knocked out of him temporarily, but he said that he was unhurt. Another man of 97 would have been badly hurt by the blow. I know that the action was deliberate, and I thought of all the incidents that people who bear witness against their governments had to put up with—all of the designed, so-called accidents that mindless instruments, like the young man of color, who crashed into Art's back, carry out for a paycheck.

Apart from writers who became my friends over the years, there were those I met just once such as, for instance, Carl Bernstein, the journalist, whose celebrity was established by his investigation of the Watergate break-in for the *Washington Post*. He seemed to know who I was, as I had a small reputation for being "progressive," and I certainly knew who he was, and I was pleased to help him. I reproduced a couple of pages for him on the xerox machine in an indexing service attached to our division. When I saw him later, he had requested a large number of volumes of Congressional hearings, and seemed miffed that he had to take them to the third floor reproduction service to reproduce pages from them because the library insisted on having a special staff do the work. "Is that right?" he asked me suspiciously. I understood in that question countless times when he had been misled by political opponents and his puzzlement that I had xeroxed pages for him nearby. "Yes, I am afraid so," I said. He nodded and seemed resigned, as if he trusted my word on the subject. The volumes were kept on open shelves for him to retrieve for some days, but he did not

return to the library. Possibly he disliked the idea that the library would have a record of the pages that he wanted to reproduce. I have known obtuse FBI agents to question what a particular reader had taken to the reproducing service.

Another ephemeral library visitor was Alexander Cockburn, known as a radical journalist, who wore a broad-brimmed black hat when he appeared on a Saturday morning and asked to see a current committee print. I recognized him from a fascinating discussion show with the composer Ned Rorum that used to air on public television. Unfortunately the committee print was missing from the open shelf, but I was able to find it on a readex reprint card. Cockburn was all business but pleasant even though disconcerted at first that the paper copy of the print was missing. He wrote interesting books, but in order to know of them readers had to search out left-wing newspapers and other sources. So many of the truly interesting writers could not get broad exposure for their writings.

Walter Karp was an extremely interesting political writer, but he was not "on the left" so much as an independent thinker who championed liberty. I did not know him until my last years in the library, but he became a good friend. He was just below average height with black hair and clever eyes. I saw him angry once when I suggested that he use Gramsci's hegemonic approach to resolve a problem, and he responded with a sharp expostulation against left-wing theorists. As a contributing editor to *Harper's Magazine* he was not likely to favor "left" solutions, but, strangely enough, he was regarded suspiciously by "mainstream" thinkers, a fact that became apparent to me when I brought him to a lunch I was having with a political science professor from the City University. Their relationship seemed strained and afterwards Walter said, "He doesn't like me."

The last article Walter wrote was not published. It was a long piece highly critical of the current American political establishment. *Harper'*s rejected it, he told me. Other magazines, whose editors had been receptive to Walter's work, rejected it. He told me that editors had begun to snub him because of the opinions he expressed in the piece. Friends no longer spoke to him. I advised him to expand it to book size, and, determined as he was to see it in print, he considered the suggestion seriously.

Trenchant and passionate, Walter's political writing was the best of our day. He researched for his great book, *Liberty Under Siege*, in the Economics Division where he read through years of the *Congressional Quarterly* all during a long, hot summer. We would meet for coffee breaks when he would discuss his ideas. Once he expressed doubt about whether he should be so severe in his criticism, and I encouraged him to "really go after them." His book, reminiscent of Carlyle's uncompromising, strident style, is a masterpiece that will be read for years to come. The first review of it, which appeared in the *New York Times Book Review*, was devastatingly critical. When I asked Walter about it, he smiled and pointed to the writer as a member of the staff at *Newsweek Magazine* —"the enemy!" The next review, which appeared in the *Washington Post,* was ecstatic in its praise and in accord with my judgment. Walter received a prize for the book worth $25,000, which he devoted to promoting the book. Publishers, he explained, expect authors to promote their own books. I am sure, however, that Walter could have used the money for himself and his family, but a man who was dedicated enough to expose the established and the powerful would consider his writing to be the higher cause. {He wrote in my copy, "For David Beasley, a fellow champion of liberty, libraries, learning—and pleasant lunches too.")

Walter's salient characteristic was his love for the common man. He enjoyed the streets of New York and the pastimes of the people. He told me that he was visiting a fair and happened to hear over the loudspeakers a beautiful rendering of the national anthem, which transfixed him. He discovered that it was the voice of Willie Nelson, who represented the feelings of the common folk in his personality. His writings deal with political crimes for the purpose of awakening the people to the dangers that their leaders entail for them. Liberty was his watchword.

We used to discuss the dangers represented by New York Hospitals. He knew that I lost my son at birth and almost lost my wife through the carelessness of a New York Hospital. Walter spoke of the unnecessary death of the daughter of a friend of his, the reporter Sidney Zion, at the emergency room of a hospital. The unexpected death of the artist Andy Warhol after a gall bladder operation was common news then. That Walter would die as a result of hospital negligence was a fear of his, but not foreseen. He complained to me of a pain in his lower back when I saw him last at the library.

We were sitting on a marble bench in the great front hall, and he winced from the hard cold. I encouraged him to see a doctor, but he was disinclined to do so. He was disconcerted over the treatment of his latest essay in manuscript by his one-time editorial friends, and he had to go to Chicago to be interviewed on the radio by Studs Terkel. I left on a vacation and returned some weeks later to learn that Walter had died.

The pain in his back caused him to visit the emergency room of a hospital, but because there were so many knifing victims from drug wars in the streets, Walter was put aside on a bed to wait. He felt better and went home. Then feeling greater pain, he returned to the emergency room and again was put aside on a bed to await a time when the doctors would have a moment to look at him. In the meantime, so I was told, his colon burst and the doctors were too late to save him from the infection that spread throughout his body. His wife, whom I knew, told the newspapers, however, that he was admitted to the hospital on July 13, suffering from an enlarged colon and had surgery for it on Sunday night. He suffered from complications after the surgery and then was in intensive care, before he died. His friends at *Harper's Magazine* issued a collection of his essays posthumously, *Buried Alive, Essays on Our Endangered Republic*, but did not include that last "dangerous" essay, the fate about which I have often wondered. Lewis Lapham in the introduction praised Walter's talents and regretted his loss to the nation, which in the corrupting years that followed may be seen as considerable. "He published eight books and more than two hundred magazine articles, but he was never generally acknowledged as an important writer; he never earned more than $30,000 in any one year, and he received few of the ornamental honors, subsidies, and flattering reviews that the journalistic profession bestows upon the virtues of solemn orthodoxy. Karp's enemies, who were many and envious, dismissed him as 'cranky,' 'old-fashioned,' 'too literary,' 'too historical'.. . . Mainstream American journalism was a profession that he held in contempt because he understood that the press, by and large, takes its prompts from the government, that it repeats what it is told by official sources (the Congress, the White House, the Defense Department), that it is in the business of defending the interests of the few against the hopes of the many. To Karp's mind the media were passive by nature and subservient by habit, accepting "leaks" and "handouts" as if they were gratuities offered to a butler or a gamekeeper." I admire Lapham's writing and loved Karp's integrity so that it is difficult to restrain from copying out the complete introduction to *Buried Alive*.

Walter probably read a couple of my writings, which could have led him to be a friend. He wanted to introduce me to the American Artists and Writers Club and bring me into a circle of professional authors as we were on the same wave length. Lapham said Walter's income from writing was small. Walter told me that writers owed a debt to General Eisenhower, who, when president of Columbia University and writing his memoirs, discovered the great costs writers paid to research their books, and, when president, added authors to those businesses which could deduct expenses from their taxes. My friend from the Marxist Collective, Arthur Felberbaum, did my taxes, and, being a Marxist, saved me money by deducting expenses that I had not considered. After Arthur died, I was fortunate to strike up a conversation with a woman doing research in the Economics Division. She was trying to write mystery novels, but, more importantly, she made her living by doing tax returns. She not only did my returns until I moved to Canada but kindly read my detective novels in manuscript and suggested, wisely, that I change them from the third to the first person.

Walter Abish appears to have made his mark in avant garde fiction by avoiding the dangerous and restating the obvious in an ambiguous manner. I met him in the early 60s in New York when a mutual friend, an artist with a flair for promoting himself, Walter Gaudnek, invited us to a party in his studio on Fourth Avenue and 10th St. Abish was easy-going, friendly, and spoke in a mild voice with a faint accent. His dark eyes would smile somewhat impishly over his large nose. He told me that he was from South America, but years later he said that he had been a schoolboy in the south of France. Actually he was born Jewish in Vienna, Austria, fled with his family to the south of France and then to South America. He published an autobiography in 2004 which says he was born in the same year that I was.

Our friendship did not develop largely because New York life is too demanding of one's time to allow for anything but immediate business, and, I suspect, because Walter, although married to a sculptress, was homosexual. He and his wife invited me and Viola to spend an afternoon with them at their Brooklyn Heights residence. He wore running shoes, which, at the time, was a signal among the scholarly set of homosexual persuasion. Walter showed me his writing, which was very close to

that of his hero, Robert Musil. I speak of him in connection with the Library because he spent some days in the Economics Division, after I returned there from union duties, in the late seventies. By this time he had lost his left eye and wore a black patch over the eyehole. He was employed by the City Planning Commission to do research. He seemed to get grants and sinecure jobs without effort, possibly as a reward for showing innovative talent. He advised me to buy his own novel *Alphabetical Africa*, which I did and could not read. He was just then being published in little literary magazines that favored writing in the style of Donald Bartholeme, whom Walter praised highly. He seemed offended when we last met that I had not read the man's work.

I did not see him again until about 1990 when I was walking down Broadway to the swimming pool at the New York University sports complex. He asked me to walk back to Union Square to a store where he wanted to buy shoes while we talked. He was about to publish a new novel with Knopf that the editors there praised as his best work. He had received a MacArthur grant. Worth $25,000, I suggested. No, worth $300,000, he said. He was going to Mexico City on a new project, he said. Probably his expenses were paid. He suffered from asthma, so I warned him to take a mask to Mexico City, possibly the most polluted city in the world. The shoes we looked at did not interest him. He made a pejorative comment on my shoes. By the way, he asked quietly, did you ever publish that biography of the Canadian writer? I was mildly surprised that he remembered the difficulty I had in the seventies in publishing the book. Yes, I said. End of interest.

After I had removed to Canada and was visiting Worcester, Mass. where I ran into a long weekend owing to an American holiday and consequently had time on my hands, I came across Walter's novel about Germany in the household's bookshelves. It had won a prestigious prize. I found the first half interesting, at least promising, but then it declined into a diffidence, a sort of casual effort at understatement that led his work into a whimper rather than a bang. At the same time I had found Lawrence Durrell's *Balthazar*, one of his Alexandrine novels, in which there are two brothers as in Walter's novel and the same reflection on the past in the present, Durrell’s in Egypt, Abish’s in postwar Germany. Durrell's vigorous and poetic evocations made Walter's novel insipid by contrast. I wondered if Walter had taken *Balthazar* as a pattern for his novel. James Joyce used the technique of adopting scenes and themes from the works of others and rearranging them to fit into his stories. Joyce thought the method inferior because the writer lacked the imagination to create originally, but it was all that he could do. Our day has acclaimed Joyce as a great writer, thus perhaps that type of writing is not so inferior as Joyce thought. The avant garde writer has enjoyed a pretentiousness that allows him to feel superior to other writers whose aims are quite different.

One of the writers at the library with whom I became good friends was Larry Lader, good-looking with a thin sensitive face and a slightly terse manner of speaking. He had made his money in the forties and fifties by writing for the magazines. He wrote nonfiction exclusively. When the magazine market dried up in the sixties, he wrote books on controversial subjects, but only after he had a contract for the project with a publisher. I found his writing easy to read but flat in the manner of a journalistic rather than literary style. Larry worked for good causes. As a result of a biography he wrote on the birth control advocate, Margaret Sanger, he was active in the pro-choice movement and wrote a controversial book on RU146, a contraceptive that the strong political right movement in the United States blocked from being accepted there.

Once when Larry was looking for a theme, Lundberg suggested that he investigate white collar crime, which, he said, would be an important topic. Larry decided to investigate the art market instead and missed the boat on the surge of public interest in white collar criminals. But his work with the pro-choice movement and liberal causes kept him extremely active. He and his wife, a one-time opera singer, invited my wife and me for Christmas dinner at his Fifth Avenue apartment on two occasions. Joan would play the piano and lead the singing of Christmas carols.

A friend of the Laders, John Demaray and his wife Hannah also spent time researching at the library. John was a scholarly writer who had a professorship in English Literature at Rutgers University in New Jersey. He was a student of the Italian Renaissance and sometimes accepted teaching positions at universities in the Near East and in Italy. He gave me one of his books on Dante, the theme of which was thrilling, but its demand on my powers of concentration required me to put it aside for a quieter period of my life, when I could absorb his scholarly approach. John had an engaging, almost ingratiating, smile and a love for gossip, which he picked up from other writers

in the Allen Room where he wrote. He would tell me some amusing story either related by or about one of his fellow writers and laugh gleefully. It was all in good fun with him and never satiric. Hannah, his wife, was slim and pretty with long fair hair. She had been one of his students. She taught English and painted. She tried to write novels but tended to be too atmospheric for the good of the story. They had some literary parties to which they invited Viola and me and writers who used the Allen Room.

One of these writers was Susan Brownlow, who wrote a best-selling book on rape. I recall helping her find some government publications when she used the Economics Division. Susan had been an actress who found writing on sensational subjects more interesting and profitable. She did a book on an infamous case of a New York lawyer who adopted and abused a young girl to the point of killing her. Susan had been married to Mark Lane, one of the more successful writers of books on the conspiracy around President John Kennedy's assassination, which may have prompted her to try her hand at the sensational market. She struck me as even-tempered, self-contained, and appraising of people. About 5' 5" with dark hair, she was low-key in personality, never animated as was Hannah Demaray.

A writer whom I did not meet at such parties was William Reuben. Bill had a bulbous nose and a large belly from many years of drinking. He was a kind and helpful person. He had an amused and sympathetic smile. He was a crusader for left-wing causes. When the Rosenbergs were being framed by the U.S. government for giving Russia the formula for making the atom bomb, Bill did good investigative reporting and wrote articles for the left-wing New York paper, *The Guardian*, proving that the couple was innocent. When Alger Hiss was pursued by Richard Nixon, whose charges that Hiss was a communist traitor brought him to national political prominence, Bill wrote a book about how Nixon had a typewriter built to duplicate one that Hiss had used in order to frame him. It was called *The Honorable Mr. Nixon* and was self-published by Bill, who traveled the country promoting it. Years later, during the Watergate Scandal, Nixon alluded to this method he had used to get Hiss, which was recorded on the famous tapes that he had to turn over to the Archives. At a reception for a book to which Bill invited me, I met Alger Hiss long after Nixon's resignation from the Presidency and perhaps after Nixon's death. Hiss still seemed wary of strangers and alert to any inference that might be disparaging. He was smaller than I imagined, soft-voiced, with deep lines of suffering rather than bitterness on his face.

When Bill Reuben read my manuscript for *Through Paphlagonia With A Donkey*, he was excited about it and suggested that I self-publish it since publishers to whom I had sent it showed no interest. I did so, and thus began my career as a self-publisher, which I have found rewarding if not remunerative. Bill had known Art Shields from bygone years of labor reporting and showed amused surprise to hear that Art was still reporting for the communist newspaper. The last I heard of Bill Reuben was that a rich girl friend from his past was going to set up a Foundation for him so that he could publish his investigative reports on political figures. He had charm, did Bill Reuben.

A writer who read and liked *Through Paphlagonia With A Donkey* was the foreign correspondent Bernard Nossiter. He told me that he had recently been in Morocco in the front lines with the guerrilla faction in its long-standing war with the King's army. Nossiter was working in the Allen Room on a book for the Rockefeller Foundation when I knew him. He was a broad-shouldered, handsome man. He told me that he had three sons in the news business, in print and film. He had divorced his wife of many years and remarried. Unfortunately, he had contracted lung cancer, which was in remission. He had not smoked cigarettes for many years, but he had smoked a pipe, the smoke from which he had inhaled. He was reflective, and I have seen him looking somewhat despondent when sitting alone in the cafeteria to which I had introduced him, but he was always upbeat when speaking with me. Ironically, the last time I saw him was when I was saying good-bye to a professor of Turkish at Columbia University on the front steps of the library. The professor was going to teach at a university in Birmingham, England, and had dropped by to pick up a couple of copies of *Through Paphlagonia*, one of which he intended to give to his department head in Birmingham. Bernie climbed the steps of the library, clinging to the railing and looking piqued and weak. I caught up with him and learned that the cancer had returned. He was going to clean out his cubicle in the Allen Room. Two days later he died.

Thus far I have been speaking about writers who were not rogues. Michael Hudson, who used the library and my help in finding books and getting them reproduced, was, I discovered to my deep regret, a confidence trickster. He had been an economics professor at the Graduate School of the New School for Social Research where he introduced me to Karl Marx's works. He was brilliant. He knew literature as well and made literary allusions in his lectures, which impressed me because most economics professors know little outside of their own discipline. What impressed me more is that Hudson gave me an A plus for my course with him. A couple of years later I got a telephone call from him asking if I could get his girlfriend a job in the Arts Division of the Library, which its chief was willing to do, but his girlfriend declined it for some reason. It was in the mid-80s when I was looking for a publisher for my automobile book that he came back into my life. He was working on some esoteric subject in the Slavonic Division and offered to say a good word to the publisher who was interested in my book. Unfortunately his good word sounded bad to the publisher. I learned that he had been victimized for thousands of dollars by the Lyndon Larouche political organization, a right-wing, actually neo-fascist group, which caused some anxiety in national politics. He had been mixed up with the group in some way and was "taken to the cleaners." His wife divorced him, he had to sell his house in Greenwich Village, and he was living in an apartment on the West side in lower New York City. He seemed needy, dressed poorly, but still talked with great self-confidence and with a rapid, elucidating manner on many subjects. His father, he said, had been Leon Trotsky's secretary, and he had copyright on some of Trotsky's writings. He was going to get married again. He invited Viola and me to a party for his bride. I thought well of him until he asked me for a loan of five thousand dollars. I put him off. Several months later he called me in a state of panic at the library and arranged to meet me on my coffee break. He appeared more ragged than usual. He no longer had a bicycle. He was desperate for three or four thousand dollars, just for a few weeks. In a moment of pity and weakness I wrote him a cheque for four thousand. Later he gave me a promissory note on a paper with the masthead of the Peabody Museum in Cambridge, Mass, with which, he assured me, he was associated. Because he was too poor to have a bank account, or so he implied, we went to my bank and I drew out the sum in cash for him.

A couple of days later I realized how foolish I had been and I went to see him to regain much of the money, but he said he no longer had it and mentioned something about meeting Lyndon Larouche's wife over the weekend. I then surmised that he was still connected in some mesmerized way with the Larouche organization. Hudson was not well-balanced, and, although, apparently brilliant on the surface, he had hints of mental instability. He was mixed up with Nigerians in some import scheme. He had probably conned other people out of their money, and had come to me when one of them was successful in regaining his loan. I won a judgment against him in the courts, after putting up with his attempts to thwart it, but I was not able to reclaim my loan. It was too small, I suppose, for the repossessing agents or marshals to bother with. He did write me a cheque for the amount but, guessing it would bounce, I asked a bank officer to check his account, which she kindly did and reported his account was $1000 short of the amount on the cheque.

I looked at one of Hudson's books. It was too crammed with information to make for comfortable reading. He was too anxious to show his erudition and lost any semblance of judgment in presenting his material. I don’t suppose another publisher would ever issue another of his books, although he was constantly referring to his manuscripts at Knopf and elsewhere. He had a sidekick editor at Knopf, who appeared at one of my meetings with Hudson and vouched for Hudson's honesty. When I wrote to the Peabody Museum, the Head was furious at Hudson for using the Museum's stationery and disclaimed any connection with Hudson for the past two or more years. Hudson told me that, because we were not in Massachusetts, I could not make the Museum liable for his debt. Hudson was the model for Mikki Mudson in the last detective novel of the library trilogy, *Overworld/ Underworld*.

There is the case of the writer who is somewhat imbalanced or mentally disturbed, but who is honest. Anne Moody, whom I met at the library in my last year there, seemed to fit this category. She was an African-American who referred to her Italian ancestry. She told me of the poor life her family led in Mississippi and swimming in the flood waters amongst the water snakes. She had been married to a Jewish American whose family had come from Russia. They had a son who was born in Germany when Anne had been invited to stay there as a guest of the government and while Heinrich Boll translated her book, *Coming of Age in Mississippi*, which became a huge best seller in

Germany for its depiction of the suppression of the blacks and the battles for civil rights in which Anne was involved. The novelist E. L. Doctorow had helped her shape the manuscript.

When she divorced her husband, a philosophy student, who used to read from Heidegger to her in bed, she kept custody of their son. She believed that F.B.I. agents were following her, which, considering American attempts to quash her book, may have been justified. She became somewhat paranoid; she thought that women were impersonating her. She published a book of short stories, but, as her mental condition worsened, she stopped trying to write. On the surface she appeared normal and was quite capable of fending for her son and herself, but she tended to break out into diatribes of strong hatred against people she encountered, who, she felt, were spying on her. Her son has shared her impoverished life, given up his education and any normal relationships, in order to care for his mother, although he gave no hint of this self-sacrifice. Anne used him like a secretary to dial up people she knew and announce that "Anne Moody is on the line." The recipients of her calls, if they listened, endured her gaily talking about her uneventful life, but she needed the contact. Since she had quarreled with her family and anyone who helped her, there was no hope for this unfortunate woman and for her devoted son, who alone had to keep his mother from absolute despair and the life of a bag-woman. I tried to help her and appeared in court to defend her from being thrown out of her small apartment in Brooklyn by a city lawyer. When the judge asked whether I thought her thinking was incoherent, I referred to the very coherent letter she wrote to me when I was doing research in Austin, Texas. For the moment, she and her son were saved from being evicted from the squalid apartment she described to me, which they named the “killdump.” But after I left for Canada, the City avoided the nicety of a court hearing and physically forced them into the street à la Giuliani. Since that time, she lived in various parts of the states and depended on royalties from her famous book to keep her alive. She is strong on demanding her rights and, when she thought her publishers were not paying her royalties, she kept after them and demanded that the book be kept in print, rightly so, as it is read in schools and deserves to be a permanent bestseller. She and I had a brief romance, broken up by my moving to Canada. I liked her a great deal and admired her sharp judgment of people. Her book is all she has, apart from Sascha. But what will he have when she is gone?

She called me from wherever she was living in the states, at one point asking for money to pay rent in a motel but the motel would not accept my credit card. Her friend, the short story writer Grace Paley, gave her a cottage in Vermont to live in temporarily. She found a home in Baton Rouge from which she would telephone me whenever she felt cheerful. She bought some of my books I was publishing, and said she wanted to settle in North Dakota. Then there was silence. I wondered whether she had gone into the dark silence of the disturbed mind.

A writer of boy’s stories, Peter Burchard, offered to read the manuscript of *That Other God* when he was writing in the Allan Room in the Library. Peter was a good-looking man with prematurely white hair who stammered slightly. I was hopeful of finding the right publisher for the book, but first I should have read Peter’s work to know the way he thought. He wrote me a nice letter of criticism and suggested I attend a course by his friend, the writer for teen-agers, Sydney Offit. By then I was depressed enough to consider a writing course. I knew that such courses could not teach a person to write but at best could curb their excesses and make those who lacked discipline keep the seat of the pants to the seat of the chair, which, as Erskine Caldwell emphasized, was the hardest part of writing. Offit was a thin, short, bright-eyed fellow with a shock of black hair, whose class at the New School on 6th Avenue [not the Graduate Center on 5th Avenue where I later attained my PhD] comprised about ten students. I sat listening to him read and comment on the stories of a few women participants. “Comment” is too strong a word; he made some cute remarks; his method was to read a few pages and leave it to his students to ponder whether the writing was good. We had one class a week, and, in the third class, he read the beginning pages of my novella “Helen”, which I thought he would at least speak to me about and ask to read before reading it to the others. It has an erotic start and he seemed to enjoy the reaction of my classmates, which caused me to question his motive. He made no remarks on it when he returned it to me, and I was left to guess what others thought. I guessed it was successful, however, when one young lady to whom I had not yet spoken, walked many blocks home with me until she understood that I was not going to entertain her sexually. [“Helen” may be read in my book of three novellas *Aspects of Love.*] I did not return to the course, and, although I have heard that some writers have benefitted from writing schools, I

recommend writing on one's own to develop one's own perspective and individuality. The exception to the rule I discovered on reading William Styron's essay, "I'll have to ask Indianapolis." I quote from it:

> I had heard of a lively and interesting class in fiction writing at the New School for Social Research, and I enrolled in this class, conducted by an engaging, scholarly teacher named Hiram Hayden. He was the ideal preceptor for a writing course, strict and no-nonsense regarding the substance of one's text, quick to detect softness or sloppiness or sentimentality, yet eager to find and nurture those radiant beams of true talent that occasionally appear in such a class. I was enormously pleased when I realized that he liked my work and, beyond that, thrilled that through him I was able to establish a publishing connection . . . he had been given the authority to sign up for book contracts those among his students who, he felt, had literary promise.

I borrowed from the library Peter Burchard's biography of Robert Gould Shaw and his Black regiment in the American Civil War and found it well-crafted but wooden. Peter did not appear in the library again, but I ran into Offit occasionally. When my biography of Richardson appeared, I chanced upon him in the street and gave him a card announcing its publication. He took it with surprise. At a literary party given by Walter Karp, Offit stepped beside Sidney Zion, a heavyset, sour-looking man, who was approaching me, and, after we had exchanged greetings, he said that I was his former pupil, at which Zion turned away abruptly, thinking that I was of no importance. Later, by chance, I did pick up a novel by Zion and found it unreadable. I doubt if Offit could have helped him.

A few members of the Library staff wrote. One tall, intellectual LTA, who liked Samuel Johnson's writing, sent his short stories to literary magazines. My friend in the Cataloging Division, Abe Fox, finished a mystery novel at the age of 95 which he self-published. William Coakley, editor in the Library's Publications Office, wrote great poetry and recently won an award for translating a Cavafy poem. In the Library's History Division, the Chief, Macdonald, published a book of poems and his assistant, Weidman, brother of the successful novelist Jerome Weidman, wrote historical fiction, which may not have been published.

Manhattan held the spirit of literati of long ago simply by indication of their former place of residence, whether replaced by newer buildings or still standing. I mentioned Washington Irving's small home on Irving Place near Gramercy Park that I walked by often and near it O'Henry's brownstone with a plaque to commemorate it. A block west of my apartment was the home of Herman Melville, gone of course, but a plaque marked the spot. He lived there while writing *Moby Dick*, *Billy Budd*, *Pierre*, etc. when working as a customs officer. Across from my studio on West 14th St. lived Khalil Gibran, who wrote *The Prophet*, back in the 1920s. Edna St. Vincent Millay's narrow house in Greenwich Village, a few streets south of my studio, was known to cognoscenti. Major Richardson's dwellings in the early 1850s such as on Fourth Avenue and 20th St. and Wooster St. in the Village, although replaced by modern buildings, interested me as symbols of his presence. His Church of the Holy Communion on 6th Ave and 20th St. still operated as a Church when I did my research before it closed as a place of worship and was adopted by a theatre troupe. Stories of literary figures in New York entranced me such as the one told me by Frank Lundberg of hosting writers in his Greenwich Village apartment on Saturday evenings. Thomas Wolfe would turn up with two bottles of whisky, one for the house and one for himself. Then there were landmarks such as The White Horse Tavern where Dylan Thomas drank and McSorley's Saloon off Cooper Square, immortalized by Joseph Mitchell. Books have been written about the homes of literati in Paris because the French tend to preserve their buildings; the homes of Manhattan literati by contrast can just be imagined in a constantly restructured city.

Ferdinand (Frank) Lundberg; Barbara Tuchman; Gerry Colby Zilg with Charlotte Dennett in 2010 (still recognizable after 20+ years); Walter Abish; Walter Karp; Art Shields; Anne Moody (photographed when young for her book).

Right, Larry Lader talking with William Coakley at my retirement party in the Trustees Room.

TWENTY-FOUR—DISILLUSIONMENT

Viola to my mother. September 6/73. Mont Tremblant Lodge.

> We've just had dinner and said how much you'd enjoy this place. It's a spacious place and everyone is polite and courteous. We arrived last night in time for dinner. Today we went for a very long hike—2 1/2 hours and swam and played tennis. I'm stiff as a result. David is fine—eating big meals and being his usual active self. If it's fine tomorrow we hope to take a lunch box and canoe all day. Everywhere it's been extremely hot, but last night we had a thunderstorm and rain and it's cooled the place a great deal. It's very comfortable now. I don't think I could have survived another day in N.Y. It was 98° for 9 days.
>
> This is the Lodge where Trudeau held his Prime Ministers' Conference. Jacqueline Kennedy also came here. I rather like it. It's very pretty. It's quiet now—everyone is back in school or work, but this weekend they are having an Air Canada convention.
>
> Ann and Ned looked well. Ned had to go to a meeting on Tues. and Wed. Ann does not know whether she will be able to go to Vancouver because of her father-in-law who may have to be operated on for the same thing as Uncle Edward.
>
> Beverley Hargraft was in hospital and Ann and I went to see her. Will tell you about it later. Saw Marjorie Bruce on the street as Ann was driving us to the bus station. Asked us to get in touch with them on our return.
>
> We hope to stay here for 2 weeks—will return to Montreal and then visit Kingston and Hamilton for the weekend 21 to 23. I shall be back on the 24th definitely. Hope you are feeling better and bearing up in that heat. Hope that heat has abated by now.
>
> Dear Mother—Viola has told you all of the news—except that I am enjoying the fresh air in the day, my pipe in the evening and that I make us speak French during meals—which *me goute très bien*. We'll see you about Sept. 20 or 21. —David. PS I also enjoy Viola's company, especially her French!

Viola's mention of tennis recalls the scene of rallying with her while the tennis pro and his son watched with interest. Viola was a natural athlete, and, although she had not held a racket for years, she hit the ball like a professional. The pro asked me about her, as if she might be a discovery, but when he heard that she was middle-aged, although she looked young, he seemed disappointed. I was fortunate that she could play because there was no one else to give me a game.

Viola to my mother. September 30/73. New York.

> Here's the first day of normality. Cleaned the house, stocked the frig, etc. so now I'm back at routine. Our trip back was quite pleasant as the bus was not at all crowded so we were able to stretch out. We both plunged into a heavy load of work and studies and social activity. We went to a reception given by Bruce Rankin and his wife—Canadian Consul-General here, for University of Canada Club. Met some very interesting Canadians.
>
> David heard from Fraser Bruce—a nice long letter arguing his case against David re: Chile-Allende and Socialists vs Capitalists etc. Rather amusing. They do tease one another.
>
> David has been asked to run again since they say he's at his strongest. It's probably a good idea as he can always leave and yet always have a job here to carry on in case John Munro fails him.

> I was selected by my University to apply for a Danforth fellowship—one of the most prestigious in the U.S. I was selected with 3 others as we are first in our graduating class. I was thrilled to know that I'm coming out first! I'll have to work really hard to keep up my A average. I cannot, however, qualify for the Danforth Fellowship because I'm over 35! There are other fellowships, however.
>
> Mother, both of us wish to thank you for a very pleasant stay in Hamilton. We loved every minute of it. Sorry we missed Mrs. Crerar. Loved seeing Alec and Anne, Aunt Mont and Uncle Edward and Jim.
>
> I have not heard from my parents. Guess they are busy—or they presume I'm well. Just wrote to Ann and Ned. Should I write to Mrs. Rayner—will you please forward the letter to her? Many thanks. All our love Mother and once more thank you.

Fraser Bruce now was director of ALCAN and living in Westmount for some years. He was very much on the side of corporations and saw international relations from the side promoted by the major newspapers, that is, he swallowed all the propaganda about the incompetent Allende, premier of Chile, that the Nixon-Kissinger government manufactured. That the assassination of General Schneider by right-wing elements funded by the CIA was to prepare the army for the coup, which happened at this time, probably never occurred to him. Some years later when visiting him in his Montreal apartment, I excoriated the Shah of Iran for his dreadful SAVAK secret police and torture of opposition leaders but met the same incomprehension that he absorbed from his corporate environment; he just did not believe what I was telling him or pretended not to believe it.

On our visits to Hamilton, Aunt Mont asked us to the Pines on occasion and once had Colonel Rose and his wife to tea, the English couple I had not seen since, as a boy, I helped pick strawberries for them. Some years later Mont told me that the Roses had driven onto a railroad crossing and sat in their car waiting for the train to kill them, which it did.

To mother from me. September 30/73. New York.

> Our stay in Hamilton was delightful. We found you looking well and acting spryly. Jim also looked well. And we enjoyed our visit to the Art Gallery.
>
> Since I have just spoken to you on the telephone, there is little news to add. I have begun to sketch with a group on Saturday mornings. My first day we sketched two jugs and blocks of wood—I don't think Cezanne would have been impressed.
>
> We look forward to the fall weather in New York—even though both of us have lots to do to keep us from noticing it. I shall send you the things from the Metropolitan Museum as soon as your parcel arrives.

The Art Gallery was then at McMaster University. I spoke with Fenner Dalley, who was on the Board, and later corresponded with him about showing the paintings of Clay Spohn, but since the Art Curator knew nothing of Spohn, and his correspondence to the San Francisco Museum went unanswered, my efforts went unrewarded, regardless of Fenner's willingness to help. At the exhibit of paintings were Professor Togo Salmon with Col. Gilmour, the father of two girls that I used to party with in my teens and who looked me up when I lived in Vienna. I did not speak to them as I felt Salmon might feel awkward remembering that he awarded me a 74 rather than 75 for my final exam and thus, presumably, prevented me from pursuing my university education.

The sketching group I mentioned came from a Marxist organization just forming on the lower west side by some people who had been reading Marx's *Capital* under the guidance of Arthur Felberbaum, a goateed Greenwich Village former taxi-driver and now Income Tax preparer. Arthur and his friend Gerry Zilg approached me about getting the Library to open its books as part of their campaign to get institutions such as New York University to open their accounts to public inspection. [I wrote of both men earlier in my "Literary Lions" chapter.] Now, with others, the two had rented a building devoted to lectures on Marxist and leftist themes, so badly needed to counter the propaganda from the right swamping American society. Protests against the war in Vietnam were

awakening Americans to the controls that the corporations had over their society and the war-profiteering in the name of democracy and anti-communism.

Viola to my mother. November 3/73. New York.

> Here am I in bed just recovering from that horrible abscess trouble. I feel certain it is the outcome of that operation I had in Vienna in 1957. Anyway after an excruciating time, I am now on the road to recovery, I hope! The doctor gave me some antibiotics. When I've gained my strength I shall go and see him for a thorough checkup.
>
> I'm sorry I have not written before now—but we have both been very busy as usual. I have a great deal on my plate this fall.
>
> David is back at negotiations, etc. He's very busy. He goes to sketching classes on Saturday mornings. He's really quite talented. I think he should keep it up.
>
> Mr. Gundy wrote him a very good and long letter and even rewrote a whole chapter to teach David how to write more economically. David's fault is prolixity. This is nothing to feel ashamed about, but I told David he must no longer resist learning. He must take the advice of Mr. Gundy, who has taken a great deal of trouble and has shown David a great deal of goodwill. He's on David's side. So now it is up to David. He must work and work—over the dull part of a writer's life. In every job there is the drudgery and dullness. People do not realize this. Everyone wants something exciting or glamorous. There aren't that many jobs available.
>
> I hope to drop a line to Helen this weekend. I just have not the time. I've got exams, papers, reading, application forms and a GRE exam to take in December. With the way I feel I wonder if I can manage it. I feel just a little weakened with this illness.
>
> My mind is also distracted about this Nixon. I think he will resign. It's just too much to cope with. He's beginning to look ridiculous now. He's a very corrupt and dishonest man and NO ONE believes him anymore, not even his staunch supporters.
>
> I'd look forward to reading about Princess Anne's wedding; it would be so much more refreshing.
>
> Hope you are feeling better now.

To mother from me. November 23/73. New York.

> Your delightful card of Battlefield House came yesterday. Viola and I are very sorry to hear of Miss Waldon's death. I have just written to Mrs. Thompson.
>
> Yes, Mr. Isbester called one night last week and asked me to come to Ottawa this week. I told him I would come the week following as I was busy with negotiations. I arranged to fly there and back on Thursday the 29th and wrote him so. I shall have the afternoon in Ottawa. Then today Isbester called the library and left a message for me to call him. When I did, he said that he'd received my letter twenty minutes after he called and was agreeable to my arrangements. Whatever offer he makes, I shall weigh carefully. I don't like the idea of Mrs. Munro asking you to call on John's behalf as if you were to return the supposed favour John is doing me. Believe me John is not doing me any favour. I am not pleased by his delay in contacting me as I have made no arrangements for a successor to the Local's leadership.
>
> The nominations for officers for 1974-5 took place on Nov. 1. Three people were nominated to run against me. All three withdrew, then one of them [Stan Kramer the LTA from the stacks who canvassed for Memberg in the previous election] wanted to put his name back into nomination, which caused a constitutional problem. The union lawyer said that since the mailed ballots had not been made up, he should be allowed to run. The Elections Committee, however, declared him ineligible by a strict reading of the Union Constitution. He was apparently asked by some figures in management to put his name back into nomination, and he was a threat to the real union-minded part of the staff. So it is just as

> well. The others on my political slate are being opposed so that the election will still be carried out. I am elected, therefore, to a new two year term and I am in the middle of difficult negotiations, which may last into February. After all the other particulars of John Munro's offer have been weighed, the final one of timing—when I shall take up my abode in Ottawa—will have to be considered very seriously.
>
> Viola is studying like a bookworm under great pressure of papers and exams. We had time only for a quick Thanksgiving dinner. I am reading economics now—a sort of pale copy of my student wife.
>
> The weather has not been cold here as yet—thank heavens, because with the threat of fuel cutbacks, this coming winter should prove colder than most. As for Christmas, Viola wants a nightgown. I, as usual, don't know what I want, except to see you in good health.
>
> Please tell Jim that to seek employment by others can prove a fruitless exercise in our present economic blight. He would be better to employ himself.

When I referred to reading economics, it comprised a course at the New School Graduate Center. Unlike neoclassical economics, which was taught in all the universities and which I had imbibed for my MA, Marxian economics included class relations and history. The neoclassical would not venture back historically further than 1930 and approached the problems of a capitalist economy through manipulations of stocks and bonds, bank rates and various economic factors that would affect an economic model based on free enterprise and its anomalies. Marx went to root causes. I heard that a young Canadian economics professor had started a Marxist economics track towards a PhD at the New School in late 1972 and, when he was killed in a car crash, the university continued the program with other Marxist-oriented professors. Since Viola spent so much time on classes and studying, I thought I had time for one night course to feed my curiosity about Karl Marx's contribution to economic thought.

Miss Freda Waldon was an unusual person—an intellectual and a community leader. She headed the Hamilton Public Library for years. I knew her through her sister Mrs Mabel Thompson and was grateful to her for the warm welcome she gave Viola. I recall an outing with her in the nature reserve by Cootes Paradise when she took Viola and me hiking over the pathways and pointing out the beauties of nature. Mabel Thompson sent me a pamphlet "Tributes to Freda Farrell Waldon delivered at her funeral November 19, 1973 by Isabelle J. Skelly and C. Hunter MacBain." Freda's achievements noted in it were varied and enormous. I quote just one paragraph: "She grew up in Hamilton at a time when the city was not especially renowned for its cultural amenities, and she strove during her lifetime to make it a place where, as she stated in one of her public addresses, 'One could live the good life with beautiful things to see and interesting things to do, and a great variety of human nature to observe and take delight in.'"

Viola to her parents. December 22/73. New York.

> I have received your brief note thanking me for the money and I have received your long letter, Mummy. I shall write to you about that later.
>
> I wish I could be at home so that I could guide you both in what seems to be a very deteriorating condition. This condition, as I see it, is due to so many factors which can easily be avoided. Drinks, old age, boredom and irritations combined with illness.
>
> A friend of mine wrote to me [she is the wife of an Ambassador, so you see it happens in all circles of society] that she is "horrified" to find her aging mother become "so petty." This is due to her age.
>
> Similarly, both of you, Mummy and Daddy, are nearing the end of your lives and feel a little empty and bored. This can be avoided. What I am shocked about is the hatred you both seem to have for each other and for what? You cannot change your life-pattern now. Daddy's behavior is probably due to years of resentment and misery that has been pent up inside him. And Mummy's misery is her pain from arthritis and her disappointment in Daddy. Well, you have lived your life—you both have known love and happiness and have

nothing to complain about—except old age and illness. Can't you both just stop and think for a while? Stop bickering and hating each other. I feel so shocked and so sad and so sympathetic. All I can remember is our happy childhood and how much you both loved each other. Must we only remember the nasty things about each other? Must we? Who is so angelic in life? Who has no faults? We are all evil in some way—NO ONE is an angel. So try to understand each other in a HUMAN way. Both of you are intelligent but you both drink. Sipping whiskey all day also has its effect. Nagging, grouching and snapping at each must be hellish to live with. And poor Eustace, where is comfort and happiness for him? Do try, Mummy and Daddy, to stop this dangerous course you are taking. I sent you the Pope's Medal. Blessed by him for your happiness but it has not done any good. I can only pray for you both before anything tragic happens. With a sad and full heart I send you my love.

Viola to my mother. January 30/74. New York.

At long last I am free for a week at least from my prison of studies. I thank you for being so understanding and tolerant. But this semester was the worst and heaviest I ever experienced. I took 5 courses in order to finish off—so now I have a B.A. Don't feel like a B.A. though. I was awarded the Leon Shimkin award, which pays for my M.A. next week. I can do that in two semesters.

Rather belatedly, Mother, I want to thank you for having us for Christmas, which as usual we both enjoyed very much. I only regret my worried state of mind. I wish we had the same kind of calendar as the Canadian universities. I'd love to be free during the Christmas holidays. Anyway it relaxed me a bit so I was able to do my "Shaftesbury" paper—which I got an 'A' on! It's a graduate course too! Not an undergraduate course.

David is busy with negotiations. He is very elated because he won privileges for his part-time librarians. He will have a membership meeting tomorrow to announce this to his constituents.

Freddie must ask for financial aid forms from Princeton. Otherwise they will think that because Alec is a lawyer he can afford to pay tuition. So ask Freddie to either mention it in his application form or write especially to ask for the forms.

I am so exhausted now. David and I will stay put in N.Y. We watched the ice-hockey all-star game last night. Will be going to movies, etc. I want to see "Vanishing Wilderness". We saw a Canadian film about the North lands called "Cry Wolf." I thought at first it was Farley Mowat's book made into a film. But it was a National Canadian Film and excellent it was. David also wants to see "The Sting" with Paul Newman. By the way, tell Alec that "Gigi" has opened on Broadway and is receiving RAVE notices.

I have just written a letter to my parents. I have not heard from them but I was not able to write until now. [I'm so glad I'm over undergraduate work. Attending classes was a bore.]

I may go and hear Vincent Peale on Sunday. He is now televised. David makes fun of him.

As for Nixon—I think the noose is getting tighter. Some say he will resign—yet his reputation abroad is very high. Europeans think that his foreign policy has been terrific! Although they don't like him as a man.

I may telephone Helen sometime. It is about time I wrote to and saw friends. Must now write "thank-you" letters. I have just written to Mrs Wendt. Doctor Wendt died in December. A friend called up to tell me. I was very sorry—am very sorry. Hope you are feeling better, Mother. Give Jim, the Zealands and the Beasleys our love. Also Mrs. Crerar, Ella and Mrs. Swan. Will write to them too. Thank you again for the Christmas nightgown and Viennese picture and for a lovely holiday.

Viola to her mother. January 30/74. New York.

I have just finished my last paper and did all my exams last week—so now I have a B.A. It has been very hard work, and this particular semester was very tough because I took five

courses in order to finish up and get my degree. I did two years work in one and a half years. Also NY Univ. has given me the Leon Shimkin award to begin next week on my MA. I shall hear whether I got the Danforth fellowship in April.

David is waiting to finish off his negotiations with the City of New York before going to Ottawa to see what exactly they are wanting him to do.

I now want to answer your letter which you wrote to me before Christmas. I was too busy and tense with tremendous study pressure to do anything at the time. I did not write any of the cards and left everything to David—so I don't know whom he sent cards to and whether he sent the usual cards out. I am now utterly exhausted.

Your letter made me quite shocked, sad and ill. For days I found myself trembling. I did not know what to make of the whole thing and why such hatred and misery are necessary at a time when life should be pleasant. One reads about such things in the newspaper—it seemed unbelievable that I was reading about my own parents.

What can I do or say, Mummy? Both you and Daddy have my sympathy. Your tragedy is so apparent to me that it seems incredible that no one has tried to help you both see life in a different way. I was deeply moved when you said you want to grow old gracefully and want to share in the happiness and life of your children and their husbands and wives. To be gracious requires great training and inner discipline. To be gracious means ability to handle people in extremely difficult situations. In life, as you know, NOTHING comes out the way we want. You always dreamed of your own house in Burma. Always thought that when Daddy retired you would build your own house. But it never materialized the way you wanted. You got your house alright but it was in London and you did not even plan its architecture. So you see, God works things out differently. Now you visualize a life of grace—enjoying and visiting your children and so on. You have that now. Your children on the whole are leading their own lives and you are welcome to visit them and enjoy their company. But you feel Daddy is in the way. Why? Why should Daddy prevent you from enjoying your children?

You have always been fun to be with. You have always had the capacity to enjoy occasions. And in the past your sunny ways have made things happy and cheerful. You have that talent. Why do you have to ruin your sunny disposition by thinking of things you cannot get? These things you want are there for you already. What you grumble about is merely a figment of your imagination. In other words there is absolutely no need to be bad-tempered all the time. Absolutely no need. Of course you are in pain now. And I have the greatest sympathy. I wish I were a doctor who can cure you, because I know what a charming person you can be and what a joy it is to have you around when you are in full health. But your irritation with Daddy began long before you suffered severely with your arthritis. Therefore your irritation springs from another reason. You are disappointed in Daddy because he is not like other husbands who are useful and reliable, etc. That is what YOU think. Believe me, Mummy, <u>most</u> husbands are like Daddy. David is just as impractical as Daddy—and dreadfully untidy. If I were to grumble and think evilly of David all the time, I would go mad and drive him to the asylum. I have to put up with it because that is the way life is with <u>every one</u>. Any two people have the SAME problems as you. Daddy is not the exception. My friend in the south of France tells me that her husband is incapable of looking after himself—cannot even wash a plate thoroughly. He would wash one side and leave the other side dirty. Now she has a sense of humour about that—she doesn't abuse him just because he cannot wash a plate? That is what is meant by being gracious. Kindly and courteous under all circumstances.

You are not taking into account your present life, Mummy. It is a good life by most people's standards. Many women are left alone with no one in the world to care for them. They pine away and die. You have your children, relatives and grandchildren. And you have your husband.

Let me tell you, Mummy, your husband is one of the most warm and affectionate of men. He is good and you don't realize this. Maybe when Daddy is dead and gone, you may have some twinges about this. Take his poor life. Like you, he had no training in life. Yet he did well by you and his children. How can you expect him to have the vision of men who were more fortunate than Daddy? Daddy once told me that he prayed for God to make you love him again. That was his prayers. He never never gossips about you except one day he sobbed and opened his heart out to me. Is such a man evil? It's the way your mind works. Another woman could have handled Daddy in a different way and would have made him a sensational success. He is a man who responds to kindness and affection which you have not given him. No one speaks to Daddy—no one. He is not allowed to do or say anything. He cannot go out and buy a chicken without your throwing it in the dustbin. Will a gracious lady do that? She would have been delighted and seen right away he was trying to please you. What then can Daddy do in this life? Nothing—he is allowed to do nothing. How much more can a man be punished on this earth? Where can he go? The only way out is to drink himself to death and gradually lose his mind. I warned you as long ago as 1968 that this would happen. But you cannot control your irritation.

You are concerned that Betty has not come over as she used to. Perhaps she does not enjoy seeing the terrible condition at home. Who can? It is not pleasant for anyone. Yet why? Why should a man be made unhappy? It is his house, he paid for it. He has only one life. Anyone who tries to understand Daddy immediately earns your anger, why? Are you right? Only you are right? Only you are entitled to sympathy and praise? I am sorry, Mummy, I have too much sympathy for Daddy to take sides. I will not. As a normal human being I have nothing but compassion for him. I wish to God I were in England and able to show you both how wrong you are in your attitude to life. It is all in the mind. You don't have Betty to talk to you and you feel it. How much more Daddy? Who has he got? When I think back on my childhood, it is Daddy's wisdom and advice and encouragement that I remember. He has got tremendous insights and with proper handling he could have been a wonderful man. You have been extremely lucky.

Now Daddy is beginning to show how much punishment he has taken from you. Now his mind is beginning to fail and in this state he is showing signs of great resentment against you. Another man would have done so a long time ago with tragic consequences. So how can you blame him? No man can go on day-to-day listening to abuse and hatred. No man can go on without anyone to speak to. No man can go on with everyone treating him with scorn. He must fight back—even a worm will turn.

It is perhaps too late to try to make you see this. Your hatred for Daddy is now complete and thorough. But I am warning you that if you do not show him any understanding in his seriously run-down condition, you will have to bear the consequences. No one can help you.

Daddy is seriously ill. Anyone who drinks the way Daddy does, does have a serious kidney problem. He must be taken care of. I have asked him to go to Dr. Turnbull, who may find a hospital or home for him so that he will be among people he can talk to, and be given good medical care. If you cannot see that necessity—then I cannot appeal to you at all. It is up to you.

You are now old Mummy. You say you are suffering. You want comfort and love. I have nothing but love and sympathy for you. But I also have a father with whom I sympathize and for whom I have love and understanding. I cannot give you sympathy at the expense of Daddy. I am a child of both parents. I care for you. I can only ask you, if not as a daughter and friend, then as a Christian who believes in God's and Jesus's goodness towards sinners —to try to understand Daddy. Try to give him some kindness in the last remaining years of your life. Life can be so much more pleasant if each of us only tries.

I pray for both of you and hope God will guide your wisdom before anything terrible happens.

To mother from me. February 24/74. New York.

> At last a letter! Not a great deal to report, however. Both Viola and I developed colds this weekend—sneezes, coughs, sore throats, nose-blowing, etc—quite a noisy apartment. We've been watching plenty of TV—hockey, political interviews. And reading. I am reading *The Quest for Corvo*, the biography of the English author Rolfe, who starved to death in 1913. The biographer tracked down facts about his man much as I did about Richardson, except that, since he did it in the 1920s, he was closer to his quarry and was able to find correspondence and interview people who had known Rolfe.
>
> As for my biography, I am having a revised version typed and will soon be looking for a publisher again.
>
> The union is still in negotiations. I bargain with management about twice a week. Also I've had plenty of grievances to conduct. Have you ever read any of the Local's "Newsletters" or "Local Lines?" I shall enclose a "Newsletter" to show you what sort of rabble-rouser I have been for the past 8 years. On March 7 we have a membership meeting at which we elect representatives to the AFSCME convention in June in Hawaii. As president I may have to go.
>
> I think I told you that I wrote to Ottawa—Isbester, by name, and inquired into my travel expenses and the intentions of the Labor Dept. Isbester called me to say that he was led to understand that Munro had telegrammed me on Feb. 1 to wait for an opening in the Dept. before proceeding to Ottawa—which, of course, he did not. Apparently he cannot afford to appoint me at the moment. This suits me fine as I am deeply engaged in important negotiations, and, moreover, after my recent reelection, I cannot leave the Local right away. What his real intentions are perhaps you can guess as well as I. Both you and I are naifs, but after a while we are able to perceive the insecurities in other people that lead them to act toward us in strange ways. When Munro was unable to secure a job for Jim, it should have been evident to the most dimwitted that he did not want to do so. I hope that I am not being unjust—which is why I have crossed out this sentence—but will discuss the subject with you when I see you. We may help others, but we must not expect, let alone ask for help from others. Most certainly I do not need help from Munro to return to Canada—when I am ready I will find work that I like to do—if in the Labor Dept, so be it.
>
> You must not allow yourself to be used by the Munros again. You have helped his campaign enough. If you did it for my sake, please don't again. Whenever I agree on something, I try to keep my options open. And when I am dealing with politicians, I make them commit themselves more than I commit myself. Hence my demand for per diem payments from the Labor Dept. in order to test its sincerity. Munro's bluff has been called. Instead of disappointing me, he must admit that he cannot afford to hire me because his treasurer won't allow him to spend more money—a reflection on his disorganization. It has been a very long time since I have had to deal with the subtleties of Canadian society, but I remember them well. How right I am, remains to be seen.
>
> Meanwhile Viola sends her love to you and Jim—as do I. Keep well.

Mother took a bus tour with other older women to New York in the spring and I arranged to meet her at my Economics Division, show her the Library and take her to lunch after I finished negotiations in the morning. It is a recurring upsetting thought that I was asked by my team to take it to lunch and forgot about my mother until after lunch when I remembered with a shock and rushed to the Library to find that she had left after waiting for a long time. I found her in her hotel room and we ate in a nearby cafe before I saw her off on the bus for home. How could I have forgotten such a thing? I seemed cursed by this lapse of memory at certain important times.

Viola to my mother June 3/74. New York.

> It was so nice talking to you on the telephone. I'm sorry I missed Vivienne. Perhaps we will see her sometime this year.

> David returned last night with a nice sunburn. Apparently the weather was superb the last couple of days. David seemed to have enjoyed his stay and completed what he had to do. He seems to like the city of Ottawa and tells me it has vastly improved since we three were there. As David describes it—it is a city for people to live in—not like N.Y.
>
> He saw Becky a couple of times and took her out. Apparently David went to the restaurant where Becky works and sat at her table. She was shocked to see David and for a moment was not sure it was her Uncle David. So David said he kissed "the waitress." He also left her a generous tip! She wants to do her MA in U.B.C., she said.
>
> We will be leaving on Thursday for Hawaii and David hopes to return for Douglas's wedding. The card calls it a "benediction." I hope it is a wedding. Anyway it will be fun. She is extremely intelligent and intellectual and a girl who has a strong mind. Also attractive looking.
>
> David is going to give me a gold chain to hang on my Phi Beta key—which has not arrived yet. I'll get a certificate for that too. I've so far got about 4 certificates of one honor or another. I'm very proud of the Lena Kastle award—to the graduating woman for excellence in the studies of English. I'm sorry they fouled up my invitation to the N. Y. University Alumni dinner. I also missed the special ceremony when the President of the University and the Deans presented the award—I was doing my Chaucer examination! However, later at the French Dept. party, I met the President and all the Deans and explained to them that it was not indifference on my part for missing these occasions. The pin is a tiny gold one—the alumni Scholarship Award. The Phi Beta Kappa ceremony was also fun—they have a special handshake!
>
> Graduate school, however, is another kettle of fish. It's far more difficult and demanding from a professional point of view. I'm glad the semester is over though.
>
> David has found a new publisher. He has trimmed his MS down, he tells me. Also a friend of mine said he will be glad to look at it. David does not listen to me too much re: his writing as we always end up quarrelling! but I long and yearn for dear David to get published. He deserves to be.
>
> The Dean of my first College has offered me a job as professor as soon as I get an M.A. So I may be teaching College next spring! I want the experience for future jobs. So happy Jim is working. Hope you are keeping well and are rested. Let me know how Warren's graduation went. Will write from Hawaii.

My two week sojourn in Ottawa to research files on the Canada Labour Department in the Ottawa Archives and write a history was a strange experience. Fraser Isbester, who had been chair of the Hamilton Board of Education, was expected to produce the history of the Department when he could not research or write it because he suffered from an advanced paralyzing condition. Suddenly, unexpectedly, his body would seize up and send him squirming to the floor. When I met him for the first time and he took me to lunch, he got up to go to the restroom and several yards from me was struck down. He had warned me of his condition and that he recovered quickly, so that I did not rush to his aid for fear of embarrassing him but watched as he slowly pulled himself together and got to his feet. He flew home on Fridays to Hamilton and returned on Mondays, although I rarely saw him during the week. I had an office in the Labour Department building and saw John Munro once in the distance when he was stopped on the sidewalk by a gang of reporters. I stayed at the Elgin Hotel and enjoyed Sunday mornings in the foyer where the locals would come for coffee and gossip about characters in the city. In the breakfast room I met the wife of conductor Mario Bernardi of the Ottawa Symphony, who suggested that I attend the theatre where John Neville was acting, which I did. I wrote a couple of chapters on foolscap, but Isbester did not read it. He told me that he had employed other writers, but they had not proved worthy of the project, by which I assumed that I too would not be found worthy. I sensed the whole business was to provide Isbester an income until he died. But Isbester did me a favor. When he heard about my manuscript on Richardson, he suggested I contact a friend who ran a small printing press and published Canadian books—Michael

Gnarowski. When I took the manuscript around to Gnarowski's home, he was away, but his wife entertained me for the evening and I felt certain that it would be considered seriously.

The Union Convention in Honolulu started like a dream when we disembarked in the evening to the sounds of Hawaiian music and wreaths dropped over our heads by lovely women in greeting. We stayed in the tall hotel overlooking the ocean and stepping onto the balcony looked below at a party, whose drumming drifted through the air like an omen, and a cloud clung to the top of the mountain nearby. Apart from attending convention sessions, our group drove around the island, visited the zoo with the huge turtles and swam from the beach, from all of which I burned my legs so badly I had to stay in the hotel room for two days and get an injection at the local hospital. We attended an open-air banquet, where we had the chance to speak to native Hawaiians, who opened up to Viola about their changing ways of life owing to the dominant American culture and their dislike of the occupation. An older couple from Israel, labor people, talked to us about the Hebrew language and Gotbaum, sitting nearby, mourned the disappearing of Yiddish.

We flew to a bigger island and drove to see the rumbling volcano, then dropped by at a village where young American crafters sold their goods and visited the sacred place of a river flowing down around a green, garden-like island giving off spray like sperm—and lay down on a miles-long deserted sandy beach.

To my mother from me. Postcard: aerial view of Waikiki

> The Soft trade winds sing over these islands blessed by great beauty—even over the luxury resort where we are staying—Waikiki.

The wedding Viola and I were to attend at Fraser Bruce's summer home on Lake Magog in the Eastern Townships was of his son Douglas to a French-Canadian girl, who was pregnant. The separatist movement in Quebec inflamed the political discourse and the minds of many Quebecers. I thought Douglas was a brave and cosmopolitan fellow but feared for his happiness in such a contentious atmosphere. What his parents felt, I did not know.

When we arrived back from Hawaii we picked up a message from another guest to the wedding offering to drive us but we were too late. We flew and stayed at my sister's home, not knowing that she and her husband were not invited. Douglas told us that he had arranged for us to stay at a lodge near Lake Magog but we did not get the message. We rented a car and drove to the cottage on the lake, attended the ceremony in a small wooden church and went swimming from the dock later in the afternoon after lunch. I borrowed a bathing suit from a Cuban friend of Douglas, who like him, studied environmental engineering.

On our return to my sister's home in Montreal, we noted how angry she was at not being invited; she sent the couple a bassinet for a wedding present.

Viola to her parents. July 25/74. New York.

> I've started summer school so will be very busy till the end of August. I spent a few days with Mrs. Beasley in Hamilton before my holidays were over. I think she was feeling a little lonely and needed company. David could not come with me as he had the ALA meetings in N.Y. Mrs B is looking old now. She is 77. So I helped her with the shopping, etc. She was very kind to me, and her friends, as usual, entertained me for lunches and teas and drives.
>
> Thank you so much for your letter, Daddy. It made me very happy to get a good letter from home and to know that you are all well and having fun. That is what I want to hear, that all of you are happy and enjoying a bit of life. I hope you all have a wonderfully happy time in Scotland. Give Donald and his family our love. It sounds like a lot of fun for everyone to go up there for the "Enthronement of the Sacred Heart". It's like a picnic and I hope you have good weather. Let me know how it all went.
>
> I am now back at the University taking two linguistic courses which are required for my doctorate degree. David is busy as ever and is studying Spanish (free) at his Union HQ. He sends his love to you both. We both shall think of you on your anniversary and hope God

> will help you both to love and understand each other better and that your health will improve. I hope, Mummy, that your pain will be better this summer. All my love and have a good time in Scotland.

Viola to my mother. September 23/74. New York.

> I'm herewith sending you my Christmas gift three months in advance so that you can make use of it for Christmas!
>
> We had a very pleasant trip down and the weather was excellent. We both had a wonderful time, from the point of view of fresh air and relaxation so much also we choked with the bad air in N.Y. Today is lovely, sunny and cool. My Phi Beta Key has arrived and David is going to give me a chain to go with it. It will have to be gold-plated because pure gold is so expensive.
>
> We both want to thank you for giving us a happy time. It is always a pleasure to visit with you because we are so much at home there thanks to your warm hospitality and congenial temperament!
>
> I've started lectures again and feel ready for it. David now wants to take a few PhD courses in economics—he's waiting to hear if he will be accepted.
>
> We got a note from Janet Baldwin who tells us that Douglas and Monique have a girl baby (19th August) and will call her Jessica—so far. The baby looks like the Hamilton Douglas! She says Fraser is doing well and lost weight.
>
> I have done some Christmas shopping and am going to send Christmas cards abroad today so that it will cost less.
>
> We have the Canada Team, Hockey on TV here and we've enjoyed the games so far. What goes on with Margaret Trudeau? I think she must be suffering from postnatal depression. Some women get it badly after the second baby.
>
> I hope you are well and resting a lot. Please give Jim our love and thank you once more for a very enjoyable holiday. Will write again soon. I've got December pressure off my back for now.

After vacationing in Hamilton, we spent a week or so at a resort on the Lake of Bays in Muskoka; it was there that we heard the shattering news that President Gerald Ford pardoned ex-President Richard Nixon for his crimes known as the Watergate Scandal. We were furious, not just because Nixon's political career was largely scandalous and his punishment was overdue but because much of the Watergate scandal would have been revealed by a prosecution. Ford was rejected by the American voters at the next presidential election, which was won by Jimmy Carter, a Democrat. Ford was the butt of jokes and perceived as slowwitted. When talking to Mr. Love, who wrote the play "Subways are not for Sleeping", I learned that he was at school with Ford; he confirmed that Ford was, indeed, dumb.

To mother from me. October 10/74. New York.

> Just a word of thanks for entertaining us in September. Both of us are busy—I'm taking 3 courses and still fighting for a contract. Economic situation here is worsening —3 branch libraries are closing—people being laid off. But life is an adventure and should always be seen as such. We are too busy to see movies or do things which might interest you to know about. We're just slogging away at the great white door of success.

A DC37 negotiator, Bart Cohen, a heavyset, bearded, phlegmatic fellow, did most of the negotiating for working conditions. I responded sharply to Wilkinson's provocative comments, but, aside from advising Cohen on what we needed most, I and the rest of our group were little more than window dressing. When I objected strongly to a couple of clauses offered by management that Cohen accepted, Cohen quietly threatened me with defeat in the next election, which, of course, made me

object even more. Cohen, that is DC37, had the support of my Board members, who took his advice as being more experienced than mine, or, at least, the source of power. I tried to counter DC37s influence through my reports to the membership, in which I warned of problems but this could have no effect on negotiations, which dragged on and on to little purpose. As I predicted, I was swamped with grievances, which were doomed from the start because the step by step procedure was a farce and arbitration was not available to those lacking tenure. We had to proceed from step to step for the sake of the griever, who hoped vainly that the next supervisor would change the verdict. The stewards, once so enthusiastic, dropped away now that economic conditions threatened jobs. More and more of the work of the Local fell on me, who, although I had released time, regretted the hours spent negotiating three wage contracts and our working conditions. I became more suspicious of DC37's alliances. Gotbaum, our executive director, began associating with Felix Rohatyn, banker with Lazard-Freres, who planned with two other major banks to take over the administration of the city, which they feared was going bankrupt. These bankers needed to co-opt the union leaders to avoid labor unrest.

Since there was a vacancy on DC37s Executive Board, I asked the locals from the cultural institutions to support me, which they agreed to do. When the vote was to be taken at a General Meeting, the DC37 treasurer postponed it with the excuse that the number of votes allotted to each local had to be reviewed. A month later at the next meeting, the election took place, at which I had very few votes. I laughed. DC37 in its eagerness to prevent me from being elected had twisted too many arms making the result look like overkill. Disillusioned with DC37, I considered it a sweetheart union. When the union asked those local presidents on released time to visit the cafeteria workers in one of its locals, who were being "raided" by the Teachers Union, to persuade them to stay with DC37, I heard from the workers that they had never seen a contract and were badly served by their representatives; but they believed the promises made to them and stayed with DC37 when, in my opinion, they would have been much better off with the Teachers Union. [Now I suspect, from court revelations, that they voted to join the Teachers Union, but the voting results were rigged.] Years later, the longtime black president of that Local, Charlie Hughes, was convicted of embezzling hundreds of thousands of dollars from the local and sent to prison. Hughes's mansion and high-living style as revealed in Robert Fitch's *Solidarity for Sale*; *"DC37: a Progressive Kleptocracy,"* was made possible by his dues-paying workers living below the poverty line. I thought he was just a dumb follower of Gotbaum and kept in the presidency because he would do as told. That he and Al Diop, the black president of another large local, were living like kings, astonished me. Diop was smarter and I did not trust him. As I mentioned in a previous chapter, Diop was the model for Alex Mackart in *The Grand Conspiracy* and *Overworld/Underworld.*

Whenever we had an issue that management refused to discuss, I would call for the picketing of the Central Library or branch concerned. In union actions the clerks could be counted upon more than the librarians. Our picketing did not interfere with readers or anyone wishing to enter the library, and once, when some trustees argued that we were disruptive, one of them, Cardinal Cook, passed through our line on the steps of the Research Libraries to disprove that charge.

Viola to my mother. October 10/74. New York.

> It seems that your parcel will take longer than they advised me. I hope it arrives safely. In it I put a note I should have sent by separate post. I thought since there was no great hurry I could safely send the gift by the slowest mail. Give it more time, hence.
>
> We are both very busy with studies which takes up so much time and energy. Every working hour is a tense moment of work unfinished. David as you know is taking 3 courses. I do not know how he does it with full time jobs. I couldn't do it.
>
> I have to give a talk on a 17th century poet and it is taking all my time trying to research the background of his religious poems. Otherwise life is very dull. No terribly exciting news to tell. Watched ice hockey, Russians versus WHL. Thought it dreadfully brutal and I think they should stop such competition. Does no one any good. Hope you are well. Thank you for giving us a lovely holiday.

Viola to my mother. November 26/74. New York.

> This is a brief note to tell you how sorry I was to miss talking to you on the phone. I am enclosing a clipping in which David is quoted. David worked very hard and went all over the place talking before very distinguished groups including trustees of the Public Library, until he aroused enough support to avert the closing of the branch libraries and the dismissal of the staff. He appeared on TV for about 1.30 minutes. We woke up early to see him at 6.58 a.m. and it was repeated at 6.58 p.m. on NBC. He looked so handsome and earnest and spoke so firmly and forcefully that I was very proud of him. He was most natural and not one bit nervous. Pity it was on a local station or else you would have seen it.
>
> We are both studying very hard. We've entertained a few friends for lunch at the U.N., otherwise we lead a quiet life and indulge in simple pleasures. It is just as well as the economic situation looks very gloomy and the world is at the turning point where it could go either way—towards destruction or construction.
>
> Also enclosing a clipping on the Canadian problem of immigration. I always knew there would be a problem once Canada became lenient. However, I hope this trend will stop. We are living in a different world with 3/4 of it starving—we cannot afford to think in terms of 19th century and post-World War II generosity. We both send you and Jim our love. Will see you on 22/23 December?

Frazer Isbester to me. Christmas card. December 19/74. Ottawa.

> I am very sorry to have missed a chance to talk with you when you called. As Jackie may have told you, I had a bit of bad luck with that growth in my head. It turned out to be malignant and it spread out and had to be exorcised by one of the local surgeons. So I am just getting back to work.
>
> In the meantime, however, I had a chance to nominate you for consideration as ILR librarian at Cornell. The NY State School of Industrial and Labor Relations has a fabulous library and archives. So you may hear from the head of that search committee. I'm delighted to know that Mike G liked your book and there may be a chance of publishing it in the Carleton series.

I did not hear from the Cornell search committee; either they did not want a Canadian or they heard bad news from the New York Public Library. Isbester died from his tumors on the brain.

Viola to my mother. December 29/74. New York.

> I am writing at once because of the threatened mail strike. Also am putting this note paper, which you gave me, to good use. Many thanks, Mother. Please believe me, I am so glad to have it as a Christmas gift. I'd rather have something I need than otherwise.
>
> David and I had a good trip down, although we did not arrive home until 11 p.m! We cooked some spaghetti and went to bed. Your sandwiches and bananas were most welcome. Thank you so much. They were delicious.
>
> We thoroughly enjoyed our Christmas with you and the family. But it is always a pleasure to visit you—as you make us so welcome and are always warm and hospitable. I know David enjoyed himself immensely. He is always so happy to see you. Most of all we are so glad that you are able to walk again. I hope you enjoyed the play "Pleasure of his Company." Tell us all about it.
>
> I just telephoned my parents. My card to them was returned for "insufficient" stamps! so I had to speak to them. Mummy is suffering a great deal over her arthritis. She couldn't stand at the phone for too long. She sends her love to you and hopes you will be better soon too. She does not want me to go on to my doctorate. She thinks I'll be exhausting my brains!

I just today received a card from Vivienne. She says she hopes to come to New York in March or April on her way back from Florida, and then says: "Will probably visit Marjorie next summer. Have several good friends in Hamilton and Toronto."—so be prepared for a summer visit, Mother.

I have now written my thesis. David helped me with some excellent criticisms and suggestions. He should have stuck with literature. He's marvelous—full of excellent ideas. He's working on his papers today. I've got one more and then I'll have to study for my exam.

I am studying hard because I want to teach at the college level, Mother. I may not be too happy teaching school. I cannot make my mother understand this. She is so easily defeated. She wants me to settle down and be content. But I shall be teaching at my university—if not in February, then certainly in September. I suppose everyone thinks I'm wasting my time.

Please thank Jim for us, Mother, and tell him we both so enjoyed the outing to the Swiss Chalet at his expense. New York is very mild—but quite pleasant. I do hope you will look after yourself. David was sorry not to see you at the window when we drove off in the taxi when we left for N.Y. We send you all our love and hope to see you in the summer. Please give Mrs. Crerar our love.

Viola to her father. January 20/75. New York.

It was such a pleasure to hear your calm and strong voice on the telephone. You were also so kind in your thoughts. I am very grateful to you for your thoughtfulness always, Daddy. It did not escape my attention that you tried to say David and I were missed at your Christmas gathering. Also I am aware of your kindness in asking me about my courses, etc. Thank you and God bless you—my kind and good father. I have just had my M.A. thesis approved by one of the foremost scholars and gentlemen—a Mr. Gordon Ray. He's a big name on Thackeray—the Victorian novelist. I am glad I've got that thesis out of the way. I have now got my M.A. (diploma will be issued in June 1975). In the meantime I'm beginning my doctorate degree in February. I shall be studying again under two of the most well-known scholars in the academic world: Mr. Bessinger and Mr. Ray. Both men are highly respected in the U.S. and in England. Under Professor Ray I shall be taking a seminar and under Bessinger I shall be reading the great epics of literature.

I have never been happier in my life than I am now, Daddy dearest. My mind is put to the fullest use. The work is hard but rewarding. I can't imagine how I struggled in the U.N. all those years doing asinine things. Anyway the U.N. brought me the money I needed to live for my studies. I hope to begin teaching in September (new academic year). I hope I shall be able to handle a class. I shall teach them introduction to literature and composition. Both requirements for freshman college. While I teach I shall be paid and get my tuition free for my doctorate studies. Well, I hope God will help me throughout all this.

We went to Hamilton for 3 or 4 days. We had a wonderful time. All the Beasley clan gathered at David's brother's place and we had a magnificent time. Anne Beasley is a wonderful cook. I had to return very soon to New York because I had to finish my thesis and submit it to the Department before the deadline. Now that it is approved, a big load is off my mind.

David gave me a gold chain for Christmas in order that I can hang my Phi Beta Kappa pin —which I got not only for coming out first but because of moral behavior and good character.

We bought a beautiful Persian carpet on Sunday. It is beautiful. How are you, Daddy? Do you go often to the Navy Legion for old folks? I'd love to have heard you sing—David and I were so amused and happy to get such a cheerful newsy letter from you. We both send you our fondest love and hope you will write soon and give us more British political news. Mrs. Beasley is now able to walk. She was very sweet and kind to us. David is busy now with

labour and "layoffs". The depression is a fearful thing to contemplate. All our love to you, dearest Daddy and God bless you and keep you well.

Viola to her mother. January 25/75. New York.

This is a nice free moment I have so I thought I'd relax with a little chat with you on paper. On Sunday David and I went for a walk and by chance passed an Oriental Rug Department Store on Fifth Avenue and we ended up buying a luxurious handmade Bokhara (Persian) carpet. I love walking on it. It is so beautiful that I want nothing but the nicest things to go with it. We have in mind really getting the best for our home in Canada whenever we get there!

Dearest Mummy, how sweet of you to be concerned about me and my studies. You, as a mother, I suppose feel I should settle down, but I do not understand to what? I have my M.A. now. Without this degree, in this country, you are a nothing. Now I am hoping to be selected to teach my first College class in September, and at the same time study for my doctorate degree. I shall not only have my courses and tuition free, in this way, I shall be getting experience and training in handling a class, and I shall be earning a living. When I go to Canada, I can demand the type of job I am looking forward to. That is my aim. I am not wasting my time, Mummy. I have never been happier in my life than when I left the U.N. and went full time studying. The work is extremely demanding, but I feel for the first time in my life that my faculties (mind) have been put to use to the fullest extent. I am very lucky I am able to do this at my age. Many others cannot cope with the load of work under pressure. Besides when I teach, I go to class at certain hours and the rest of the time I'm free. I'm complete boss in my class. I can shape it as I wish. Then there are long holidays for me to relax and settle down to being housewife and companion to my darling David. Teaching keeps you busy to 68 years or more.

What I have found in life, Mummy, is that all one needs is to be happy in what one is doing. So long as your spirit is cheerful and in harmony. That is all that matters. I do not care for worldly wealth, competition, fame and great achievement. I just want to be content with what I have. David and I live very simply—we both are busy and keep ourselves interested. In my academic life I have the best brains to talk to, to associate with and I thoroughly enjoy it. What more do I want? Nothing. Just God's blessing. So many people think we have to live in a big house, have six cars to be considered successful. My philosophy is to be cheerful and happy with very little. So far God has blessed me. I have had my share of troubles and tragedy just as we all have. God's trials. But we can overcome these and try to be charitable to all we love and cherish. Once you show love to someone, that someone will improve and change. Try it on Daddy, Mummy. He is a good, loving and kind man if you handle him right. Remember how you could not get on with Rita at one stage? You showed her love and she changed. She responded. Do that to Daddy, Mummy, and you will see a marked change. You need each other now. Don't think about the past—that is very narrow. Don't bear a grudge. Forget everything and try loving Daddy with kindness—I guarantee you and Daddy will be happy. I love you both so much and pray every day for you. I must end now. I'm going out to lunch with one of my university professors. I start my doctorate programme on February 4. All my love and God bless you darling Mummy.

PS. So glad Rita comes and helps you. And Cecil and Babsie, etc. come and cheer you up. I am most happy to hear this.

The university professor, whom Viola was lunching with, was seeing her quite often. He was struck by her responses to his questions in class and noted her intelligence in the papers she submitted. I guessed they were having a romance of a rather platonic nature [although I discovered much later that he sent her valentines] and I was glad for her that she enjoyed the company of such an educated and sophisticated teacher, who could help her in her studies. He was an American in his sixties of slight build and gentle demeanor—Professor Gerald Lahey—who had PhDs from Buffalo and Oxford Universities. Since he was not a forceful personality, the professors in his department obliged him to travel to the distant campuses of the university to lecture, at which he was superb and awakened many a student to the treasures of modern American Literature.

Viola introduced me to him and we got along. His wife, however, must have been mistrustful of his relationship with Viola because, when we met in a restaurant, she impulsively kissed me on the mouth, as if it were a tit for tat, thus embarrassing Lahey and Viola for my sake but merely surprising me. His wife had known Lahey from youth when they were at school in Buffalo but had just married him a few years before. She had been the principle of a girl's school and at times had the schoolmistress demeanor and a sharp temper.

The professor's friendship with Viola was soon noted by other professors and one of them suggested to me that I be more possessive of her, but I knew her and knew her need for intelligent minds. She told me that Lahey, whose background was so impressive, gave her confidence; if such an educated person could consider her opinions seriously, then she began to consider herself on his level. Lahey also benefitted from their friendship. He had been so engrossed in literature that he neglected the general interests such as informative TV news programs, ice hockey rivalries and so on, to which Viola introduced him. Both Laheys became our very good and generous friends, the best examples of Americans, to the ends of their lives.

In the meantime my great friend, whom I considered my artistic mentor, Clay Spohn, returned from Taos. I helped him clean up his studio and suggested he get rid of the canned foods that had been stored there since he left years before, but he, with little money, thought they were okay to eat. Some time afterwards, he became sick in the intestines and was rushed to hospital to have a colostomy. This gave him much trouble, as I showed in my biography of him, but he would not allow it to dampen his spirit. One evening Viola and I had both Lahey and Spohn for dinner, but they seemed to have little in common, and Clay, at one point, dozed off, for which later he apologized, angry with himself. I visited with Clay when I could and always found his conversation stimulating. These were fallow years for him because he had no money for paints or canvas, but he was planning for a series of what I know would have been masterpieces and rescued abstract existentialism from the "dead-end" to which his more famous painter friends had taken it. He died four days before the arrival of a large grant from the Endowment of the Humanities that would have given him the where-with-all to fulfill his dream. We were the great losers.

Viola to my mother. January 28/75. New York.

> A quiet day, so I thought I'd write to you a few lines. Thank you for the telephone call. Always nice to hear from you. David and I are enjoying our brief rest but start again next week. We went for a walk last Sunday and bought a beautiful Persian carpet on our way! Expensive walk. This carpet will last us all our lives, we are told. It's a beauty. I love walking on it. Now nothing matches it! But this is for Canada, so we are not worried.
>
> Did some shopping and got you the panties you asked for. Will send them on to you. Also bought Barbara's birthday present as I shan't have the time once school begins.
>
> I have now had my thesis approved—so I've now got an M.A. degree which will be conferred only in June. I begin my doctorate seminar next week. All my classmates of my first college are doing extremely well. All of them have now got their B.A.'s and are working in fantastic jobs. Most of them held executive positions, anyway, only needed a college degree for further promotion. But I was the only one with a Phi Beta Kappa and plodding on! Nothing to show as yet!
>
> Warren wrote a nice letter to David. He (Warren) is thinking of starting a Humorous Paper (after the fashion of Punch, I suppose) with some friends and asked David for some ideas. He sounded as if he would like to visit New York to get some ideas for his projected paper.
>
> It's a very dull day and my mood matches it. So forgive dreariness of thought and handwriting. Tell Jim, David used his paper for his term papers. It is hard to erase on that typing paper—it is so strong. So we had to type carefully. David will be going to Washington next week for a day or two. Some Union conference or the other. He certainly gets around. We've been taking walks, will be seeing plays and generally relaxing. I hate the thought of reading and writing under pressure again! But I must continue if I'm to achieve my goal.

To mother from me. February 5/75. New York.

> Remembering that I have not written for quite some time, I am taking a few minutes in the office to remind you that I am still alive and reasonably well. This is what the Local's notepaper looks like. First, I must thank you for the delightful Christmas. Today we had our first snow since the slight snow I saw in Hamilton on Christmas Day. Second, I must report that Viola received two A- marks for her two courses; I received an A- mark for the most important of my two courses (Marxian Economic Analysis), and have had no reports so far from the other two courses. I registered for two courses in the spring term. The New School has been on strike (office staff and library staff) but a settlement has been reached now. Third, we have finished negotiating a wage contract for our Library Technical Assistants and a Working Conditions Contract, which I hope to ratify on Feb 13. This weekend I am going to Washington for a Convention—leaving Friday, returning Sunday. Fourth, I telephoned the publisher in Ottawa about the Richardson biography. He has submitted the manuscript to the Canada Council, which he hopes will provide the capital to publish it. All three editors of the company think it should be published. He does not think it will be a book of the month selection, of course, but he thinks it will be invaluable to scholars, which was why I wrote it the way I did. It will cost about $9000 to make the plates, he says. We ought to know in a month or so if the Council will agree to it. Fifth, the next problem facing me as Union President is the threatened layoffs of staff. We shall have to counteract management's moves which seemed to be centered on the goal of intensifying labour, making the worker pay for the depression which our very foolish ruling class brought upon us all.
>
> I hope you stay well, keep free of flu and broken bones. I think of you at times and wonder what you are doing. Even though your next birthday gives you an austere age, you are young and should remain active. You will recall the lady who lived next to us on 35 Robinson St (Mrs. Wright, I think) who was well on into her nineties and remained very active. I only mention this because I am thinking of it. You never really should think of your age, only of living as fully and happily as possible. Well, Mother dear, I have to return to the business of working for our union membership, which means an argument with some member of management about some trifling matter. Will be in touch soon.

Viola to my mother. March 7/75. New York.

> Received your letter this morning. Sorry to hear you caught the flu bug—just when you were so careful. Hope you are better now. David also was in bed a couple of days with a severe cold and cough. He's up today but must take more rest. Sorry to hear about John Munro's problems. Poor chap—politics is a very tricky business. I think David ought to drop him a line to cheer him up. After all he was kind enough to try to help him.
>
> The parcel will take some time as it was sent by the slowest mail. It will be part of your birthday present. I'm sorry I did not include a note in it. Could you please apologize to Anne and tell her my parcel for Barbara is her birthday present and I'll drop Barbara a note later on. I hope she opens it on the 6th April.
>
> The economic situation is so bad over here. I'm really worried. They're cutting faculty members in my university. I feel so sad about that. I hope we don't get a revolution. Already angry men have been setting fire to plants and telephone switch boards that have crippled this city. David and I continue to work hard and generally keep ourselves occupied and cheerful. I see Trudeau has gone off to Europe to try to open up trade with the Common Market countries rather than rely too heavily on the U.S. It was noble and decent of him to stick by John Munro. I have not much to report. I am disappointed in the Rangers this year. So I haven't even that to make me feel good. Martha Mitchell says Ford will pardon all the Nixon aides (Haldeman, Mitchell, Ehrlichman, etc) and then resign and allow Rocky to take over. She may be right. Would love to go to Bermuda with you by boat. We'll find out. David and I will be free from 22nd May onwards. Let's plan on it anyway—God willing. All my love and David says he'll write too. He received a letter from Mrs Swan today.

Frances Swan thanked me for sending her the papers on Karl Marx. “I found them interesting and think it was very kind of you to send them and rather remarkable that you remembered to send them,” she wrote. “On Wednesday four of us went to the Thistle Club for dinner which was delicious and then back to your mother’s house for a game of bridge—which I enjoyed because we didn’t take it too seriously—there are times to be serious and times not to be and this was the latter after such a lovely dinner. . . . When we get older though, climbing stairs are hard on us, although Bill thinks they are fine to keep in shape. He runs a mile a day he tells me and is very pleased with his decision to go to Guelph. At last he has the sort of place he wanted with lots of grounds.”

Viola to her mother. April 18/75. New York.

> Thank you so much for the card which came 2 days later than the 6th. Please thank Donald and family, Rita and Bert, Eustace and Daddy for their kind wishes too. I’m glad I spoke to you on the phone—I was so worried about you. I talked with a professor friend of mine and he tells me his aunt is over 90 years and suffers like you from arthritis. It is better to get it in the legs than in the spine! You must try to walk a little distance every day, he says. It is the only way to prevent it from getting worse. Whatever happens don’t take to the wheelchair unless absolutely at the last. It’s the worst thing to do for then you will lose all use of your legs. You are so brave, my darling Mummy, that I admire your spirit and say over and over again “god bless you.” Oh how I pray that your pain will be diminished, how I pray that your indomitable spirit will continue. David and I want to come to England this summer to see you and Daddy. We will have to find a cheap way of flying—charter or something.
>
> I hope Daddy is also bearing up. I thank God Rita is there and is so helpful. God bless her too. I will write to her as soon as I have more time. This is just a note to include with my card, darling Mummy.

Viola to my mother. May 23/75. New York.

> I hope you had a lovely visit with Ann and Ned and that Becky’s graduation was a happy occasion. Yes, I must commend Becky for finishing off so quickly and getting her BA at 19 1/2 years. Good for her. Marvelous that she has a summer job as curator. That is her field. We have the finest Fine Arts Department in New York University in the states and Mellon has just given us a few millions. It would be nice if Becky can visit it or come to N.Y. to see the museums.
>
> David is busy with his paper and then we are both going to do one summer course. I’ve been promised a scholarship for that. I shall not be under too much pressure for this course as the Professor is a personal friend of mine. But by taking courses, I will soon finish all my PhD courses and then merely study for my comprehensive exam. After that, I shall have to write a dissertation (Book size). David is also pursuing his PhD degree.
>
> David has been active as usual. He was on radio and in the newspapers. He had to go to a $140 a plate dinner last week and will have to go to a $250 a plate dinner on 3 June for Gunnar Myrdal, the Swedish economist. Gee! I asked David if I could share his plate at that price! He said he’ll take a “doggie-bag” and bring me some scraps! The Union pays for all this, I need hardly tell you. David reminds me of Ralph Nader or Jack Anderson (the syndicated columnist who is the moral watchdog among journalists in this country). David, like Nader, fights for the underdog, but no one can accuse him of ambition as David like Nader does not enrich himself. That is David’s strength.
>
> I do not know now what plans we will have. We are going to my university’s commencement exercises—since I shall be given my M.A. diploma. I may invite Helen, although she may not be able to come—too early in the morning and it’s quite a journey. I’ll send her a ticket in return for the concert tickets she sent me. I’m writing other friends just for the fun of it. I’m really quite blasé about it—but David insisted. This will be on the 5th June.

Gunnar Myrdal, whose book on the American Negro I have not read beyond the first two or three chapters, was being honored before he left for Sweden at the City University Graduate Center. The promoters of the dinner needed attendees, which is why certain locals were called upon. I did not have the chance to meet him, but his wife, Alma, equally famous, took a long look at me without coming to greet me. There seemed to be a divide between the professors, diplomats and the well-heeled and the lesser unionists, who simply filled the chairs and funded the event. A black professor, John Clark, made much of the black president, Charlie Hughes, of the lunch-counter workers Local, which I had recently discovered to be so ill served by its leadership. It seemed strange to me that an intellectual of Clark's stature should be favoring such an uneducated fellow, whose position was sustained only by his subservience to Victor Gotbaum. The so-called Black Power movement, following after the Civil Rights struggle, became evident in the Locals under the DC37 umbrella. At the union's conventions, there were sessions given by members of the Black Locals on thinking Black as distinct from thinking White. Although I listened to these speakers, I was never able to see what they meant, unless it was simply political when thinking Black meant voting Black. Their message seemed to bring more division into a society already riven by many divisions.

Viola to my mother. June 13/75. New York.

> Must write this to you before the pressure descends. I've started my summer school and David starts his next week. I go every evening, David goes 2 times a week. I get 8 credits, David gets only 3 credits.
>
> My commencement was fun. David enjoyed it. We took photographs and drank in celebration later. Helen called that day but I was out so she called the next day. David and I went over to the McAlpins on Sunday and they lent us a car and David I went sight-seeing and tracking down historical sites mentioned in Major Richardson's short story. David was most excited in finding landmarks and graves exactly as Richardson recorded it. Helen and Malcolm were most hospitable and kind. They both look extremely well and send you their love. They will be going on their summer jaunts soon. Our summer plans are as follows. We will be going up to Canada the first 3 weeks in August to prepare for our trip to England—2 weeks—fly—drive plan on BOAC. You get an Avis car with unlimited mileage on that trip and one night in a London Hotel. It's a package deal and cheaper than low summer rates. I must be back by Mid-September for several reasons concerning my university. Besides David won't have much more leave left.
>
> Mother, can you do me a big favour and give me a list of plays at Stratford, Ontario? We have lost our schedule. Would also like to go on that train, ACR, to the Wilderness—from Sault Ste Marie to the Agawa Canyon—described as "the most awesomely scenic terrain this side of the Canadian Rockies." Only takes 10 hours round trip. We've done the NR's Polar Bear Express from Cochrane to Moosonee a few years ago. I keep urging my friends to go to Stratford, Ont. and see the difference in Shakespearean performances. Americans are no good at Shakespeare. But good at other things.
>
> David is very busy with union work—so many layoffs. David and other union leaders are planning a general strike to protest the layoffs. England is in a worse shape economically, I hear. The inflation there is double anywhere else. I think David is right. Socialism is the answer, provided we get decent, honest and intelligent men, like David as leaders. I think David needs more experience in learning when to give in and when not to—but he has character and honesty and that is what we need most today in our leaders.
>
> I was given a full scholarship this summer and may be given a teaching fellowship this fall —if all goes well—budget-wise. So it looks like heavy work this fall for me.
>
> David is taking a course on multinational corporations—something I myself am deeply interested in. So I shall look forward to hearing what David's lectures are all about. We both send you our love, Mother.
>
> PS We shall look forward to seeing you in August for 3 weeks. We would like to either take a cottage or rent a car and camp all over the place. We both badly need fresh air and a change.

Our drive about New Jersey to places John Richardson mentioned in his short story "Captain Leslie; or, the Generous Foe. A Tale of the Revolutionary War" I described in the introduction to *Major John Richardson Short Stories,* published by a Canadian-Indian press in British Columbia. Malcolm lent me his convertible sports car with a standard shift, which caused me some trouble when stopped on an upgrade, but which I returned without blemish.

The threat of branch closings caused tumultuous response from people in the neighborhood of the branches. There were sit-ins and demonstrations. Ed Koch, now U.S. Congressman from Manhattan, who had wanted to speak at the Library rally in 1969, collected local figures, including Betty Comden and Vic Gotbaum, to speak on behalf of keeping the Jefferson Market branch open. A platform was erected beside the Library in Greenwich Village in a lot where the Women's Prison had stood. Our Local was not informed and library workers were not asked to participate, but I arrived in a taxi with the Local's banner after the speeches began. A truck stopped to allow me to cross the street and I tipped my banner to the driver; the speakers watched transfixed as I walked toward the platform and, as I was invited to sit on the platform, I noticed some embarrassment from Miss Comden and others, possibly because our Local, whose members were affected by the closing, was not included. Koch's goal was to become mayor of New York and his fellow speakers were there to back him as much as to protest the closing. There was a sparse crowd with mostly young boys. Koch, in his fanciful way, spoke superficially, but he asked me to speak at the end. I gave a sobering view of the situation and warned of a decline in educating the community. Gotbaum did not speak to me.

What's called "the dumbing down of America" became a very serious problem beginning in these years and, despite politicians' vows to fix the school system, continued. The pushing of millions into dire poverty while money managers created a billionaire overclass was and is creating a mindless society, in which citizens are easy victims of propaganda. It also encouraged crime. Although there were crimes of all natures reported in the newspapers, I saw the results of just two killings: one was outside my studio—I heard shots and leaned out my window to see a thin [famished-looking] mid-Eastern man lying dead on the sidewalk just in front of the small jewelry store below; the second shooting I happened upon when walking near Gramercy Square—a small, very thin man was face-down on the sidewalk encircled by police, who had just shot him; a policeman, seeing my shocked expression, ordered his colleagues to clean up the scene. A friend, who lived in our apartment building, was among diners at a restaurant near Gramercy, who were held at gunpoint and robbed by men who walked in off the street. Our area, which had been relatively peaceful, swarmed with disturbances after the mayor cleaned up Times Square, which brought the prostitutes and pimps to operate where we lived. From our apartment, I saw a black pimp beat his black girl in the street; I saw from my window by chance about ten men taking a woman by force round the corner of Lexington Street, probably to one of two seedy hotels on the next street, in which prostitutes were found strangled, and where one half a block removed was the police station for the area; on a Sunday morning, I heard pimps shooting at one another in a quarrel over the control of a prostitute. Returning in the evening, I was approached by a prostitute, who tried to clutch me and looked surprised when I fended her off. The apartment dwellers held meetings demanding that the police clear out these criminal elements which was the only way to make the indifferent upholders of the law act.

I pitied the poor who slept in the streets and the park benches, especially during the freezing nights of winter. Returning from the Library in the evening, I would see old women wrapped in blankets sleeping in the doorway of businesses and a young thief approach them. I have passed by men stretched out on park benches and holding a blanket a foot over them trying to catch the warmth of their body in a bubble against the freezing cold. One tall, thin man I passed on the way to work spent his days over sidewalk vents from which hot air issued from apartment buildings. Passersby would leave food for him. One stout man had his shelter in the doorway of a bankrupt shop on Madison Avenue, which I passed on my way to work. I marveled at the array of cardboard boxes he constructed to keep himself warm. At the time I visited an exhibit of etchings at the nearby Morgan Library Gallery and was struck by a scene of a man looking like the stout man on Madison Avenue lying dead on his back. A few days later on passing the cardboard shelter on Madison Avenue, I saw the stout man lying dead in the same way. Small thin old ladies descended on self-serve restaurants where I sometimes had lunch and like sparrows would snap up rolls left by customers. I have helped

these ladies cross wide avenues like Fifth Avenue with cars lined up across the one-way avenue waiting for the light to change. When we would be just over halfway across the light changed and I would throw up one arm to ask them to wait while the poor soul held to my other arm.

The increase in crime owing to the increase in poverty caused the mayor to close all public toilets in New York City, with the consequence that the homeless did their business in the streets between parked cars or in the vestibules of apartment houses—and peeing in the streets and parks was not limited to the homeless.

Viola to my mother. June 25/75. New York.

> Am writing at once to thank you for your letter and for enclosing the Stratford brochure. It was most kind of you. It's terribly hot here and I hate it. Can't do anything. Terrible air crash at JFK yesterday in a 20 minute freak storm—over a hundred dead!
>
> We are both so looking forward to our vacation in Canada—just to breathe some fresh air. Of course we want you to join us in whatever we do. We always enjoy your being with us. The only thing is we don't know for sure what exactly we will be doing. We would love to take you to Stratford and to picnics and drives, etc. David wants to show a professor and his wife a bit of Canada—Niagara-on-the-Lake and Stratford, etc. So they might join us.
>
> Heard from home. Mummy cannot walk now. Rita comes once a week to shop and tend to the garden—it is overgrowing with weeds. I am so looking forward to seeing my parents although it is not going to be a happy occasion for me.
>
> David and I want to see the Charlotte Bronte country and other places of literary interest, while we're in London, or rather England.
>
> David is very busy with union work and summer school. I'm getting tired of course work and long to complete it so I could get down to my dissertation. I might get something in the fall. Met my old Dean who thinks he might get me to share a course with another professor. Well, anyway, I'll let events take their own direction.
>
> Saw a Canadian programme on 60 Minutes—a CBS production. It revealed Canadian nationalism. Quite interesting.
>
> Have you ever tried cooking turkey that comes in a foil container and makes it most convenient to cook? In the freezer compartment of a supermarket, look for a box called Swiss Premium Turkey—Ready to cook sort of thing. It is delicious and so easy for someone like you to do. Just pop it in the oven for 1 1/2 hours, remove the foil and then continue to cook it for another 1/2 hr. For you and Jim it is ideal. You can make sandwiches and salads with the left over.
>
> Haven't got much else to report—so will end by sending our love to you and Jim and all in Hamilton.

To mother from me. July 7/75. New York.

> Just a quick letter to tell you good news. The Canada Council notified me (in a letter I received this morning) that it will subsidize publication of the Richardson book. The full Council must endorse this decision on September 26, but it seems that approval has been obtained at last. Two readers wrote very complimentary reports on the manuscript. I shall have to do an index and there are some other things I want to check on which I may add—But it seems to be on its way, at last.
>
> Things have been hectic here. We had 191 layoffs in the Library. I tried to lead a coalition of community groups and unionists in a march on City Hall and encountered subtle opposition which reduced our numbers and effectiveness. Nevertheless, we had TV and radio coverage. Yesterday I learned that the library will be receiving some money to hire back some of those fired. Many people on the staff want to blame me for the firings, but there is little I can do; Victor Gotbaum, the DC37 leader, holds the key to our action; we

must do the best we can in the framework laid by this larger organization of Unions. The enclosed article from the *Times*, shows that the forces on top are trying to use my Local as a testing ground for a shorter work week—which I oppose if it means less pay. Also, yesterday, I learned that my Local won an important court victory in a union dispute which has been going on for two years. So there has been a scattering of good news in all the gloom. It remains now to try to restore library workers to their jobs. My study of Marxist economics had prepared me for the difficulties of depression, so I am not optimistic for any relief in the long run. By the way I am taking a course on multinational corporations which gives me background on the corporate takeover of Canada by the USA.

Viola and I hope to come to Hamilton on the first weekend in August. Prof. Lahey and his wife (a N.Y.U. English professor) may join us in Niagara to see a play and at Stratford. Both Viola and I will need a vacation this year. She has been studying long and hard; I have been trying to calm the roiling seas of hysteria and discord of laid-off workers.

———————————————————

The *New York Times* article read in part: "The union that represents about 1,600 New York Public Library employes is taking a poll of its members to find out whether they would favor a four- or a four-and-a-half-day work week to avert layoffs.

"The poll, being conducted by mail, was begun after about 100 members of the union, Library Guild Local 1930, had sent petitions to the union leadership asking for the shorter work week. The petitions, which came from employes of at least seven branch libraries in Manhattan and the Bronx, were also sent to the executives of the library system.

"David Beasley, president of the Library Guild, said yesterday that he thought the proposal for a shorter work week would be 'roundly defeated' in the membership poll. He also said that the poll results would be counted by a union-appointed committee that would include members who had been laid off their jobs. . . . Mr. Beasley believes that union concessions to the fiscal crisis would not protect workers in the long run. 'There is no guarantee that there will not be further layoffs,' he said, 'and it would be impossible for the lower-paid people in our union to survive on a shorter work week.'"

The Director of the Branch Libraries was quoted as favoring the shorter work week, giving management's position, while I felt certain that the city's new taxing powers would enable it to restore funds to the library systems and avert layoffs. The membership vote did defeat the proposal "roundly." Eventually the lay-off slips were revoked and the threatened library workers continued safely in their jobs.

Viola to her parents. July 11/75. New York.

Thought I should write to you as we have some happy news to tell you. David's book on the biography of Major John Richardson (Canadian author) has been approved for publication. The Canadian Council will subsidize the Tecumseh Press to publish the book, subject to the Executive Committee's approval on Sept 26. It might take a longer time before the book is actually printed—but the main thing is it is going to be printed—at last!! This to me is the happiest news because it has been so close to David's heart and he always gauged his success in life by this book. We have both gone through a lot getting this book published and at last we can see the light at the end of the tunnel. I am very happy and proud of David —and you two should be too.

I am enclosing a clipping in the *New York Times* in which they discuss David's Labour Union. He has been on radio and television and is taking the initiative in this labour stricken city. David has tremendous leadership qualities, Mummy and Daddy, and I'm amazed at the way he handles people. Thank god he is an honest, just and fair leader. He has certainly grown up to be a mature person from the time I married him. I met him when he was 26 years old! I can't believe it. Time has certainly flown. We are now middle-aged cronies!!

> We shall arrive in London on 2nd Sept by BOAC, and I think we shall have a car waiting for us there. So there is no need to worry Eustace to come and meet us. We will be staying only 2 weeks in England and I hope you can put us up for a few days. David wants to go north for some research. Please let me know what you need from here.
>
> We are both doing summer courses at our respective universities—both of us now are working for our doctorate degree. I am now studying for my doctor of literature degree and David for his doctor of economics degree. We finish next week. We then will go to Canada for a couple of weeks in August to see Mrs. Beasley who is sounding very cranky and becoming quite an old lady—poor thing. We also are taking a professor and his wife on a tour in Canada to a few theatre-festivals there.
>
> I have an exam next Thursday and a paper to do and then I am through. I might be teaching and studying this September. I hope to hear about that in September.

Professor Gerald and Kay Lahey joined us with Doug and Bev Bruce in Doug's car for dinner in Cambridge and to see Shakespeare's "Coriolanus" in Stratford. Mother, possibly intimidated by such well-educated persons, declined to meet them, and, afterwards, on hearing reports from the Bruces how nice they were, regretted it.

Viola to her parents. July 25/75. New York.

> Just want to enclose this clipping on Burma. What a dreadful state that country is in, and I thank God on my bended knees (to quote Daddy's phrase!) that we all got out when we did and now are fairly well settled in the West.
>
> David and I want to send you our love and good wishes for your wedding anniversary that will be on July 29th. I pray very hard to God to keep your spirits up and to diminish whatever pain and suffering there is. I always think being miserable about something you cannot get or haven't got is a waste of time. One must try to enjoy what we have.
>
> Our best news is that David's book might be out in Autumn—or in time for Christmas! I want to send you a copy. I shall be writing David's biography for the jacket of the book ('Jacket" means the wrapper of the book).
>
> Both David and I had to make our own opportunities in life—therefore our accomplishments are slow to achieve. But at least we are kept busy and happy going about it. David has been quite a lot on television and radio and has been written about in the papers. He has matured a great deal as a leader of his union.
>
> Thank you, Daddy, for your note after your birthday. Mummy, Mrs. Beasley said that the rosebush slips you gave her are blossoming in a Mrs. McLaren's garden! We both look forward to seeing you all. Please tell us if it is okay for us to come and stay with you.

Viola to her father. August 26/75. New York.

> A hasty note to thank you for your letter of 23rd July—which crossed mine—and by which time David and I had left New York for Canada. We visited Mrs. Beasley, who is fine and quite remarkable. We then went up north to the wilderness area and spent a few days breathing fresh air and relaxing. We returned to Hamilton and to New York on Sunday (Aug 24th), so I had no idea of your letter till then. How happy you make me, Daddy, and how warmly you welcome us. We both look forward to seeing you next Tuesday. We will be flying BA510 which arrives London, Heathrow at 10 a.m. on Tuesday, 2nd Sept. Check exact arrival with London airport. Also received your short note and Mummy's nice letter yesterday. Thank you both again. We will catch up with news when we see you.

The wilderness area that Viola mentioned was Algonquin Park where we liked to set up a tent and rent a canoe to chase the playful loons which ducked underwater for minutes at a time. Our favorite campground was Coon Lake, where we camped probably at this time.

To mother from me. August 28/75. New York.

> Just a quick note of thanks for your hospitality. You and Jim make us feel welcome and it is always a great pleasure to visit for us, tho' we don't like to stay long lest we wear out your pleasure.
>
> The bus trip back from Buffalo was interesting in that a crazy black woman sat behind us making pointed remarks and assorted noises plus acrobatics near the end of the trip. Just after we got home, New York had one of its worst rain storms.
>
> Am enclosing the latest 1930 *Newsletter* as it has my speech at the Rally and my reply on TV. Am looking forward to England.

The rally was a march that Local 1930 and the Social Workers Local 371 organized to protest city layoffs. We spoke to Vic Gotbaum about having all the locals of DC37 march in protest on city hall, but he was adamantly against it and announced that if other locals joined us he would penalize them —how, I don't recall—but his threat intimidated the local presidents, even of the other library locals. The social workers were always a very strong local, independent-minded, left-minded and could not be influenced by DC37; local 371 membership was rarely satisfied by its leaders and usually sacked them, when, ironically, these leaders found jobs with DC37; the 371 leader at this time, Stanley Hill, was not reelected, worked as a representative with DC37 and eventually succeeded Gotbaum as Executive Director of DC37. Go figure, as they like to say in New York. As for our 1930 Local, Ray Markey, an active member of the Socialist Workers Party, advanced the idea of the march at our Board meeting and promised the active support of his Party members. We met with the police who were to escort our protest; at the meeting a member of the Socialist Workers Party said he was a branch librarian and joined me as representing our local, but I had not seen him before and suspected that he stood in for Ray Markey, who, for some reason, did not like his role to be officially known. Actually, this fellow, who had an actor's gravitas with a thin mustache, made me think of an undercover cop. There was a young colored fellow appearing to represent a neighborhood group, who spoke about bringing out the troops with me in radio interviews, who had no following. A couple of evenings before the rally, I spoke with several black community leaders and local leaders at Local 371's meeting hall to urge participation in the march from Union Square to City Hall on Chambers Street. One of the speakers, Rosen, had become well known for disclosing the corruption in a Bronx housing development and said that he was there because he wanted to support me. I knew him from when, with several community leaders, we bearded the Library Trustees at a meeting in the Trustees Room to press for keeping the branches open.

During my speech, a Latino fellow I recognized from my acquaintance with left groups, yelled at me as he stormed out that I was a plant not to be trusted or words to that effect, mystifying me but having no effect on the audience. This episode I described in my detective novel, *The Grand Conspiracy.*

Thanks to the robust showing of the Socialist Workers Party, one Vietnam veteran leading the way by calling out a beat, our march was respectable but much smaller than expected. We passed along Grand Street and Clay Spohn hailed me from his window. I waved him down to join us but he was unable to leave owing to his slow treatment for his colostomy. Several of us spoke at a podium set up at City Hall. In an interview with a radio reporter, I explained that Gotbaum refused to let the other huge locals of DC37 join us and dramatized our invading his office to try to persuade him to change his mind. By this time, Gotbaum was ensconced with the bankers, the triumvirate of David Rockefeller, Walter Wriston and Felix Rohatyn of Lazard Freres—the latter controlling Gotbaum. When asked to give a talk on the protest at the Marxist Organization that Arthur Felberbaum and Gerry Zilg had formed, as I mentioned earlier, I found that scores of protest groups from all sorts of organizations had marched separately on City Hall; if they had been coordinated to march together, the effect would have been powerful. I portrayed Felix Rohatyn, a bucktoothed, over-confident moneyman and his sidekick Vic Gotbaum in *The Grand Conspiracy*. Gotbaum and his fellow trustees of the city workers' pension funds were relieved of any responsibility for those funds by a state law in order for the city to invest them in city bonds, which were sinking in value to "save the city from bankruptcy". If the city declared bankruptcy, the workers' pensions would be sacrificed to

a lost cause. About a year later, when I was no longer president of our local, I was walking across the deserted plaza of Lincoln Center near the fountain in the early evening when I saw a rather short man ushering a tall, thin, blonde girl, who looked like a model, across the plaza to the concert hall. I recognized the man as Rohatyn from his many photos in the newspapers, but he caught my attention only because I heard him say, his voice clear in the evening air, “You’re finished, Beasley!” I was surprised that he had even heard of me let alone regard me as an enemy, and I continued walking as if I had not heard. Rohatyn’s career, from a modest start to wealth, social prestige and bitter rivalry, has been traced in *The Last Tycoons: the Secret History of Lazard-Freres and Co*.

The Local 1930 *Newsletter* dated August 1975 is appropriate, I believe, to reproduce here because it encapsulates the turmoil of the time, summer 1975, that the city was going through. I set out a CHRONOLOGY of events.

> JUNE 11: Emergency membership meeting; overwhelming vote for DC 37-wide strike if there were layoffs; overwhelming membership support for rally with SSEU Local 371 against cutbacks in services and layoffs.
>
> JUNE 13: Local representatives tried to persuade Vic Gotbaum to call out Council locals for march on City Hall with Locals 371 and 1930.
>
> JUNE 18: Massive meeting of community groups and some unionists, chaired by Locals 371 and 1930.
>
> JUNE 25: Layoffs hit the New York Public Library—about 190.
>
> JUNE 28: March from Union Square east on 14th St., south on 1st Ave., to rally at City Hall —about 800 demonstrators, well-received along 1st Ave. by citizens. Opposition from some unions militated against larger turnout, but newspapers, TV and radio covered the event.
>
> JULY 2: Membership meeting; vote for mailed ballot for shorter work week. Press and TV commentary followed.
>
> JULY 11; Ballots mailed out.
>
> JULY 22: Labor committee meets with management to learn that 58 full-time positions restored, and one-quarter of those demoted were re-promoted. Union asked that all demoted staff be restored to former titles with money from unused page funds, and that, when there are vacancies in private line titles, they be filled with laid-off staff. Management agreed to consider and respond. Threat of more layoffs, more cutbacks in service.
>
> Shorter Work Week: It is important not to be divisive at this time of crisis; a cut in pay is the most divisive issue imaginable; layoffs can only be stopped at the risk of staff striking, which is risking the layoff of everyone, and this, the membership was not willing to do alone. We are dependent on DC 37's negotiations with the City, and although we may disagree on some of its policies, we have to fight for survival alongside its locals. We are a small craft in a rough storm; we have to stick together and work together. I am told there are many strange rumors circulating about the Local leadership's actions or lack of actions. Rumors are the order of the day in such crises. Don't be misled.
>
> St. Juste case: There have been three hearings at the Human Rights Commission at which management has done all the talking. The last hearing gave the manuscripts division the opportunity to criticize Mr. St. Juste's inventory of a collection. He was criticized from the standpoint of the inventory not being in the usual detailed format, as if St. Juste were not aware of such elementary style formats and as if he were not inventorying a special collection from a social and political standpoint. The argument reminded me of H. G. Wells's “Country of the Blind” in which a man with sight is pursued by the blind inhabitants of a valley with the intention of clubbing him to death. I hope that like the hero of the story he is saved by his sight. The Hearings continue in September when perhaps St. Juste will be able to present his case against the library.

Grievances: They continue on all fronts. Now that the library has unjustly demoted staff and moved staff around for no good reason, there will be many more grievances.

The *Newsletter* carried my speech at the rally, which, despite the noise and clatter of the street and crowds, caused people to stop and listen; they had not heard anything like it, unless of course, they had been in Hyde Park in London on a Sunday morning.

The following is a speech by David Beasley, President, Local 1930, The New York Library Guild, given at a rally of community groups and unionists at City Hall Park on Saturday, June 28, 1975:

"Citizens of New York, we are being crushed by the giant hand of corporate finance, poor administration and bad politics. These layoffs and cutbacks in social services cast thousands more of us into poverty, bring death to others, and restrict even further the few enjoyments we can afford in this city. The questions before us are: Will we unite against the callous profit-seekers of high finance? Will we put the blame squarely on the shoulders of Mayor Beame, who has mismanaged the city economy for years? On city officials who don't know how much money they have or where it went? On the widespread corruption in City government and unscrupulous politicians who serve themselves before they serve the people? Or will we crawl into the misery of our individual holes for the sake of the rich who build their empires out of our misfortune?

I can speak for the library workers of this City and tell you that we join hands with all those who have the courage and determination to fight for the social rights of the people of this City. Yesterday, 191 library workers were laid off in the New York Public Library, 140 in the Brooklyn system, and probably the same number from the Queens Library system. This is the first time that library workers have been laid off. We have reached an historic occasion—a traumatic historic occasion. Library service will suffer by 30% to 40% on top of the 20% reduction from attrition of staff, which has gradually been happening for the past three years. Your neighborhood branch library, at one time a flourishing cultural center offering reading and film programs, and representing to children a painless way to an education—your neighborhood branch is becoming a rich man's museum open only for a few hours each week. That fabulous Research Library on 42nd St. and 5th Avenue has closed its doors on Saturdays and Sundays, thus excluding the workingman from its store of knowledge.

Can you see what is happening? Information is fast becoming the most valuable asset of our society—hence the rich will monopolize it, put it into computers and sell access to it. Scholars and artists from past generations might jump from their graves in anger at the thought—but their ghosts are no match for the single-minded entrepreneurs of private industry. Only we who are living can preserve our heritage for ourselves and our children—only we can keep access free to our culture.

And this grand design of the rich is being enacted in all cultural and recreational areas of this city—museums, zoos, playgrounds. From now on, they shall be restricted to the rich unless we stop this trend. We can see many more layoffs in the coming months. We can see more technical and professional workers joining the unemployed with the incomes of starvation while the food prices continue to rise.

We join with all trade unionists—all citizens who will fight back. This rally proves that we are willing. Let us get our workers back on the job and restore our social services. Join with us, stay with us and fight the rich, mechanized peasants of this country, who are the culturally sterile enemies of the citizens, of the workingman."

We included information on the proposed shorter work week, which I discussed earlier. I had been at DC37 headquarters before proceeding in the late afternoon to Local 1930 headquarters where I had to put ballots in envelopes for mailing to the membership. I recall a couple of representatives asking me whether I was going to be at my headquarters that evening and replying I feared I would

be working late into the night. A couple of members helped at the start but left early and I was alone to late in the evening. I thought I heard a commotion from the hallways but our office had an iron door and noise could not penetrate to the back office. When I left late and passed the door to the massage parlor two floors below, I saw one of the girls gape at me in terror. Weeks later, I met the manager of the messenger service on the floor below our office, and he showed me eleven welts in his waist where a black man waiting for him to lock up that evening had rushed and stabbed him, narrowly missing his vital organs. Since our local office door had no sign and the third floor it was on could be mistaken for the fourth floor in the way that the small building was constructed, I assumed the attack was meant for me. The poor manager, who locked up before I did, was the victim of mistaken identity. But I said nothing and could just commiserate with him. I was not fearful, but when I informed my Board of the attack, most of them wanted to move out of the place. We remained until a fire broke out in the building and we had to move our files to storage in the Library Annex [from which I found a home for them in the New York University Library's Labor Archives] and move our headquarters down to the DC37 headquarters. The attack and the fire I described in *The Grand Conspiracy*. I had its protagonist Arbuthnott Vine, the Local president, worry that the stabbing intended to wipe her out.

Results of the vote for the Shorter Work Week and corresponding cut in salary.

Out of 1,642 ballots sent out, there were 705 returned; No: 291, Yes: 207, Invalid: 207. The invalidated ballots were referred to a membership meeting on July 31 for validation. These ballots were not sent back in the envelope which designated the person to whom it was sent and could not be checked off against the master list of union members. It is recommended that the ballots be validated and added to the count. The vote is a decisive defeat for those who would want the membership to give up pay as a sop to forces opposing the workingman. The invalidated ballots will probably reflect the same division of opinion if and when they are counted.

Readjusting the Television

The following is a Channel 4 Editorial titled "The Democratic Way", which was presented on July 11 & 13, 1975.

"The leaders of New York City municipal labor unions have given Mayor Beame an ultimatum. They are demanding he fire thirty percent of the city's provisional and administrative workers and rehire their laid-off members. The union bosses have even set a noon Monday deadline.

It would be far more democratic if the union leaders would poll their membership to see how they feel about the Mayor's proposals for a freeze on wage increases or a shortened work week as an alternative to any layoffs.

Members of Library Guild 1930 are doing just that. Over the objections of their union's President, library workers are circulating ballots asking members to make the decisions affecting their jobs.

We think a poll of the membership of the other municipal labor unions would show the bosses are out of step with the rank and file. A vote on such critical issues would be proper."

This is President David Beasley's reply to the preceding editorial, presented on Channel 4, July 20 at 9:57 a.m., and July 21 at 6:30 a.m..

"In its anti-union editorial, WNBC-TV said that members of Local 1930 were circulating ballots for a shorter work week and a corresponding pay cut over my objections. Local 1930 is well-known as a democratic local; I have always sought and been guided by the vote of the membership; as for circulating ballots, I did a major share of addressing and stamping the envelopes. Also, ballots were sent to those workers who were laid off.

> However, I must warn the members that a shorter work week will not prevent further layoffs. I sympathize with those laid off but I have to protect the wages of those still working. By suggesting a pay cut to restore jobs, management puts responsibility for the layoffs on the workers. It should be on management and the City politicians whose poor government gave us these crises. But ways are found to pit worker against worker, and workers against the "union boss", such as the establishment press publicizing a library vote to reduce wages while ignoring a cut in library service by fifty per cent."

When I said that the Local 1930 was well-known as a democratic Local. I was referring in part to an editorial in the *New York Post* praising the president of Local 1930 for his democratic practices but not naming me. This was before the liberal *Post* was embraced into mogul Murdoch's right-wing empire.

The remainder of the *Newsletter* concerned the rise in salaries and perks of corporate chiefs while the wages of workers stagnated. Then, it may have sounded extreme; today, when writing after the 2008 financial crisis, it is a common complaint in all media and many times worse than in 1975.

> WAR OF THE BEGGARS
>
> While the policemen, sanitation men, teachers, librarians and clerks are embroiled in a salary dispute somewhere between $10,000 and $25,000, the chief executives quietly enjoy hundreds of thousands of dollars in salaries a year. If you make $20,000 a year, it will take you close to fifty years to reach a yearly remuneration of almost one million dollars of the General Motors executive, or twenty-five years to reach a one-year salary of a Mobil Oil executive.

Milada Klatil, who wrote the above, was the Librarian banking specialist in my Economics Division, who had been taking courses in finance at City University, which opened her eyes to the malfeasance of the banking system. She advised me to buy U.S. Treasury bonds, which paid interest up front when interest was high, which quickly augmented my savings. Years later I heard that she earned a PhD from the University.

The cartoonist, Bob Pon, worked in the Picture Collection where his talent was wasted. He transferred to the design department in Lincoln Center Library where apparently he did not fit in with the boys and was sent back to the Picture collection. He wanted to grieve before we had a contract and a grievance procedure and thus got nowhere. I invited him to sit in on negotiations to face John Cory, which did not endear me to Cory. But I felt Cory, contract or no contract, was morally obligated to resolve the issue.

Viola to my mother. September 8/75. Morden, Surrey.

> It's a lovely summer day. We only had one cloudy day since we arrived. It's been sunny and warm everyday and cool at nights. The English seem to want rain! They do not like prosperity, as they say of the New York Rangers hockey team! My parents are indeed getting old, although we found them better than we imagined. My mother gets around with a cane with great difficulty, and my father is beginning to suffer with a slight paralysis of the left side of his upper lip. They gave us a warm welcome. We took them to Canterbury

yesterday and drove through Kent and Sussex. Such magnificent beauty. The home of Trollope, Hardy and Thackeray. No wonder England produced such wonderful poets and novelists. The country is so inspiring. The drive was long, and I think my father was a little uncomfortable, but my mother seemed cheerful and constantly interested in everything. We have spent some time in the British Museum doing our separate projects. We are going to a Pinter play tonight (with John Gielgud and Ralph Richardson: "No Man's Land"). On Monday we take off for Leeds and Scotland. We can stay at a Leeds Hotel free of charge as it is part of our British airways deal. We will then spend a couple of nights with my brother Donald in Strathkinness. We then shall see the Charlotte Bronte country and do some research in Inverness for David's next book, I think! We also hope to go to G. B. Shaw country and perhaps, but not sure yet, see Duncan in Oxford. Also want to visit the Edinburgh National Library. So, you see we have lots to do. Got a letter from Kitty and she will telephone us next Sunday. Mummy and Daddy send you their love. Mummy received your nice letter and was much cheered and happy about it. Mummy tends to spoil David and give him anything he wants. They are indeed most pleased to see us. David has got a cold and is spending the morning in bed. He needs the rest. London is deteriorated and very polluted. Such dreadful car fumes that fairly suffocate us. David wants the next page for a few words.

Dear Mother—Just a line from me to inform you that I am recovering from a head cold and looking forward to our trip north on Monday. Don't worry about our being blown up by the terrorists. We don't frequent the "ritzy" places. Actually, yesterday's bombing of the Hilton could have had less effect if the Hilton management had taken heed of the warning and cleared the lobby—but big business is more interested in profit than people. I hope a lesson has been learnt. Will send you a card from Scotland.

The "Duncan in Oxford" that Viola mentioned must have been Duncan Adams, whom I knew when growing up in Hamilton. He stopped by to see me when passing through New York City about 1960 on his way to a teaching appointment in Oxford, where he remained for years. Our projects were, in Viola's case, research on the poet Tennyson for her dissertation, and in my case, research on Goldsworthy Gurney and the early automobile for my dissertation.

The terrorists I mentioned were, of course, the Irish Revolutionary Army, who were killing civilians in Northern Ireland and England.

Viola to her parents. September 20/75. New York.

Here we are back in New York—cloudy, cool and humid. Just like England! Our trip back was fine, except that we had to line up for 2 hours to get through immigration. Daddy, I am sorry I missed hearing your voice on the phone when I called from the airport hotel the morning we left London. We stayed at the Post House. A nice hotel but short-staffed and we could not get a hot chocolate without waiting half an hour! The whole world is changing and N.Y. is getting to be like London. I was so glad to talk to Mummy.

I was hardly back in New York when on Tuesday (the day after our return to N.Y.) I was given a teaching job at my university for only one term. I had to attend a staff meeting on Wednesday and teach two classes (53 students in all) on Thursday! I have had no time to truly recover from the "jet lag" (Difference in time between N.Y. and London). I think, Daddy, that your kind prayers for me have been answered. I want most sincerely to thank you for your constant kind thoughts and prayers. I had begun to give up hope of ever getting a teaching fellowship when you consider the recession and inflation. I get a small salary and my tuition for my courses. It is extremely hard work, as I am beginning to find out in my first batch of essays to correct!

David's cold is better, but I've had a slight flu. He is busy as usual. As for me, by next week I shall be living in my usual tense world of books.

David and I enjoyed our holidays in England. While we were interested in all the places we visited and the research we did at various museums and libraries—we both loved most of all seeing you both and my brothers and sister. David will write later to you to give his own

views and reactions. As for me, I cannot tell you what a great joy it was for me to visit my parents. I am extremely glad to see you, Mummy, so full of courage, so full of spirit, so full of interest in books, in politics, in family, etc. I did so enjoy your company on our way to Canterbury, for example. You were full of good will, sporting spirit and seemed to enjoy the outing. I was also interested in all your news about friends and family. Keep up your spirit, dear Mummy. Please take every advantage of social services the doctor offers you. Railing for staircase and bathroom, sitz-bath, walker. Please take the wheelchair, even if you do not use it. The reason is, I read an article yesterday in which they say the British government is gradually withdrawing certain social services. For example, they have now withdrawn the free telephones for old people. Who knows, Mummy, they might withdraw wheelchairs, walkers and railings. So take these services NOW.

Dear Daddy, it was our great pleasure to see you and to be able to talk to you at great length about our news, our ambitions and what is in our hearts. You are such a good listener, so genuinely interested in our affairs, that David and I miss you a lot already. We are both so disturbed by your partial paralysis that we hope and pray you will soon recover. Try, dearest Daddy, not to drink such hard liquor as whisky and gin. Stick to stout. You are such a wonderful man when you are sober. I think your problem is that there is no one to talk to about your views on politics or daily affairs. Your companions are the radio and TV. That is fine. If you can write a few lines a week to me, it might help. Don't overtire your fingers. I know how cramping writing can be. I think you have such a wonderful mind, Daddy. You have excellent insights into human beings. You are the sort of person no one can really fool, even though you act as if you are silly. An ambassador friend of mine who is Australian behaved like that deliberately. The Russians thought he was a drunken fool, but he was able to observe and gauge them accurately.

So while I was very happy to see you both, I was a little sad to see you get old. My saddest feeling is that you don't get along with each other. Mummy, if you can try to be civil to Daddy, no matter how hard it is, no matter how irritating Daddy's questions are—if you can control your irritation and answer him calmly, it might help. Daddy, if you can consider Mummy and not irritate her by your drunken behavior—that might help. Both of you are so intelligent, so full of common sense and goodwill, that it is such a shame you quarrel so much.

It is such a joy for us children when our parents are happy and harmonious. I loved it when we went altogether to Canterbury and to Rita's. Such happy occasions for me. If Daddy were not here, Mummy, you would be extremely lonely. If Mummy were not there, Daddy, you would miss her looking after you. You both need each other—try to get on better.

By nature, Mummy, you are a happy soul. You like fun and admiration from others. Therefore, when you fall out with others, it hurts you more than the people you have fallen out with. So with Daddy. It is not in your nature to dislike Daddy, that is why you are so easily irritated. If you changed your attitude towards him, you yourself will be a happier person.

I must end now. Once more thank you both for your warm welcome, your generous hospitality and affection for us. I loved your mohinga and beef and dhal curry, Mummy. You were so sweet and kind to us. God bless you both, from all my heart.

Viola to my mother. September 29/75. New York.

Thank you for your telephone call two Sundays ago. Since we returned we have had nothing but rain which only cleared up on Saturday. Perhaps it was the same in Hamilton.

Our trip to England was sad as well as pleasurable. Sad because my parents are indeed old and ailing. Mummy's legs are so bowed, it has cut her height down by another foot. But she manages with a cane quite well. The doctor has recommended to have the social services give her a walker and railings for the staircase and bathroom. Daddy had a mild stroke which paralyzed him on the left side of his face. Rita has a nice house and husband and they live quite an active life. Bert is now one of the top managers of I.B.M. My brother in

> Scotland has a lovely house in an ideal spot in Scotland—just a couple of miles outside St. Andrews. They can see the sea on one side and the Scottish hills on the other. Lovely neighbors—all professors from St. Andrews University. Joan teaches little children twice a week and both my brother and she lead a very active life in the village, participating in all its functions. The boys go to Madras College—one of the top schools in Scotland and are doing brilliantly there. Apart from visiting family, we saw plays, the military tattoo in Edinburgh—several literary places such as the Brontes, GBS, Milton, Keats, etc. Went to museums and did some research. We both were disappointed in London, and the British seem to have an air of resignation. Lots of foreigners—Europeans, Indians, Jamaicans, Africans. Good English food can only be found outside London.
>
> We are back at our chores. David is busy with union and studies. I am teaching at my university and studying. Helen called and we chatted briefly. Much love to you and Jim.

To Mr and Mrs Nicholas and Eustace from me. October 13/75. New York.

> Although almost a month has passed since we left England, I can still sense the narrow roads, congested traffic, and high hedge rows as if they were all around me. Viola and I had a delightful visit and thank you for making us feel at home and welcome. Morden, Surrey is one of the prettier places in the world, and the English people as witnessed by the visit of Maisey Cook and her family are warm at heart. We may look with dismay at the economic problems England is having, but elsewhere is suffering as well, particularly New York City. The Governor of NY State, who now runs NY City financially, warns that there will have to be more layoffs of city workers this month. The federal govt. officials want to see New York City default, as such a situation would break the labor unions in the City by laying-off tens of thousands of workers and causing pay-less workdays. Meanwhile we in our Local are trying to form some sort of opposition through Friends of the Staff Committees and Research Committees to look into the financial and political backgrounds of the Library Trustees (who represent the richest and most powerful men in the United States). But these are puny resistance against the might of both political parties and government apparatuses which are pressing against us. Since the big union leaders are fearful of calling a strike lest they be smashed by the government, we continue to see the locals gradually dismembered as workers are pushed into unemployment relief and eventual poverty.
>
> But the sun still shines here, and America is a country where hope dies hard. Also we have our own preoccupations—Viola is immersed at present in American literature (Walt Whitman and Emily Dickinson) and she is enjoying teaching immensely. Her two classes of freshmen should become good writers of English by the end of the term because she corrects their errors in detail. Please give my best regards and affection to Rita and Burt, Joan and Donald and the boys, when you see them. Viola sends her love with mine.

I was asked to speak at rallies such as in support of university students protesting rising fees and at small union locals fearful of declining wages. At one venue in Bryant Park, I held forth on the newspaper headlines of the day, about the FBI spying on labor unions, and noticed Jack Stein, my first union organizer now representative with this small local, shaking his head as if to say that I was self-destructing. I did not, however, speak against the Vietnam War at rallies; when asked to do so, I declined by saying I was Canadian; fearful of deportation? I was asked; not all, I'd say, but a foreigner should not be deciding the foreign policy of the country. I was angered by the conduct of the war and by Nixon and Kissinger, who expanded it to Cambodia and caused the genocidal Khmer Rouge to take power when they promised to stop it. I remember standing on the Fifth Avenue steps of the Library and seeing people lined up stretching across the Avenue back as far as the eye could see as they prepared to march down 42nd Street in silent protest to the United Nations on 1st Avenue. Just once did I speak out publicly when at an impromptu gathering of students at the New School on the news that students at Kent State University were shot by militia for protesting. I joined others to read a resolution in the name of Local 1930 condemning the killings and the continuation of the war.

Viola to her mother. October 27/75. New York.

How happy I was to receive your air letter and to learn that the social services fixed the stair-railing and bathroom, gave you a walker, and something that you could pick things up with. How lucky you are to have all that done free of charge. We'd have to pay thousands of dollars here. You can thank Daddy for first speaking to the social service people. It was Daddy, out of the goodness of his heart and consideration and concern for you, who did this. He is a wonderful man, Mummy, kind and intelligent. Appreciate him and you will soon find peace and harmony in your soul and in God. You and Daddy have two different kinds of intelligence. He's more philosophical, you are more practical. That is the only difference. Therefore why not pool your resources?

I was happy to read that Eustace took Daddy to the zoo. Wonderful. That house can yet be a happy home! If that could happen, it would be a pleasure to come home. It only requires effort—and character. A will to help and think of others instead of worrying about one's self.

I hope you and Daddy are well. I wrote, by the way, to Rita and Bert and to Donald and Joan. I received some letters from Don, Michael and Christopher.

David and I are very busy. He's full of union work. He's worried about the election coming up. It being International Woman's Year, a couple of women are running against David. I hope my David wins. He's worked so hard and fought for so many benefits for his fellow workers that I think he deserves to win. He's like Ralph Nader, he works for others with no financial gain for himself. We are always criticized for living in our small apartment by everyone. David and I are happy in it. It is rent controlled—that means the rent stays stable. Do you know how terrible the landlords are in N.Y.? You pay over £200 a month for just one bedroom apartment—that is $450—600. Neither David nor I want to make any N.Y. Jewish landlord rich. We save our money and can afford to buy any kind of house cash down if we want to. We do not want to. That is the difference. If we had a posh place I would be pestered with a constant stream of visitors—I would never have been able to concentrate on doing what I want to. Now I am teaching college students—54 of them, all young doctors, lawyers and scientists. One of my students is the son of Joseph Heller—the author of the book and film "Catch 22". So far I have them under control. It's hard work and time consuming—preparing lectures, correcting papers and seeing students in my office. Yet I find the work rewarding. I love it when they respond. I have my own studies at the same time, which keeps me extremely busy.

Try to get the book by U Nu. You and Daddy would enjoy reading it. Order it from your library—or get them to order it. Mrs. Beasley will be pleased to hear your approval of David's hair. There is a postal strike in Canada by the way, so that your letter might not get delivered for a long time. All my love to you

Viola to her father. November 8/75. New York.

I have been meaning to write to you ever since my return to N.Y. But I have been very busy. I wrote to you and Mummy in which I expressed my regret at not having spoken to you on the telephone from the airport. Mummy said you were out. How are you feeling now? I worry about your health, both mental and physical, and wish I could do something to alleviate both. I am glad the social services have done much for Mummy. I wrote and told her she has you to thank, since it was you who spoke to them out of your goodness and consideration for her. I do so want to bring you two together. It is such a waste to live in such antagonism, and it is destructive. Life need not be that way. It takes effort, constant effort, to live. One must work at things. You must try to not drink hard liquor, it changes your personality, which, normally, is such a good one. I pray you will try to not drink too much. What is the use of all of you going to Church and praying and then not do anything to help the situation? What do you expect? God to work a miracle on His own? No, Daddy, each one of you must make the effort to bring about a better atmosphere at home. It takes thought and it takes tolerance. All this takes deliberate effort. I find it disturbing to see so

much bad feeling between neighbor and neighbor, son and father, mother and daughter, etc. Life can be so much happier if you only try to think of the other person.

David is overwhelmed with work and studies. He is up for reelection and is afraid that many people are running against him. I only hope he wins. He's worked so hard for his people.

I am very busy with teaching young university students and studying for my own degree. It's time-consuming but rewarding. It is very funny, Daddy, that with the exception of you, David, and two very close friends of mine, no one really is glad about my teaching. When I got my BA degree, everyone was indulgent. Because a BA degree nowadays is nothing. But now that I'm studying for my doctorate and am teaching at college, I find so much jealous criticism. No one wants to concede that it is possible for me to accomplish what I set out to do. They are now trying to downgrade my education and achievement. I cannot explain to them the value of education for its own sake—the cultivation of the intellect and heart. What an enormous difference it makes. Yet only those who have not had this university education are the ones who are downgrading me and my achievement. But I cannot tell you how hard it is to study at my age. How grateful I am to God to have given me the courage and stamina. I even now feel I cannot carry on. But David and a dear professor friend of mine, an Oxford Doctor of Philosophy, have been solidly backing me. I have you, who have always encouraged me, even as a little girl, and I have a dear friend in the south of France, a wife of an ambassador, who writes to me warm, encouraging letters. To you few people I thank and ask God's blessing upon you. I shall try, as long as I have the strength, to plug on doing what I should do with my life. I cannot bear to be a parasite and live off another's earnings. It is not in my make-up. The old Victorian idea of a woman's place being in the home is now outdated. Like the poet Wordsworth, David and I much rather follow the "plain living and high thinking" motto, than live a life of idle uselessness. In such idleness, there can only be mischief—stupid gossip, ignorant opinions, slander and lies. I am appalled to learn that because David and I wish to live our own lives that we are considered arrogant and snobbish. How silly! We live very simply ourselves. We never visit our rich friends. We just love being left alone to pursue our own interests. I and David send you our love and hope that you are as well as can be expected.

PS You are one of the few people to whom I can open my heart to. Write soon to us.

Viola's referring to persons critical of our studying came from her perceptions, not from mine, except for expressions from my mother when we visited her that she wished we would return to Canada rather than continue studying. Although she did not attend university, she was more against our studying because it kept us from moving to Canada than against studying itself. She had urged me often to return, and, although I had misgivings about living in a "parochial" society in the early years, I was beginning to look for a chance to return at this point. Mother, of course, wanted to see me in Canada before she died, and she felt that she had little time left.

The election for officers of Local 1930 worried me because I feared for our members because of the increasing talk among union leaders, particularly in DC37, of givebacks. Already, DC37 had given up the terms of our pension contract and reduced it to contributions from the employees while grandfathering those employees covered by it, which meant there would be no objections from the presently employed. I was frustrated in my role as Local president because all decision-making, all authority lay with the DC37 leadership, and I was kept busy with protest rallies and grievances, both of which had no chance of success. Also, I missed library work, helping readers to find documents and the opportunities to talk with researchers and writers. In late spring, I attended with some of my board members the N.Y. State Labour Convention in the Poconos where I sensed that a branch librarian who had been active in organizing the Local, left the Library for a few years and now returned to the branches, was anxious to replace me. I sensed that she was out for herself rather than the membership; had I trusted her, I would have resigned in her favour. Since I was from the Research Libraries whose staff was not facing layoffs, there was some cry from the branch librarians for a president from the branches. DC37, which had made known its displeasure with me, probably circulated rumors to that effect. Some of our board members, being members of the Democratic Party and tied closely to DC37 through that association, campaigned against me. I was

not looking forward to two more years as president and the turmoil in labor and politics, particularly as I was disillusioned with the labor leaders. I recalled the woman librarian I met on the train from Washington, DC after an American Library Association Conference, who warned me about betrayal by the big unions; she had been right, but still our Local had achieved some things and had improved the working place; unfortunately, all of our progress was threatened with reversals. I felt, since I had been the main organizer and the main actor, I had a duty to run again; if I lost, no one could blame me for bowing out, and if I won, perhaps I could rally against the cutbacks. As these thoughts played in my mind, a member from the Teachers' Union approached us at the Labor Convention and seemed to want to win us over to switching our Local to the Teachers. The head of the Teachers' Union, Albert Shanker, and Vic Gotbaum of DC37 hated one another; it was politically unwise to publicly approach me about quitting DC37 and unrealistic as well. My colleagues, already preparing to campaign against me, laughed at the brazen approach of the fellow, but may have suggested later that I was inclined to accept a deal.

Viola to her parents and Eustace. December 5/75. New York.

> I am writing this letter in haste, as you can imagine how utterly busy I am. My teaching has gone very well. It is hard work—giving 4 lectures a week and correcting 54 papers a week plus my own studies. As you know, my superiors come and inspect my class. They come and sit in without warning to see how you are teaching university students. I passed that and now I shall be teaching literature courses next year. This has given me a great uplift. My students have responded so well—they do not know how hard I have to work to prepare my lectures. Some have asked to come to my other classes. It's nice to be addressed as "Professor Beasley" although I feel such a phoney—there is so much for me to learn! But the good Lord is looking after me.
>
> I am enclosing about £57 for Christmas as a gift from David and myself. Please divide this as follows. £3 for Christopher, £5 for Michael (Christmas and birthday), £10 for Eustace (to save up for a holiday to Canada), £9 for Christmas turkey and expenses, £15 for Mummy to buy warm clothes or whatever, £15 for Daddy to buy warm clothes. etc. Please do NOT spend this money on liquor—as a very special favour to me. I think drink is ruining all of you. Also, please write at once to let me know that you have received this money safely. There is so much pilfering, and it is a lot of money to lose.
>
> I am sending the children's money to you because I never heard a word from Christopher as to whether he received the $5 I sent him for his birthday. He usually writes a thank you note, but he never did last year and he did not mention it when I saw him in September. Please ask him tactfully. If it is an oversight, fine—but if the money was pilfered, then I'd like to know.
>
> David is very busy and worried about the coming election. There might be a run off. We are both waiting for the results anxiously. Because of the postal strike in Canada, now just come to an end, David's book might be slightly delayed.
>
> I hope you all are well and are reasonably cheerful. I pray for harmony at home. I find it so terrible to live in hate and silence—it is so unnecessary. One evil thought or hateful thought can lead to more evil thoughts and actions. Why destroy your soul, your lives? Why destroy one another? There is no need. Have patience. No one in this world is happy. Everyone suffers in one way or another. No one gets what he wants. So bear up and try to help one another. Then only will God's blessings come upon you. This is what I wish with all my heart for you three.

Viola to my mother. January 22/76. New York

> Many thanks for your letter and the clipping, and your telephone calls. David and I have written our exams but we both have a paper to do. I could not do mine this semester because of the pressure of teaching.
>
> David is back in the Economics Division, although they will decide by the end of the month to place him elsewhere. I only hope they do not take any revenge against him now that he is

no longer an independent President. So many people have called here at home, and so many at the Library have told David how unhappy they are over his loss. They told him they felt secure under his Presidency. Others do not want to serve this new woman (who is very coarse in her language I am told) on the board and want to resign. David did a splendid job in administering his Union. He was scrupulously honest and dedicated. He could have won if he campaigned, but he was too busy with his studies, and was disillusioned with big labor and big management. David has every reason to be proud of himself. He has so much to do now. He is compiling a book of short stories of Richardson and will write an Introduction, and perhaps publish it. I should like David to corner the Richardson market in scholastic terms. That is how famous professors or scholars get their reputations.

One of David's friends at Western University is teaching Richardson's *Wacousta* and would like David to go and give a lecture to his students. That would be great. I think that is Freddie's University, isn't it?

David is also studying for his PhD. He has done all his course work and also has a director —Dr. Gordon, whom David likes very much. He is the son of the leading economist in this country. Now David has the time, he can accomplish as much for himself.

I still have a paper to do, but I think I went through one of the most pressured semesters I've ever experienced. From now on it will not be so bad. Next year I will be able to teach two courses with ease—Now that I have had the experience. My students were most appreciative and responsive and I think young men and women are fine people if one can reach them.

Mimi Ponsonby is studying for her MA in Essex University in England. She has been a senior lecturer in Finland for the last 3 years. Eva Dolfuss (who introduced David to me in Vienna) now Mrs Nicolodoni, is writing a book. Her children are now 13 and 17 years old. No doubt she is writing about her famous parents. (Her mother died last year and her father, who was the Chancellor of Austria, was shot by Hitler in the early years of the war.) So many of my friends are active, it seems.

They (the Union members) are giving David a Testimonial dinner on the 22 Feb. I shall wear my black skirt, I think. I'm so glad they recognize David's worth. Last evening David showed me a letter he received from some woman who expressed her deep sorrow at David's loss of the election and said that leaders like him, who fought bravely and quietly are the greatest men and compared him to Roy Wilkins and Martin Luther King's successor.

A diplomat-turned-librarian told David that he is a gentleman. David wrote such a gracious note in the Union paper by way of farewell!

I still feel sad myself—although David has so much he can now do for himself. And we have more time together.

My studies shan't be too strenuous from now on. All along I've had to work hard for the highest grades for scholarships, for finishing my degrees, doing my MA thesis, getting the highest grades in order to be accepted in the PhD program. Then doing well enough to get my teaching job, etc. All that is behind me now. I am only studying for credits—it is so much easier.

David will also be finishing his PhD work this year. He has done all his course work.

The weather is extremely cold here and must be worse in Hamilton. We had a wonderful Christmas with you, mother. Thank you for having us. Thank you for the lovely luncheon at the Thistle and thank you for the note paper and other presents. Please thank Jim for the lovely nightgown. We both send you and Jim our love and hope you are keeping well.

Viola to her parents. January 24/76. New York.

At last I have a moment of relaxation to write to you and find out how you are and to give you word as to how we are coming along. I hope you all had a very enjoyable Christmas and New Year. Did you have your usual Christmas meal at your place or at Rita's?

David and I went to Hamilton as usual, but I only stayed three days as I had so much to do. Mrs Beasley looked very bad. Thin, gaunt, bloodshot eyes. Very frail (she will be 80 in April). But she picked up miraculously while we were there and now sounds normal again. She is remarkable. She has great spirit and fondness for life. She took us out to the Thistle Club to which she belongs. We had a lovely lunch there. We had our Christmas dinner at David's brothers, Alec's. Very pleasant indeed.

My teaching was a rewarding experience. At the end of the term several students wanted to follow me to my next class—(one young man choked with emotion as he bid me farewell). I had no idea I was reaching these young men and women, and I felt most gratified they felt so appreciative.

But teaching (lecturing 4 times a week) is hard work. Constant pressure. A teacher has to prepare so thoroughly at University level because he must be prepared to answer questions. I found I was concentrating so much on my teaching that I neglected my own studies and had to catch up with them over the Christmas holidays. That is why I left Hamilton on Boxing Day.

David lost the election to a woman. (Woman's Liberation Movement is strong here.) However, the big Labor Union fixed the election. Over here big labor is very conservative, not like the British Unions which are leftist. So many of David's followers wept. One woman wrote to David and compared him to Martin Luther King who fought bravely and unpretentiously for his people. They are giving David a testimonial dinner on the 27 February. I am invited. I'm so glad they are going to give David that honor. He is a wonderful leader of men. I had no idea how much people looked up to David for strength and leadership. One man told David he felt secure as long as he was President of the Union.

I was heartbroken myself because I know how dedicated David was. But David is relieved. He cannot do much to prevent layoffs because the city is broke. David will now concentrate on getting or rather finishing his doctorate degree in Economics. He is also compiling an anthology of short stories by Richardson and writing an Introduction. He went to Ottawa over the Christmas holidays and visited his publishers. He also was guaranteed a job in government whenever he returned to Canada. So there is much to do.

As for me, from now on I shall not be too pressured. All these years I have had to work hard to get the highest grades in order to get scholarships or finish a degree or write a thesis for my MA or get highest marks to be admitted into the PhD program, etc. Then I had to work hard to be selected to teach, then work hard at teaching to get a renewal of a contract, etc. Now I've done all that and I'm only finishing my course work now. It's been a tremendous uphill climb for me, a lot of hard work—but I thank god it is almost over and I've achieved my objective.

I tell you this for you, as my parents, to feel vicariously at least, that your lives are not in vain. I want you as parents to live through your children. Don't give up on your life, Mummy and Daddy. You both have so much to be grateful for. We are all judged by our deeds and not by our intentions. Therefore, show kindness towards one another. I found that by treating my students as human beings (other professors find students difficult, troublesome, lazy, etc) I think these professors are wrong. The students, if treated well, will behave well. Not one student of mine gave me trouble. I had nothing but affection and willing work from them. What pleased me most was that a Negro girl, a Chinese boy, a Greek, an Italian, Jews and Anglo-Saxons men and women personally thanked me for what I taught them. I felt so gratified, I can't tell you. That is why, Mummy and Daddy, be kind to each other and life will be pleasant.

> Dearest Daddy, don't worry about our trip to Canterbury. David and I loved having you and Mummy with us and we enjoyed your company. You were your natural self—and that is all David and I care about. If you are natural, we know you are sincere. We both love you very much so do not worry, Daddy.

The ballots for Local elections were returned to the DC37 mail room. There were four or five candidates for president, and I had one vote above the second place finisher, who was the branch librarian I mentioned. She was having an affair with the DC37 representative, who had been treasurer of the Brooklyn Local and was married with children—so I knew it was serious. When I called one of the candidates who lost to tell her the result, she said that she could not go through with voting for her and would align her votes for me in the run-off. (A candidate had to have 51% of the vote to win.) I called another of the losing candidates and when he heard that she was supporting me, he growled "We'll see about that!" I guessed that DC37 and the Democratic Party were anxious to see my rival win and were not shy of pressuring members to vote for her. My personal mailed-in ballot and a couple of others turned up in my mail tray at DC37, and, after I took them to the mail room and saw them inserted into the ballot box, I was surprised to find them back in my mail tray. This happened two or three times, as if someone were sending me a message. One of the DC37 mailroom workers with whom I was friendly, named Rusty because of his red hair, liked me because I had joined him and his fellow picketers on the picket line demanding higher pay from DC37. A few weeks after the final results from the second ballot, which gave victory to the branch librarian and sent me back to the Economics Division, Rusty made a hasty visit to me in the Division to inform me that I had really won the election. He and a girl, who clerked at DC37, whom he recently married, were leaving permanently for Lake Tahoe. Seeing his nervousness and admiring his courage, I thanked him for his honesty and wished him well in the west. Years later, after I retired from the Library, DC37 officers were caught in a vote-fixing scandal. The DC37 Executive Director, the former one-term president of Local 371, Stanley Hill, famously said, "Aren't all elections fixed?" which seemed to assure me that Rusty was right. A 2001 audit revealed "kickback schemes, embezzlement and theft of union money to maintain the lavish lifestyles of union leaders."

The corruption, starting in a small way in my time and unnoticed, grew horrendously out of control about 30 years later such that it was reported, "It is significant that the two municipal unions exposed for corruption—DC37 and TWU Local 100—have also agreed to the Work Experience Program that has forced thousands of welfare recipients to do the jobs of city employees, receiving only their welfare benefits as payment. This has made it possible to replace thousands of civil service workers with welfare recipients, who have been coerced into a form of forced labor." At the same time two black Local presidents stole over two million dollars each, Vic Gotbauam collected $444,000 in consulting fees and expenses after his expensive retirement, and more than one-half of the executive board stole from the union. In three years DC37's treasury dropped by 17 million dollars.

My detective novel, *The Grand Conspiracy,* which dealt with DC37 and the fiscal crisis in the 1970s, appeared the year before the scandal broke. I like to think it brought attention to the corruption. My detective novel, *Overworld/Underworld*, the third in the trilogy with a library detective, appearing in 2012, used as prototypes DC37 representatives and some of the presidents of the larger locals, who were imprisoned for vote-fixing and embezzlement—one of them being the lover of the branch librarian who now became president of Local 1930 and spent her time at the State Legislature in Albany at the expense of the Local's treasury.

At the General Meeting in early January 1976 when I turned over the presidency, the branch librarian was accompanied by a squat New York State Democratic politician, whose outspoken comments bordered on jeers. The meeting was poorly attended. I sensed that the Local was going to be poorly supported in future. This, of course, suited DC37 whose leader wanted complete control of all the Locals.

Before returning to work, I was interviewed by James Henderson, the bespectacled stocky Director of the Research Libraries. He suggested that I work in the stacks cataloging pamphlets from the French Revolution, which an LTA had been doing. Our Local contract, however, stated that the president of the Local on returning to the Library would take up his former position. When I

mentioned my disagreement with Henderson to Stan Propper, he said they were not going to go that far, and I heard nothing more about pamphlets from the French Revolution.

In my interview with Henderson, he spoke approvingly of an offer from the Shah of Iran to put the whole library collection on microfiche. I detested the Shah as a tyrant whose SAVAK, secret police, tortured dissidents, and I disliked microfilm and fiche, which were hard on the eyes of researchers. I thought it was a harebrained idea, all to the Shah's benefit, but I said nothing as I thought wiser heads would prevail.

Viola mentioned my visiting my publisher in Ottawa. It was a slushy, grey-skyed city after Christmas, and I slept on a couch provided by my niece Becky, who was completing university there. Gnarowski had been rather uncommunicative since getting a government grant to print the Richardson biography, and I decided to beard the lion in his den. He agreed to see me and asked me to come for dinner. When I arrived after trudging through the slush, he seemed unprepared to see me. Apparently, he had left a phone message that he and his wife were unavailable, but I had not been back to the apartment to receive it. Well, I was there, so come in. He took me to his den and explained that the editors of the press were waiting for a slow time for the printers in order to get the cheapest price for printing the book. I had to be patient. It was a monumental work and would be used in schools throughout the country. He asked me to stay to dinner with another guest, expected momentarily, another professor—David Staines, a pleasant young man. Staines mentioned that a professor in the University of Western Ontario, James Reaney, was interested in Richardson's works, so it seemed that there was an audience for the biography.

To mother from me. February 15/76. New York.

> Since giving up the union post, I have been trying to concentrate upon reading political economy. Not only am I interested in the subject for what it can tell us about the real forces moving behind the international scenes in our day but also as an extra-dimension which may help me in my writing should I feel inclined to return to writing fiction. I have, as well, the goal of PhD. in political economy. Standing between me and this goal are two qualifying examinations (one of which can be an essay which I am now preparing) an oral examination, a book-length dissertation and a defence of that dissertation. Consequently, I must catch up in my required reading. So you see that I shall be rather busy for the next few months.
>
> The Economics Division is not as busy as it was five years ago. The hours of the Research Libraries have been cut down. There is fear of layoffs this new fiscal year starting in June. We are at the mercy of the financial capitalists because the leaders of the people have been co-opted, silenced or effectively nullified. Things, however, will change. Meanwhile I hope to benefit from the opportunity to read and think a bit.
>
> The Richardson biography may be no nearer publication than it was last Christmas. I am awaiting an answer to a letter I addressed to the editor, in which I encouraged him to get things moving. I shall telephone him tomorrow and badger these lazy Canadians until I get action. Perhaps the printers are at fault—we shall see soon.
>
> Meanwhile larger problems in government seem to dwarf the day-to-day annoyances we meet. The CIA report which had been printed in part by the *Village Voice* is a smashing indictment of Kissinger and Ford. Their actions make sense only in the Marxian context. These men are more intent on deluding the American people than in effectively representing American democracy abroad. It appears that the FBI and CIA have been mentally insane, unsound, sadistically perverse and stupid for decades. They reveal that the bourgeois leadership in America is bankrupt, like their banks.
>
> As a consequence of Viola and my absorption in studies, we are not enjoying other aspects of life—occasionally we see a movie. We are both looking forward to when she will be finished her summer course at the end of July. Meanwhile we would enjoy seeing you in New York in the spring. You should plan your visit so that we can get the tickets to plays and concerts you wish to see. It shall be my treat. Thanks for your Valentine wishes and please keep well.

PS. Called the publisher who now assures me the book is due out this summer—the best printer is doing it—will send me brochures tomorrow!!

The Local 1930 *Newsletter* for April 1976 recorded the appreciation of union members for my work. The reception was held at the City University Graduate Center across W42nd Street from the Library.

More than 200 members came to a party February 27th to honor David Beasley. Angeline Moscatt expressed the membership's feelings this way:

"We gather this evening to pay tribute to David Beasley, chief organizer and first president of Local 1930, the New York Public Library Guild. We wish to acknowledge his foresight in recognizing the need for a union. We commend him for his perseverance during the years it took to organize and establish the local.

“We express our gratitude for the determined efforts that secured for the membership a working conditions contract with a fine grievance procedure, a contract he fought to strengthen and improve. We express our thanks further for the salary contracts negotiated over the years, contracts which at the time we may have felt were not enough, but in retrospect seem mighty good.

"But, above all, we will remember David for his concern for the rights of the individual. No one fought harder for the brothers and sisters and if you had a grievance, you could depend upon David Beasley all the way. He extended his concern beyond our local to support the Farm Workers, to stop the destructive Vietnam War, to help Eddie Cruz and to fight to secure jobs for all who want them. Thank you, David.

David's response:

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

My wife and I enjoyed ourselves very much at the testimonial reception which you so kindly honored me with. We thank you for the handsome plaque which now stands as a reminder of the many difficulties overcome and also the happy times in the years during which I was privileged to serve the membership. We thank all those involved in the preparation for the party and Miss Angeline Moscatt for her very kind words.

Also I send my thanks to those members who provided me with the useful and monogrammed briefcase. I shall treasure it.

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New York Post

FOUNDED BY ALEXANDER HAMILTON IN 1801

DOROTHY SCHIFF ..... Editor-in-Chief and Publisher
JAMES A. WECHSLER ..... Editorial Page Editor
PAUL SANN ..... Executive Editor
ROBERT SPITZLER ... Managing Editor

Published daily except Sunday. Owned by the New York Post Corporation, 210 South St., New York, N.Y. 10002. Dorothy Schiff, President. Byron S. Greenberg, Treasurer. Jean Gillette, Secretary.

Voices From the Stacks

As municipal unions go, it is little brother to giants. Library Guild Local 1930 represents some 1600 employes of the New York Public Library system, 182 of whom have so far had their jobs wiped out in the fiscal crisis.

Within the Library Guild there has arisen the thought—unwelcomed but unsuppressed by its leadership—of trying to save all or some of these jobs by general acceptance of a four-day week. As a result of petitions signed by members of seven branch libraries, the membership is now voting on this plan through the mails.

It may or may not be approved. But at a time when most heads of bigger brother unions seem chiefly determined to out-militant one another in suicidal inflexibility, the rank and file of this one small municipal guild will have had a chance to speak. A favorable response could have large echoes in a city looking for some inspiring example.

The liberal NY Post praises Local 1930.

Above, Gerald Lahey, Viola's professor and friend at New York University.

Upper Left, DC37 Locals at a Conference luncheon, I, in centre, Prince Gilliard, Chief Steward, on my right,

Left, Viola at Long Point, Lake Ontario, where my great grandfather's ship with all on board was lost in 1880.

TWENTY-FIVE—PUBLISHED AT LAST

Now that I was back in the Library, I took note of the changes during President Couper's tenure. One of the staff perks was to sort through those books that the Library was discarding and buy them for 25 cents. Most of the volumes were treasures—complete sets on certain subjects, autographed copies, rare copies. Some librarians collected a small personal library this way. I picked up Matthew Lewis's *Journal of a West Indian Proprietor* inscribed by the publisher James Murray to Hartley Coleridge, the son of Samuel Coleridge. One of the avid collectors, a cataloguer, bought a novel by Mussolini. Now these books were being sold to secondhand book dealers. A fellow who used to search for rare books that our collection was missing, a wry-eyed sharpie named Carnaby, always pleasant and knowledgeable to talk to, was not replaced when he retired. I arranged for my secondhand book dealer friend from his Fourth Avenue Shop, which he had closed when so many failed in the 1970s, to be interviewed by Wilkinson for the job. "They don't make them like that any more," Wilkinson said after seeing him, but he had no intention of hiring anyone. The fellow who cleaned the staff washrooms retired and was not replaced, hence they were filthy in defiance of the union contract, which staff were too intimidated to grieve. The library hours were cut; on Thursdays the Research Libraries were closed, but library staff worked in its quiet rooms—selecting from bibliographies. The Library closed the bookbinding division and laid off its workers in favor of contracting the work out. The cafeteria, which used to serve home-cooked meals, was reduced to coffee and muffins, and the writers who used to use it on breaks and with whom I liked to meet, no longer went there. Eventually it closed altogether.

There were two reforms: the trustees meetings were now open to the public. For a long time the Local asked that, at least, the Local president be allowed to sit in on the trustees deliberations but was denied. It took a state law, the Sunset Law, to allow in the public—possibly as a result of the "Open the books" campaign of my radical friends. The second reform, which I had suggested to management in my reports for some time, was to hold literary events such as readings and debates. Such events were held eventually in the Trustees Room in the Central building. After the circulating library moved out of the ground floor across the street to a newly created library space called Mid-Manhattan, its great room became the venue, named the Celeste Bartos Forum.

[The Mid-Manhattan circulating library took over the Constable department store on 40th street, which was one of the first great stores to go bankrupt. In a few years, as I was retiring, part of the great building on 34th street between Fifth and Madison Avenues, which had belonged to the bankrupted Altman's department store, became the Science Industry and Business Library with collections moved from the Central Building and the Annex. This library was to be the ideal knowledge center for the new computer age and much money was expended on it, but, in 2014, library management planned to close it plus the Mid-Manhattan Library, then sell the buildings for the funds to refurbish and centralize all collections in the Central Research Library again. Like Director Henderson's hopes of putting the Research Libraries collection on microfiche, which would be seen as folly a dozen years later when the digital revolution occurred, the grand digital center experiment met its Waterloo when personal blackberries, i-phones and other hand devices superseded it. This plan evoked much protest and a retreat by library management was effected until some other solution could be implemented.]

DiRoma refused to order the fiche from the *Index to Current Urban Documents,* my project, now up and running after I wrote to my colleagues throughout the country urging them to participate. DiRoma asked John Ganly of the Division to select for ordering only certain fiche from the *Index*, which disappointed the company. To fill in spare hours, I began writing a book on using a research library, which was needed by the average user, who was often helpless in front of the catalogues, indices, and bibliographies. When it was finished, I gave it to the publications division and suggested the Library could make money with it. An editor from Oxford University Press wanted to

publish it, but the Library insisted I add a log by a researcher as an illustration of research; I asked Barbara Tuchman and she accepted at first and then declined because of her failing eyesight.

Barbara Tuchman to me. Cos Cob, CT. April 10/84.

> When I responded last summer, life was reasonably simple, but since then I had a disturbance of vision which caused me a lot of trouble, and combined with the work of proofreading final work on my book, plus all the duties of correspondence and interviews and speeches since publication, I am now utterly exhausted and over-committed. I hate to renege on the "log" you want but the task of describing my methods of research would be a major job to prepare, requiring careful thought and considerable time, which I simply do not have at the moment. I could not do this lightly because the subject is a serious one for me that really deserves my best attention, and there are so many things I am asked to do just now that I simply can't do one more.
>
> I am delighted to learn that your book will be published by Oxford, and wish I were free to have a share in it. Please forgive that I cannot. I wish you, and it, every good fortune. Cordially,
>
> MEMO FROM BARBARA TUCHMAN
>
> On September 30th I experienced an episode of visual disturbance known as "Homonymous Hemianopia". This is a recognized medical entity due to damage of a tiny blood vessel which impairs the function of peripheral vision in one eye and nasal vision in the other. Happily, reading capacity has been recovered, but I still have difficulty with wider vision which makes it impossible to move or travel without assistance and also makes any kind of effort very fatiguing.
>
> This note is being sent to you, not in the LBJ spirit of pulling up his shirt to show his scar but merely to explain my nonappearance at functions to which I was committed and also my current inability to accept any further commitments or writing assignments for the present.
>
> We have reason to hope that the condition will soon clear itself up by natural processes and that I will be able to return to a normal schedule of activities within a few months.

To replace her log I wrote an essay on how to do research to replace it. David Erdman, who wrote a book on the poet William Blake, suggested a log based on his research and talked to me about his new book on John Oswald, a British spy in Paris during the French Revolution. Although I copied what he said from the tape, he was displeased with what I wrote and since he was the head of the Library's publications program, I acceded amiably to his request to destroy it. The new head of Special Collections, a lady who recently transferred from the Schomburg Collection of Negro writings, agreed to work with Oxford on its publication. I had overseen a grievance of St. Juste, a former Haitian chief archivist, who was hired to deal with the huge backlog of documents at Schomburg, to whom she had given a bad service review that I had printed in our *Newsletter* to show how ugly reviews could be. The head of the Schomburg, who hired St. Juste, should have defended him, but she was curiously acquiescent, and when we could not take his case to arbitration, she got him a totally inadequate negro lawyer, who bungled his case before the Human Rights Commission. I smelled politics in back of it. Baby Doc Duvallier, like his father, was a U.S. client and doubtless wanted to punish St. Juste for fleeing his murderous rule. St. Juste was blamed for not cataloging in detail when his job was to dispense with a backlog of many years so as to make the items quickly available to a researching public. The people criticizing him knew a fraction of what he knew. At lunch once, he gave me a copy of C.L.R. James, *The Black Jacobins; Toussaint L'Ouverture and the San Domingo Revolution*. He inscribed the book to me: *"Mon Cher David, Quand vous aurez lu ce livre, vous comprendrez pourquois je ne suis pas comme les autres. Fraternellement, Laurore St. Juste de Haiti, New York, 19 Novembre 1975"*—["When you will have read this book, you will understand why I am not like the others."] He understood what he was up against with the American black professional. After he was forced out, he dropped by my Division to tell me he had a job reporting for the *Amsterdam News*. During the St. Juste case, by the way, I led the clerks at the Schomburg Collection in a picketing of the building to protest his firing. These ladies, none too nimble, risked disapproval from Director Henderson, who stood inside the

Schomburg front door and glared through the glass at us. Where were the black librarians? As usual, I could count on muscle and courage only from the clerks. The librarian, who had my library manuscript and was accustomed to doing the bidding of management, transferred to the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C. shortly afterwards and my enquiries about the manuscript went unanswered.

Viola to her parents. March 5/76. New York.

> Thank you, Daddy, for your letter which I received some weeks ago. I was very sorry to hear of your falling down all over the place. I think you are now quite an alcoholic. Also, when you reach a certain age your balance is not steady—that is due to the maladjustment of the inner ear. When such a thing happens, it is very necessary for you to lie in bed and remain very still. This can be rectified—if you will consult the doctor. One of my old friends—a professor—has the same middle-ear complaint. It is dangerous only because it can come over you at any time, and anywhere. So be very careful and consult the doctor.
>
> I am sorry to hear of your leg now becoming twisted, Mummy. Oh, how very sorry l am to hear all this. Also, Mummy, how touchy you are becoming. That also is old age. My friend, Kitty, told me her Mother was the same—very petty. How can you say that I did not want to talk to you on the telephone? Of course, I always want to say hello to you and Daddy. It is the only way I can keep in communication with you. I don't do it often these days because it is terribly expensive and I am not working with a big salary. So never think any small thoughts, Mummy, and if you do, remember, it is because of your old age. Mrs. Beasley also gets awfully cranky, as she says. She is pulling along fine, and even thinks of coming to New York. What an amazing woman—to think she has lived this long with only one kidney! David's Uncle Edward too is probably dying of cancer. He had an operation for prostate or something a couple of years ago—now, he is having pains, and cannot eat. He looked so frail during Christmas. He is an absolute darling—and we all love him very much. I hope his pain diminishes and that he will pull through.
>
> That is what I hope for you both. Not one of you, except Donald, has ever been away in a country that is foreign and strange. So you all can never understand my feelings. You all judge me by your own environment at home. So I can assure you that I have nothing but the utmost love and affection for you all—even though I get cross and frustrated sometimes.
>
> David’s book is being so badly delayed because of all kinds of problems. I’m impatient only because I want you both and Mrs. Beasley to see David’s book published. The Library Union gave David a Testimonial Dinner. We both went and it was a fine affair—many speeches in David’s honor—they all wanted to meet me—and all of them, about 300 or so, came to tell me how much respect and affection, they had for David—and how secure they felt when he was President, and how sorry they were he lost and hope that he will win the next time. I never felt as proud and moved about David. They gave him a huge plaque with some lovely words on it—a beautiful briefcase and card, etc. The lady who presented David with the briefcase told him that throughout his Presidency he had such a "lousy" case that they thought he ought to have a decent and expensive one for a change! I am convinced now that David must return to Canada and do something for people. He has such great qualities—one of which is utmost and scrupulous honesty. They all want David to run for President and said they will campaign for him the next time. One woman said he was like Martin Luther King—who works for his people in the most unpretentious manner. God Bless him—dear David.
>
> They are putting up the Transatlantic fares by 6%—that means it will now cost $800 to $900 to fly to England. The New York citizens are putting up a tremendous fight over the British Concorde. I hope they do not stop such a flight. I’d love to fly in one—only 3 hours or something. I don't mind paying $1500 for a one-way trip—I can always catch a fishing boat back home or swim back!
>
> I had a very successful term of teaching. Yesterday I ran into one of my students who came up to me to tell me how much he learned and how much he enjoyed my course—that I was

like a good friend to all of them and how inspired he was to do his best. That made me very cheerful for the rest of the day.

I had such a heavy term last autumn that I have only just finished a paper that was owing some time in January! Never again. I shall be teaching a Literature course as well as an English composition course. I was so nervous at the beginning that I wondered if I could ever face the challenge of teaching—four lectures a week, each lecture lasting one hour and fifteen minutes. It is hard work but very rewarding when the children learn something. I shouldn't call them children—they are students—but oh so young compared to me. They are about 18 or 19 and some a little older. When I asked them if they heard John Kennedy's inaugural speech in 1960—they told me they were toddlers. That is how young they are. But I love them all. I had some nice Christmas presents from them all. Some told me they wanted to follow me to other classes. Irene Moses was and is just as popular, I believe. By Christmas I will finish with course work—how tedious it has become. I am very tired. I must train to teach at university level—it is so easy to give up.

David and I wrote to dear Donald. How sad I felt that he had a heart attack at such a young age. He works very hard and it is probably something new to him—the air force does so much for its staff and perhaps the work was not as demanding as in business—especially in an American firm. Donald also eats too much rice and fatty foods. He must cut down on animal fats. I don't think he even exercises often enough. People laugh at Americans being so concerned about diet but they do try to look after their health and it's part of our modern education. In the old days they knew nothing about nutrition—now with science we know so much.

David and I will be going to hear C.P. Snow at my University. He is giving a talk on "The impact of technology on art." Would be interesting. David joins me in sending much love to you both and Eustace. I wish Eustace would not be so much of a recluse. I suppose I am not to say such things. I wish him well. Love also to Rita and Bert.

PS I must rush to have my eyes tested again. I can hardly see anything these days.

To mother from me. March 21/76. New York.

At this moment I am in my studio on 14th St and I have just finished a short introduction to the play "Wacousta, or the Curse" which was produced in the 1830s and 1850s. Some time ago, at the request of James Reaney, the Canadian poet, I sent a copy of the prompter's script, which I found in the New York Public Library, to him for reproduction in a poetry magazine. I believe he intends to tour with the play about southwestern Ontario. He wants me to speak to students in Western Ontario University about Richardson next fall. I should be glad to if the biography is available by then because it will mean that I can prompt people to buy it. It certainly is disconcerting to me that I am finding trouble with publishers. This sort of treatment seems to be customary with me—I have never had luck with publishing but perhaps my luck will change someday.

I am glad you called this morning and reminded me of your 80th birthday. At the same time, it is hard to realize that I am going into middle age—ad in Arcadia ego—and yet I am still studying, still learning, still trying to put together pieces of human understanding in order to write in a way that will please myself.

Your life above all has been an example of honesty and good intention to me. I hope that you left some of that in me—people, recently, at a testimonial for me, spoke as if perhaps I have shown honesty and concern for the welfare of other people. Your hardships and difficulties in life have made me look upon my problems as miniscule by contrast. Both my parents have shown great stoicism in the face of loneliness and hard times, but you particularly have shown great character. You also have overcome the prejudices of the bourgeoisie of a small city in North America when you have had to do so.

You welcomed my wife and introduced her to your friends when no one else would do so. She did not let you down. She is a great credit to me—she is very understanding, is very

honest and is very considerate. She is warm and compassionate and loyal. I am proud of her success in her studies and of her achievement in teaching at university. At the same time, I abhor anyone who may be jealous of her or who may speak with evil tongue against her and who may attempt to turn you away from your great fondness for her. It is very easy to fall into resentment—the cancer of the soul. I speak frankly to you because I fear that Ann Clements may be doing this—I know that she is more than capable of it. My sister has racial prejudice and a social competitiveness which, intensified by the narrowness of her Westmount world, has made it impossible for her to accept me on equal terms. I have known this for a long time and have seen it exemplified on occasion, but the last time, when she insisted that Viola and I leave her house on Sunday morning, although she knew a couple was to pick us up to drive us back to New York in the early afternoon, will be the last time I shall permit her to behave like that against me. I am referring to our attendance at Douglas Bruce's wedding to which Ann and Ned were not invited (because they would not have fitted in with the other guests) and which roused Ann's resentment to us to a point where she could no longer conceal it.

It so happens that the Bruces liked Viola and liked me. We are easy about the situation. The reason I mention it now is that I detect a coldness in you toward Viola and I attribute this to Ann's influence. If I am right, I want to counterbalance that ugliness. The younger Bruces at the time of the wedding spoke to us as if there were something between Ann and ourselves. But we mentioned nothing—and it is only to you that I have casually referred in the past to Ann's attitude.

I will not be dragged into the small world of Canadian family innuendo and I don't want you to be. If you, Viola and I are still to have some good times together, you will have to recognize evil intentions in others and ascribe motives to them.

On rereading this letter it sounds as if I used the classic approach of buttering you up in order to speak to you about a distasteful subject. But what I have said, I feel deeply. And I love you deeply. Please do not turn against my wife. She is very fond of you and is hurt easily. If you hurt her, you hurt me.

Viola and I only have one another in this indifferent world, and after almost 20 years of marriage, we depend on one another to keep our spirits up. I don't want you to lose your spirit which can be hurt by resentment. I mean nothing against my sister—she has many good faults—but now I, like my brothers, can no longer abide her. I will be in touch soon about coming to Hamilton.

My mother had told Viola of cutting remarks that Ann, my sister, had made about her in years past, but lately she seemed to come under pressure from Ann to distance herself from Viola; at least, we sensed this. Viola could not accompany me to Hamilton for mother's 80th birthday celebration because she was teaching. Alec took mother, his family and me to see a musical at the Hamilton Place Theatre; it was the first time I saw this new theatre, which seemed almost a miracle in a working-class city like Hamilton. Mother assured me that she loved Viola and was unaware of showing her mistrust. She liked the musical which starred Tom Mills, the English movie star.

Viola to her mother. June 5/76. New York.

I am sorry I did not write earlier. As you know, I am teaching as well as finishing my Ph.D. courses. By Christmas this year I will have done all my course work—that is, I will not have to write term papers and take final examinations forever, I hope. All I will do will be to read and teach and take my time in preparing for my qualifying exam in September. I do not have to stay in New York after January next year—I shall be free to study and write anywhere. I can hardly wait—it is a long long uphill climb to get educated.

We went up to Hamilton to visit Mrs. Beasley. She had inflammation of the kidney, but is better now. Also, she chokes easily. She says she feels as if her throat is swollen and that her food cannot get down. She almost choked to death when we took her to a very posh restaurant one night. David and I had a terrible fright. I hope it is not cancer of the throat. She is amazing, though, and looks a young and beautiful 80! Her brother is old and frail—

77 years old—and has bone cancer but no one dares tell him. Mrs. Beasley sends her love to all of you. She wanted to come to New York but I put her off because of the crime and prostitution all over the place. There is a gang of youths who only attack elderly people.

Dearest Mummy, how I do think of you and Daddy. It is so wonderful that you keep up your spirit so well. Mrs. Beasley admires you for that too. I am glad you use your wheelchair only occasionally. Do not get too used to it too soon. Try to walk a little every day.

Poor Daddy, I have nothing but the utmost compassion for him. After all, poor poor man, Mummy. He had no chance in life—brought up an orphan by his sisters who had no training themselves. People, with poor Daddy's life of deprivation, turn out to be terrible. It is Daddy's goodness of heart that has made him overcome his minimum education and lack of upbringing. Daddy is wonderful and has one of the finest brains and intelligence. He still has amazing insights. I am eternally grateful to Daddy for giving us intellectual encouragement. Daddy is not practical—but he has a brain that could have made him a great man if he had the opportunity.

I feel sorry for Daddy now because he has no one to talk to. He does not want to read because there is no one to share his views about everyday affairs. There is no incentive. It is one of the worst punishments that a human being can be inflicted with. Imagine yourself in his position, Mummy. Supposing no one took any notice of you when you spoke about your cooking or gardening or reading? How would you feel? It is like being in a solitary cell in prison. That is why Daddy is going mad and drinks himself to death. He is destroying himself. I love him so much—I ask dear God to protect that good man who has had a very rotten deal in life.

I have asked Eustace to try to talk to you and Daddy in the evenings. He should try to shape his day's adventures or experiences with you both. To bring a little of the outside world home. Poor Eustace also is a lonely frustrated man. What is the use of coming home, scuttling into his room, coming out to ferret his food and taking it back to his room to eat and watch TV? It is like living like a mole. It takes courage and character-strength to overcome one’s shortcomings. Many people who are crippled, short, ugly or handicapped have tried to overcome their deficiencies. But anyone can be charitable in behavior to another—it takes, as I said, strength of character to do so. I say this only to help. I myself have had to learn a lot about living with other people. It is not easy. It is so easy to grump and grouch and hate—it is much harder to love and see another person's point of view. I wish I had had this education ten or fifteen years ago. I would have helped you and Daddy to enjoy life in a simple and full way.

But darling Mummy—you and Daddy have brought us up well—at least no one is a criminal or lazy or useless. We all have worked hard and honestly and have tried to get on in life. At least you and Daddy have lived to see us either settled or well on the way of being settled. I am glad you and Daddy have lived to see me a Professor in the University —I doubt if anyone has done what I have done in my middle-age—from high school to Ph.D. For all that, all I get is envy from others. I am so amazed at this reaction. Everyone now wants to downgrade my achievements. I have a very modest view about myself—I want to teach at the university and therefore I must have a doctorate degree. If I wanted to be a nurse—I would go in for nursing training—the same thing—so I don't understand why people should envy me.

Christopher wrote a nice letter to thank me for our card and gift. He tells me he thinks he has passed his “0” levels and is now trying for his Higher levels. Excellent. If he is going in for science and maths, he must apply to Cambridge—it is best for those subjects. Oxford is good for the humanities, etc. Once he is in college he should try to get a Fulbright scholarship and come to the States for his graduate training—either to MIT or Harvard. He must have that kind of imagination and ambition if he is to succeed in life—I shall write and tell him so.

Kim Mellican wrote a sweet note to me asking me to be kind to her friend Olive Gabriel. I think I remember her—a very dark girl in the WAC(I). I shall certainly be kind to her for Kim's sake. Kim kept on telling me she "always liked me" in her letter, which makes me think that I am not liked by my other relatives. That does not bother me. I bear no one any grudge. I am not the gushing type, and I have had to work hard and struggle for my living. I hope soon to be free to settle down and entertain all of my family. I cannot afford to be hospitable at the moment. I like to give, and only when I can give freely and well am I happy.

Do you know how I was able to pay for your house Mummy?—by working at two jobs in New York when I first came here. I used to work at the UN from 9.30 a.m. to 6 p.m. and then go over to the Wendts and work from 7-12 midnight. I saved up a few thousand dollars which I gave you and Daddy, every penny of it for the house. Five hundred pounds. You returned to me one hundred pounds and I have left that in Lloyd's bank—untouched. It is now worth a little over two hundred pounds. I have not taken a penny back. I hope you do not mind my telling you this, but I feel I have been misunderstood—that I demanded that money back—If I did, it was only to force you to save money— because you and Daddy did not know how. Whatever you returned to me is still in Lloyd's Bank.

So you see, Mommy, I worked hard—two jobs sometimes in order to get going. David and I started out without one penny. I did not even have one hundred dollars to pay for a down payment on a house. But we both worked and saved and tried to accomplish whatever our little hearts desired. I owe no one a penny and I owe no one any obligation.

Thank you for your birthday cards and letter. I was thrilled to learn that you celebrated your birthday at Rita's and that you are able to do some gardening in a wheel chair. I am so glad. Rita sent me a nice card from Turkey. I am happy to know that she and Bert are happy and are traveling to interesting places. God bless them both.

Dearest Mummy, I want to send Daddy twenty pounds. I am so afraid he will spend it on drinks. May I—without causing any trouble—send you ten pounds to buy Daddy a good luncheon or dinner party—lots of chicken curry or whatever he wants. Have the relatives over so that they can celebrate his birthday for him—and I shall send him the other ten pounds for him to buy gloves, or socks or shirt or whatever. I am just terrified that if I sent Daddy twenty pounds, he will spend it on drinks. I don't mind stout, but not hard liquor. Will you let me know if I can do this without causing trouble between you and Daddy?

Please look after Daddy, Mummy. Poor man. I love you both dearly. I wish I could do more.

I am probably going through a change of life—am irregular, irritable, emotional and touchy these days. I hope I get over this quickly. Also worried about a lump on my left forearm. Hope it is nothing serious.

Can you write to me soon and give me the recipe for MO HING GA? I am dying to eat that but don't know how to cook the curry. I have an idea—but not sure. Yesterday I cooked minced meat and minced potatoes, curried, and served it with Nan-roti. David enjoyed it. We have wonderful Indian and Middle Eastern stores around the corner. Now that I am free before summer school I find I love to cook.

All my love to you, Daddy, Eustace, Rita, Bert, Don, Joan and Chris. and Michael,

You can see that I am more relaxed mentally—can't you? All my love, Mummy darling.

PS. David sends love. He has had a set back in his book. We went to visit his publishers when we went up last weekend to Hamilton. I hope it will be out this fall. Sorry about the delay. I want you and Daddy to see my David's book

Viola to my mother. June 14/76. New York.

I have just returned from hospital where I was operated on for lumps and swelling on my forearm (left side). It took half an hour. The doctor (one of the best in Lennox Hill

Hospital) said right away it was benign, although he will send samples to the laboratory for diagnosis anyway. They were fatty tumours and one tissue tumour. My arm is bandaged and I shall have to go again for dressing, etc. David came with me to give me moral courage. I'm so relieved—I thought I might have to cut off my arm. I'm glad I went on time, though, the doctor said. If I left it till it got too big it would have required a major operation. I start summer school this afternoon and once more glad they gave me a $1000 scholarship.

I'm sorry I mentioned Jim and Archie Bunker. It was David who called him that—affectionately, because Jim is so chauvinistic. I realize Jim is sensitive and I do try very hard not to hurt him. I also know he is kind and although he can get very drunk, he never becomes truly violent or abusive. But others are sensitive too, Mother. I know I am. And at the moment I am extremely touchy and emotional—probably a change of life. Also, now that I'm coming to the end of my course work, I realize how tense I have been all these years of study. I wrote a long letter to Mummy and Rita—full of goodwill and chatter. Rita sent us a lovely card from Turkey where she and her husband went on some business. He is getting higher up the ladder in management in IBM. They are now very happy and settled and I'm so happy for them. It is kind of you to write to my mother. I think she is brave and wonderful.

I would love to visit the Maritimes—but I'm worried about David's studies. He must accomplish a few things for his exam in the fall and I feel a holiday in an interesting place would distract him. We will see. I would love the addresses anyway. Only one more thing, I would like to say, Mother, please do not think I dislike Canada. I only know it on vacation. I am interested in Canada because of David and his family, naturally, and would love to live in it. But I am very grateful to the USA for giving me such a wonderful opportunity to study. The cost of a private university such as New York University is enormous. From the four BA years to a PhD it amounts to $30,000. I could never afford such a sum. You cannot possibly blame me for being grateful to this wonderful country for encouraging me—at my age. As far as a university education is concerned—even if I do not ever use my degrees, it was worth it for what it has done for my inner spirit and understanding. I doubt if I could ever be bored. A PhD degree is necessary for teaching at a university—just as a BA is necessary for High School teaching, or a nursing training necessary for nursing. I never look upon degrees as a social asset. I only have compassion for those who have never had a college education because they have missed something. I should know, I've been on both sides of the fence. Of course, there are others who cannot do college work—I'm sorry for them too. But I can never feel arrogant about my degrees. I think that is small. So long as my professors think I'm capable, I'm happy.

I think David's book will work out all right. We need patience and to consider the Gnarowski episode as a setback. Poor David. His people in the library want him back as President. They begged of him to attend the meeting last Tuesday and he went, proposed an amendment, which carried unanimous approval. Some told him that the more they see of the Todd girl, the more they want David back.

Trudeau is coming to the USA this Wednesday to have informal talks with President Ford. He will give the USA a gift for their Bicentennial. A book of photographs of the thousand of miles of border country. It looks like Jimmy Carter. The more I read about his views on issues, the more I like him. Perhaps he's the one we should have at this time—a conservative Democrat! I saw him at the UN when David and I took our French professor to lunch. He looks exactly like his photographs!

Hope you are better now, mother. All of us seem to have something wrong with us—you, Alec, Uncle Edward, etc. I hope Alec and Uncle Edward are feeling better. Much love to you, and once more I'm sorry I mentioned Archie Bunker. I do like Jim and feel very sympathetic towards him. David told me his whole story. David will write to you, but joins me now in sending you and Jim our love.

> PS We would like to see plays in Niagara-on-the-Lake and Stratford. Beverly said she would also like to go—we should make up a theatre party sometime in August, if we do not go to the Maritimes!

The Gnarowski episode to which Viola referred concerned my loss of patience with Michael Gnarowski to publish the Richardson biography. If the book was not issued within a certain time, the Council grant would terminate. Since my efforts to retrieve the manuscript were ignored, I asked Alec to write a legal letter requesting its return.

Alec Z Beasley. March 29/76. Hamilton, to Tecumseh Press, Ottawa.

> RE: David Richard Beasley, *The Canadian Don Quixote: The Life and Works of Major John Richardson, Canada's First Novelist*
>
> I have been consulted by Mr. David Beasley with regard to his legal rights and the legal implications of his not having received a contract from you with regard to the publication of the above mentioned manuscript.
>
> He is worried about not receiving a contract, about not receiving proofs of the biography, about not receiving the brochure or any advertising material about the book and about all of your oral assurances including your assurance that publication would be completed this Spring.
>
> We have advised Mr. Beasley that, although a form of contract between The Tecumseh Press Ltd. as publisher and himself as author was prepared on July 17, 1975, it has never been duly executed if he has not received it from the Tecumseh Press Ltd. duly executed by the proper officers of The Tecumseh Press Ltd. with its corporate seal affixed and with all changes initialled by the proper officers of The Tecumseh Press Ltd.
>
> It is fundamental to contract law that both parties to the contract must not only agree on all points, but must communicate their agreement to each other. Unless and until The Tecumseh Press Ltd. communicates its agreement to David R. Beasley by forwarding a duly executed contract with all changes initialled to Mr. Beasley, there is no contract and Mr. Beasley is entitled to the return of all of his material and is free to make a contract with any other publisher.
>
> If the manuscript is published without a contract, the publisher and its officers would be subject to penalty under the Criminal Law and to liability under the Civil Law. Accordingly, it is important that the status of the matter be clarified now and either The Tecumseh Press Ltd. must make a contract with David Richard Beasley, or must return the manuscript and all other material which David Richard Beasley has submitted to it as a preliminary to the proposed contract.
>
> If The Tecumseh Press Ltd. takes the position that there is a contract, it is requested that you send us the contract for Mr. Beasley together with full particulars of what has been done under the purported contract. Unless we receive the duly executed contract from The Tecumseh Press Ltd. by Tuesday, April 6, 1976, or, in the alternative, Notice that a contract has not been agreed upon and that David R. Beasley is free to obtain the return of his manuscript and all materials, we will have no alternative but to commence an Action against The Tecumseh Press Ltd. and its officers for the return of the manuscript and other materials belonging to David R. Beasley.
>
> We are forwarding a copy of this letter to the Humanities Research Council of Canada, which has granted a subvention to assist the publication of the manuscript in an amount related to the anticipated deficit within a certain time limit and accordingly, should be notified of this delay in publication.

I happened to be visiting Hamilton when the manuscript arrived by post there and with it was a letter from Keith Turnbull, director of the NDWT Theatre company of Toronto, who asked to see the manuscript as the company intended to produce the play “Wacousta” adapted from Richardson’s

most famous novel. I called Turnbull in Toronto, who arranged to meet me at the Hamilton bus terminal the following morning and take the ms. to a printing press in Erin. We talked over coffee and I learned that James Reaney, a professor at the University of Western Ontario and a major Canadian poet and playwright, was interested in the project. I had not read anything by Reaney but had heard from Jack Parr that Reaney had read one or two of his stories on radio when at the University of Winnipeg. The Inksters of Porcupines Quill in Erin, which had printed only small poetry books, agreed to do it. The Council grant for the book now came to the Porcupine's Quill and transformed it into an important literary press. Viola and I visited the press in the spring and saw a few workers moving about, which satisfied me that it was a going concern, although I believe those employees may have been just temporary for our observation. The manuscript took longer to reach the proofs stage than I had anticipated. During our stay in Hamilton at Christmas in 1976, I drove over snowy roads to Erin to check the proofs and slept on a mattress on the floor over night. The Inksters had a long carrot-like entanglement trail from their bedroom on the second floor down the steps to the first floor where I slept, which mystified me as I did not know whether it was a joke or an eccentricity. I made no comment, but I had an idea that they were more artsy than the average printer.

As for Local 1930, I stayed away from meetings because I wanted to let Ms. Todd run the Local without any influence from me. DC37 arranged for a rally of celebrities on the steps of the Central Research Library, similar to the rally we held in 1969, and Victor Gotbaum helped Todd to run the affair. The only celebrity of note was Gloria Swanson, the silent film star. I was not aware that it raised money or caused the Library to increase its hours of opening. The Local membership, however, was not happy with Todd. The Local treasurer complained to me that Todd spent the Local's little treasury dry by her trips to Albany to lobby for the Library. Since the Library had a full-time lobbyist [I was disconcerted by the Library's hiring of expensive young women to lobby politicians in Albany and to hire a slew of fund-raisers when it claimed to be so poor] the members suspected Todd was having a good time. The Board asked me to come to a general meeting and challenge Todd, which I did as tactfully as I could. When Todd's term was up, she did not run again, but, instead of returning to the Library, she was hired in a good-paying job at DC37. People asked me to run for the presidency again, but I was disgusted with DC37 and my role as a leader without power or influence. I stayed away from what I considered to be a farce run by the cynics at DC37. The corporate-technical mindset of the Library now dominated and the humanities declined.

Viola to her father. June 27/76. New York.

> I was so happy to receive your letter a few days ago. It made me very happy. I was glad to hear that Mummy received my rather long letter and that she sent you at once to buy a duck. I hope you made either a good curry or roast with it and that all of you enjoyed it. I was also most delighted to hear that you all went to Rita's for your birthday party. I thought of you and everyone of my family and relatives on that day. I kept on saying at various times on that Saturday that you would all be eating now or sitting in the garden or going to visit Rita and Bert's vegetable patch, etc. I hope you all had a wonderful sunny day and a very happy time. I thank God for being so kind to all of you. You are now 76 years old, dear Daddy. God Bless you. I always try to find some way of making you feel that your life has been worthwhile. Never regret it, Daddy. I think that your tendency is to feel that somehow you are to blame for whatever you think you have failed in. Yet you have not failed in anything. I read so much now. I have had to read a whole range of literature and I find that when one has read how other men have suffered and thought themselves failures—when in fact no one can be considered a failure—I realize that we—that is, you and I—tend to dwell too much and too unnecessarily on our past lives. Accept your life for what it is, Daddy—it is normal.
>
> You have been a good father. It was you who gave us encouragement intellectually. I remember how in our childhood you always encouraged us to learn, study, read—try good, try evil, but do the good thing. Remember? I think of you so often and I tell my mother-in-law and professors that it was you who gave me every encouragement throughout my life—it was you who gave me the wisdom and insight that are necessary in the understanding of literature. Also you have a warm, generous heart. You have always had that. So feeling-hearted and good. God Bless you always, dearest Daddy.

Mummy gave us the discipline. It was she who made us tidy up the house, make our beds, do some sewing, etc. She was the practical genius behind us. Not one of us is lazy as a result. So you see, you and Mummy were a perfect complement to bring us up. I pray that your relationship will become smooth again. After all you loved each other for a very long time. I think Mummy became disappointed, only because she herself has had no time for education, to see that you could not help the way life turned for you. She began to judge you by what she observed in England and Western ways. I hope God will grant her some insight into human ways before long.

I want to now give you some advice about your money, Daddy, you know you have your premium bonds? Is that what they are called? Please convert all those tickets or bonds into cash and put them in a savings bank or building society, etc. The Savings Bank and Building Society will pay you an interest on your money, whereas the premium bonds do nothing for you. Let me explain what depositing money in the bank means. When anyone puts money in the bank, the bank uses that money for investing in a big way in oil, wheat, metals or whatever. They get something like 40% interest. Our savings bank then gives us a mere 5 or 7 percent interest. Our money helps the economy of a country, but it also helps corporations and banks to make money. A savings bank takes our money and invests in housing projects, they lend our money to people who want to buy houses, or businesses, etc. For the privilege of using our deposits, they pay us a small percentage in interest. If you do not touch the money, the money multiplies and soon you will have a good sum in the bank. Your money works for you.

But when you merely buy those premium bonds, you get nothing in return. The people, who sell you those bonds, have your cash, they invest the money and reap the interest. You are making them get rich on your money. Therefore, Daddy, please sell your bonds and put the money in the savings bank. I had meant to tell you this a long time ago but somehow forgot.

I am still studying hard—finishing up my courses. I am still getting scholarships. I am more than grateful for what the USA has done for me. David is very busy writing and working hard. We hope to go away in August to the Maritime Provinces.

It is very hot in New York. Up to 90 degrees for weeks now. But at least the last two days have not been humid. The humidity saps our energy. I believe that England and Europe have had the worst drought this year and the worst heat wave. I watch the Wimbledon tennis games via satellite on our TV—I was surprised to hear that it was 104 degrees in Wimbledon Centre Court. Wow! That is hot for little ole England. I hope you have not suffered too much with that heat. I know you dislike heat. Mummy ought to feel happy. It must help her arthritis.

We went to a dinner party a few weeks ago and met the President of McMaster University and the Chancellor, who is also the supreme judge in Toronto. They are from David's University in Hamilton. It is nice to meet them socially, because, if we ever go back to Canada, I can always ask a for a university job through them.

We enjoyed our weekend up with Mrs. B. It rained a good deal most of the time, though. Her brother is dying of cancer of the bone. Looks very frail, poor fellow. My minor operation was a great success. I had the stitches out a couple of days ago. They were LIPOMAS,—fatty tumors. I have a very high cholesterol reading—so must cut out all fatty foods. I find it hard to keep my weight down when I am sitting reading or teaching. . . .Please ask Mummy to write to me. I should love to hear from her and you too, Daddy. Much love to all of you.

Viola to her parents. July 29/76. New York.

I have just finished a summer semester. I have just one more course to take and I will finish with exams and papers. I shall then be teaching and merely reading and studying and auditing classes. I can hardly wait when it is over. I shall be free—free of New York too by December this year. It has taken a lot out of me. But I am very glad I did this. My University wants to use my name for advertising, because I have done so well in a long

hard climb: AA,BA,MA and Ph.D. at my age, and I have won all the honors. People are now trying to sneer at me because I have reached this far—they make snide remarks about my age, and then tell me that Ph.Ds are a dime a dozen, or that my degrees will be meaningless. To study at my age takes a great deal of stamina and concentration. My eyes get tired so easily—I have had to keep good health and train like an Olympic athlete. I have had to give up four years or so of pleasure. Many people cannot or will not do that. My envious friends then say that I am too old to get a job and that I am killing myself studying like a fool at my age. I have now been given teaching appointments and my professors—the only people who matter to me—think it is worthwhile giving me an expensive education. Altogether my education has cost $30,000 [£15,000] Thirty thousand dollars can buy a house in this country—yet my university gave me that opportunity—how can I help but be grateful to the good old USA.

I tell you this, because I want you to know that it has not been easy. How often have I wanted to give up—but David and my professor friend gave me the encouragement and kept me going. What a burden off my shoulders, Mummy and Daddy. I have been so tense that my temper has been frayed. I am now beginning to feel the tension lift and how wonderful the feeling is. What will all this mean to me? I cannot tell you, Mummy and Daddy, how very uplifting the whole experience has been for me—socially, personally, spiritually, mentally and so on. I will never sneer at anyone who has gone through the Ph.D grind. It is tough. Like the Olympic athlete—I have had to keep up my grades to get from one degree to another—the process of elimination at our university is gruelling—many have fallen by the wayside. So I humbly thank God I have come this far—with His aid and the brains you both have given me.

Now that I have got this off my chest, I shall turn to you dear people. I am glad you are taking vitamins, Mummy. You must eat a lot of fresh vegetables and fruit, Mummy. Eat Yougurt—and drink a lot of citrus fruit juices. I was told that I had dangerous high cholesterol—that is, fatty deposits in my blood stream which can give me a heart attack. I have therefore dieted for the last month and I could not feel healthier or look better. While studying, eating and cooking became a nuisance— I ate anything that kept the hunger pang off. As a result, I got fat and high cholesterol content. I am now down ten pounds and my skin is clear. So I think that diet is very important. Please take Vitamin B, Mummy. It is marvelous. But there is nothing like fresh fruit and vegetables, walnuts, yogurt, fish, veal and poultry for keeping oneself healthy. I hope Daddy is looking after himself. I have not heard from either of you. I am glad that Eustace's room is being redecorated. I was glad to hear him sound so cheerful. I am also glad you all had a fine time at Rita’s on Daddy's birthday. I wish we were there too.

We hope to come to England next summer—and take a house somewhere. I hope that works out. We had a marvelous time in New York this summer—Bicentennial celebrations were terrific—we saw the tall ships and went to parties, etc. Then there was the big to-do about the Queen—how the Americans love the Royal family! The Duke of Edinburgh said that England should be the 51st State. I wish it were so—would be terrific—all of you can come over here then as ordinary American citizens! Then came the Democratic National Convention—great excitement about Jimmy Carter. I like him and hope he will be the answer to the American prayer—they are a great people, Mummy and Daddy—except there is the bad side too—the Nixons and crime and corruption, etc. But on the whole they are wonderful. Other countries have the same corruption, etc. but they do not have the vigorous press we do have over here—so we don’t hear of the horrors that go on in other countries, including Britain.

David and I will be going over to Canada for the month of August—both of us are badly in need of a holiday and fresh air. We are going to take a small cottage by Lake Huron and we are just going to swim, walk and read in the fresh Canadian air—maybe go to Stratford Ontario, for a play or two.

I shall read in preparation for my teaching in the autumn, and for my seminar. David also will be reading for his exams. His book has been badly delayed—I shall not go into details

as it is too complicated—but I hope it will be out in time for this Christmas!! Already he has had an invitation from a University in Canada to lecture on his book. They are paying him a fee and fares and all expenses. Great!

I have just come out of a bitter depression. I think after a gruelling span of studying—I am beginning to unwind. The depression is similar to that of a writer after he has completed a book, or after a woman has given birth to a baby—strange human nature. But I am feeling more cheerful now—and thought I would like to share some thoughts with my parents.

David sends his love to all of you—he has had quite an unpleasant year. I hope Eustace and Daddy, Rita and Bert and Donald, Joan and the boys are all well. We send you all our love from New York before flying to Canada on Saturday for the month of August.

David's Uncle died two days ago—Mrs. B's only brother. She is nervous about her life and telephones us every Sunday. Poor woman—she is 80 years old. But I am more concerned about my own Mummy and Daddy and I want to know how you both are. Please be kind to me and write a few words. I find it so hard to know what is going on—I feel quite neglected.

Viola to her parents. August 12/76. Bayfield River College Colony, Bayfield, Ontario.

David and I are now living in a tiny cottage in a very quiet village. Breathing a lot of fresh air, taking long walks and swimming in Lake Huron. David has to read intensively for an exam he is to take in the fall, so we elected for this kind of holiday. It's cheaper than any other kind. I too am reading and preparing for my lectures in the fall.

We think of you a great deal. The newspapers tell us that England had a drought in July—4 weeks of heat wave. I hope you enjoyed the heat, Mummy, but I'm sure Daddy did not. I'm told water is being rationed in England, hence you cannot water your garden.

I am glad you are taking vitamins, Mummy. I hope you are eating a lot of lettuce, tomatoes, cucumber and vegetables. Eat a lot of fruit too. Eat yogurt. It is excellent. Full of proteins and energy.

I should like to hear from home once in a while and to know how things are. David lost his Uncle on the 26th July. Died of cancer of the bones. Mrs. Beasley's only brother—the last of her immediate family. I think she has taken it to heart. There is a great deal to be settled as far as his property is concerned. Which reminds me, daddy, you should perhaps transfer that house in Eustace's name in joint ownership with mine—if the others have so agreed. I think you or Eustace ought to start making inquiries as to what happens to one's property in case of death. There are laws and it is about time that you made inquiries. If you gave me your lawyer's name I shall write to him from here. There is no need to be morbid about such matters. One must be practical.

The reason I insist on having some part of your property, Mummy and Daddy, is because I want something to remember you both by. I feel so cut off—I don't get letters—and I don't particularly want to live on as if I never had parents. It's this sentiment—that I am a part of you—that makes me want to be included in your will. As far as money is concerned, I've never been greedy about that—I've given away most of it. I think if I were that kind of person, I would have led poor David a dog's life. I am more interested in loving you and being loved by you. I know I care a great deal for my family even though I live miles away.

Mrs. Beasley is as well as she can be. She too is worried about many things. She wants to do so much with us but her age gets in the way. She even wants to make younger friends because all her friends are becoming decrepit or dying off. What spirit she has. I end this letter with love from David and myself. I think of you a great deal and would appreciate a letter from home.

To mother from me. August 26/76. Deer Park Lodge, Bayfield, Ont.

We just received your letter—am glad you are coming, we both look forward to seeing you soon. Whoever told you, however, about a bus to Bayfield is not correct. There is no bus stop in Bayfield, no taxis. A bus passes through the main highway at 10.30 p.m. to Goderich and returns to Sarnia or London at 8 a.m. It would be better if you did what we did—that is, get a bus ticket for Clinton (leaves Hamilton at 10.10 am—quick change at Kitchener, quick change at Stratford). There is a general store where the bus stops in Clinton—one of the salesgirls will telephone for a taxi—the taxi costs $5 to Bayfield and will take you to the Little Inn directly—very simple. You will arrive about 2.30 p.m. in Bayfield where we shall meet you on Tuesday.

All rooms in the Little Inn are on second floor (17 steps) but you need go up only once a day. Am reserving a room for you. Thanks for readdressing the letters.

Viola to her father. September 8/76. New York.

David and I returned from our holidays yesterday from the shores of Lake Huron. We feel thoroughly refreshed and relaxed, We were away 5 weeks. We spent one week with Mrs. Beasley in Hamilton, two weeks in a tiny cottage and two weeks in a lovely apartment overlooking the lake from where we saw marvelous sunsets on the lake from out our window. We walked everywhere—sometimes 13 miles a day, we swam before breakfast (7 a.m.) at noon and in the afternoons, and we canoed on the rough waters which exercised our arms. I lost 15 pounds of surplus fat! David and I are both looking healthy and trim now. I think we both needed this kind of holiday. A motorcar holiday is not restful. David and I had to read a lot and we also needed to be alone together in a quiet place. Such bliss we experienced. I do believe this is the first rest I have had in about ten years. I read some books for my forthcoming seminar, and prepared my lectures for the fall. David read economics. It was a marvelous combination of developing body and mind!

The place we stayed in was a pretty village—500 population in the winter months. But in the summer the population increases with the influx of tourists and summer vacationers. The place is full of people who love to sail yachts and the sailing ships on the lake is a magnificent sight—especially against the red sunset.

Now we are back to dirty old New York. I was so relaxed that I forgot to send Donald a birthday greeting in time for the 8th. I will write to him and apologize for my oversight. I am writing to tell him that I am thinking of him today—the 8th.

Thank you for your letter, Daddy, which I received yesterday on our return. I cannot tell you how happy I was to hear from you and have noted all your points. I am so happy that you had a wonderful birthday and that Bert praised you in front of everyone. God Bless Bert for that. I do believe you are a good man, Daddy. I often quote you. I remember many of the things you used to tell us when we were children, what wisdom you have always had, what wonderful insights into human natures, what warmth, love and affection you have always shown your children. I remember, for example, how you once saw me off in Victoria Station, and how you bought a newspaper for my journey. I think of these little acts of kindnesses of yours with tears in my eyes. You are a wonderful person who deserves much better in life. But never mind, dear Daddy. We all suffer in one way or another. Only do not lose your faith in God. He will help you. Without faith, I myself would not know what to do. Yet I do not go to church. I do try to live by Christian principles, however.

When I was on holiday, I went to churches of all kinds of denominations out of curiosity. I was amazed how each minister or priest spoke against Marx as an atheist. What nonsense they do preach. Marx was one of the finest and noblest of human beings. Although he married into the aristocracy, his compassion was for the suffering working class man. He studied capitalism and wrote his intellectual thesis on it. He had a keen interest on the subject of economy and said nothing about religion. Therefore it is a gross distortion of the churches to condemn him as an atheist. Like Christ's teachings, Marx's writings have been distorted by the politicians for the purpose of persecution and torture of others.

Donald's letter, which I am returning to you, was full of cheerful and thrilling news. I am so glad he is getting along well. He is ambitious and that is a good thing so long as he does not overdo it. Too much ambition can be dangerous. I told him when I saw him last year that if he worked well in an American firm he would get on faster. I am thrilled to read about Christopher and Michael. I am glad Christopher is going to read science in Dundee University. I have admiration for the Scots. They are magnificent people and their schools and colleges are first-rate. Michael seems to be an all-round chap. I wonder what his interests are. He might want to go in for medicine or law.

When I am finished here and settle down somewhere in Canada, I should be in a better position to help the boys. I feel sorry that they have such dull summer holidays. I'd like to see them do what the Canadian and American children do—go to summer camps where they learn to be self-reliant and how to survive in all kinds of situations. I'll try to get them here one summer—in '78 perhaps—if dear God will grant me my wish. I would like to do so much for my family—although they seem to regard me as some kind of ogre—God knows why.

David has to give a lecture at a Canadian University on the 28th Sept. He has been invited to talk on Richardson, of whom he wrote, by the English Dept. of the University on the recommendation of the poet laureate of Canada who read David's book and thought highly of it. I hope the book will be out this fall and we will send you and Mummy a copy.

Please thank Mummy for sending Mrs. Beasley a sympathy note. Mrs. Beasley was most appreciative and is writing to Mummy now.

Regarding the house, Daddy, I am anxious that you do the right thing so that the minimum is lost on taxes, etc. That is why I want to know exactly what the English laws are about transfer of property, inheritance, death duties, etc. Don't go by speculation. Get the legal facts. I should be glad to advise you as to the best course and for your maximum benefit. If Mummy survives you, that is fine. She will inherit your property—but, if she does not, we must know the legal laws. I was amazed to discover that a joint account is bad in the USA. The surviving spouse does not inherit all the money but is heavily taxed on the spouse's share. It is therefore better to have separate accounts in America. Such things are tricky and one should know about them. It is therefore wise for you to find out from our lawyer what will happen to your property. I think you can get a book of rules on that subject.

I wish I had advised you on money matters before now. Being away from home it is difficult. Over here, in America, money is important and one must try to keep solvent throughout one's life. In Burma, we had no such tradition, that is why you and Mummy were not able to manage your financial affairs better, but thank God, He provided for you both. I think Donald and Rita appreciate the value of money. I am not so sure about Eustace. They should save. I also thank God you settled in England. There, at least, the English are fair and just and have social privileges. In the USA it is terrible. For example, my minor operation cost $400, that is about 200 pounds. People go bankrupt here when they get sick. I am therefore glad God guided you all to England.

I am so disappointed in the envy my education has aroused in people. I cannot understand this, as in educating myself I am not depriving anyone, nor am I harming anyone but am minding my own business. After all, I am only trying to help myself to live the kind of life I enjoy. In America, Daddy, women never think about age in the way English and European or Canadians do. Only old fashioned people think a woman must marry and settle down to breeding children and housekeeping. In America, women go to university, get a BA, marry and rear children. When the children are grown up, they return to University and get an MA or Ph.D degree and go back to work. It is a vigorous country and the people have a vitality about them which I admire. What is even better, this country really gives everyone the opportunities who is clever enough to take advantage of them.

I should hate to be idle and useless, and, as long as God helps me, I shall try to develop my mind and soul until I die. I am grateful to America and my University for giving me a

chance at my age to make something of my life. I am doing it on my own, and I am beholden to no one except to God and to the intelligence I inherited from you and Mummy. I think that I, who have worked since the age of 17, can afford the luxury of being educated in my middle years since I have not had that opportunity before—don't you think?

I have written to Donald and shall post both your letters off today.

Please give my love to Mummy, Eustace, Donald and Joan, Christopher and Michael, and to Rita and Bert. Bert is a fine man—and I am pleased he is good to you.

Sorry I missed your lovely birthday party—it sounded like a lot of fun—I am especially sorry I missed it because it was YOUR party.

David sends you all his love. He will send you his book this fall when it comes out, and I send you all my love and affection.

Viola to my mother. September 10/76. New York.

Here is yet another note to thank you for putting us up and for your usual warm hospitality. We enjoyed seeing you and especially glad that you were looking so well.

Our trip down was quicker this time as we did not stop at St. Catharines. It was uneventful except that a Jamaican family got into the bus at Buffalo while the passengers were out for a cup of tea. The Jamaicans refused to give up their seats and a police officer had to settle the matter. Provided us with a bit of fun and excitement.

New York was cool, sunny and crisp on our arrival—but at the moment, it is raining heavily. Thank heavens it is still cool.

David is back at work, losing his lovely tan and wishing we were back at Bayfield. He was presented with a pin by the New York Public Library for 10 years' service. I have a faculty meeting and cocktail reception on Tuesday the 14th; a staff meeting on Wed. and begin teaching on Thursday. The beastly painter can only come on Thursday—the day I begin work! So I shall have my hands full next week.

I did so enjoy meeting Peter and Barbara—they are lovely children and Alec and Anne are very nice people. Love to Mrs. Crerar and Mrs. Swan. Hope everything will work out for you this fall. Once more many thanks for giving us a comfortable and happy time in Hamilton.

I am sorry your trip to Bayfield did not work out satisfactorily. David and I are able to rough it out and are happy eating out of cans if necessary. It is hard to accommodate someone of your age in these circumstances. However, we admire your being game. At least, you have seen the country around Bayfield and now know what it is like. It was the first holiday in ten years that I have truly enjoyed and was able to relax. I do not like motorcar touring holidays.

David is amply relieved he is not as heavy as your scales indicated. On our scales he weighs only 187 lbs! Will end now. Much love to you from David and myself, and our regards to Jim.

When mother arrived in Bayfield near the end of our stay there, she spent a cold and restless night in the small bedroom in that old wooden inn, but the second night, after other guests had departed and she complained, she was given a larger room with a warm bed and slept very well. She was thinner than I had ever seen her. When we sat in the park in the village, she disclosed what was bothering her. Uncle Edward left everything to Aunt Mont. Mother was hoping that he would have arranged for the property to come to Viola and me after Aunt Mont died because she had no relatives other than our family and mother divined she would not leave anything to us out of spite. Mother had always been helpful and inclusive to them for her brother's sake, and, after the war, had sold her half of the property to her brother for as little as $5000; she was hurt, therefore, by his indifference to her family.

I rented a car and we drove along the shore of Lake Huron to Goderich and other towns. Since our apartment was a half-mile from the village, we could not be with mother as much time as we wanted to. In hindsight we should have put her up in our apartment. When it came time for her to return to Hamilton, I drove her and helped her shop for groceries. I noticed how easily tired she became.

Mother to David and Viola. September 17/76 . Hamilton.

> It is raining here today but we have had some wonderful summer days this week. I had a happy day at the golf club yesterday and at the Royal Botanical Gardens on Wednesday. Today, Mrs. Swan and I were going to see Mrs. Rayner who is very ill and can't live much longer. She has cancer and there is nothing that can be done; but it is foggier and wet, so Mrs. Boone, who was to drive us, feels she would be too nervous driving to Burlington on a day like this. So we can't go, I'm sorry.
>
> I hope you got the letter, Viola, that I sent on to you last week. I, of course, thought it was for me. I looked to see who it was from, but of course did not read it. I'm glad the trip back was not too uncomfortable, but I'm sorry I did not think to give you fruit and sandwiches to eat on the bus as usual. As soon as you left I thought of it!
>
> I really enjoyed my few days at Bayfield. It was a good rest and it was only one night I was cold. I always enjoy being with you both and the village is a delightful spot and so clean. I'd like to go again some time.
>
> I'm looking forward to Wednesday when we go to Niagara to see "The Apple Cart." I hope it will be a sunny day. We'll stop for lunch at St Catharines at Beacon Lodge and we'll be back in time for dinner, I expect. I'm enclosing a clipping about Stratford that may interest you.
>
> Jim and I are going to have dinner on Sunday at Alec's. We had Uncle E's ashes interred a week ago and then went back to tea at Alec's afterwards. It was a nice day. Hope all is well with you both.

Viola to her mother. October 10/76. New York.

> It was so nice talking to you on the 'phone. I am so sorry about your condition, Mummy dear. But you are so brave and God Bless you for that. I wish a toilet can be built for you and Daddy on the ground floor so that you do not have to climb the stairs during the day. I think they sell portable toilets—find out about that from your doctor, or from the social services people. Let me know what it costs—I will pay for it.
>
> I am glad you have consulted Mr. Reuben about the tax laws. Let me know what he says. He is such a dear person and almost one of the family—we have known him so long. Thank God for him.
>
> Regarding David's book. I hope it will be out by this Christmas! I did not want to tell you about this before because it was so painful. The publishers in Ottawa turned out to be crooks and I think they wanted to steal David's manuscript, especially after the Canadian Council had approved it, and they knew that it was profitable. David had to ask his brother, who is a lawyer, to threaten suit before they returned the manuscript to David. We have now given it to a publisher who has his own printing press. David and I went to visit him in the spring of this year when we visited Canada. So have patience. Mummy,
>
> David was invited to speak at Western University, London, Ontario, on his forthcoming book. He addressed over 150 professors and students who gave him a marvelous ovation. He was treated as a great celebrity. He was paid a fat fee, and all his fares and expenses paid. He was wined and dined by the professors—who were equally impressed that he is the descendant of Richard Beasley—the first settler in Canada. What snobs the Canadians are! This visit to the university gave David a great boost in his spirits. He was so depressed about the crooks and his book, and the crooks and the Union. The woman who won the presidency of his union is so corrupt (she has used the union's money extravagantly for her

own purposes) that everyone now misses David's honest leadership. But serve them right. David is funny. He now has a new fad—wearing a hat! Except that it is a hunting hat. He wears it all the time—even when he is formally dressed! I cannot help being amused. He looks like a 'confidence trickster.' He looks like those American carpetbaggers who sell fake medicine! Talking about hats—I was amused to see Prime Minister Trudeau's youngest son wearing huge hats the way Michael used to do when he was young, remember? When I saw the boy on TV at a hockey game, I was most amused. He looked exactly as Michael used to do.

I am teaching now that the University has opened its academic year. I like my students. They seem a little different from last year's crop. They seem more conservative and more eager to study hard. I feel pleased when I am greeted by my former students whenever I cross the campus grounds. They hail out to me, "Hi! Professor Beasley, how are you?" I feel even more pleased when they tell me how much they have learned from my courses and now much they enjoyed them.

I try not only to teach them literature, but also to build up their characters. One student, whom I met during the summer, looked sad and told me he had failed in his Calculus course. It is an extremely difficult subject. I gave him a few words of encouragement. He next saw me a couple of weeks ago, and told me the good news that he passed the make-up course on Calculus—thanks to my encouragement. I realized then that what these young students need is a personal touch. I was so glad I gave him that personal touch.

Sometimes I can hardly believe that I have come so far in my studies. I do not know how I did it, Mummy, taking all those difficult courses—66 courses altogether—working in the autumn, spring and summer. My nerves are much better now that I am at the end of this grind. This is my last course—a seminar on Tennyson. No one, Mummy, can ever take this away from me—it is part of my permanent record. I think God has helped me throughout. I know He has, because I have accomplished the impossible. Only in the autumn of 1972, I left the UN to go full time to a regular University and three years later (last year) I was teaching college students! It was not easy, it was in fact hellish at times—I almost gave up several times—but thank God it is almost over. First, I thank God, dear God, and then I thank my dear parents for giving me brains; next, I thank my dear professors at the University, who helped and encouraged me, who gave me scholarships and fellowships; and then I thank my darling husband who gave me love, understanding and patient encouragement when I almost gave up with the tenseness and strain. I also thank one particular professor—Professor Gerald Lahey—(he was educated at Oxford, England—and is a Doctor of English Literature). He took me in hand and gave me all the encouragement—lent me books I could not get anywhere else, etc. He has been simply marvelous. He looks like Mr. Ward and is as kind as Mr. Ward was. Dear man, God bless him too.

So far, Mommy, my mind is more peaceful than it has ever been. I feel close to God, and to all I love dearly on this earth, my husband, my parents, my friends. My education has been one of the best things that has ever happened to me—I feel like a different person, I see things more clearly, am more tolerant, I feel more confident. I can hold my head up in any social circle—and I am putting my brains to use in very congenial surroundings. May God continue to help me. I feel quite humble and awed.

I shall write soon. I want to send my Christmas money before the Christmas rush. Not only is the postage expensive, the damned post office is corrupt and inept. I do not trust them. So many letters have gone astray.

David sends his love to you all. He will write whenever he finds the time. We both send our love to you and Daddy, my sister and brothers and their families.

My address to an auditorium full of students of literature at the University of Western Ontario went well. James Reaney and his colleagues were very hospitable. I was amused, however, when one student suggested that Richardson might be called an "American" because he died in New York City and was hushed up by the professors. I sat in on one of James Reaney's English classes, which

seemed huge. He walked on informally with a woman colleague and began discussing a literary topic with her that the students listened to and presumably learned from. A unique approach!

Viola to my mother. October 10/76. New York.

> David said he'll be writing tonight. He has been studying intensively. No doubt he will be giving you all his news in his letter.
>
> We both thank you for your last letter and the clipping on the rehiring of the Director of Stratford. It was most interesting. I think he is trying to do, in Stratford, what Ingmar Bergman did in Sweden. I hope it works—although I think that the Canadians on the whole are conservative-minded and might resent radical innovation in the presentation of classical drama. By the way, how did you enjoy "The Apple Cart"? I hope you liked it. I thought the play excellent. Irene Worth was splendid and so was the actor who took the part of King Magnus [Paxton Whitehead].
>
> We both hope Ned is getting better by leaps and bounds. I wrote to Ann on our behalf and David will be writing to Ned tonight. So glad Becky is enjoying her mission in Nigeria.
>
> I telephoned my mother. She says she cannot walk even with a cane. Her fingers are all twisted, and she needed help when she last wrote to you. I told her I thought you were writing to her, but apparently you have not written her yet.
>
> How is Aunt Mont coming along?
>
> I was so happy when David returned from London, Ont., looking so pleased and uplifted. He has had a bad year of bitter disappointments—the book and his union. The invitation to Western University seemed to have restored his spirits and I am so pleased to see him buoyed up again.
>
> Hope Peter is studying hard this term. And I hope he succeeds in getting high enough marks to be accepted in College. Would you like me to get some Christmas cards from the Museum (Metropolitan, N.Y.)? I meant to ask you this on the phone but forgot. I miss the fresh air of Bayfield. That holiday goes down in my annals as one of the happiest we have ever spent. All my love and good wishes to Jim.

From Mother to Viola and me. October 14/76. Hamilton.

> We are having trouble today. It is the 14th and the workers are marching in protest. They want controls taken off. I intended to go to Montreal today, but Ann said it might be bad in Montreal so I expect to go tomorrow. It is quite cold and feels as if winter will soon be here.
>
> Ned is improving but still in the Lachine General Hospital. Your letter came yesterday, Viola. I am so sorry that your mother is feeling so miserable and also sorry that she did not get my letter. I certainly wrote to her quite a while ago. It was kind of her to take the trouble to write to me when her hands are so crippled. It sounds as if she should be in a nursing home or have someone to look after her. It is tragic for her. I wrote to her again just now, so I hope it gets there. I'll go out and post it myself.
>
> I'm glad that you enjoyed "London Interlude" so much David. Is your book <u>really</u> being printed now? I hope so, and hope it will be out by Christmas.
>
> We had a happy Thanksgiving dinner on Sunday at Alec's, and Warren came from Toronto for it. Barbara was in Muskoka for the weekend with her Aunt Jane, but Peter and Fred were there and Fred's new girlfriend, Joanne, who seems very nice. She heard your lecture David and said she enjoyed it. She lives in Toronto and is in 2nd year at Western. I heard the play "Wacousta" mentioned on radio last evening. They said it was written in 1830 by Major John Richardson but very few people knew about it. I'm going to miss the Canadian Club meeting on Monday but the one in November I hope to get to, as that is when Reaney is going to speak.

You asked about "The Apple Cart", Viola. I enjoyed it very much and so did all my friends that saw it. We had a lovely drive and lunch first and got home in time for dinner. Kate Reid was good and they all were, especially Paxton Whitehead. It was a big part and most interesting.

Aunt Mont phoned to day. She thinks she'll stay in the house for the winter. Gordon and his wife were there over "Thanksgiving" and G. put the storm windows on for her. I hardly ever see her, but she has friends in Burlington. She says she has pains in her breast quite often and can't take the nitroglycerine pills so has to get something else. Alec and Anne took her to the Zealand's dance in Toronto. I asked them to go but I did not attempt it.

I won't need Xmas cards this year, thanks Viola, I have some and got more from UNICEF—I may phone you tonight. Must post this now.

To mother from me. November 11/76. New York.

It is Veterans' day here—slightly cold, faint sun, as it usually is. Our library is closed, so I am reading in my studio. Viola, however, had to teach today and went off to NYU about 8.30. An article in the *Times* this morning spoke of Veterans' Day as practically meaningless to the youth of today—quite unlike Armistice Day when one stood at attention at 11 o'clock for a minute. Perhaps the recognition that wars today cause more civilian deaths than military deaths has detracted from the honoring of our military dead. Perhaps the experience of nuclear death at Hiroshima and Nagasaki made people realize that no amount of respect for the dead will keep the living from the holocaust—and in one sense such human experiences tie us more strongly to the dead than any kind of ceremony because we feel that we are as innocent and helpless as they were in the face of evil.

But to more cheerful things. The Canada Council sent me a copy of the letter it sent to the publisher, whom I expect to hear from shortly concerning his plans to publish. I think he should be able to start setting the biography in type right away. Although pleased that the book is actually to be printed, I shall be happier when I have a copy in my hands. If the work is somewhat successful, I may begin to pull out some of my novels and other dust-covered manuscripts to see if any may find their way into the light.

The political economy courses interest me greatly. Presently I am reading economic history and auditing two courses at the New School—one on public finance and the other on Marx's *Capital*. The relief from union worry is a great help to my concentration. I go through the motions of working at my library job (which is what it really calls for) and garner every spare moment to read.

The union is in poor shape. I believe that most of the staff is disappointed in my successor. Her job, actually, calls for strong leadership at this time of wage freeze and layoffs, but the political forces which put her into office want no action. My union experience provides the seeds for a novel at some future date. My university courses help me to put it all into a larger perspective—by "it", I mean the management-worker confrontation and the co-option of certain people for purposes of political power. I have never put politics before the individual; I am discovering that most people put politics first, at least most people involved in this sort of activity. They don't see that politics is simply abstract ideology if it lacks consideration for the interests of the individual caught up in the conflict. Politics in my opinion has to reserve the right for individual interests to be recognized—this is not to say that the individual is always right or that he should be given the opportunity to protect himself. This, of course, becomes harder under corporate capitalism of Russia and China. My study of Marxist economics is to deepen my understanding of these problems.

Mother, I have chattered on about abstract things and have little news of day-to-day events. (I send you clippings from the *Times,* enclosed.)

I hope you enjoyed Prof. Reaney's talk. Thanks for the news about Ned and Ann. We shall see you for Christmas. Please give our best regards to Jim.

PS Just heard from the publisher. He is setting the book into type, but thinks it may not be ready till February—so lots of time, which is good because a job done in haste increases the margin for error.

Viola to her parents. November 13/76. New York.

Thank you for your letters which arrived the morning after I telephoned you. I was relieved to hear that you received the money in time. I would have sent you five English pounds more, but the day I bought the pounds it was dearer, the very next day the pound fell. Glad Irene and her family came to see you. She has a wonderful family and they are all doing very well,

This is just to tell you that the Canadian Council has paid David's publisher a large sum of money to get the book out soon. It will be out in February. I wrote part of David's biography for the jacket cover of the book. One of the professors used this biography to introduce David at Western University where he was invited to talk about his book. I now tease David that I should be paid a commission! The book is dedicated to me. We will send you a copy as soon as we get one. David just wants me to tell you this piece of good news in case you have given up on him!

Another piece of good news is that I have been offered another job in my same University to teach one course in literature in the spring of 1977. I begin in February. This is my old college for adults. I began my university education there, remember? Well, they want me to teach adults as well. So now I will have two jobs, teaching during the day at a regular university where the students are 18—20 years, and in the evening, once a week, l shall be teaching adults like myself. I need every kind of teaching experience, Mummy and Daddy.

In the meantime one of my senior professors, a well-known scholar has given me a subject for my doctorate dissertation. I am told I ought to be flattered because he is a very exacting master and is only interested in the best students. That is a relief to me because it is difficult to find an original topic. A doctorate thesis, by the way, is equivalent to writing a book. Anyone who tells you a Ph.D is easy, he is talking through his hat. It is a long arduous grind. But it keeps my brains alert and alive.

I telephoned Mrs. Beasley, Mummy, and gave her your message. She sends her love to you both. She now knows how hard it is for you to write because of your arthritis.

You asked me if Walter came to see me in NY, Daddy? No. He did not come to see us. He telephoned me briefly and offhandedly from the airport on his way back to London.

It is very cold in NY. I hope England is not going to freeze up again. I feel so sorry for you both in that cold and damp climate. What can I do to comfort you? I will send you more money later on. I want you to keep warm.

We are thrilled Carter won the election. Also glad you both share our choice. He's infinitely better than that dumb Ford. Will write again. Just want to cheer you up with our good news.

Viola to my mother. November 28/76. New York.

David received your letter yesterday with the clipping on Mr. Farmer's death. David was quite upset by his death as he felt he always had a friend in Mr. Farmer. As for publicity of David's book, I should not worry. The book is more timely today than five or ten years ago. Students will be buying David's book in Canada for a long time yet. Madame Santrud of the Sorbonne promised that the Sorbonne would order copies. A Canadian Centre has been opened in Edinburgh for the first time and D's book can be sold there. We also hope to give the book to our University here and I shall try to have it reviewed in the *London Times Literary Supplement*. I do not doubt that after all these years David's book will be successful.

We were amused by your reaction to James Reaney. [As he wore a rumpled sweater when he came on stage, she thought he was the electrician.] He is a poet, and poets do not care

for conventions, certainly not conventional clothing. He was most gracious and generous towards David.

I know how tiring it is to cook, mother. I feel quite hesitant about imposing ourselves on you. We will take you out for meals when we are there. I hope I did not sound mean about the turkey. I think a 10 or 12 lb. turkey would be fine—you can entertain Alec and Anne back. We may not stay long enough to share it. David thinks that we will travel by train during the Thursday before Christmas. We will arrive Thursday night and leave Sunday night. We both have lots to do during this period so we were not going to stay long anyway. We just want to see you.

Regarding hints for Christmas. Writing paper, a needle work basket or something small like that will do. For David—a bottle of sherry would be welcome. We do not want you to go to any trouble or expense. You and Jim can combine to give David his present if it will help.

Becky must be most concerned about her father, poor child. How sweet of her to come home for Christmas.

I enjoyed seeing Helen. She was kind enough to take me to luncheon and to a good concert. Beethoven and Dvorjak. I will give you her news when we meet at Christmas time. She sends her love to you. She was off to Colorado the next day. Needless to say, she was disappointed at Carter's election and thinks Rosalyn Carter is "not White House material."

The Americans are quite concerned over the Quebec election. I am. I am not trustful of Rene Levesque. He wants independence and there is no mistaking it. David thinks the fault stems from Lord Durham who allowed the French to keep their language and culture. I hope the separatists will be defeated the next time and that the referendum will fail. They only got 41% of the vote anyway! We are both well and send you our love. We hope you had no after effects from the swine flu shot.

Regarding my views on Quebec, I did not blame Durham for the Quebec renaissance and was glad to see Quebecers throw off the chains of the Church and liberate themselves through a Quebec language, but I opposed the guerrilla tactics some of them promoted and the alliance with France that some of them pretended to develop. Living outside of Canada for so long, we naturally sided with Pierre Trudeau against Levesque, who looked like a demagogue as viewed from New York City.

Helen McAlpine often invited Viola to hear the New York Symphony orchestra conducted by Zuban Mehta in the afternoons and sometimes introduced her to her friends such as Laurence Rockefeller and his wife. They enjoyed meeting one another for lunch near Lincoln Centre during the late 1970s and 1980s, and it was a pleasant change from the pressure of teaching and intense reading for her dissertation.

I admired Viola's embracing of undergraduate life at her age. I once sat in on one of Professor Lahey's English classes and saw Viola sitting alone in the third row while all the rest of the class of students more than half her age sat in the back rows. Later I sat in on an adult class she taught. Her subject was Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* when she used the blackboard to illustrate the Congo River and make the moral of the story more understandable.

From Ned Clements to Viola and me. January 5/77. Westmount, P.Q.

Thank you so much for the book, "Last Chance for China," that you sent me for Christmas —and which arrived today, our postal system being what it is!

I hadn't heard of this book, and look forward to reading it with great interest, doubly so because I knew Jack Service in China and recall sitting around over bottles of the local potables with him on a number of occasions in Chengtu discussing this very subject!

We hope your holiday season was a pleasant one. Ours was, but quiet as I'm still on restricted activity, though able to go out for walks when—if ever this winter!—the weather's warm enough and the wind's modest.

Becky seems to be thoroughly enjoying both life and her work in Nigeria, with staff and students at her school congenial. We look forward to David's book coming out—he must be quite excited.

Ann joins me in wishing you both all the best in 1977.

Viola to my mother. January 8/77. New York.

The pressure is off now, so I'm able to become civilized again and write and thank you for having us over for Christmas. As usual it was pleasant and you were most hospitable. We both enjoyed our Christmas very much. In fact, I thought it was the most pleasant Christmas I've had in a long time. I guess it was because I was under less pressure than in other years.

I love the presents you gave me. The sewing basket is wonderful. Thank you so much. When we open the sherry we will think of you. Please also thank Jim for his very nice Christmas present. It was so thoughtful of him.

David is busy with his studies and with his book—sending illustrations to the publisher, etc. Can you please give David a list of people you would like to have sent an announcement of his book. D. would have the publisher send it to your friends. Do you know anyone else in *Hamilton Spectator*? I'm sending D's announcement to all my friends and University professors. The more people know, the more they will buy it. So send us your list soon. Ask Alec and Anne and Jim too!

The publisher's wife said she thought the book exciting to read. Oh, how I wish my David all the success in the world. He's had to put up with so much. One day I shall write a book on the book!! My friend Mimi Ponsonby is following our example—she's going in for her PhD! Why don't you call Aunt Mont up and tell her you have a small gift from us—you can then find out what she's up to!

I received a lovely note from Mrs. Crerar. I've sent her one. Please tell Mrs. Swan I shall send her the Bronte book soon. You can ask her to pass it on to you when she's finished. I would like it back, as it is David's gift to me.

My parents are as well as can be. They had a magnificent Christmas.

I meant to ask you for Vivienne's address and forgot. May I have it, Mother? We've had snow here, and cold weather. I shall go out for a walk after writing thank you notes. My first walk in weeks! I've got so many parties coming up now and the beauty of it is I will be able to go to them. All our love to you and Jim and thank you for hospitality and presents.

Viola to her parents. January 8/77. New York.

Thank you for your notes and Christmas card. Thank you also, Daddy, for two other letters, which I have not had the time to acknowledge before now. I loved hearing from home, and was so glad to know all of you were having a "topping" time at Rita's. You all sounded so happy and I was, in turn, made very happy. I think I am like you, Daddy, if others are happy I am happy. I find life much too short to want others unhappy.

We had a very happy Christmas. I think it was one of the happiest Christmases I have had in a long while because I was under less pressure than before. Many people think I am nuts to study so hard and give up my social life—or give up living. What nonsense. I am alive—I have never been happier or more alive than I have been these last few years. My mind is constantly on lovely things—I do not have time to bicker, gossip and brood on the past or anything. I live intensely and am among lovely people, I love every minute of my studies, my academic friends, my students, etc. I love my students. How I wish I could teach Chris and Michael. My students write such affectionate and grateful notes to me that I find gratifying. So I tell everyone not to feel sorry for me—I am having a fine time. Of course, I have had to sacrifice my social life—but you cannot achieve anything without some sacrifice.

We are looking forward to David's book coming out. We will send you one as soon as it comes out by the fast mail so that you will get it the quickest possible way. Mrs. Beasley and Mrs. Crerar—one of Mrs. B's dearest friends—will be giving David a huge social cocktail party in Hamilton in the spring. Thank god I will be free to go. Everyone is looking forward to it. Mummy and Daddy, have you any friends to whom an announcement of David's book can be sent? The publisher will send them one—the more people have the announcement card, the more they will buy the book. Send a list to us if you wish to.

I received a lovely letter from Donald who made the boys write thank you notes to me. I was most grateful to Donald. What a fine person he is, and what a loving nature he has. I am mystified that Joan did not send us a card. I hope it was an oversight, and not some secret grudge she suddenly developed against us. I am constantly puzzled by those relatives in England—I have not the slightest idea why they suddenly loathe me or gossip about me, especially as I have nothing against them but am so wrapped up in my own life and problems to even think about them, let alone think badly about them. I couldn't believe my ears that Babsie said all those awful things about me, when I used to have nothing but pity and compassion for her. Now it's Joan—maybe the weather is making everyone in England mad. This is said to you in confidence, Mummy and Daddy. Please do not circulate this letter to anyone—not to Rita or Eustace. If I cannot confide in my own parents without my letter being shown to everyone, I don't know to whom l can confide in. So please do not show this letter around. It can only cause a lot of mischief.

I am now going to tell you something in strict confidence. Poor Mrs. Beasley has been done out of her parents' property by her sister-in-law. She is one of those cockney type English women who collared Uncle Edward during the war. She has worked it in such a way that she was left everything by Uncle Edward, whom she treated badly when he was alive. She now wants to sell his rich estate, get the money and beat it. Mrs. Beasley is so deeply upset and hurt. David might appeal the will as there are a great deal of silver, china, letters, paintings, etc. that belong to Mother Beasley. That woman is dreadful whom Uncle Edward married. Because of this, I worry about Joan. She was reluctant to come down for Christmas, you say, Mummy. Now she has not sent us a card, and she did not ask the boys to write and thank us for our gift—a courtesy young men should observe. She might be wanting to keep the boys to herself. Should anything happen to Donald, it is possible she would like to claim them as her own. I hope that is not the case—but after seeing this English cockney that Uncle Edward married, I worry about that Joan. Thank God, Donald is strong minded and attached to his family.

I have no one but those boys to whom to leave my money. They are all we have—they are our blood nephews. I love them as they remind us of our dead son. It is too bad I live so far away—I could do so much for them. I am determined to do something when we go to Canada. I should love them to meet David's nephews and nieces here. Freddie Beasley—now in College—is Canada's squash champion. I should love Christopher and Michael to meet fine young men and women. I want them to start their lives with a small capital. I therefore do not want some insidious person coming in between my brother and his children and myself. I should like to know the real reason Joan did not send us a card.

Olga came to New York a few weeks ago—said she wanted to see David about a book she had written—all about Bunny! l was so busy but I asked her to come—thought it would be for a few hours—she stayed the night and day. She told us stories that made my hair stand on end. I shall not repeat them here—might cause trouble—but she told me all sorts of things about herself and Bunny. I thank God I have kept away from everybody, they can be an embarrassment.

Well, Mummy and Daddy, I hope you are as well as can be. I am now finished with one term of teaching and my seminar. I shall be merely teaching in the spring and reading. I feel very relieved. David is looking forward to sending you his book. He is so fond of you both. He is not demonstrative—no Canadian is—but he has a very warm and darling heart. He sends his love to you and asks me to tell you not to forget to send a list of people you would like to send the announcement to. I send you dear darling parents all my love and hope

> 1977 will be a good year. Tell Eustace I enjoyed talking to him on the telephone. We both send him our love. Also to Rita and Bert when you next talk to them.
>
> PS Please do not discuss the contents of this letter with anyone. This is important. Perhaps quietly with Donald who is the only one I trust who has good sense and discretion.
>
> PPS Another thing about Joan is that she told me she is lazy. She hates working. I suppose she expects the boys to keep her when they grow up.

The sudden coolness of friends and acquaintances toward us we eventually discovered was owing to Rita, who had an inexplicable and egregious talent for poisoning minds. Rita envied Viola and on occasion when we visited would explode in rage at her for no reason, but Viola tried to reason with her and befriend her with off and on success. By asking her parents to keep her letters to themselves, she shows that she is aware of treachery somewhere.

To mother from me. January 20/77. New York.

> I was glad that you were able to speak to us the other night, but I was unhappy not to be informed sooner of your condition. Your heart attack came as a severe warning to you to slow down your activities; I am sure you will recover completely from it and learn to monitor yourself so that you can lessen the likelihood of another attack. You had given the impression of being indestructible? Your loss would be unbearable to us. We want you to enjoy whatever successes may be due us, perhaps overdue us. I am sorry that I am taking so long to get recognition, but I recognized that I would take a long time and prepared myself for it.
>
> I received a letter from James Reaney yesterday. He mentioned speaking with you and wrote; "...she was one of those who did not fall asleep, so I treasure her presence."
>
> Viola and I are back in the routine of study. I am at work at the little affair of library work and bringing in a salary check. I attended a union meeting recently (returning from it the night we telephoned you) and challenged the present leadership on the tremendous raise in dues it is asking. The present leadership spends money like water and expects the membership to pay higher dues from lower real money wages.
>
> Today is my day off. Viola has asked Professor Tuttleton and his wife to meet us for lunch at the United Nations. I have not met them. He is Chairman of her English Department. Then I am visiting Mrs. Crosser, widow of an Economics professor, who left economics books she wishes to give me. I met her some weeks ago when she came into the library to see if it had her husband's books. He was a major Marxist economist in this country but died unrecognized here—this being an unintellectual land and quite alarmist about the name Marx.
>
> Viola sends her love with mine and prays for your speedy recovery.

My mother had a heart attack a week or so after the New Year. We were not informed. We telephoned her a couple of times and had no answer, so, worried, we called Alec’s home and spoke to his son Peter, who was surprised no one had called us. Mother was in the hospital recovering. We telephoned her there and heard that she felt depressed. When she returned home she had a visiting nurse and housekeeper. She joked that, having just opened a letter from her cousin Vivien, who planned to visit her, she went upstairs and had a heart attack.

Tuttleton, a pleasant, russet-haired, middle-aged professor and his short, thin wife were not getting along; she, looking bad-tempered, was his second wife; a year later he married again. Viola took two or three of her professors and wives to the United Nations for lunch and showed them the treasures of the place, which made an entertaining afternoon for them.

Frances Swan wrote to Viola to thank her for the biography of Charlotte Bronte which she found “hard to put down” and congratulated her on her university teaching job.

To mother from me. February 15/77. New York.

Too late for Valentine's Day, but best wishes for speedy recovery and much love. I am sending the enclosed from our little office in the stacks of the Library.

The first is a pamphlet put out by my publisher in Erin with discussion about Richardson's *Wacousta*—illustrating how interesting his works are becoming from a critical point of view.

The second are copies from an issue of *Papers and Records* of the Ontario Historical Association in 1924. One copy is for Alec and family. The *Papers and Records* were mailed to me by Bill King (the young man with the high voice which, no doubt, will be changing sometime soon).

Spoke to publisher on Sunday. He will get proof sheets to me in 2 weeks (he was delayed as he ran out of money temporarily). One should plan on a week for mail delivery; the sheets should arrive just when I'm taking time off from work to study intensely for PhD qualifying exam at the end of March—so may have to work on it in first week in April, that is, draw up an index.

From Aloysius Nicholas to Viola. April 1/77. Morden.

A very happy birthday. By god's blessing may you live to see a lot of happiness in the future. I pray you and David are keeping in good health. As for me, I am very ill. The toes on my left leg are swollen and very painful. The Doctor gave me some tablets—it is not doing any better. The knee in my right leg is swollen and painful and, unable to walk, I am suffering with arthritis on my right hand and unable to hold a cup of tea for a long time. I have to struggle to go up to my bed room and then I am unable to sleep well. The pain becomes unbearable. Please do not worry. One at my age got to live with it till the very end. The rest of the family are well. Once more wish you a very happy birthday with love to you and David.

Viola to my mother. April 9/77. New York.

This is Easter and we wish you a happy one. It was a lovely bright sunny day today and I longed to go out and relax. I am, however, very busy. I think I would rather be busy than idle and brooding as to whether life is happy or not.

Thank you for your lovely birthday card. I love daffodils—they are so spring-like. We are glad you had a happy birthday. I had one with David and friends.

I wrote a note to Mrs. Thompson—hope she is better. Also dropped a note to Mrs. Swan. Helen sends you her love and Easter wishes and so do my family.

We are all intrigued by Margaret Trudeau. I met Bill Bush at a Canadian party here and he knows her family. He said that she was always a problem to her family before marriage to Trudeau. She was a hippy and lived in a commune, etc. I think she found Ottawa dull and stuffy. I can't blame her. Thirty years difference is a great gap—a generation, in fact.

By the way Bill Bush lives around the corner from you: 200 Bay St S.. He's an international banker who is connected with McMaster, I think.

David is so relieved his exam is over. I think he has done well. He has just finished his book's index. He will mail that tomorrow. It might take a month or two before the book will be complete. It's a slow process. The publisher lost a slide of Norton's painting and David has asked Eustace, my brother, to try to get another one for him. They had taken it together a few years ago.

So we are both very busy. I've just received a call from a former colleague of mine whose husband is a mathematician from Princeton. She thought I was a sociologist and gave my name to a research group to work on a government project! Nice of her. Would love to do

such interesting work, but have no time or a sociologist degree! Also my University wanted me to attend a conference on general education. Wish I had the time.

Will you be going to Jane's wedding? I hope he's a nice lad. How are Freddie and Peter and Barbara coming along?

You would have been amused by David at the Canadian party. He got up and told everyone that they should buy a book called *The Canadian Don Quixote.* They diligently took down the title and then asked him who the author was and he said unabashedly, "I am." I was hysterical with laughter. We send you all our love, Mother, and once more many thanks for your lovely birthday card.

Viola to my mother. June 4/77. New York.

Many thanks for your letter giving me such details of the wedding—the sort of details I cannot get from David!! We got a note from Jane thanking us for the silver candy dish we gave her.

The weather is simply beautiful and I long to be free to enjoy it. I am glad you are keeping well by resting as much as possible.

There is not much news here except to say that we are both busy and pursuing our goals which seem within grasp—at least the tedious work will be over by this fall.

We have not heard from Helen. So I gather she is away. Bill Morley has written to David's publisher to ask for about 50 cards to send to 50 Universities in Canada. He also is going to get every undergraduate in his University (in Kingston) to buy a copy—I mean those students who are majoring in Canadian literature. Bill Morley owes David a great deal of gratitude as it was D. who helped him complete his bibliography on Richardson in the past.

My library is also ordering copies. I've sent one to the Sorbonne in Paris and I hope to go on a major campaign in the fall! My own chairman, whom David met, was most impressed and wrote him a lovely letter of congratulations.

We are all agog over Margaret Trudeau here. She makes Canada interesting!

David and I send our love to you—sorry I can't think of more to write but will do so as the summer progresses.

The Canadian Don Quixote; the Life and Works of Major John Richardson, Canada's First Novelist at long last was to appear in print, over seven years since the last two chapters appeared in the *Bulletin of the Humanities*. Would it be reviewed? Would it find an audience? Fortunately Canada had become nationalistic with its universities rebelling against American professors teaching the American view to its students, with government funding small presses to give voice to hundreds of Canadian authors and poets, with the Quebecers awakening from a long religious slumber to burst forth with a unique literature and inspire the rest of the nation, and with Canadian politics taking a socialist slant against the American economic imperialism. Richardson, for so long forgotten, was about to rise from the grave and smote the Philistines.

To Mother from me. July 10/77. New York.

Your letter arrived yesterday and was most welcome. I am glad to hear that you are disciplining yourself and refusing to go on long trips which might tire you. It takes many months to regain strength after a heart attack. Ferdinand Lundberg had a bad attack in 1973—he reduced his weight until he was thin as a stick, and then gradually recovered his strength, until now almost four years later he is hard at work at writing a demanding book.

Since our big story is reporting on the progress of THE BOOK, allow me, chère maitre, to relate the result of my conversation with the publisher this morning. Half the book is printed; the other half will be printed this coming week. The cover, in four-terre color, has yet to be completed—it is a difficult process. The book will be bound in paperback first—it

will be sent out to be bound in hardback about two weeks later. The paperback should be available this month.

The NDWT playhouse theatre will sell the book at its Toronto playhouse this fall (which will be used by an Edmonton company) and will sell it when it tours Ontario with "Wacousta" this winter (Jan—March) and end its run in Toronto. The classic bookstore in New York City will stock it. I am in touch with Oxford University Press to see if it will distribute the book worldwide but it will not decide until it has seen the finished copy.

The days here have been muggy. Viola is reading all the time—I am finishing my economics technology paper for my PhD qualifying exam, writing a new preface for a new edition of *Westbrook*, preparing a talk on trade unions for the Marxist Collective and reading Economics History for my oral exam this fall.

A friend of my publisher will be in NYC for the next two weeks doing a film for the Canadian film Board and will look me up—Paul Caulfield—he was here last year doing the basic research—the subject is David Milne, the Canadian painter.

My friend Clay Spohn went to visit friends in Washington in May. There was a major exhibit of the best American paintings there—he had 3 paintings and 2 sculptures. He stayed with the widow of one of his best painter friends of years gone by. He attended dinner parties with Washington's intellectual and artistic group almost every day for a week and reached such a high peak of excitement that he could not settle down when he came back to his lonely life in NYC. He is 78 and although he has been in hospital with lymph leukemia recently, he is still pretty active. He finished a painting recently for an exhibit in Huntsville, Alabama—it is a beautiful masterpiece. It is a pity that he will not be recognized as one of the greatest painters for another generation or so. But he will be recognized someday.

I am reading a new book on NYC by two *Village Voice* reporters, *The Abuse of Power*, which is a devastating indictment of the permanent power group that has looted the city and destroyed its future—pretty black outlook.

Must return to work now. Please give my best regards to Jim. Viola sends her love to both of you.

I am in my studio on a warm day in a slight breeze drifting through my window (the skylight type which covers the entire front) and an open window at the back of the hallway. The rest of the tenants of the building have gone to the country so that I can leave my door open without fear of noise or interruption. Bienissimo!

PS The letterhead is for a Committee I began in 1969 to save libraries—is dormant now—the city needs saving first!

I am referring to the Committee of Concerned Friends of the New York Public Libraries. Barbara Tuchman's gift had been used up. The Library with its own Committee of Friends set up a fund-raising office. Concern was focused on saving the city.

Viola to her parents. July 23/77. New York.

We have just gone through a fearful heat spell—100° for 9 days and yesterday it went up to 104°. Today is a better day—a beautiful day, in fact. How I wish I were in England, visiting you both. But I am stuck in this city for this summer. I am going through a gruelling time and will not be free until September. I could not even leave N.Y. for a lovely country wedding in Canada. David had to go without me. Such a pity. One of David's cousins got married. I am so fond of that particular family too.

David's book is being printed. They are doing the paperbacks first, and the hardcover version will be out a month later. They have to bind and stitch by another firm. A long process. We are both anxious to see the book, and we are more anxious that you should get a copy by the quickest mail.

As you can see, I have not much news to pass on, except to say we are as well as can be expected. I think of you both a lot and thank you for your various notes and letters. I was never more delighted than to read of the lovely birthday party Mummy gave you, Daddy. How pleased I was that all your family and relatives were present. I was happy that Mummy sang the old songs. How are Mumsie and Atna? How amazing that all of them should be present to pay you a long deserved respect and show of affection. That alone makes me feel peaceful in my heart. I desire no more than to know you and Mummy are at peace with each other. David and I send our love to you all.

From mother to me. August 15/77. Hamilton.

Your book arrived this morning and I am so thrilled to see it. Thanks very much. I have read some of it and found it very interesting—What a lot of work! I'll look forward to seeing you both in September. I think you said the 10th. Is that the day you leave New York? Will you stay over in Niagara-on-the-Lake? There is a book just out about Niagara. I'll try to get it for you if you'll have a chance to stay there a day or two.

I'm enclosing a clipping I cut from the *Spectator*. It tells where the things from Dundurn Museum were put and mentions cartons of china. Possibly your great grandmother's hand-painted china is there. It is a lovely day today and so was yesterday. I hope the really hot weather is over. I was at the Golf Club for dinner yesterday and it was beautiful there. We sat outside before dinner and watched the players coming in to the 18th hole. I'm trying to find your letter to answer—can't yet.

Am so glad that Son of Sam has been caught—but I suppose there are others just as bad in N.Y.!

Your book has lots of interesting pictures and I love the cover. The whole thing is quite good looking. What a lot of dedication you have, to put so much work on it!

Wednesday 17th. I talked to Douglas and Beverley on the phone yesterday. Doug went to the office for a short time yesterday. He is on crutches after his hip operation and not too well yet. Bev said she was going to get your book today. They are on sale at Bookcellar. There are a number of orders but they have extras. I phoned yesterday and want to get one for Vivien as I promised her one as her Christmas gift (last year).

The bride and groom [Jane Bruce and Gordon] are now at Calgary. Heather has gone to London and John has gone to Germany to teach school there.

I heard from Becky yesterday and she is leaving for holidays in Europe and expects to meet 4 of her old school friends and travel to Greece and France with them—I sent her a birthday card to American Express in Athens, as she'll be 22 on September 1st, the day I returned home from my first visit to Europe with you, was the day she was born. Mrs. Swan got a notice from Bookcellar that her book order was in. Mrs. Crerar is now a great grandmother —John's daughter, Graeme, had a son yesterday. Both well but Graeme had a very hard time—Mrs. Crerar's sister is very ill in hospital and her brother is losing his memory and in a nursing home, so she is having a lot of worry.

Alec and Anne are home from Southampton—Fred goes back to London for his 4th year at Western and will be a Don. Peter is undecided, he did not get all his subjects—says he'll work. Barbara is working at camp as a counsellor and loves it—Will be in Grade 13 this year. Well, let me know more about your plans and congratulations again on your book.

From William F.E. Morley to me. September 4/77. Kingston, Ont.

Thanks for your letter of 23 August, at which time the biography had been out (you reported) for two weeks—bravo, thrice Bravo! And again, B R A V 0 !! It must be a tremendous relief for you David, after all those years of work, then the succeeding years of agony trying to get the work into print. Congratulations, old chap! I am just delighted, for

you, AND for scholars and students of Canadiana, who have been waiting for this work for so long. Much too long.

Having said all that though, I am distressed at the problems of distribution you describe. That Mosaic Press is a one-man concern, without even a telephone, is just astounding. This project has been plagued by bad luck and bad faith all along, and I don't know how you have stood it. Anyway, you mention that you asked for a copy to be sent to me, and I got a telephone call from the Library on Friday, 2nd September, saying that it had arrived. (I'm taking a few days off to do some proofreading on the final typing of my Canadian local histories bibliography—hoorah for me too, after 20 years!) I would indeed like to do something to assist David, but am not sure what—especially since I shall be away for another week. I shall order several copies for the library, from Mosaic, and if they do not arrive within a reasonable time, I shall certainly write a complaint on Queen's University letterhead to Mosaic. But what else before that? I can drop notes to colleagues, telling them the book is published, and to complain if they don't get a prompt response to their orders. Until I have reason to complain, it would be difficult to write to Mosaic. But rest assured that I shall emit a blast if there is the smallest provocation! Can you suggest anything else?

Meantime, a few comments on the points you raise: true the volume does not look over-scholarly, but I'm not sure that this is a bad thing because most scholars know that your work is being published, and will be looking for it; on the other hand, the colorful cover may attract the more popular reader—if only it were put in the bookstores! I have only had time to glance through the book, so cannot comment on the typos, but I do agree that the type is very small; it is clear what they have done: to save costs, it is put up in two type pages per paper page, and then reduced in size to make a smaller paper page. As for $6.95 being a lot for a paperback, I don't entirely agree; there are a good many here at that price, and higher too. And this is an original work, not just a facsimile reprint. As to the Reaney Wacousta dramatic group, well, I just hope the volume does sell while they are on tour; does it matter that the publisher wants copies for that event? I see that you have wisely held onto the copyright, so if you wish to attract a larger publisher you are free to do so; but it may be too soon to get into that, while the present edition is still available. Excepting for the USA, as you say, this could be arranged, and I should think the book would be as popular there as in Canada. I wouldn't think you should worry David: it is an attractive volume. I thought the Dedication very sweet. Anyway, thanks for the copy you sent, very, kind and thoughtful of you! Congratulations again, and best wishes to you both.

PS: Yes, the 50 postcards arrived, and I've sent most of them to friends whom I thought would buy copies. By the way, I shall order paperback copies, then when the hard covers come out (which please advise), I'll have an excuse for ordering again, in hardbacks! Clever eh! I'm really sorry that you are frustrated, you have worked so hard and so long, this should have been a purely happy event for you. Bear up old chap!

PPS. Special thanks for your kindness in mentioning my name in the Acknowledgements, David!

To mother from me. September 21/77. New York.

Viola and I bussed through a downpour to reach NYC safely. She is preparing to teach, I am at work and have registered at the New School—and so the world turns.

A friend here read my book—liked it very much—and asked me to send copies to two of his friends who are established writers on the left who may help draw public attention to it.

I have been taking things easy this week—put off study until next week.

Viola and I enjoyed our vacation immensely and thank you for having us there. Hope you are feeling stronger—don't forget what I told you about exercise.

The weather is cool today—fall is arriving. My week in Hamilton was about my only opportunity to wear my two best summer suits—but then I couldn't have chosen a better

> place to wear them—if I wore them in NYC I might be thought a likely candidate for robbery.
>
> Thanks again, my dear mother, for your graciousness and hospitality. Keep well and rest lots—shall see you in early December.
>
> Viola sends her love—she will write in a couple of days. My friend Jack Parr, in Winnipeg, who is publishing his first novel, replied to a letter I wrote him. He has been teaching all these years.

We spent a short time with mother. Viola suggested we have a small celebration for the book and Alec and Anne came for drinks. My friend who liked the book was Gerry Zilg, at that time interested in the plight of the American Indian. He took a copy to Indians in the west because Richardson, part-Indian, was recognized as the best delineator of the American Indian in fiction.

The fashion for dressing down, wearing ripped jeans and otherwise appearing poor, had been widely adopted by those with money so that they would look too poor to be mugged.

I telephoned Dino Narizzano and told him that James Reaney's adaptation of Richardson's novel "Wacousta" for the stage was touring Ontario and asked whether it could be staged in New York City where the first adaptation by Mrs. Medina appeared in 1833. Dino ran a private theatre in Soho for some years where he produced and directed plays by novice playwrights. I encountered him a couple of times when walking in Greenwich Village. He had a permanent job with a TV soap opera, "The Way the World Turns", as a Doctor Len. I told him it was a favorite with my mother. He had several children by now, two he adopted. Dino, I believe, saw Reaney's play in Toronto but did not try to bring it to New York. I saw the play in Toronto, too, and liked the nimble, gentle touch that Reaney brought to all his plays, regardless how gruesome the subject. It started careers in the theatre for Canadian Indians from the Six Nations Reserve.

Viola to my mother. October 1/77. New York.

> I can't seem to settle down and get organized. Immediately we returned we have had to plunge right into our respective work. Not only have I got two big classes, I have a new literature course to teach and so have had to work hard right away reading, researching and preparing lectures, drawing up schedules for the term, etc. David had to attend to so many things—including selling his book, etc. The N.Y. Public Library has sold out and has ordered another 25 copies. The bookshop has also advertised in the *Staff News* of the Library.
>
> We called Helen on Sunday—she was in the middle of making apple sauce! We sold her a copy of David's book and she has sent D. a check. She has been away, she said. Malcolm was away at camp with hay fever. He sends her love to you and no doubt you have already received a letter from her.
>
> We had a few good days and now it is raining again! I do not know why, but I feel very tired. I shall have a checkup. I am also losing weight.
>
> I wish David would hear soon from some reviewer or other. He feels so "down". Nothing ever goes smoothly for poor David. I marvel at his equilibrium. I get so easily upset. Some of the bookstores are carrying D's book, but he needs advertising.
>
> Well, mother, I do hope you are recovering from our visit. We were concerned about you. I feel awful about having burnt the pork chops. But I shall have to get used to your oven and to cooking by electricity (I have natural gas}. Anyway, thank you for having us for a few days. We enjoyed seeing you—even though we miss your usual spirit. Please keep and use the various things we left behind [including a writing pad!]
>
> We have only 1 week for Christmas this year (we used to have 2 weeks). I, therefore, cannot go to England until January perhaps. My parents have been splendid the way they have tried not to worry me while I was studying. Now I must go and see them. It was kind of you to write to my mother. She is quite admirable, considering English is not her mother

tongue and she has coped so well with the second tongue. Not many of us are educated enough to speak a second language as well as my mother does. I wish I could speak French, say, as well as Mummy speaks English and Burmese. And a knowledge of French is so useful.

David is now the distributor of his own book. I can now send my family a couple of copies —I am buying about 5 copies from David to send to them and to my friends. I know John Hood would be most interested.

I shall have to buy some winter clothes this year. I have not bought any for years! One thing that is nice about being a student is that you don't need clothes that are grand. But now I am once more working—I must dress better.

I have so many letters to write. You are the first person I am writing to. I've been so busy with my work and so disinclined to do much else. I think I need a tonic to pick me up. I can't understand my tiredness.

Must end now. We both send you and Jim our love. I hope Anne's checkup went well and that she is 100% okay. I will drop a note to Miss Wishart. Keep well and once more thanks for your hospitality. We really enjoyed seeing you—and also dining out and Stratford, etc.

Viola to Kitty Hood. October 5/77. New York.

My ordeal is over. In 4 1/2 months I have been reading, reading, reading for my comprehensive exam. Almost 300 authors and their works plus the scholarship of those works. My eyes are completely gone. I cannot read large print but only with thick glasses. It was a gruelling experience. Almost had a breakdown—David was quite alarmed. To read from 6 a.m. to 11 p.m. with breaks only for shopping and cooking was enough to send me to the mental home. Then came the three-day exam. I was able to answer all the questions—but am still awaiting the results. I feel comfortable—but I'm not sure whether the comfort is owing to the relief it's all over, or to the illusion that I answered well. By the 3rd day everyone who took the exam looked haggard. One woman, I'm told, almost slashed her wrists. She is also having family problems. One fellow "freaked" out and walked out. One girl gave in complete blanks. I do think this sort of thing is insane. But to be a doctor of literature, they tell you, is not easy. If I fail, I'm not going to take it again. I cannot go through such hell again.

David and I celebrated the end of all this by having a nice expensive dinner and going for a week to Canada. Just to drive around the beautiful farmlands was relaxing. Saw a couple of plays and returned immediately to teaching.

On our return from Canada we found your lovely letter awaiting us. I cannot tell you how exhilarated I was to read your news. It was most uplifting. I'm so glad you and John are together again. Your whole tone was one of joy and relief. It was a good experience, Kitty. Often when we are "down" we tend to be dissatisfied with our lot, and worse, with our dear ones. Only an experience as you have just gone through could make you see where your true happiness lies. John has been a pillar of strength to you all these years. He has always given you the benefit of his wisdom. It is because he is so quiet about it that you tend to overlook his qualities. My David is something like John. So quiet and sometimes so unassuming that one can forget how much strength (moral and spiritual) he has. Anyway, all I can say is "cheers!"

My other joy was to read that you have taken up painting—marvelous. Don't you find that gratifying! Get another painter's opinion, Kitty—and you will find how stimulating that will be.

Glad also that you and John have read Leonard Woolf's book. I'll get it and read it as soon as I'm a little relaxed and free. Virginia Woolf can be difficult. But read *To the Lighthouse*. It is delightful. The story is about a little boy who is promised to be taken to the lighthouse which can be seen from the Ramsey's Summer House. He looks forward to it—but his

father, Mr Ramsey, cancels the trip because of foul weather. They make the trip ten years later. The only other "plot," if you will, is whether Lily will finish her painting. That is the thin line of the story. But see how Virginia Woolf tells it. It is a rich little novella. The character of Mrs. Ramsey is beautifully drawn. In fact, when I was reading the novella, I thought in a way she resembled you. She is a beautiful woman—so quiet and modest, yet she keeps everyone alive with her warmth, affection and graciousness. Read it for the sheer beauty and poetry of Virginia Woolf's style. They say Mrs. Ramsey is based on V.W.'s memory of her mother. The stream of consciousness is a bore—but not in *To the Lighthouse*. When you have read it, we'll discuss it. Joyce's *Ulysses* is a bore. It is brilliant only because he is so experimental—but once it is written—it is of no use to repeat.

Kitty—David has sent you and John a copy of his book. He particularly wants John to read it and give his opinion. So far, everyone says it's well written and interesting. The only trouble is that there is a dock strike and we don't know when the book will arrive. David does so want to be a good writer and, if I had the money, I would now make him write. I love to see him happy.

I am teaching a new course "Readings in Modern Literature". I have to expand my interest now to include European literature. I'm pleased with my classes this term. Nice bright young men and women. I will write now often as I'm through with the tedium of writing papers and exams. Must begin seriously on my dissertation. Love to You and John—A big big hug to both of you.

Viola to my mother. October 10/77. New York.

We had such a hurried telephone conversation on Sunday that I do not think you got the full picture of what we were trying to tell you. But first, I am enclosing a copy of the Niagara-on-the-Lake *Advance* in which they have given David's book a good write-up. I am also enclosing the N.Y. Public Library *Staff New*s, in which D's book is announced.

The best news, of course, is that the Canadian government (NOT the Canada Council) has chosen D's book for distribution to all the libraries throughout Canada that cannot afford to buy D's book. That is truly an honor. Even James Reaney, Canada's first poet's book *Baldoon* was turned down. This is excellent news both from the financial point of view and a boost for the publicity of David's book. It meant the government will buy about 400 copies of David's book. We can now always quote that to promote the book. Another piece of good news is that the first edition is completely sold out, according to the publisher. The printing of the 2nd edition might be out by Christmas. I think the publisher is at last beginning to realize he has a good thing in his hands. He's been so stupid before this. The N.Y. Public Library has also sold out and had to borrow 10 copies from D. I bought about 4 copies to send to my family and friends as gifts and was furious to learn at the P.O. that there's a dock strike!

We were invited to a lovely luncheon by the Laheys. It was to honor David's book. They were so kind and generous. Lovely warm people. Generous not only in material things but generous in their spirit. Full of humanity and are the most civilized people. David was quite bucked. It was a nice occasion because D. had just heard about the Canadian government's decision to buy his book! Thus extra celebration.

I do hope you are feeling much better now. You should try to buck up in spirit. Enjoy your son's triumph. He so much wants you to be proud of him knowing how many setbacks you have had in life. My parents would love to honor D. in some way. D. feels really quite pleased about the Canadian govt. It is a joy to see him happy. You ought to be pleased too.

Freddie called. He has to do a seminar paper on Richard Beasley. D. gave him all the help possible, but, on second thought, thought that what he had given Freddie might be too complicated, so he has written to F. to give him a simpler idea.

David's friend Clay is in hospital. He's quite old now and has had to have two blood transfusions. My health is picking up gradually. I am seeing my doctor for a check up this Friday. Must get rid of this tiredness.

It's lovely to feel the fall chill in the air. I love it. I love the winter in N.Y. Will be taking some of my PhD student-colleagues to lunch at the U.N. in a couple of weeks. It is the only way I can entertain as our apt. is not at all comfortable in which to give a dinner party. I love to entertain, but my social life has been strangled by my studies and by our apartment. Still I'm grateful to have a rent-controlled place in these inflationary times.

I should love to have Beverley and Douglas's address to send them a Christmas card. Ann and Ned must be excited to see Warren again. What adventures he must have had. I shall call Helen again soon. I hope she has received D's book and is reading it. Everyone has found it interesting. D's friend, Art Shields, will be doing a review of it in his paper.

I'm busy preparing my lectures and correcting papers. Will write again. Much love to you, Jim and the Alec and Anne Beasleys.

Viola's remark that mother should be pleased about my book, angered mother who wrote me, "I am not a demonstrative person (as you know) but I really resent her telling me what to do—I know she has been a help to you and I appreciate all she has done, but I have done all I could too. Now she has said she's sorry, I'll have to forget it, but it did upset me." Viola in turn was upset by mother's reaction because she only wanted to cheer her up. She wrote to her friend Kitty that she thought mother was jealous because I dedicated the book to Viola, although I had suggested I also dedicate it to mother, but she demurred in what I now presumed was false modesty. Both women had gone through ordeals that made them "touchy" sensitive. Viola thought too that the rumors about her when she was falsely accused in the IAEA may have been carried by a U.N. official from Montreal to the ears of my sister, who informed mother of what this official had said.

To mother from me. October 24/77, New York.

Just a quick note to thank you for your letter and clipping of "Pierre, the Advertiser".

I understand your situation at home and wish you could go into a rest home—which is why I urged you a long time ago to fill out the application for the Toronto home. At your age you lose friends quickly by death and hence would find friends resident about you in a home as if you were entering a new settlement. But you still have interests in Hamilton which will keep you going through next spring. Then you can go into a place where there are interesting people—you should look out for such a place now to move into next year—then when the Toronto home is ready to admit you, you can go there if you wish.

Your concern about not showing sufficient interest in my book is strange because you have shown great interest in the book—you completely misunderstood Viola who was trying to cheer you up—but I understand your reaction and she does too although she was hurt by it —as indeed you were hurt too. But I hope all of us understand and there are no more bad feelings.

I have written the distributor to ask about Aunt Mary's copy. Also, received a letter from Margaret Boyd who ordered one from England but did not receive it—so I wrote to the distributor about it. She said Errol died a year ago—I'm sure he would have enjoyed it.

Speaking of "death," the mother of a girl in my division at work was killed crossing the street by a truck. She was 67, very attractive and healthy—loved by the children of the town—she lost her husband just the year before. So we in our division feel very sympathetic to Janice—a very nice and cheerful person who has had her share of tragedy.

I wrote to the *Spectator* editor to remind him to review the book—after I received your letter. Have heard nothing from the TV station—but I shall in due course. Regarding the directorship of Hamilton Public Library, I may apply—thanks for telling me. Will probably write this weekend to chairman of Board of Trustees.

My book is doing well at sales shop of the Library. My old friend on the left (90 years young) likes the book very much but his review of it has not yet appeared.

Clay Spohn has been very ill. Poisoning in his blood—had transfusions and intravenous medicine, etc. but has a fever of 102 which doctors cannot account for. I see him in hospital when I can. He is courageous—applied for a national artist's grant to help him paint a project he has planned for years. I hope he lives to do it. Not only do I admire him as a man, but I think he is the greatest painter of our time. He is 79.

By the way, I received the hard cover of my book yesterday and find it very handsome.

Am studying for my orals which I hope will be at end of November. I have promised Reaney to be at Western University on December 5 and 6 (dates changed) so will come to Hamilton about those dates. Love from Viola and all my love.

From mother to me. October 25/77. Hamilton.

A friend of mine (just a block away) was found dead on her bed all dressed. She had not even been ill. It makes me realize it may happen to me anytime.

I am sorry I lost my temper on the phone, last week—Please tell Viola. The whole thing has worried me ever since—I hope you are studying and that you both are well and happy. I have had flu for a week and had to stay in and keep warm. I still have a rotten cough.

Could not go to hear Dr. Ready speak the other night. Hope I can get to the next meeting. There is an epidemic of flu here now and so many have developed pneumonia.

Ann said on Sunday that Warren has taken an apartment in Toronto so I'm glad he is going to be there. He is always so cheerful, with a happy disposition. He reminds me of you when you were his age. You were always a joy, and kept my spirits up. You still are, and I'm delighted that you have published such an interesting book—you certainly deserve all the praise you are getting and more.

I was out today for lunch and so feel better, but I know I can't do much. Jim is staying out for his dinner. It is like summer and I walked a few blocks. Mrs. White was there and said she bought your book and is enjoying reading it. She is an American who reads a lot. She married Dr. Tom White (now dead). He grew up here and we went to the same parties.

Tuesday 27th. It is another warm, beautiful day. Jim took me to shop at "dominion". It was 2 weeks since I had been—we usually go once a week and he carries all the parcels. He is a help and fine (as long as he does not drink).

I hope your studying is going well. I hope to get to the matinee tomorrow to see "Equs". Have Senior citizen tickets—am just beginning to like myself again. I seldom lose my temper and greatly regret it—but I simply do not have the strength I used to have and greatly regret it. Mrs. Crerar has been wonderful, brought me homemade bread, snow pudding, and pears from her garden. She is amazing for her age—and the doctor tells her she has a strong heart.

I have spent so many happy times with you and also with you and Viola. I'll never forget them and I saw and heard the U.N. birthday concert on T.V.—which made me think of when you and V. took me there when I first went to N.Y. after you were married—a very pleasant memory. I had a rest on the couch you carried downstairs and then some tea and now will walk to the corner. Every good wish and lots of love, as ever.

Viola to my mother. November 2/77. New York.

Thank you for your note of a few days ago. I see from your letters to David and from your telephone conversation with him that you "greatly regret" having lost your temper with me. Were I merely to tell you to forget it, as I have forgotten it, it might not be sufficient to

dispel your genuine feeling of remorse. I think, therefore, that it would be much better for me to clear the air once and for all.

It was not your losing your temper but your questioning my character and background that I found to be ugly. It appeared to me not to be a spontaneous burst of temper but rather revealing of something quite deep-rooted in you—as if you had had those thoughts for a very long time. I was upset because I found your innuendoes to be an ugly intrusion in my otherwise peaceful life. An ugliness I thought I had successfully shut out of my life since I left the United Nations.

I stuck the UN for several years despite the nasty vicious people I encountered there in order to give our lives some stability and regular income while David decided what he wanted to do with his life. Had I been single, I would not have remained in the UN as long ago as the Galagan period. The people there are hard, greedy, vicious and envious—being only a secretary there I had no voice, no power but given a great deal of responsibility, which by right should have been handled by a director.

My academic studies are a reflection of my ambition only insofar as they give me the means by which I can do something worthwhile with my life—something the UN could never give me. I was blackballed in the UN for the same reason your own son David is blackballed in the Public Library. Like me, David has not been promoted for the last 12 years and never will be. When a person, like David and myself, speak out, we are punished and talked about by vicious gossip and rumors. But neither David nor I can possibly live with each other were we as bad as rumors and gossip say we are. I bring this up only to point out to you that we are all vulnerable to insults, innuendoes and rumors. For that reason I never make judgments on people based on rumors or gossip. I prefer my own assessment of people. Gossip is a vicious evil. As Queen Victoria was once alleged to have said, "We talk of things, servants talk about people."

With this clearing up, I hope you will feel better. I do understand that you are old and weak now and are liable to be upset very easily. It is the last thing in the world that I would want to do. I am the first to want to tell you anything that I know will make you happy and pleased; hence I was sorry to have upset you, although I am not sorry about what I wrote as nothing was ever intended to upset you. I too prefer to remember the very happy times we have spent together. Now that we have both apologized about what in retrospect seems trivial nonsense, I hope you will forget the whole incident and rest assured that I have not changed in my attitude toward you and will always think of you with affection.

Mother heard from her dentist that the position of Director of the Hamilton Public Library was opening and suggested that I apply. I had finished my courses and was reading for my dissertation, which I could write anywhere as long as I was in contact with my advisor. I decided to apply as I needed a change from the same old work I was doing.

In early December I spoke at a John Richardson conference “Recovering Canada’s First Novelist” arranged by James Reaney at the University of Western Ontario in London. Several scholars spoke on different aspects of Richardson’s writing, and I narrated my experience of researching for the biography. I thought it was amazing that so much interest of such high calibre could be attuned to Richardson’s life and works and be collected in a publication of proceedings. Three other speakers deserve comments: Carl Klinck, a professor of Canadian literature, had done some research into Richardson. In response to a letter from me when I was thinking of committing myself to researching for a biography, he thought I was not the person to do it since I had made some “pejorative” remarks on Hugh MacLennan’s essays; now, smiling self-consciously, he approached me after my talk and asked me to sign his copy. Jay MacPherson, poet and professor of literature at Victoria College, University of Toronto, shy, reserved, made some brilliant insights into Richardson’s work and, eager to reprint Richardson’s *The Monk Knight of St. John*, wrote me a couple of times and telephoned me in that regard. Michael Hurley, then writing a dissertation on Richardson’s fiction under Reaney’s guidance, published a critical study, which elevated Richardson’s work to a significance above any other Canadian writer—which I reviewed, I hope, with due reverence.

While at the conference, I had lunch with Fred Beasley, then the very picture of athletic handsome youth, who as captain of the university squash team had led it to victory over a visiting team from Princeton University.

Before I leaving for the conference, I visited Clay Spohn in hospital. I was kept waiting outside the Emergency Care and finally just walked into it uninvited. The doctors about his bed dispersed as I approached. He was glad to see me and, asking if Art Shields reviewed my book, rejoiced with me at a full-page devoted to it. I took the bus to the airport but, missing my plane, took a later one to Toronto and a propellor plane to the small London airport. A student of Professor Reaney met me at the airport and drove me to my hotel.

To mother from me. December 14/77, New York.

> I enjoyed hearing your voice this morning—enclosed please find *London Free Press*—I expect many more reviews to be forthcoming and shall send them to you.
>
> My short stay with you was very enjoyable. I'm sorry we cannot make it for Christmas but we shall visit in March if possible for a very quick visit.
>
> The plane from Toronto took off in a snow storm after taxing for half an hour—otherwise the flight was uneventful. I received a letter from a man who lives near me in New York—his cousin, a doctor of literature from Ottawa, will be visiting New York in Christmas week and wishes to interview me about the book.
>
> Although I do not have a date for my oral exam, it will be held in January. I shall be quizzed by five professors for two hours—consequently, I should study between now and then. If I can get through it, then I shall start researching my next book, which, of course, will be on an economics subject. Meanwhile I shall try to sell my novel (about which I told you) to a publisher.
>
> Library work is as dull as ever. If I get the Hamilton job, I shall be my own boss, at least, and can make things lively.
>
> Am glad Mrs. Gates called you about the review—you will note that it headlines Richardson as the "<u>first</u> novelist."
>
> Clay Spohn is now out of intensive care and back in the ordinary hospital wing—he is very weak—said that his experience in intensive care was too terrible to talk about—he had a very acute case of pneumonia.
>
> Viola is looking forward to receiving your letter. She was about to write to you. She is writing to Anne to explain that we shall not be able to come for Xmas.
>
> When I receive more reviews I shall send them to you. Keep well.

To mother from me. December 20/77. New York.

> Thank you for your telephone call this morning. When I picked up my mail I found your Christmas card and very big cheque—thank you for such a generous Christmas present. Viola and I shall spend part of it for Xmas lunch at the Plaza.
>
> I have not thought of a present for you yet—and am afraid it will have to be a New Years' present. I am preoccupied with my oral exam sometime in January but I shall post you a present soon.
>
> My dedication to you for my long novel "That Other God" will read: "For Marjorie Marcella Beasley who gave me life and her spirit for adventure." Is that all right with you? I have received the novel back from the typist, will correct it for typographical errors in January and start looking for a publisher. The typist, who is an intelligent woman originally from France, thinks the novel is very profound, and very interesting—leading the reader with a sense of expectation from beginning to end. Perhaps by January, the 2nd printing of *The Canadian Don Quixote* will be out and the *N.Y. Times* will review

it—such a review will not only sell the book, but make my novel easier to interest publishers in publishing.

I feel a deep sense of loss for my dear friend Clay Spohn.

Viola and I will miss you and the rest of the family this Christmas. Please keep presents from Ann for us when we visit in March. Merry Christmas and much love.

PS Viola received your letter this morning.

From James Doyle, Dept. of English, Wilfrid Laurier University, Waterloo, Ont. January 10/78.

I am writing to ask you if you would be interested in participating in a conference on Biography and Canadian Literature, to be held at this university on September 28-29, 1979.

This conference is in part a response to the report of a subcommittee presented last spring to the research committee of the Association of Canadian and Quebec Literatures. According to this report, biography is listed as a current research project by a very small number of Canadian literary scholars, in spite of the fact that there is an immense amount of basic research and writing to be done in the field. Standard biographies are lacking for even those authors with the most widely acknowledged reputations, even though the little work that has been done in the past often suggests that there are many fascinating stories to be told and many revealing facts about Canadian literary history to be disclosed. Certainly one of the most significant illustrations of the latter propositions to appear in recent years is The Canadian Don Quixote; and it ought to be considered a rebuke to us in Canadian literary studies that no biography existed of such an important figure as Richardson until the 1970's, and that this essential work had to be done finally by someone outside of our discipline altogether.

I want to tell you how very impressed I am with your book, both as a biography and as a critical study, and I hope you will be able to join us in this proposed conference. At this early stage of planning, we are looking for people who would be interested in delivering a formal address on biography in general, or who might offer a more informal presentation based on their own experiences in the field, or who might participate in panel discussions. But before we try to draw up a formal schedule, we would like to hear from prospective participants to find out what they would be interested in doing at such a conference.

As an invited participant you would of course receive an honorarium as well as reimbursement for your travel expenses. In addition, there will be a concluding dinner for invited speakers and other key participants.

If I can provide any further information, I would be happy to do so. I look forward to hearing from you.

From H Pearson (Pete) Gundy to me. January 19/78. Toronto.

A copy of the Richardson biography arrived yesterday, and I'm so delighted to have it. My warmest thanks—and thanks, too, for the very generous acknowledgement of such help as I may have given you. I spent last evening reviewing my interest in Richardson and the way you have presented him. The book reads well and holds one's attention, and the documentation is impeccable. It was great the reviewers recognized the book's merit. Woodcock's, though more critical than the others, is, I think, the best and will carry the most weight. It should bring some orders, especially for libraries.

The book is well designed, and the illustrations, though small are clear in detail and add much to the interest and attractiveness of the volume. Generally speaking I dislike two-column pages; but in this case, with wide margins, I found it unobjectionable—and, of course, it cuts costs. All in all, you have every reason to be delighted with the end result and all your research and hard work in writing and revising—bravo!

> Sorry I led you on a wild goose chase over the Carmen letter to Riley. I can't seem to find now my reference, but I think it was in Lorne Pierce's notes. He had been in touch with Eltie who was then, I think, planning a volume of correspondence (which he may have given up) including the four Carmen letters. Whether or not it was to be a separate volume from the "works" I do not know. However, the letters themselves are, I believe, in the Indianapolis Public Library, so I shall write to the librarian.
>
> I'm now working away at footnotes—or rather "headnotes" as I'm following the example of Lawrence's edition of George Bernard Shaw's letters. With all good wishes and renewed thanks.

My economics oral examination, largely concerning the enclosures in Great Britain, showed me how advantageous such tests are. Robert Heilbronner, noted for his popular works on economics, may have mistaken my reference to his friend the economic historian David Landes's judgment that enclosures were beneficial to the economy as my own, which conflicted with his, and which I mentioned just to enliven the discussion—which took off without any urging from me. I did manage to impress with a few statistics and statements, but I feared, since most of the heated discussion was among my economic judges, I would be failed as inadequate. Fortunately, my support came from David M. Gordon, a Marxist economist interested in the technology of economics and sanguine of my approach to invention, which I began in an essay on the invention of the automobile. Professor Gordon had read my biography on Richardson, which to a professor might have been seen as worthy of a PhD in literature. I think, therefore, I owe my passing of my orals to his defence of my knowledge and industry.

After I proved my proficiency in the French language by quickly translating a passage from one of Heilbronner's works, I thought that just my dissertation lay between me and the degree, but I was asked to take a course in advanced statistics because the statistics course I passed when I began this long climb through neoclassical and Marxist courses was declared no longer sufficient. Unfortunately I had to write an exam at the conclusion of the course that fell on the date in late March that my mother had chosen to bring all the members of her family together. Mother's request sounded ominous, as if it were a farewell, and I deeply regretted being unable to attend.

I did see mother in late January when the Hamilton Public Library paid my air fare to be interviewed for its directorship. I was dismayed by how much weight she had put on and how out of breath she became when walking short distances. She had always been trim and moved with vigor.

The Hamilton Library Committee chairman and four others asked me questions about my work and what I would do in the post of Director. One of them was Brian Land, a librarian whom my friend Bill Morley knew. I suppose he was asked to be on the Committee because of the Robert Land versus Richard Beasley controversy as to which one was the first settler in the city—a quaint historical argument. One of the men asked me about the Beasley who fled to Buffalo and I saw the chairman frown angrily, but I supposed he was referring to my great grandfather, who hid the city accounts and went fishing to Rochester when creditors hoped to foreclose, thus saving the city until funds could be found to save it. But when I recounted this interchange to mother later when she took me to lunch at her favorite Thistle Club, she sagged her shoulders and I wondered later as I flew back to New York if the reference was to my father and his flight from creditors. There is the fear that the sins of the father fall on the sons. I did not get the appointment. A librarian from Wales was hired but lasted just two or three months and returned to Wales, to be succeeded by the woman assistant who was one of the original applicants. Much later, I recalled that the man who asked the question was the same man I remembered meeting in Woodington Lodge at a party in 1960, who told me that my father had been disbarred—news to me. Before my sister died, I asked her about my father's troubles. She said that most of the money was owed to his cousins, the wealthy Gage family, whose estates he was responsible for; she knew nothing about a flight to Buffalo. I don't suppose, however, that my father's troubles had anything to do with my failing to get the appointment but more to do with the New York Public Library, whose reports from my supervisor DiRoma it relied upon. I did not see these reports [although I exposed the secret service reviews when organizing the union, I had no way of knowing whether they continued in another manner, but suppose they did], and, aside from winning in arbitration to quash a spiteful service review, I had

just DiRoma's attitude and negative remarks to help me imagine what he was conveying to management, except for one incident, which I considered significant.

Special subject librarians had the responsibility for a few open shelves carrying material dealing with their subjects, in my case labor relations. There were voluminous sheafs of labor case reports and work related conditions reports that had to be filed in binders and placed on the shelves. Although DiRoma would have liked me to file these pages, the task would have taken hours away from my duties of helping readers, apart from misusing the "talents" of a PhD, although that would not have mattered to him, and he had to hire a filer. He promoted a page, a colored boy, who, although pleasant, had little education and made a huge mess of the filing. DiRoma did not consult me or even tell me that he had hired the boy for the job. I had given up complaining or making suggestions for improvements after some years of being ignored, so I expected that, since he had made the decision, it was his duty to correct it. It was my lunch hour and I had gone to our "cage" in the stacks for a few moments before leaving for lunch. I suppose DiRoma thought I had left because when I passed by the open shelves I saw DiRoma huddled with the Director of the Research Libraries, David Stam, who had succeeded James Henderson, and his assistant director [who later headed the Boston Public Library], looking through these badly filed Labor Case binders. The three of them looked in surprise at me, but I continued walking as I did not want to embarrass them more than they were. I thought, however, that DiRoma was showing them how poor a supervisor I was but that if they accepted his version on such superficial evidence, there was little I could do to change minds already so disposed. The filer was not terminated but eased into another job and then left the library's employ. A Library Technical Assistant, who was filing stock reports, was given responsibility for the labor filings, which should have been done in the first place.

On the subject of pages, of which there was a constant turnover, the page in the Gazette Room, whom I have introduced to the reader as Allan Guberman, a philosopher in the mould of Eric Hoffer, the longshoreman autodidact, came to the economics librarians with a problem. The Library was discontinuing his position and requiring him to take an exam to be a clerk. Allan opposed exams on principle. Could we help him keep his job as page? He had written to Director Couper, who refused to allow him to remain a page, the job he loved and had filled well for years. I wrote him a strong letter of recommendation [after all he truly liked my biography of Richardson] and others wrote in his support, but after protesting to all the authorities he could think of, he had to leave the library. His father, the president of a small union Local, got him work supervising women cleaners, which he hated, especially when they came to him to ask permission to take coffee breaks. Allan dreamt of escaping to another country, in particular Ireland, where he and his brother, who was even more eccentric and clever, planned to go. He gave me his copies of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* and Lord Russell's *A History of Western Philosophy* as he readied to leave, but he never left. We corresponded a couple of times and I last caught a glimpse of him one evening while passing through the thick crowd walking on 59th street.

Viola to her father. March 11/78. New York.

> It has been a long time since I last wrote to you. I was and am grateful for all the letters you wrote to me during these past years. They were practically the only letters I received from home, and they kept me informed of my family affairs. I want to thank you because your letters sustained me during all those years of study, when I was so tense that I broke into tears easily, or got into a mad rage until my nerves snapped. I was irritable and nervous always. I was so afraid that after all those years of sacrifice and study, I would fail the doctorate qualifying exam. But now all that is behind me. Your affection and unfailing support and encouragement helped me a great deal. Thank you, dear Daddy.
>
> My spirit, for a while at least, seems at peace. I now have the educational degrees to match my intelligence. I can move in any circle without feeling inadequate. Education means more to people in Canada and the USA than to people in England. People always presumed, even 20 or 25 years ago, that I was university trained, and in this country they would invite me to speak. I used to feel a fraud with my lack of education. Now I feel at ease. I, so far, love teaching, Daddy. I teach young students—18-21 years, and I also teach mature adults. One man, in his 60s, is an investment banker, has a Masters of Business Administration degree —but he comes to my class to learn about literature. My students in my evening class have

spoken so well of me that I was rehired this year. I find all this gratifying. I feel a little frustrated, however, in that I'm not proceeding with my own thesis.

David is as busy as usual. The second printing of his book has not come out yet. His radio broadcast went off well. He was a bit nervous. The interviewer suggested that David's book be made into a movie. Wouldn't that be marvelous? I want David to succeed, Daddy. He has so many first-rate qualities. Yet he is so unassuming. I think if we had unlimited riches, David might not have been the splendid man that he is. So God has his own way of working. Life is a struggle for everyone. It is how you cope with life—how you face and accept suffering that you must be concerned with. Literature helps us understand about life, about human beings. Do you know Daddy, I think I inherited from you, your excellent insights and perceptions into human beings. You always had that quality. You are philosophical in temperament and intelligence. Mummy is practical and intelligent in hers. David and I send you, Mummy and Eustace our love. I am so glad Christopher has been accepted at Edinburgh University. I think that is terrific. I am so proud of him. It is the best University in the whole of Europe for Engineering. Bravo!

From Mother to Viola. Card: Birthday Greetings from Canada. Hamilton 1978 [end of March].

It was nice to talk to you both on Easter. I watched the service at Christ's Church Cathedral. Alec was a "sidesman" and the children were there—a beautiful service—Warren's car would not start so he had to come by bus. We missed brunch at the "Thistle," but he went with us to Alec and Anne's to dinner. He looks well and likes his job on the "Globe and Mail". Fred was home and looks well too. Peter has a job and seems to be getting on well. We had a nice time. I'm sorry about David not getting the job at our library. Perhaps he'll get something else that he likes better. I'm sending a parcel with the parcels from Ann and Ned that were for you at Christmas and am sending small "useful" (I hope) gifts for April 6th and hope you will have a happy day and many happy returns of the day. I hope the parcel will arrive on time. Sorry we can't spend the 6th together this year. My love to David and you.

Viola to her mother. April 13/78. New York.

We have just returned from Mrs. Beasley's funeral. My poor David is heartbroken. All I can be thankful for is that Mrs. Beasley lived to see David's book published. It would have been unbearable for us had she died before that.

The funeral was beautiful, and for the first time all her children and grandchildren were together. David and his brothers, Alec and Jim, were all very close to mother. Ann, the eldest daughter, has been away quite a lot and was not as close as the sons. Everyone in Hamilton felt particularly sorry for David as he was idolized by his mother. I shall try to be of great comfort to him now. How much I do dearly love him.

The flowers we got in your name were a beautiful bouquet. It stood out in the funeral home and in the church. Mrs. Clements, that is, Ann (David's elder sister) will be writing to you to thank you for your kind condolences. Please ask Rita to draft a reply for you. Tell her how sorry you are that Mrs. Beasley died, how fond she was of David, how good she was to me (Violet), and how proud she was of all her children. Tell her that you had received a letter from Mrs. B. just before she died and what a fine person you always thought her to be. Then say that you send Ann, Jim and Alec your deep sympathy. That is all. I take this trouble to tell you what to say because Ann Clements is very different from David. She gossips and might not understand us as well as Mother did.

I would also be most appreciative, Mummy, if Rita can draft a letter for you and Daddy to Alec Beasley, David's older brother. The same sort of letter you will write to Ann.

Alec is a fine man. He was a pillar of strength to Mother. As a lawyer he has done everything for Mother. He arranged everything—the funeral, etc. Mother died in his arms. I think Mrs. Beasley did too much that last week she lived. The muscle of her heart had gone, and she was to rest a lot. Instead she went out to theatres and dinner, tea parties, etc. She

> walked back from her friend's house (a good distance away) in the cold and wind. The wind is the worst thing for a person suffering from a weak heart. This was on Sunday, 2nd April. That night she could not sleep. On the 3rd April at 2 p.m. in the afternoon, she could not breathe. She called her son Alec, who rushed from work to her. He called the doctor and ambulance. Her heart stopped in the ambulance, but they revived it and put her under a machine. She was unconscious by then and she never recovered consciousness. Poor, poor woman. I received her birthday card to me after she had died. It was like getting a note from the world beyond. We shall miss her, Mummy. We now have no home to visit. We had to pack up and go to Hamilton whenever we were able to spare the time. Now we shall not be able to do that. It is going to make a big change in our lives. However, we are close to Alec and Jim, so I shall keep close touch with them.
>
> Life is such, and we must prepare for anything. I wish we were more settled. I want to have a home so I can be the center for our family. I want to give my brothers and sister and their families a home they can always come to. Maybe God will answer my prayer in this respect. He has been so good to us.
>
> I will end now Mummy. I am enclosing a small gift for your birthday. May God bless you.

It was a Saturday that my mother attended a party with many of her friends and then walked home along Herkimer Street for several blocks. I wondered whether she was remembering the many times she walked those blocks as a young girl with her father who would leave her at Miss Grant's school and continue to his work downtown. Seeing Alec, who had stopped by to visit her, leaving her home, she hailed out to him and ran to catch him, causing Alec to caution her with concern. She cooked dinner for Jim and herself, but on Sunday, she stayed in bed, very tired. It was this day that I was thinking of calling her to wish her a happy birthday for the 6th, but Viola wanted to wait for the 6th. On the Monday, feeling very ill, she telephoned Alec at home but hearing from Barbara that he was at his office, she called there. Alec, rushing to her, rang the doctor's office, who told him to call for an ambulance. Jim, who had been sleeping in the next room, wondered why mother did not alert him. His drinking—for which I admonished him when last in Hamilton, causing him to question sadly "You too," as if I had misunderstood him like the others—disappointed mother in him, and, by calling the dependable Alec, she made a final gesture. Jim, however, had looked after her when she was bed ridden and brought her meals. He was kind and responsive.

At the funeral home, the only friends of mine to come were Bill and Ruth Swan, with whom I tried to talk, but was interrupted by some garrulous fellow whom no one knew, and could only nod at them from a distance when they left—it was the last time I saw them. I spoke with Col. Gilmour, who had read my Richardson biography and commented on the colorful character of the man, and I stood with Aunt Mont when she looked at mother laid in her coffin; suddenly I felt a wave of hatred swell up in her, as if a dyke had given way. Three Catholic nuns in flighty whispers peeked at mother, which caused Ann to ask me to close the coffin's lid; Ann was the most socially aware of us.

The service the next day in Central Presbyterian Church was well attended; mother was highly respected in the community. I saw Mrs. Swan in the pews when Viola and I walked quickly after the coffin out of the Church. Marjorie and Fraser Bruce stood with us at the grave site, and Jim clicked his heels in military fashion as mother's coffin was lowered into the grave. The site had provided for all of the Beasley family descended from Thomas, who had been Richard Beasley's grandson, and it included Thomas's father, Henry, known as the first white child born at the Head-of-the-Lake, as Hamilton was called in its early days, and his wife. An array of interesting lives lay spent there!

We went to Alec's home. I talked with my niece and nephews while Alec and Ann with their spouses talked with the Bruces. Aunt Mont was at the Church service but was not invited to Alec's home afterwards. My sister Ann particularly disliked her. Beverley Bruce mentioned that mother had asked whether she and Douglas could drive her to New York; she may have hoped to see Viola and me before she died.

My mother's death had a huge impact on my family. She was the unifying force that kept us together, but now gradually we splintered asunder. Her death affected me psychologically. Although

I had rarely admitted it to myself, she was the centre of my consciousness. I continued with my life as if my loss could be subsumed under my activities and the wound I suffered could be remedied by Viola's love for me.

Marjorie Marcella Beasley, the last photograph, when she was about 80 years old

Left, Economics Division staff: from left, me, Ed DiRoma, Janice Dunham, Lillian Zwyns. Front: Mary Margaret Regan, Milada Klatil, Shirley Spranger, subject specialists.

Right, Division staff: from left, John Ganly, Nora Gorchoff, Don Moglia, me, and in front, Division secretary, Robert Wallace.

Tamahaac Club, Hamilton, wedding reception: Anne Beasley, Douglas Bruce (the younger), mother and me.

Lower Left, Me on a high trail in the Algonquin Park (Ontario) landscape.

Viola and I liked to pitch our tent at Coon Lake, in Algonquin Park, pictured below

TWENTY-SIX—SCHOLARLY AND FAMILY MATTERS

After my mother's funeral, Alec invited Ann, Jim and me to his office to hear her will. Apart from dividing up her estate equally among us, mother wrote a codicil, which Alec said he did not know about. Mother had delivered it to his office when he was out. In it she left me her tea set and silverware, which Alec and Ann had already suggested that I have. She also left me her wedding ring, which obviously she meant for Viola, although I was not aware of it until Alec mailed me a copy of the codicil in New York. I wrote to Alec about the ring, but he said that he had it buried with mother as was the custom—I had not heard of this custom. Mother's longtime friend, Len Youell, whom she saw in Toronto on occasion, wrote me a sympathetic letter, and, asked, as mother so often did, when was I coming back to Canada.

From Len Youell to me. April 5/78. Toronto.

> From this morning's paper I was very sorry to get the sad news about your Mother. Although I imagine that it was not unexpected, I also know that regardless of the circumstances, such a loss is a blow which hurts. Accordingly, although I have not met you personally, I would like you to know that you and your sister and brothers have my sincere sympathy.
>
> Your mother was one of my oldest friends and a very good one. I first met her soon after I came to Toronto (from Ceylon) in 1912 to attend University and when she was at Havergal. Then since my return to Canada in 1945 (after 19 years in the U.S.) I have been in fairly frequent contact with her chiefly by correspondence. The last letter from her was last month while I was in Florida and it is because this had quite a lot to say about you that I am addressing this to you. Incidentally, I hope that both your book and your interest in returning to Canada has been, and are, turning out as you would wish them to. She also, of course, made numerous references to the other members of your family in various letters and it is for this reason that I feel in a way that I know you.
>
> I would like to repeat that you all have my deepest sympathy.

Of the several letters I received commiserating with me on Mother's decease, I quote from a note from Jean Wishart, an artist who liked to paint in the Maritimes and the Gaspé: "Your very dear mother and my very dear friend has been taken from us. She went as selflessly and gently and graciously as she lived, never complaining of her handicaps, always ready to share and enjoy life with others, a loyal friend. She will be greatly missed."

I expressed interest in buying mother's house, which mother had suggested I do, and rent it until I could return, and left a deposit with Alec. I was upset when Alec sold the house to one of his clients at the same price I was willing to pay. My disappointment was mainly for Viola, who always hoped to have a home, and I began to wonder if my brother did not want me to come back to Hamilton. When I learned of it in the fall, I came to Hamilton with a list of pieces of furniture that we wanted to buy at the assessed value and store it. Jim, who had had a seizure and collapsed a few weeks after mother's death, prepared to move to a room in the Collins Hotel in Dundas, which was within walking distance of his Air Force Club. He told me with apprehension that Alec had threatened to have him put away if he tried to drive home after drinking at his club. Mother had told me that Jim, on a couple of occasions, was brought home drunk by two club members and plopped into a chair in the living room. Poor mother had invited Jim's new girlfriends for tea throughout the years, but Jim was elusive or his drinking was a problem so that she never could get him hitched.

My affair with Rosalyn ended that spring. It just petered out. She told me that there was a man interested in her and I thought she had a chance to remarry, and, by now, she must have realized that

we had no future together. But our breakup shocked us both, which we had not foreseen. As for me, I became sexually impotent. I was repeating my experience after breaking-up with Mary the actress in London years before. I recalled the doctor at the time saying that it would happen again. I went to my doctor, but he suggested joining an experimental program, which I did not have the leisure and money to do. The double-effect of this breakup and mother's death seemed to have struck deep within me. I went for a few talking sessions with a psychotherapist but soon knew that was a waste of time. My only hope, to restore my manhood, was another woman whose sexiness would awaken me. But this was not to be easy because I was particular; I could not have sex without loving the woman—that is, I, like most men, found that women I liked also liked me, but our acquaintance could last just one evening if there was not that extra element present. Curiosity and the general adventure of living led me into these short liaisons, which were rare in any case, but my impotency now made me shy away from such contacts. How was I to save myself from this emotional wound?

By "curiosity", I mean interest in other people's lives—their backgrounds, beliefs, ideas, relationships with others—what a writer needs whether the writer uses it in stories or not; it informs his take on human nature. Platonic friendship with women became possible for me now that I had more time to myself, but, aside from associating with colleagues in the context of work, I developed such friendships with very few women.

My love for Viola had always been more psychical than physical; she said that she felt a part of me and I was bound to her metaphysically. She could be jealous of other women, especially if they tried flirting with me and ignoring her, which she would not abide for a moment. There were a few times when I came home very late, which worried her over my safety but did not make her question my fidelity. Perhaps her shunning of lovemaking turned her against thoughts of entertaining it with regard to me. I was discreet as were my longterm lovers, who enjoyed our sexual trysts and our personal interchange. My time with them and my many hours spent reading and writing would have left Viola feeling lonely had she not had her studies and her scholarly friendships. [One perhaps subconscious symptom of loneliness was her habit of picking up coins from the sidewalks of Manhattan; when she had a big jar filled with them, she gave them to Reverend Caliandro of the Marble Collegiate Church during a fund-raising drive, which surprised the minister when he heard from whence they came.] She understood that my great love was writing, and she supported me in that effort regardless how hopeless success at it might seem; it must have seemed unlikely to her that any woman could have supplanted that passion and by extension her.

To William F. E. Morley from me. May 7/78. New York.

> You must have despaired of hearing from me, I have had some problems. Recently the flu, before that a great tiredness, before that the sudden death of my mother (heart attack), and all the while the threat of econometrics exams, etc.
>
> After my mother's funeral I was able to see the "Wacousta" play where I met Michael [Hurley] who told me that you were coming down to see it. It is too bad that James Reaney had to change Charles to Charlotte—ruined the play, confused the action, etc. I have written to the director to see if he can't get Jamie to return it to the Richardson story.
>
> Regarding the Richardson stories, the NYPL does not have them. I have them and I have been waiting for almost a year to hear if the U. of Ottawa press will publish them. The editor told me that they were thinking of stopping the publication of stories of 19th Century Canadian writers, but no decision has been made. If you know of anyone who wishes to publish them, please let me know.
>
> About Easter I learned that the Hamilton Public Library did not wish to interview me again. It wrote that I did not meet requirements for a second interview, but it paid my air fare and said if there were a senior position available I would be considered for it. I must have impressed the search committee as distinctly non-managerial. These things work out for the best, I suppose. Thanks for your support.
>
> Now that my mother has passed away, a strong tie to Canada has been loosened. I still wish to return, but I see little possibility of finding the kind of employment there that I would want. The HPL directorship represented a challenge, which appealed to me all the more

> because my ancestors had such a great deal to do with the building of the city. For instance, the new library is to be built over the open-air market which was created by my namesake, David C. Beasley. I wish the committee had given me a reason for rejecting me, but then it is probably of the same managerial mould as those with whom I have battled for over 10 years.
>
> Let me know how things are going with you and with your local history bibliography. By the way, would you mind making enquiry in your *Notes and Queries* for papers and information concerning Arthur Rankin, wild west showman, mining prospector and member of parliament in the nineteenth century and his two sons, the playwright and the actor. This will be my next Canadian project. Viola and I leave for England early June for 7 weeks—hope to research the automobile and railway.

From me to Mr. Gordon McKinley, Vice-president McGraw-Hill Publishing Co., New York City. May 7/78. New York.

> In following up our short but pleasant conversation the other day, I am enclosing a copy of the Agreement with the Porcupine's Quill. I have given him the exclusive right to publish throughout the world the book, The Canadian Don Quixote. There has been, however, no distribution here to speak of. I asked the publisher to have Canadabooks distribute it in England, but he replied that he cannot afford the subscription price necessary to have the book distributed there. This is a pity because the English would be keen about this book. Since Richardson was recognized as an American author in his lifetime and the best delineator of the American Indian, the book should be of great interest in this country as well. The publisher, Tim Inkster, might be prevailed upon, therefore, to give up his rights outside Canada because he is quite unable to satisfy or create a market for it in other countries.
>
> Regarding the reprinting of Richardson's works, I enclose a proposal along this line. Certainly Richardson will soon be recognized widely as a first-rate novelist, but particularly now, when the native American movement is growing, his Indian works will find ready readers.
>
> Thank you for doing what you can for me, and for Richardson. I shall be glad to meet with anyone at McGraw-Hill who may be interested. We leave for England in early June and return the third week in July. I hope we can meet again.

We spent the large part of our vacations of 1978 in England. We stayed at the Nicholas house in Morden while I researched at the Record Office in Kew Gardens and the British Museum Library. Eustace would drive me close to Kew and drop me off on his way to work at IBM. Viola read for her dissertation on Lord Alfred Tennyson and with her mother and Rita in Rita's car visited the Tennyson homes on the Isle of Wight and Haslemere and other Tennyson landmarks. I liked to walk to the ancient village of Cheam where there was a good secondhand bookshop and talk to the owner and take high tea in a building from the days of the Tudors and walk in the grassy park where from a higher level one could see the land round about for miles and then walk to Nonesuch Park for the flower gardens and the ruins of Henry VIII's castle. A workman told me about the tunnel running from Cheam to the Castle by way of which Henry would smuggle in his women.

We got to know an East Indian lady and her railway worker husband, a union official, who lived nearby. She was concerned about Aloysius Nicholas, whom she had found face down in the snow when he was returning from shopping. Aloysius had fainting spells. She thought he resembled her father and became attached to him, but Marie Nicholas mistrusted her of trying to inveigle money from the grateful Aloysius. Her husband was a member of the Communist Party and enjoyed holidaying in Bulgaria at the party's expense. He gave me thick books on the history of English railways which I found too turgid to read. We also became friendly with Eustace's best friend, Gerry Haggarty and his family. Gerry worked as a draftsman. We were invited to a party at his house and met his brothers, who, since I was writing, lauded the work of Jeffrey Archer, the English novelist, who caught the rising lower middle class in his web of social advancement.

Marie and Aloysius Nicholas did not quarrel while we were present and seemed to have resolved their differences. Aloysius was a warm and generous man. But we were concerned about his undefined illness. I also wondered about how he fared in the face of the growing discrimination against immigrants, particularly colored people, in the seventies. Once, on returning from the shops with his little shopping bag, he opened the front door to enter the house and I heard boys shouting and laughing on the front lawn “Uncle Ben! Uncle Ben!” As I stepped to the door some boys saw me and the taunts ceased immediately. The boys disappeared as if by magic before the door closed. Seeing the anger on my face, Aloysius joked that the boys were just having fun. Uncle Ben was a caricature of a bear that appeared in TV advertisements. I noted Aloysius’s mild dismissal of the inference and thought that his gentle, understanding attitude was what carried him through the ignorant prejudice he must be encountering from the mass of new residents,—people of parochial limitations, who did not know that the family had lived there for decades.

Eustace and Rita drove us all to Donald’s home in Scotland, and we saw the British Open played at St. Andrews golf course. It may have been on this occasion that several of us went to see women wrestlers, who terrified Rita by their viciousness.

Viola to Rita. August 22/78. New York.

> I returned to a New York that was in the grip of a sweltering heat-wave and intense humidity. How ugly everything seemed after beautiful England.
>
> I was so heavy-hearted when I left you at the airport. My last glimpse of you was a smiling and cheerfully sweet young sister waving at me. I did not break down until the plane was airborne. The sight of the Emerald Island slipping away under me opened the flood-gates. Everything is now a memory—all those gay and happy times, the fun and pleasure of driving the length and breadth of Scotland and England, the family reunion, etc. What moved me most was the memory of my dear and loving family. I don’t think I spent a happier holiday in England before this year. And you contributed greatly to our pleasure and happiness, Rita. Both David and I are most grateful to you and thank you sincerely and warmly for all you have done for us, for your willingness to help and please, for your consideration for our welfare and always for your cheerfulness. Many many thanks. How can I forget your kindness in driving me to Lincoln, Dundee, Haslemere and the Isle of Wight? How can I forget the fun of your getting lost in Morden? How can I forget the gusto with which we ate everything on sight? I am now going through the agony of shedding pounds!
>
> Now I am back to problems. Our rent has gone up as a result of the workers putting in new plumbing in our apartment. Our refrigerator has broken down in this sweltering heat. The tenants want me to draft a stiff letter protesting the raise in rent. All our door keys were given to the workers and they have made duplicate copies. Now four people have been burgled during the day time! Everyone is changing his or her lock.
>
> Apart from this David has had to pay a stiff lawyer's fee over that damned Greenwood Press, who arbitrarily dismissed David as Consultant and refused to pay him his royalties. This has to do with Indexing Municipal Documents which was David’s idea of some years back. He sold this idea to these people with a legally binding contractual understanding that David be kept on as Consultant and paid a certain percentage of the profits. They have been paying him all these years, but suddenly told him he was no longer required. David had to go to his lawyers, who threatened suit and Greenwood Press backed down and reinstated David as Consultant. But this cost us a lawyer's fee! Such an unnecessary expense caused by others. As Annouilh said “L'enfer, c'est les autres!”
>
> Since returning I have been scrubbing and cleaning and putting my apartment in order. David tried to spare me much work, but he's not the best housekeeper in the world! Although I give him good marks for trying!
>
> I must now turn to pressing matters at hand. Regarding the Deed of Conveyance, Rita. Please make sure that Mr. Reubens does not delay matters any further. You must be firm, but not aggressive. Please ask him whether you can insert the amount of the estimate cost of

the house at today's market price—you say it is 25,000 pounds?—in the blank space in the Deed, I'm sure you can do so yourself. Also, there is no need to delay any further just to find out what the law is regarding the tax on capital gains. You can find it out yourself from the Income Tax people on the telephone. Whatever the tax or law—we shall have to pay it. In the US they are hoping to reduce this tax—I hope England follows in the same way.

Two things, then, you must do. l) Ask Reubens whether you can insert the amount of 25,000 pounds yourself on the Deed and 2) Ask him whether he has a lawyer to witness Daddy's, Mummy's and Eustace's signatures. Go ahead, sign the Deed and have it witnessed by two people and then send me the Deed when all of you have signed it. Send it by certified mail or registered mail, I will then sign it and have it witnessed and than I shall make copies and send them to you all. I only urge you not to have Reubens delay this any further. Keep after him, it is your right to do so.

Most important of all. When this transaction is over go to Reubens by car and get the Title Deed and have it deposited in a Safety Deposit Box at Lloyds Bank—or Eustace can keep it in the house where it has been all these years. The Bank Deposit Box costs money. Without the Deed in Eustace's possession, he can be regarded virtually as a tenant rather than the owner. He will not be able to provide proof that he is the owner without the Title deed in his hands.

I hope Daddy posted those letters to Donald. Donald has to write a letter through a lawyer if he really is sincere that he does not want the house. I'm sure all his talk of giving the house entirely to Eustace is hot air. If he wants to keep his share of the house then he need not go through a lawyer to renounce his claim, but he must be prepared to share in the expenses. Donald is so slipshod—he has no idea what trouble can arise later on when things are not done correctly. As Mr. Reubens said, everything will be scrutinized in Court, and nothing should be conducted in a slipshod way.

Regarding Mummy, Rita, please be very considerate towards her. She is suffering a great deal but does not want to show it for our sakes. She is a brave and lovely person. Please telephone her often to keep her spirit up and for her to know that she has someone reliable at hand. She cannot rely on Daddy. I know you say you have your life to lead, and so you do. But also remember that our parents have a few years only more to live whereas your life with Bert will go on much longer.

David will write to you and Bert soon. He is up to his ears with commitments. He has to write a biography of Richardson (about 4000 words) for the *Canadian Dictionary of Biography* (similar to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*) and he has to also write one on Westbrook. We must make up our minds about our future—which country to live in, etc. Then there is the question of jobs, money, house, etc. Endless problems.

I would be happy to get this Deed of Conveyance out of the way, Rita. Prod Reubens. There is no need for further delay. I wrote out instructions on a slip of paper which is in Mummy's handbag. Ask her.

I shall write to Bert separately. He was splendid in his own way of trying to a make us happy. For that we thank him warmly.

David and I send you and Bert all our love. Please write to me about Reubens, etc. I shall have to rely on you more than anyone else.

Viola to her father. August 22/78. New York.

I have just written to Rita and Bert, and I wrote to Mummy last week. We are gradually getting back our New York feet. There was a lot to be done in the apartment as we had workers in the apartment while we were in England, and they left the apartment in a terrible state. Poor David tried his best to make the place respectable before I came, but he is not the best housekeeper in the world! He is busy writing articles for the Canadian Dictionary of Biographies and has had to attend a hundred and one things. He received your very nice

letter to him and he thanks you for it and said he will write when he has a moment to spare. He is not the greatest letter-writer in the world.

We both had one of the loveliest holidays in England this time and a great part of our happiness was due to Mummy, Rita and Bert. They were magnificent. I don't think we will forget 1978 in England in a long time.

I am glad you and Mummy have decided to leave the house to the four children. I think it is only fair. I know Eustace pays towards the upkeep of the house. He is a wonderful person and I love him very much. But also remember that you, Eustace and Mummy are all living to the mutual advantage of all. If Eustace did not have a house (already paid for) he would have to live either in a boarding house or apartment of his own, and he would have to pay even more money for his upkeep. As it is, he has dear Mummy to cook for him, to wash and iron his clothes, tidy his room and give him all the care anyone would want in life. Poor dear Mummy—crippled and ill as she is with aches and pain. I think she is magnificent. Without Mummy, Eustace will have to do all these things himself, or pay for their services. So you all need each other.

I hope and pray that you will stop drinking. I know you have whiskey and beer in your room. Where do you get the money from? I find your drinking a great shame. It upsets Mummy and it is not a pretty sight for your children to see. Remember, dear Daddy, that Mummy too is old, and, moreover, she is crippled and in constant pain. Even if she had an angel to live with, she would be irritated with just the pain. With all that, she worries endlessly about having your meals ready for you who have no system. It is a great burden and source of irritation to her. She is fantastic the way she gets up and works and tries to run the house to the best of her capacity.

I came to know Mummy very well on this trip. I found her to be a most wonderful woman —both as a Mother and as a woman. I have nothing but the highest admiration for her. You should be eternally grateful that you have such a wife who does look after you. True, she feels irritated with you—but you are so opposite to her in every way that she cannot help her irritation. Looking after you is not easy. I am sure there are days when she just does not want to cook—yet she must—for your and Eustace's sake. Think about this, Daddy. Stay out of her way—I know you try to do so as much as possible. Stay out of the kitchen, which is Mummy's domain, as much as you can. She is very ill and constant irritation will not make her any better. You and Eustace need Mummy very badly. Without her you both will be lost. You yourself are not in the best of health. Who will look after you if anything were to happen to Mummy? Not one of us is in a position to help you or to come and take care of you. You have only Mummy. So please try to be considerate towards her. For example, don't put your radio and television loud. When you leave the room turn them off. Think, consider your sick wife and your neighbors. This is what I mean about <u>being</u> considerate. Put the other person before you. Mummy cannot climb the stairs and put it off for you. You think that by going to Church you are a good Christian. Act like a Christian. Think of poor sick Mummy. ACT considerate. Don't give lip service only. ACT like a Christian in everything you do, in your DAILY life.

You have so many good qualities. I can respect you when you are sober. It is a delight to speak to you. You seem so wise and good. But when you are drunk—it is not a pretty sight. It is a waste of time to talk to you and one tends to dismiss you as hopeless. Why drink then? Your children want to love and respect you—but they can't when they see how badly you behave when you are drunk.

I have always scolded Mummy in the past on your behalf. I defended you at the risk of her almost disliking me. But I see now how much she suffers on your account. How much she has to slave on your account. Try to appreciate this.

You must be the strong member. Mummy is too weak. Physically and emotionally. She needs to be left alone in peace, or her sickness will get worse. She has to drink alcohol to pep her up or else she feels lifeless. Try to understand that. Be kind in your actions.

> Overlook her nagging and scolding. Ask God to help you over this. I am sure you try very hard, Daddy. Alcoholism is a sickness and you are stricken with that illness. But you have been warned by the doctor once. Despite this, you are drinking again. It is no one's fault but yours if anything were to happen.
>
> I have written to Rita as to what to do about Mr. Reubens. She will get in touch with all of you. Donald need not write a letter stating he does not want the house if he does not want to. It is up to him. He is welcome to share the house if he wants to. Who knows he might need it himself. I hope he understands the situation better now. Please get back the Title Deeds from Mr. Reubens, WHEN ALL THIS IS OVER. Eustace must keep it—either in the house with your papers, or in a Bank Safety Deposit Box. He, Rita, Donald and I must know where it is kept. Without the Title Deed no one can prove he is the owner of the house. Without the Title Deed, Eustace can be viewed virtually as a tenant instead of as the owner, which he is. So be very careful next time you do anything. Please consult me first.
>
> I must end now. I just wish to tell you, dear Daddy, that we really loved seeing you again. I am only concerned about your drinking. Please try to curb that. It is your drinking that makes Mummy irritable. So do try to stop it. David and I send you our love and wish you recover from your drinking sickness.

From Jack Parr to me. September 18/78 . Winnipeg.

> At last, a reply to your letters of Aug. 9 & July 25. Sorry for the delay but quit smoking back in July (after 1/4 of a century) & haven't been feeling quite myself. Fit as a fiddle physically but rather strange psychologically.
>
> Re, all your questions: l) Can't explain your not recognizing the photo on the back cover unless you have me confused with Brian Robinson or Norman Newton. Or maybe it's the ravages of time, or maybe improvements by the photographer. I really don't know. 2) Yes, this is the ms. read by Angus Wilson a century or two ago. Altogether revised but the same story. 3) Yes, I recall Norman Newton. I (we) have not seen him since leaving Eng. in 1957. Hear his name occasionally on the CBC—he's a radio producer in Vancouver. He's published 3 novels (the 1 you read is the 1st) & a number of other things. But he seems to be an obscure figure in CanLit circles,... Have had no contact with him for over a decade, I guess. I once wrote to ask him for a reference for the Canada Council. He wrote back refusing, saying he could find no signs of growth in my work, & I wrote back to say that this response was unworthy of him. Charming stuff. Anyway, that was the end of the correspondence, everything. 4) Yes, send your manuscripts to Joan. She would like to see them. (A list of Queenston House bks is enclosed, as requested.)
>
> Hope you're getting a good response to the Richardson book. If I see anything in the quarterlies I'll send it along.... I guess you know that James Reaney is some sort of authority on J. Richardson—he did an introduction to a new edition of *Wacousta* in the last year or so.

Jack's first and only book was published by Queenston House, a small press started by his wife Joan. His novel, *Jim Tweed*, was praised by James Reaney as "a very funny, biting book about growing up among the snowmen." Jack sent me a copy. Its writing is gentle, modest and understated like Jack himself. Jack's taste in literature differed from mine—for instance he liked Kingsley Amis's work, which I have not read, and he went to see Calder Willingham, about whose writing he wrote a critical article. Willingham, although important as a novelist and screen writer, did not catch my attention and remained for me a minor Greenwich Village writer whose books I never came across. I thought that since Joan had a publishing house, I might get a sympathetic reading for my pet manuscript "That Other God."

From me to Jack Parr. October 15/78. New York [This letter was returned stamped "EMBARGO RETURN TO SENDER" for some inexplicable reason]

> I explained, probably at too great a length, my break with writing fiction after 1963 in my letter to Joan. I am a bit disturbed over sending off that ms. "That Other God" to her

because the whole thing was conceived years ago (I was writing it when you visited us, do you remember?) One should leave mss. in the past utterly alone—and go forward from the present. There is that element of ego in me, however, which makes me incompetent to judge my own work and to admire that which was a part of me long ago. Back then I was striving for a style—my philosophy was eclectic. I have more of a philosophy now, but since I have not written fiction, my style may be as formal as it is in Canadian Don Quixote. I would like to write about my union and political experiences in NYC as a novel, but am working on a book on painting and a dissertation in political economy on technological diffusion.

Speaking of Quixote it is next to impossible to persuade Americans to read books about Canada—also, the American reviewing media will not review books lacking an American imprint. Consequently I took an ad in October's *New York Review of Books* (p.52)—expensive—and will test results but am not hopeful.

The catalog of Queenston House looks very interesting. I gave it to the Research Librarian who orders Canadian books—with a recommendation to make sure we had them all.

How is Jim Tweed doing? Are Canadians supporting their writers?

Sorry to hear about Newton's snobbish attitude. Although I saw him only at that party of Brian's, I thought he was rather set on himself—I thought, though, that it was because he felt insecure, not having been to university and so on, and that with time he would get over it. But there are people who take themselves very seriously.

Reaney is just the opposite—he is generous, open to new ideas, to experiment—quite a wonderful person. As I explained, I believe in my letter to Joan, he got in touch with me because he was wanting to write a play after Richardson's Wacousta. His success with playwriting deserted him this time—unhappily, because I wanted him to bring it to New York. It was 145 years ago that Wacousta was performed on Broadway. Maybe the new version will come here in 1983—to make it a round 150 year anniversary.

I see that you edited Richard Barr's short stories. I have read only a couple of things by him—newspaper stories—and wonder if you find him "Canadian" in style—if there is such a thing. I want to spend some time reading in "Can-Lit" as I am interested in seeing if there is a Canadian style developed. I find Grove tedious, but have not given him a chance really. Now that I have finished with years of economics courses (a quirk of mine) I can spend time looking into our literary background. I am looking for our Indian connection; not our European connection. Do you have suggestions?—other than Grey Owl!

By the way, what has happened to Brian Robinson? Is he still at McGill? I was in touch with him last about 1961 or so.

Just to revert to our Indian connection for a moment. I telephoned Ottawa University Press about Major Richardson's short stories and the editor, Father Lanctot, said that it had discontinued publishing short stories of 19th century Canadian authors.

Richardson's stories are largely Indian: (1) The Sunflower deals with love between 2 Saukies and their betrayal by a Chippewa. (2) Ampata! deals with love of an Indian princess for a British major during the French and Indian War. (3) Captain Leslie concerns spiritual love between a dying British officer and an American lady during the Revolutionary War—but set against a Delaware Indian background. (4) Criminal Love—no Indian connection (yet American in tone).

With these I would print The North American Indian, a short essay. I mentioned these stories in Quixote. My object in publishing them is to guide us to our Indian connection. As I pointed out in Quixote, Richardson's writing beginning with Monk Knight is American. What makes it American is the Indian subconscious? What is that? I don't know—yet.

I hope to get the stories back, but I asked for them back once before without success. Can you suggest a publisher who might be interested? It does not seem to be along the lines of

> Queenston House. I don't think they would sell to anyone save students of Can-Lit and perhaps devotees (if there are such) of N.A. Indian stories—which is why a press interested in Indian stories would be the best bet, as it would have a ready-made clientele.
>
> Please give my best regards to Joan—and I apologize to her for sending her the novel, for I feel as if I should not have sent it out. Perhaps, though, you will get a sense of Vienna from it.

"That Other God" came back, but I did find a publisher for John Richardson's Short Stories—an Indian press from Penticton, B.C. called Theytus, newly established to publish items of interest to the Canadian Indians. As for distributing or publishing *The Canadian Don Quixote* outside Canada, I found no takers. Jamie Reaney and I were still corresponding. I admired his fertile imagination, great talent and exuberant initiatives; his enthusiasms energized me.

James Reaney to me. London, Ontario. November 11/78.

> Great to hear from you, and James Stewart [his son] certainly appreciated the news about econometrics' excellent grade plus the description of Albert Finney as Macbeth—what an odd choice!
>
> Like you I was saddened to see Jack's novel come out twenty years late; at the time I got it and another local novel onto a CBC programme, but the pooh-bahs in Toronto were particularly offended by what they called the scurrility of Jack's book—I suspect putting Adolf Hitler mustaches on pictures of Churchill did not go down too well with them! I'll always value the book for its funny wry tone; when you set all <u>that</u> down in the 40 below and howling blizzard, you've got something even the weirder Russians don't achieve.
>
> It's Michael Hogan who's thinking of playing the Major—he & Keith have xeroxed more Richardsoniana than even Queen's knew about! I'm looking forward to Mike walking into the theatre and being introduced as the famous Major, Commander of the Ferdinand order, second degree; Colleen went to Butler's Burying Ground this summer and saw Mrs. Richardson's tomb—most impressed with the fact that Richardson shared equal billing! Also impressed that she got into a very distingué burying compound—is that the Butler connection? Noted lately that David McKee—a famous Indian lover of the Amherstburg area, was a Butler type & also of Jacobite ancestry—seems as if Canada began in rebel heather with Mohawk Valley overtones overnight encampment and then on to the border rivers. Did you by any chance see a Victor Lauriston article in the *Windsor Star*, 1923, on Richardson; found this in *Amherstburg Echo* morgue, and he mentions old men who remember the severe, strict bearing of the Major as he walked about Sandwich—in 1838!
>
> Will think over your "Wacousta" drama change-ideas; it's a matter of there being so few parts for girls and also, the moment I felt Charles' Sheila overtones, I just decided to drown her rather than him. As to "Westbrook" publication—Cronk has not finished his proofing of the text; since I sent him a huge express parcel of the photostats sent me from Queens, I've heard nought. Also—only Jay MacPherson is holding out on final shape of her talk—she's in Paris but promises October.
>
> I'm lying low with regard to *Canadian Brothers*—I feel it's an outdoor production at Fort Maiden which would draw the sting of the melodrama pooh-poohers. The way to this is to help Marty Gervais write a play for the University of Windsor on the Reverend Spracklin, who shot a saloon keeper in 1921 in Sandwich! Then the director George Neilson, who loves outdoor Tecumseh plays, may take a shine to the idea!…Complexities!
>
> David, I hope you do get out of the Bartleby dungeons of old NYPL—and get the grants for Europe on railway and car research. Just saw t<u>he Magnificent Ambersons</u> on TV—in which your topic is a theme—hero? gets two legs broken by a car! We all send our regards to Viola and yourself. Surely *Don Quixote* will not die; I'm flogging him to the students here in just an hour's time.

In the fall I went to Hamilton and mother's house where I arranged for the furniture I bought to be stored until such time as I could move to Canada. Jim gave me the daily accounts of our maternal grandfather covering many decades from the late 1800s to his death in 1937; they were treasured by him and he did not want others to have them. I learned that he was moving into the Collins Hotel in Dundas in a few weeks and that Alec and his sons were clearing out the basement; I saw our father's many silver championship cups for tennis and squash in a box headed for the trash.

Viola to her father. November 12/78. New York.

> I have just returned from Church and my thoughts are full of you and Mummy. I always pray for you because that is all there is left for me to do. Rita told me on the telephone that you are so miserable you wish to go to a poor home. My poor dear Daddy. Do not despair. Let me give you a prayer to say to God. Just repeat His prayers, Daddy, and see if God does not help you. 1. You must have absolute faith that God will hear your prayers. 2. Say: Dear God, I am hopelessly lost. I feel lonely and unwanted. I therefore offer my life to you to do what you will. Teach me to do your will. 3. Somebody out there needs me as I need him. Get us together. 4. I believe in you, dear Lord. Then relax, Daddy and let God take care of your life for you.
>
> Dear Daddy, if you say these few words everyday you will soon find God answering you.
>
> I also want to make it absolutely clear to you, Daddy, that my attitude to you has not changed. I think you are under the impression that because Mummy talks about you, that I am influenced by her. Not one bit. You see, Daddy, Mummy needs to get her hatred or anger or frustration out of her system. She needs to talk and talk. It is therapeutic for her. But what she says is not harmful to you. So do not think anyone with sense or compassion can be influenced by Mummy. Poor, poor Mummy, Daddy. She too needs understanding. She too is old and in pain. I think it is too late for you to try to win her love and respect. Therefore, stay out of her way. Always be meek and polite. She will come round. She cannot go on forever nagging and scolding. She too needs affection and understanding.
>
> As for us in New York, we are well and busy. Bunny Mellican telephoned to say he wanted to come down to N.Y. to see us. Then he changed his mind. I think he feels lonely. Olga and his daughters left Rochester and are living in Los Angeles.
>
> I hope you received the photographs I sent you and Mummy. Try to relax. Pray to god. Ask Him to guide you and leave everything in his hands. Fill your mind with good thoughts. Read the *Bible*. Read, for example, the gospel according to St. Matthew. Ask Rita to borrow the *Bible*, St. James version. Read a few paragraphs a day. You will see an inner happiness overtaking you. Do that, Daddy. Read the *Bible*. It will comfort you. You must be going through a great deal of mental torture. Try. I don't think you have ever tried really hard all your life. Try now. Try to read the *Bible*. I send you this letter with all my affection. David also sends you his love. Do not give up hope. You know the Catholics think that to despair is to commit a sin. Therefore, do not despair.

The Research Libraries were changing. David Stam, the new director, met with the heads of other university and research libraries to arrange for a cooperative effort to assign subject areas among the libraries to reduce costs of collecting materials and for an efficient system of interlibrary loan. Computers were introduced at reference desks so that librarians could ascertain which library had the item wanted and request it. We had computerized book catalogs in addition to the tray catalogs, which was a step towards the complete digitalizing of the catalog.

I had a relationship with a Russian librarian, who, having arrived from Russia, was working as a technical assistant. There had been an arrangement between the United States and Russia to allow Russian Jews to emigrate, supposedly to Israel but many chose to come to the states instead. My friend had had an important curatorial position in the Hermitage in Leningrad, but she did not speak English as well as other Russian women who found work in the library. She told me she was half-Jewish; her Jewish mother had married her aristocratic father to save him from execution. She had been married to a ballet dancer, who also came to the states, but was finding it difficult to find work in ballet in this rather culturally impoverished country. Their daughter, a tall, delicate-looking teen

stayed with her. Since education in the states was far behind Russia, she had trouble finding a school for her daughter, but she was resourceful. We made love in my studio, and, although owing to my incapacity, it was not perfect, she and I loved being together. She noted that a large collection of books in the Oriental Division were taken from Catherine the Great's library, probably after the Great War, and wanted to write an article about them. I introduced her to William Coakley, editor of the Library *Bulletin*, and he arranged for the article to be translated and published. She was interested in religion like many refugees from communism, and I took her to see St. Thomas Anglican Church on Fifth Avenue. On exiting the church, we encountered a parade, which the mayor, Ed Koch, was leading with his flamboyant smile and loose-limbed swing. She laughed in wonder that such an obviously gay man could be the leader of the City. She spent time with her Russian friends, which interfered with our time together, and eventually we separated. One of her friends, an artist of brightly colored, symbolic paintings, recently arrived from Russia, was an old friend from her Hermitage days, whom she apparently wanted to discourage from any intimacy because she asked me to come with them. While they spoke Russian, I spoke poor French with the Russian's friend, a French reporter. I was surprised by the painter's ostentatious leaving of much of his large lunch untouched when one knew of the scarcity in Russia; I disliked his swagger and pretence of international success. She found work as a librarian with the U.S. Armed forces in Europe. By this time, I was periodically involved with another Russian, a well-built lady, who could be described as a nymphomaniac because she bedded many men, although such a term is unkind. Her husband was a doctor, who, I suspected, could not have sex, which propelled her to find occasional relationships. The Russian psyche had none of the puritanism of the American; Russians were closer to the French attitude to romance and sex. My friend would ask to meet me for sessions and seemed determined to restore me to strength, which once, coming to my studio unexpectedly, she did. The last time she asked me I made an excuse, which caused her to resent me as if I had rejected her unfairly. Shortly afterwards she left with her husband for the west. I fashioned the character Sybil Betterton in my detective novel, *The Jenny*, after her.

In these years the Freddy Laker airline service from New York to London and Paris operated. One could buy a ticket one day and fly the next on a DC10. It was like a bus shuttle. And it was much cheaper than the established airlines which, needless to say, hated Freddy Laker. We took advantage of it often, and Viola was especially thankful for it because she could buy tickets on the spur of the moment when her parents fell dangerously ill.

John Fall to me. May 4/79. New York.

> I am delighted to see your John Richardson and pleased that your publisher has produced so handsome a book. It is a book I want to own and purchase—as the enclosed check will explain. The announcement I had did not mention the USA source and I delayed a Canadian purchase because of its complications until the announcement could not be found. Now I feel complete because I wanted this book.
>
> No. I shall mention to no one your interest in the United Nations—and while that organization seems so futile a bureaucracy as some we know!—it is a place where you might be able to accomplish some good. In any event—with your expected and hoped for PhD—you will experience the satisfaction of change. Your literary pursuits are of great interest—keep them alive. They do credit to you and your interest in political economics. Not everyone has intellectual enthusiasms outside his professional field.
>
> I hope you receive an invitation to join the United Nations staff and I trust that there will be other books as fascinating (and in as good format) from your pen when it has leisure.

The United Nations did not acquire my expertise. I had to remain in the work that had become rote. My consolation was found in the visiting scholars and readers. One student at the New School would stand all day at one of the vacant shelves in the reading room and read his books. He had passed all his courses for his PhD but could not find a professor to mentor his dissertation. Elaine Wrong, the divorced wife of Dennis Wrong the professor of sociology, organized a group of us to support his quest by meeting with the new Labor Economics Professor, but even at that the professor had to decline because our friend's topic was not in his expertise. After ten years of waiting, our friend was ready to picket the School; fortunately someone took him on, and he got his

PhD, after which he dropped by the Library with his two sons as a final visit to his home away from home.

Elaine Wrong introduced herself in the Library to me one day when I helped her find a book. She was studying economics. I mentioned knowing Charles Wrong in Paris, and she knew him, of course, and we discussed the Wrong family, even the Dr. Wrong I had met in Woodington when I was a boy. Their patriarch G. M. Wrong was famous for his *History of Canada*. Later Elaine asked me to literary parties she held in her apartment. I introduced Viola to her when Viola had finished her studies; we met some interesting people through her salon, one of whom was the economist Broadus Mitchell, who wrote me about my Richardson biography.

Broadus Mitchell to me. March 28/79. New York.

> I spent the time reading your *Canadian Quixote* between admiration of your industry and skill and wonderment that you had not submitted it in fulfilment of the requirements for your doctor's degree. Every page, with proof of your wide-ranging inquiries, and the correct, graceful form in which all is presented, persuaded me that you have—attractively published, too—a dissertation plus on tap.
>
> Absorbed in your narrative, I did not look at the back cover where I saw that, in the confusion of several nearby conversations at Elaine's party, I understood that your study is in the Columbia School of Library Science. There your book is a perfect fit. Alas, that you have gone from literary biography and the pleasures of romance and action, to economics. You had made a start in both fields, and chose to extend yourself in the one in which your finished piece of work does not fit! If the Columbia Library School follows a worthy example of rewarding accomplishment without regard to conventional demands, it will grant you a Ph.D. on your volume. Next time at Elaine's I'll listen more attentively. I recall that you protested at my enthusiasm, saying that your present study and your book do not jibe, but I was so taken with my idea that I disregarded your disclaimer.
>
> I write this note with deep regret. Change horses! Espouse Indians and duels, forgetting bloodless marginal utilities—and, I fear, econometrics.
>
> I shall return your volume because I know that an author—what with presents, etc. often does not have a copy of his own work. Yours with applause and disappointment.

Mitchell was unaware that I had gone through marginal utilities and econometrics by this time and was following a saner path of Marxian economics. I was writing a dissertation on a subject that would add to the enjoyment of car enthusiasts and the curious reader as well as develop an economic theory of invention, which his neoclassical economics had failed to do.

Elaine's salon brought many interesting people together. Initially she asked me to attend to talk about the Library's need for funds because some of her friends were rich. Roselle Davis, the widow of the artist Stuart Davis, asked me to drop by her apartment when she could not attend Elaine's soiree. She lived in an apartment house favoured by numerous arts people. On my second visit, she asked Elizabeth Hardwick, the writer and widow of the poet Robert Lowell, who lived upstairs, to attend. The word "attend" is correct because she said almost nothing after greeting me and sat aside in the shadows giving me the sense that she was sizing me up as potential companion for her friend rather than as an ambassador for the Library. Mrs. Davis was much older than me and rather frumpy. Hardwick was slim, elegant but again much older. Shortly thereafter Elaine learned that I was married and I saw no more of Mrs. Davis.

One constant attendee at Elaine's soirees was an extraordinary man, Braham Norwick, who looked like a Spanish matador, slim and lithe with a high forehead and oval face. Just before WWII, he developed the linen parachute that saved many pilots' lives. (He was educated at the Ryerson School of Technology in Troy, N.Y.) He could recite Spanish classical poetry, discuss any subject, literary, artistic, scientific with a wide range and in depth, made a special study of Tibetan culture, wrote on textile innovation for the *Women's Wear Daily*, spoke French and probably other European languages, and with his French-born wife, entertained in scintillating discussion with soft tone and quiet reasoning. He once upbraided me for not knowing enough science, and, on his

recommendation, I tried reading *Scientific American*, but it was too great a strain on my time and comprehension.

Through this group I knew briefly Charmion von Wiegand, known for her abstract art and friendship with Mondrian. Her journalistic past and her many adventures and associates made her a celebrity among a certain group of art-minded persons, but she was old and rather frail, and fastening onto me, became demanding. Viola, returning from vacation in England and listening to von Wiegand address her in a stentorian tone over the telephone, flared in anger and frightened her away. A character I met through von Wiegand was the Tibetan monk Khyongla Rato, who wrote the autobiography *My Life and Lives; The Story of a Tibetan Incarnation,* with a foreword by Joseph Campbell, guru of the myth and the cosmos. I read Rato's book and spoke with him a bit, but I could not read his character. He stopped me on the street once and asked me to see his Tibetan headquarters, which was a minute away. I climbed the stairs of an old building and entered dingy rooms spare of furniture. He made no effort to show me any Tibetan treasures, and, feeling uncomfortable, I left after a couple of minutes. I heard that he and his fellow priests frequented Von Wiegand's apartment as she was dying and said prayers in concert with the intention of receiving a sizeable place in her will.

Before the Library opened one morning, a fellow named Berman, working for President Johnson, which accounted for his early admittance, asked me to help him find articles on the social and psychological uses of television, such as subliminal advertising. His aim, he confessed, was to make the advertising on TV louder than the program. When months later, we began to have loud commercials, I thought of Mr. Berman none too kindly.

But readers came with good intentions too. One handsome actor asked about the economics of a time period, to wit, the early 1900s when John Barrymore was active on stage and screen because someone was writing a monologue for him impersonating Barrymore. He looked like Barrymore. I wondered what happened to the project, which could have had the success of Hal Holbrooke as Mark Twain and others who acted Virginia Woolf and Jack London. It was not until the 1990s when visiting the Stratford Shakespeare Festival in Ontario that I saw the result when the Canadian actor Christopher Plummer impersonated John Barrymore in a one-man show. The device of having a drunken Barrymore forgetting his lines and exchanging words with an offstage prompter was brilliantly done. I wondered what happened to the original actor whose dream was taken over by a star.

One old actor, whose name I forget, was finishing a historical novel, and I helped him find facts for his period. He had self-published his life story which was in the library. I read it and his story of traveling the country in small theatre venues. He wrote of his long association with Georgie Jessel, whose fame he hoped reflected on him. His wife, whom he had married late, had made money in Florida real estate and died recently. I visited his apartment and read his novel in manuscript, which was not accepted by a publisher. His late wife had published a book on flowers, which had done well. He looked unhappy and ready for death, but first, with the money she left him, he was taking a cruise ship around the world.

Viola to her parents. June 22/79. New York.

> I am hastily writing to you as I seem to be always pressured for time over here and letter-writing is becoming more and more a thing I have to especially find time for. I hope, Daddy, that you received a letter from me and my card for your birthday. I was very ill for some weeks and thought I had either pneumonia or tuberculosis—but, thank heavens, I am now cured of that dreadful coughing and my lungs seem to be strong again. I think my card, as a result, must have arrived late for your birthday, Daddy. I apologize if it did. I was just too weak and drugged with antibiotics.
>
> Paulette surprised me one evening by telephoning me to give me the tragic news of the murder of Kim's son. He was stabbed to death one Sunday afternoon. I hesitated to write to you about it, but I was urged by both Paulette and Kim to inform you. No doubt you may wish to send her a card of sympathy. I am enclosing a xeroxed copy of the newspaper account.

I think in this country the violence is getting to be worse than it ever was. The queues for petrol here have resulted in four or five murders already and several fights and stabbings. People are dependent upon their cars as they are upon their arms and legs—hence in desperation they react—but because this country is footloose with guns and knives, and the American the most undisciplined creature on earth, their reaction always ends in violence. One fellow pushed another man under the Underground train and killed him just because the other man stared at him! Kim tells me that one man stepped upon the toes of another man by accident in a darkened movie, he said "excuse me" and those were his last words, the other man stabbed him to death.

When the economic situation gets worse—no petrol, no heating, no air-conditioning and electric bills out of reach, the people in this country will be impossible to govern. All hell will break loose. Already the racial situation is getting just as bad as it used to be.

I have sent my first chapter and ten-page proposal to my director and am waiting to hear what he says.

David and I are both very busy. By the way, Mummy, don't feel that because I came over for your birthday that it forebodes anything. You will live to see me get my degree; you have too much curiosity about life and too much desire to live to give up that easily. I hope, Daddy, that your health is improving and your mental state. I wish you both well always and pray that God will keep his benign eye upon you both.

Dearest Mummy, I just received your letter (27th June) and I thank you. I am sorry about poor Eustace. How unfortunate. I hope he will learn to drive slowly next time. The one year will soon fly. It will save him petrol and insurance perhaps. I too had a very bad sore throat. Rita will need antibiotics. Bert is too fat. He should diet. Poor Bert. I pray for all of you everyday. Daddy is no doubt very cross with me, perhaps because I don’t talk as much as usual. But I often do keep quiet as I lead a very quiet life. David cannot come to England this summer as Laker Airways is shut down in this country. We both hope to come late in the autumn. David will be going to France. He has to research in 3 archives there. But we don’t know for sure about anything now. I am very broke for one thing and the inflation is sky-rocketing. We hope to go to Canada in August. I am now fully recovered except for my tension. I want to scream every time I am upset. I need a great deal of calm and quiet. All my love. Tell Daddy, I pray for him and that I love him just as much as before.

PS The doctor tells me that I am suffering from an acute state of tension and that my nerves are gone. I therefore need a great deal of calm and rest. David intends to take me to a lake side resort in Canada soon.

Murder victim identified

By Mike Roberts

The severely beaten and stabbed murder victim discovered by two students outside South San Francisco High School's C wing on Sunday has been identified as 30-year-old Kenneth John Mellican. But the circumstances surrounding his violent death remain a mystery, say authorities. Investigation so far reveals that Mellican was born in Rangoon, Burma, and lived in the Bay Area for the past 20 years.

He lived a transient life and was known as a "loner." Although his parents live in South San Francisco, Mellican's place of residence at the time of his death is unknown. As far as police have been able to discover, the dead man had no known enemies and a motive for the killing hasn't been established. Persons with information concerning Mellican are asked to contact the police investigation bureau at 877-8910 or call the TIPLINE (952-2244) if they wish to remain anonymous. As of yesterday, the autopsy remained incomplete. A spokesman at the Coroner's office said the body was currently undergoing toxicology analysis. Identification was made through fingerprints by the San Mateo Sheriff’s laboratory. Mellican did not have a criminal record as far as police have been able to determine.

Kim Mellican was the second youngest child of Violet's Uncle John and Aunt Josephine. The eldest Herbie, the daughters Agnes and Paulette, the other sons Popie, Bunny and the youngest Buster feature in my historical novel about World War Two in Burma, *Violet's Flight*. Kim must have migrated with her family from Rangoon to San Francisco twenty years earlier. I met her just once when she asked Viola and me to meet her for drinks at the hotel she stayed at on 42nd Street. She worked for a collection agency. Her life was hard, but she seemed always cheerful and kept in touch with Viola, who considered her the nicest and most reliable of the Mellicans. The Mellican family was closer to the Nicholas family than to other relatives because Aloysius, orphaned at an early age, was brought up by his eldest sister Josephine Mellican.

Viola to her father. July 18/79. New York.

> I am feeling so much better today. My tension is gone and my nervous depression has left me. I do think a lot about you and Mummy, and I can't help thinking about life in general. When I read about the great poet Tennyson, on whom I am writing, my thoughts wander to you and Mummy. What is life all about? I ask. Poor you, dear Daddy. We, your children, are caught up with our problems too and have our own temperaments to cope with. Only as we grow older does some kind of wisdom come to us. Therefore, dear Daddy, my thoughts turn to you in particular. You have suffered a great deal, and are suffering still. Not only from physical pain but spiritual pain as well because Mummy is so irritated by your very presence. It is something I can only contemplate helplessly from a distance. God knows I've tried to make you both come together in grace and civilized dignity and find I'm baffled completely. But whatever your pain in your old age, dear Daddy, remember that god is above and he will tell you not to fear as He is there to look after you. "Fear not, I am here."
>
> I write this because I feel you long for someone to talk to you. I would have liked to when I was in England in April, but I felt too tense and nervous and exhausted most of the time. Also, I felt that you tire easily and cannot concentrate for long. Furthermore, it is so awkward for us who visit you to be in the middle of you and Mummy. Poor woman too. She has her own problems. I do pray for you and want you to know that I have nothing but the warmest sympathy and affection for you. I ask God to lighten your physical and mental suffering. Try yourself, Daddy, to put your whole life entirely in the hands of God. Let Him guide you by His will. May His blessing be on you. I am enclosing a clipping on Burma which you and Mummy will enjoy. Show it to others too. We are going for a week to the Canadian lakes. One of David's cousins has let us use their chalet there.

Viola, influenced by her own relief found through admitting Christ into her life gained from a book by Catherine Marshall when she was going through her troubles at the United Nations, hoped that her father could find the same relief. She sounds in her letters like a missionary or a religious fanatic but these thoughts were expressed only to her father for his sake. With me she did not talk of religion, except to ask me to attend Church with her on specific occasions such as Christmas and Easter. I enjoyed the wonderful music and choir at Marble Collegiate and could find interest in the minister's sermon, which was part psychology and part confessional, but twice a year was sufficient.

I was wracked with cold and very tired, glad to have a chalet somewhere north of Barrie in which to recuperate. I used the sauna in the compound and felt the cold drain away from me. Viola was soon reinvigorated by the fresh air and the long walks in the woods that we took.

The conference on biography at which I was to read a paper brought me to Wilfrid Laurier University in Waterloo, Ontario at the end of September. I stayed at the hotel in which the conference organizers had reserved rooms. I hoped to meet the participants in the conference and have conversations with them, but I found they were cliquish and difficult to approach. One young professor from Calgary University gave a paper on Louis Riel, and other young men such as Ira Nadel spoke of figures whose biographies they were writing. The audience of fifty academics comprised literary men, editors of small literary magazines, editors of the *Dictionary of Canadian Biography*, professors writing books, most of whom were standoffish. One lady told me excitedly that she had written a biography of a Canadian literary figure and that Michael Gnarowski was

interested in publishing it. I told her to be skeptical. I heard later that it was not published. The only person I made friends with was Patricia Morley who wrote biographies, particularly one on Patrick White, the Australian novelist. The evening before the day on which I was to give the last paper, one gentlemen said as I passed that he hoped I would give a good paper to make up for what they had heard. I am afraid my paper on the writing of Richardson's biography was not the success they wanted, and I was disappointed that I had not made sure of my audience before composing it. It was a lesson learned.

Mrs. Isobel Crerar to Viola. April 3/79. Hamilton.

> I've been thinking of you and David this week particularly. It is hard to believe that a year has gone by since your mother's death.
>
> I still miss her so very much and hate to pass her house. Evidently they have been doing a lot of work inside but outside it is terribly untidy.
>
> Evidently they have children and the lawn is always covered with all kinds of wagons and toys left out in all kinds of weather. Frances Swan telephoned not long ago and said she had a letter from you. I understand her to say the owners are in financial difficulties with the house. How I wish David had been able to get it.
>
> We wonder about Jim and wonder how he is getting on. It must be a lonely life he is faced with. I'm sure it will worry you and David. After a wonderful month of March when temperatures were above normal, it has turned cold and cloudy. It rains a little every day. At least we can expect better weather soon.
>
> You probably know we are having a Federal Election in May. The results will probably be a minority government. So many people blame Trudeau for the depressed conditions and rising cost of food. The condition is, as you know, all over the world. People want a change but Joe Clark to my mind is impossible. John Munro has decided to run again, David will be interested to hear. He said he wouldn't but has changed his mind. I believe his mother is dying of cancer and he has remarried and has a young son. You will see from my writing that my hands are clumsy. I wish I could type!

We spent Christmas in England. Rita and Bert asked the whole family to their home in Devon in a valley below the village of Lapford, where there is an inn from the 16th century and an old church said to be built by William de Tracy in penance for murdering Thomas à Becket, Bishop of Canterbury on King Henry II's order. I drove us in a rented car from Morden and Donald drove his family from Scotland. Rita was friendly with the owner of a pub further along the road in the valley with whom we visited. The man had owned a pub in Birmingham and sold it to enjoy a rural setting and the fresh air of mid-Devon, but he found that the pub he bought was being eaten by termites. Our pleasant stay was marred by Rita's angry explosion at Viola while she was driving Viola and Christopher on a shopping errand. Her resentment of Viola, which she had kept hidden, was triggered by some remark that Viola made. Viola told me of it but kept it from the others. I became better acquainted with the two nephews and went for a long walk in the countryside with Michael, who was working in a paper making plant in St Andrews. The slight snow that fell overnight was melting and we saw newborn sheep in the green fields. When we came to a village, I took him for a drink in the old pub, the door of which was so small I had to stoop to enter. I sensed that after one drink Michael was anxious to leave. The barman was giving us dark looks, possibly because Michael's skin was light brown. Rural England can be quaint and picturesque but the minds of its residents have been confined to local comprehension. The older boy, Christopher, for whom Donald had great hopes, was not doing as well as expected at Watts College in the University of Edinburgh; he had fallen in with bright but indolent company.

We spent New Years with the Hoods at Bar-sur-Loup above Nice and met a few of their English friends. One was Michael Goldsmith, the foreign correspondent, with whom John seemed to have formed a sympatico relationship. Michael was a quiet personality. He told me that his ordeal of being tortured personally by Emperor Bokassa of the Central African Republic was dramatized in a play by one of the Shaffer brothers then playing in an Off-Broadway theatre in New York. [I saw much later that Werner Herzog made a documentary featuring Michael returning to the Republic and

revisiting his cell.] His girlfriend was a tall pretty French girl from Morocco. From one of Kitty's letters to Viola in 1976, in which she mentioned some of their friends in Bar-sur-Loup, we knew something of his background. "We have a great friend here—at least she lives with her husband and baby in Paris—She is Roxanne Goldsmith. She is quite young. I think about 30. Very intelligent and sweet. She is American, a journalist and was the niece of Lyndon Johnson. She was all out against Nixon and was furious of course at Ford's "Pardon"—though I only spoke over the phone since then. She was down here while we were away. She and Michael, her husband, bought a little house in Le Bar and she comes down whenever she can. Michael is a dear man, older. She's his 2nd wife (first was a Bulgarian) and he's in Associated Press although he's English. He too is ultra intelligent but is very tired of his job and longs to settle here, but he's only in early fifties, so too early yet—though he's had a heart attack. They are lovely to talk to, though Roxanne is very tied to her baby (a year old now). You would love them—so natural, so full of life and interest."

After the New Year Viola returned to New York and her teaching commitments while I went to Paris to research in the National Archives and the Rothschild Papers for my work on the early automobile. I discovered the regulation forbidding the driving of automobiles in France, an important document to my thesis. I met a pretty young researcher who spoke no English, but she put up with my poor French and we enjoyed our time together, which compensated somewhat for the anti-Americanism which was rife in Paris then; for instance when an American lady in my hotel in the Marais asked me to accompany her to dinner, we were met by a large-bodied French proprietor at the door of his restaurant with a flurry of arms and shouting to leave; he had spotted us as Americans. The lady told me that she had met the same behavior from other restaurateurs. Shaken, we ate in a bar. January was cold and dull with grey skies and a chill to the buildings, altogether an unpleasant experience in a changed Paris from what I had known in the 1950s. [This experience reminded me that when motoring in central France in the early seventies, Viola and I were refused service at a roadside eating place because the woman owner angrily charged us with being Americans. Two French gentlemen followed us from the place and apologized for her behavior.]

To Viola from me. January 8/80. Hotel de la Bretonnerie, Paris.

> Since I spoke to you on Saturday I have been rather active but so far not very successful. On Sunday, I saw hundreds of Picasso paintings at Le Grand Palais. They were given to the state as death-duty payment. This exhibit showed how many different styles he tried (and, like Clay, how good he was in them all). I heard a Bach concert in a nearby Church—Brandenburg Concertos and Cantate with Soprano and Trumpet—all excellent.
>
> Monday I tried to find relevant papers at the archives but found little—I got a reference to the Rothschild Banque to get permission to use the Rothschild papers. The doorman was dressed in tails. He told me to telephone someone—which I did from the street. I was told to see someone else, to whom the doorman graciously directed me. She took me through more corridors to the top official who spoke with me in his office (all in French) before giving me authorization. Tomorrow I see another archivist at the archives who will determine if the papers are ready to be seen. Today I went to two archives to find that they were not ancient enough—one of them directed me to someone who may give me access to the Peugeot family who may have papers I need. Another archive (the 3rd) at least had some material—that is, the Société des Chemins de Fer Francaises and I shall return there. Back at the Archives Nationales, I kept an appointment to meet another archivist to find a certain regulation of 1866—we concluded that it is not in the archives, but she will check another ministerial archive and let me know if it exists.
>
> Tomorrow I return to the Bibliothéque Nationale. On Sunday, by the way, I went to 15 Rue Tocqueville and looked at the courtyard and up the back stairs where I lived 25 years ago. I walked through the Parc Monceau—in fact, on Saturday, I walked in Montparnasse—and I visited the Sorbonne and Les Jardins de Luxembourg—all seems so much grander than I remember. The squares are gigantic! Nothing has really changed, though—just me. 25 years is nothing to those buildings—only the boulangerie shop was gone from the scene on Rue Tocqueville. In its place is a florist. But then again there is a change—the life seems to have left the Paris I knew. There is plenty of activity here, but life seems harder and less colorful—more sombre.

> I talked with Bill Hayter for a while—he told me a few things but very little about Clay. Nevertheless the encounter was useful. I can keep myself busy here through Saturday. I might go to Germany for a couple of days next week but am sure to be going to England by the end of next week.
>
> I hope all is well at home, my darling. Here I go to bed early and get up early in order to be at the archives of the day by 9 o'clock. I am cutting back on my food intake a bit. Since prices here are sky-high, that is also wise. Near me there are street vendors of sandwiches and drinks whose stands are patronized by the average Parisian.

Bill Hayter was an abstract painter, an Englishman who ran Atelier 17 in Paris for many years, where he taught etching and so forth to artists from the world over, including Picasso. Clay Spohn knew him in Paris in 1927 and in San Francisco during the war. I had planned to meet Hayter at his Atelier one afternoon but got delayed on the Metro and missed him. He was kind enough to arrange for another meeting, taking a break from instructing a Japanese student to talk. He was reluctant to speak of Spohn, although he did reminisce about Rothko, whom he considered a friend and his bloated condition before his suicide. Unfortunately, I did not know of his close friendship with Douglas MacAgy until I was doing the research for my biography on MacAgy. I think he thought that I was an art journalist as he was reserved until I mentioned that I was researching for my dissertation in political economics when he became friendlier. He was dismissive of the abstract expressionists such as the New York School; he said they had painted into a dead end.

To Viola from me. January 15/80. Morden.

> Just a quick note to let you know that I left Paris on Sunday afternoon (after lunch in Tour Eiffel) and came to London where yesterday I visited the British Museum.
>
> My decision was made suddenly on Saturday when I learned that the French railways were going on strike. I had done all I needed in the Bibliotheque and had an appointment Monday afternoon to see more Rothschild papers, the efficacy of which was marginal. I had planned to train to Germany on Tuesday. But the uncertainty of the situation decided me to write to Germany, write an apology to the French archivist and work here in London.
>
> Your mother and I have enjoyed talking. Your father still has plenty of go in him. Eustace is as instructive as ever. I shall write more in a few days. Hope you are staying well and working well.
>
> PS. Next week I'll go to Chichester.

I spent a few days with the Nicholas's in London, where I did more research at the Kew Gardens Archives. I read at the Library in the British Museum and visited archives such as one in Chichester to see the papers of the 5th Duke of Richmond in pursuit of the early automobile. One comes across items in such papers that are disturbing, for instance a note from the Duke of Richmond to Prime Minister Robert Peel demanded that a boy, who ran away from a workhouse and, as a penalty, was being transported to Australia, be taken off the ship and hanged because he stole the clothes of the workhouse, which he was wearing. I suppose if the boy had escaped naked, he would have been allowed to go as a prisoner to Australia—but then there may have been a severe penalty for nakedness.

Eustace, without a car, got home late at night because of eating his dinner out and the long and slow journey by tube and bus to reach Lower Morden. I arrived home about seven in the evening and found Mrs. Nicholas worriedly opening the door to me. Could I please help Aloysius, who had fallen and could not get up. I rushed up the stairs to find him lying on the threshold to the toilet, seemingly paralyzed. He had been there for hours. When I picked him up, he was as light as a feather, and I put him on his bed. He said he was all right and would recover soon. As I pulled a cover over him, he asked me to kiss him and I kissed him on his cheek.

I left for New York a couple of days later. I had bid Aloysius good-bye and then took leave of Mrs. Nicholas and Eustace, who stood by the open door watching me get into the taxi to take me to the

airport. Then, joining them, having made his way down the steep stairs, was the frail Aloysius, who had made the painful effort out of respect for me, and he waved. It was the last time I saw him.

My work at the Library continued, and, I decided, as long as I was writing my dissertation with the riches of the Library's collections in French of banking history and in German of railway history at my disposal, I would wait to have my PhD before trying to find work elsewhere. The union Local was inconsequential, first led by a woman librarian who had worked at the Library for the Blind, then by a clerk from the branch libraries. DC37 leaders, unable to negotiate contracts by command of the bankers, who were ruling the city, were singing the mantra of "give-back" led by the unscrupulous conductor-banker Felix Rohatyn, soon to be praised in some circles for "saving the city."

Viola to her father. February 8/80. New York.

> New York is cold, although it is sunny today, it will snow tomorrow. I read the weather in the *New York Times* and I see that England is still enjoying a mild winter. Thank God. I worry constantly about you and Mummy. I want so much to come and spend a few months in England so that I can be of some help to you both. But I cannot leave my work, nor can I afford to live in England without some income coming in. But I shall try to solve these problems soon.
>
> Dearest Daddy, ever since I saw you at Christmas, I have been worrying about what you said: that "it is taking a long time for me to die." My dear Daddy, those words drove terror into my heart. I know that you have been very unhappy but don't you think, Daddy, that it would be better to bear your burden with courage and strength? It is a sin in the eyes of God to deliberately kill yourself with drink. I have nothing but the deepest and utmost sympathy for you. I have always had that. Don't, dearest Daddy, go against the law of God. Try to curb your drinking. Ask God to help you. When you die and face God, what will you say? Why be so weak? My poor dearest Daddy. What a life you lead, but pluck up courage. The whole world is a mess—some people live even more miserable lives. But it is more admirable to fight adversity than to give in to it.
>
> Anyway, Daddy dear, I feel it is my duty to caution you against doing what you are doing now—drinking yourself to death. Don't do it deliberately, Daddy. So many others are living lives of quiet desperation. I pray for you every day. Now I must pray for the salvation of your soul. God always knows what kind of life we, your children, will have in our old age. I hope God will be merciful and not make us so unhappy that we would want to die deliberately. I, personally, do not want to live to an old age where I cannot help myself. I don't look forward to too much in this world, except to live a good Christian life. I ask this of you too. May God look after you, dear Daddy. David and I send you our love, and I send you especially my deep affection.

That Easter, Rita and Bert took Aloysius to their cottage in Lapshire, Devon to give him a break from the home life, but, according to Viola, he complained of the damp and cold which drilled him to the bone, and they returned him to Morden. Bert had built a heater over his bed that he could switch on. Aloysius was ailing quicker than Viola thought.

Walter Nicholas to Viola. April 10/80. London, England.

> On Sunday Rita, Bert, Eustace and I saw Uncle. He was half asleep and appeared to be suffering no discomfort or pain. The Staff Nurse said there was nothing serious to report about his condition. He was running a temperature and they were concentrating on bringing it down. Over the phone today I learnt that there was an improvement. One thing though, he refuses to talk. The nurse said he can when he wants to but, try as we might, neither of us could get him to say a word. He just lay there with a poker face and complete silence. Your guess is as good as mine as to what is going through his mind. I'll try as well and as briefly as possible to relate the circumstances leading to his admission to Ward 6C, St Hillier's Hospital, Wrythe Lane, Carshalton, Surrey (tel: 644 4343). As you are well aware, Uncle was always an active and gregarious person. With advanced age his movements were restricted to the confines of his home and with all due respect to Aunty, lacking real

> companionship, he took solace in his old friend, drink. What he didn't realize however was that his capacity was now almost zero. He fell occasionally. Unable to get up of his own accord or be assisted up by Aunty, he was left to lie on his back till Eustace returned from work. Rita and Bert decided that a breath of country air and controlled drinking would do him a world of good. He submitted and was whisked away to Devon for a month. They were right. It did. The fact that Bert carried a "get well" card to the hospital on Sunday from mine hostess of the Devonshire Pub showed that Uncle must have been his normal self. However, all good things must eventually come to an end. The month was up, and back he came to what I surmise must have been to him extreme boredom, so back to the good old 'solace'. On Wednesday last he fell in his room. This time he couldn't move. He had a fixed stare and was inarticulate. Aunty and her neighbor Jean (God Bless Her) with imaginable difficulty got him to his chair where he remained still rigid, inarticulate and with the fixed stare till Eustace came and managed with great effort to heave him on to his bed. Next morning he was still inert and unresponsive so the Doctor was summoned and he was removed to Hospital. Although from a line of inebriates myself, I am not seeking sympathy for Uncle and honestly feel that he was more sinned against than sinning. I was glad to have popped up at the weekend to keep Aunty's pucker up. After 50 odd years of marriage, it is natural for her to be distraught. Tis strange that the only letter ever that I've written to you should be one under such distressing circumstances. May I remind you, however, that somewhere Oliver Goldsmith wrote, in substance, that tenderness without the capacity of relieving, only makes the one feeling it, more wretched than the object of that tenderness. So we must just keep our fingers crossed to see and hear Uncle for a while yet. If you have the opportunity, the time and the inclination, please let Bunny and through him Paulette and Kim know. Several letters at one go is too much for my failing eyesight. With the kindest regards and affection.

Walter played a large role in my historical novel, *Violet's Flight*. I believe the reader of that novel will see, by this letter, that my sketch of his character was on the mark.

Viola flew by Laker Airways to London to see her father. [With Laker one could pick up a ticket in the morning, board the plane in the evening and arrive in London the next morning so that, when Viola got a telephone call that Aloysius's condition was worsening, she saw him the next day]. She, Rita and Mrs. Nicholas in her wheelchair went by car to the hospital and Aloysius was speaking to them, overjoyed to see Viola and voiced surprise that she would come all that way to see him. He looked at Mrs. Nicholas and held his hand up with a smile to indicate with four fingers and thumb that they had had five children together. It was a touching moment for Viola. A second time they visited, Viola was critical of the sloppy state in which she found Aloysius, draped semiconscious on a lounge chair, as if dumped there and forgotten. She spoke angrily to the nurse about it, and, despite the nurse's reluctance, insisted that he be cleaned up and put in his bed. After they returned home and had lunch, she sensed that she should return and took the bus to the hospital. She conversed with her father for a little while and then his speech faltered, and, sensing he was dying, he asked her to kiss him and as she kissed his lips he passed away.

To Viola in Morden from me. May 12/80. New York.

> Since you told me about your father's death last night, I have been thinking a great deal about him—of how understanding and fine a man he was. He must have held the fact that he had Parkinson's disease secret for years. The difficulty he had in eating, the falling down, bladder trouble, drooling from the mouth—all of these obvious symptoms of the disease. I remember thinking that he may have had something like that at one time, but dismissed the idea as it did not seem very pronounced.
>
> I shall miss him a great deal. I sent a telegram last night to your mother and will write after I write this letter to you. I informed Bunny.
>
> I am glad you were with him at the end. You must have been a great consolation to him. I look forward to talking to you about it when you return.

As for your essay, I sent a copy to Gerald today. As for my speech you are editing, the last page is xeroxed on the back of the copy of the letter.

As I mentioned I finished typing the ms. yesterday and am now doing the footnotes. I cannot finish the thing completely, however, because I am waiting for a list of members of parliament who were railway directors. I wrote to Lib. of Congress long ago—no reply. I wrote to the British Museum—am waiting—if mailed it might take weeks. Would you be kind enough to get a xerox of this list, (esp. of the Lords who were railway directors) in 1865. It will be in *Bradshaw's Railway Manual, Shareholder's Guide*....for 1866 (in Jan or Feb of 1866 so I understand) P.P. 2498.c

If you get it, will you cancel my order for a reproduction, or perhaps if the BM has done the reprod., you can bring it back with you.

Sincerely, I mean, Love, (talking such business made me revert to formal good-bye)— See you soon, darling, keep chin up.

Viola to her mother. June 22/80. New York.

It was so nice to talk to you and Eustace on the telephone. I am so glad the probate papers are going smoothly and that soon your finances will be settled. Keep the co-op people on their toes. In your file, there is a letter from the Co-op and my letter to them. Ask Jean to keep nagging them for the money. If they do not comply then turn to Mr Reubens.

I had meant to write to Dawn (Demello). I hope you told her that I could not telephone her as our phone was out of order. I wrote to Maisie to tell her. I did not phone her to say good-bye for the same reason. I meant to telephone Mr French too. If he calls, please tell him that I did not telephone him as the phone was out of order.

I am now very well, Mummy, so do not worry about me. The abscess is healing very well. Now I will not have to worry for another eight years.

Professor Lahey read my PhD paper so far. He gave me some good advice and thought my paper very good. This is the first time I have another reader's point of view. He has been very critical before this—so I am very encouraged.

David has typed his dissertation and is awaiting word from his professor. He is busy, bless his heart, on many things.

I hope Mr Reubens will fix up the codicil to your will soon. I know Eustace will not rent rooms of the house once he finds himself alone in it. But Ma Shey might be "Loggok" and suggest that Walter or someone else like that come and live with Eustace. I know this is premature of me to say such things, but Mummy, if you have a chance to open your heart to Eustace, please tell him not to rent or allow anyone except his brother, sisters and nephews to stay in the house. Of course, by law, no one can rent rooms unless permission can be had from all of us. Please, dearest Mummy, forgive me writing like this, but as thoughts come to me, I should like to talk to you about them frankly, while you are still alone and have all your faculties intact.

Mummy dearest, don't worry about Rita not coming to visit you often enough or telephoning you. God is there to take care of you. You have Jean and Eustace. Like most men, Eustace has to be asked and told what to do and he will do it—but he won't think of things on his own, because most men can't think of domestic chores the way women do. So ask Eustace. He is a good boy. I thank God he is with you.

I went to Church last Sunday, and it was "father's day." What a beautiful sermon I heard. The priest talked about fathers—living and dead. How appropriate! I offered prayers for dear Daddy. I thought about you and Daddy and wept. I was so moved. My darling dearest Mummy, David and I will come and visit you soon. I will try very specially to finish off my work. I pray for you very hard. Be as brave and dignified as you have been. I am enclosing a typed letter for you to send to Professor Lahey and his wife. They are my dear friends in

this country. We visit them in their country home often. They are very fond of David too. Professor Lahey helped David with his book before it was published.

I am typing a reply for you to sign and send them.

Mummy dearest, I was so happy to have been with you at a very sad time of Daddy's death. What a privilege it was for me to be of help to you when you needed it most. I always longed for an opportunity to show you my love and care and God was so good to have given me the chance. How happy and at peace my mind is at the thought of how I was with Daddy the last day. Do you know Mummy, that if I had not gone by bus the last day to see Daddy, not one of us would have been with him before he lost consciousness. I think God guided me that day. At least Daddy had one member of his family to say good-bye. Dear dearest Mummy, my heart and spirit are with you. Telephone me whenever you wish and transfer the bill to me. I mean telephone "collect."

We have wonderful days—sunny and pleasant. I read in the *New York Times* that you have had a wet and cool June.

David sends you his love and good wishes to Eustace. I send you and Eustace all my love. I hope he will soon get his insurance and car. All my love, Mummy, be quiet and brave and remember David and I send you our affection and love.

Gerald Lahey had read the manuscript of "The Canadian Don Quixote" and approved it, saying he could find no sign of overwriting. Taking the train through Long Island and the small ferry to Shelter Island and staying with the Laheys gave us a welcome break from the heat of Manhattan in the summer. I went swimming at the end of the Bootleggers Lane by the Lahey's cottage, so named from Prohibition times, and enjoyed the exercise despite the stings from jellyfish that the polluters of New York had cursed us with.

Viola to her mother. July 9/80. New York.

I would have telephoned you on Sunday, except that David and I went to Shelter Island to spend the long 4th July weekend with Professor Lahey and his wife. They live by the sea and have a lovely country place. They gave us a wonderful time. I cooked a curry one day for Kay Lahey, and she loved it—they had other guests that day so the curry was a lovely change and something very exotic for them. I showed her how to make a curry, so now she will cook that. They are very lovely people, Mummy. Maisie said that you are going to copy the letter I typed for you before sending it off to them. I hope you will do that soon.

I am glad that you got eleven pounds from the CO-OP. I hope the probate papers are approved by the court now and that you have Daddy's money in your bank. Don't forget to ask Eustace to take care of the premium bonds. Perhaps Mr. Reubens already has done that for you. Hope you get that death grant too. Maisie told me that you were writing your memoirs. What a wonderful idea. I am glad you are keeping yourself occupied in such an imaginative and wise way. I should like to read what you have written. Like Daddy, you should keep a diary, or jot down something about your past. Try to not think about Daddy too much, Mummy. It will only make you miss him and make you sentimental. It won't help you.

I hope Eustace comes home early and keeps you company. Has Rita telephoned you? When is she coming to spend a few days with you? I worry about you, so much. I wish I could be with you in England.

I hear Cecil and Babsie came over one weekend. Good. Try to make them happy, Mummy. Let <u>them</u> tell you of <u>their</u> adventures. Poor you, I am sure you must feel very lonely during the day. I hope Jean comes to see you often. How is Bridget? When people come and see you, Mummy, try to ask t<u>hem</u> to talk to you. Don't talk to them all the time. They might get tired. So make them happy by asking <u>them</u> questions about themselves.

I hope to write a letter to poor Mrs. Menges. I wonder how her husband is and whether he is dead.

I am going on a diet. I have put on so much weight that it is not healthy. I am following strict orders from the doctor, so that my dieting won't impair my health further. Maisie tells me the polyanthus are blossoming and look lovely. Wish I were there to see them. I feel very tired at the moment, that is why my typing is so awful. By the way, I received a nice letter from Cecil. He is kind and sweet to keep me informed about your health. I hope you are eating a lot. Please try to eat regularly and not only drink. You poor dear Mummy, I feel very sorry for you. I can only pray that you keep up your spirit and courage and are of good cheer. A brave woman is rare in this world. So try to keep up your spirit. Telephone me any time you feel lonely and depressed. I would love to chat with you. I am glad that Eustace has his car. I hope he will take you out for a drive sometime. You need a drive to see the countryside. Go and visit Mrs. Demello someday. Keep your interests going, Mummy. That is the secret of life. Don't get bored with life. Tell me what you are reading now.

David and I are busy as usual. I found it hard to get back to my thesis, but I think I am on the track again. I think and worry about you all the time, Mummy. Ask Jean to write to me.

David joins me in sending you our love. He will be writing to you soon, he said. His niece and nephew might come and visit us in August. They seem to be very nice children. David might go up to Canada at the end of July to attend to some business. We still think of going there. I do so want to settle somewhere, yet sometimes I don't care any more. I feel life is too short. Must end now, dearest Mummy. Just wanted to spend a few minutes chatting with you. I miss you very much and we both hope to visit you soon and cheer you up.

Viola to her mother. July 17/80. New York.

I just received your most welcome letter. I was particularly touched by your letter because you wrote it yourself. I know how painful it must have been for you to hold the pen in your fingers. I think I will type this letter as it is easier to read. I am so glad you sent those premium bonds to Mr. Reubens. These things take time. Thank God you have money of your own and do not need the money desperately. I hope you get that death grant too. Has Daddy's bank account been transferred to you? I will telephone you on Sunday to get these answers. I know, darling Mummy, how very hard it is for you to write. I shall try to telephone you once or twice a month at least so that we can keep in touch with each other in that way. I am very happy that Eustace comes home earlier. I hope he chats with you now and then. What you need most is company. I am so glad Jean comes in now and then. I received a letter from Maisie and Cecil. I have replied to Maisie and will write to Cecil too. I feel most grateful to get their letters as they give me news of you. I also wrote to Mrs. Menges—the woman whose husband was next to Daddy in hospital. Poor woman, I really do not know what has happened to her husband.

I am sorry that Rita spent such a short time with you. I can't understand her at all. This is the time you need her most. Never mind, my darling Mummy. Take courage and God will help you. At least you have some time to read and think now. Enjoy your leisure. You have Eustace to cook, which keeps your interest going. Poor Mrs. Beasley was in the same position. Thank God she had Jim to look after, or she would have been totally lonely and lost. David said he will be writing to you soon. He is an absolute darling, Mummy. We both will try to visit you soon and to keep you informed of all our little endeavours so that you will take an interest and give us your encouragement. We need you, darling Mummy. You are the only elder left. Cecil and Babsie also have only you now. So be brave and think of all your children who need your moral support. I hope dear Donald telephones you as usual. I shall write to him too. I think I told you in my letter last week that we spent a lovely 4th July weekend with Professor Lahey and his wife at their home by the sea. They spoil David so. I cooked a curry for them as they had some guests. They all enjoyed it. Now Kay has gone out and bought a garlic crusher and she is going to make a curry.

Mummy, telephone me any time. Anytime you feel lonely and need me to talk to, phone me up. I can pay for it if you call what they call "COLLECT" — that is to say, you dial the operator—I think in England it is 100— then tell the operator you want to place a call to New York. She will put you on another operator, who will ask me to accept your call and I will. Give that second operator your telephone number. If all this is too complicated just send me the bill. Just telephone me.

I shall write to Eustace and to Jean too. Eustace is a good boy, Mummy. He is willing to help but he just does not know how. If you need his manly help in washing and squeezing clothes, ask him to help you. My David is the same. He is so willing to help, but he does not know how unless I tell him to do this and to do that.

I am on a marvelous diet. I have lost a few pounds. It is only for two weeks and then I go off it but careful of what I eat. I was getting too fat and it was dangerous for my heart.

I too suffer from osteoarthritis in my right shoulder and top arm. It is very painful and I cannot sleep on it at nights. I cannot even put on my clothes sometimes. But I try to exercise it. So I understand how irritatingly painful it is for you at your age. But make enquiries first about acupuncture. They may be very expensive. Ask Dr. Sims what he thinks. Be careful Mummy dear. I wish we all can get that Dimethyl Sulfoxide or DMSO—it is supposed to be a marvelous pain killer especially for arthritis. When you see Dr. Sims next ask him about it—show him this letter. How is your tonic? Are you back on disprins? Arthritis is a degenerative bone disease. I've got it now and so have millions of others. They are hoping to find a. cure for it. Darling Mummy, David and I send you and Eustace all our love and affection and pray for you to continue to be brave.

PS Just read the book on arthritis that you gave me. I am going to follow it. I must cut out acid foods—rice is very acid by the way. Eat lemon and grapefruit.

Viola to her mother. July 23/80. New York.

I am herewith enclosing two copies of a letter to be sent to Mr. Reubens. Sign the top copy and keep the other in your own file. But first do one thing for me. Check if the amount I have put down in Mr. Reuben's letter is correct. Is it 984 pounds? or 982 pounds? or 989 pounds? I have forgotten the amount. Correct the amount in the letter by pen, then on top of the figure initial it—MN. Your initial proves that you altered the amount, and no one else did it. Secondly, see if I have Mr. Reuben's address right. I don't know his area code number —you know in Morden the area code is SM4 4PZ, what is Mr. Reuben's?

Whenever you hand over anything to anyone—even to a lawyer, you must always have a written record of it. Should anything happen to Mr. Reubens, another lawyer can deny ever having received the premium bonds. You will have no written proof that you handed the amount to Mr. Reubens.

The weather here has been 102 degrees—I have the electric fan going all day. I never installed an air-conditioner because I dislike it. I am so glad I was able to talk to you on the telephone, Mummy dear. I think you should forget Rita and live your own life—which is not too bad. You have Eustace and your friends, and you now have time to think, read and do what you like. Don't let anything get you down. I have written to Maisie, Cecil, Jean and Donald. No doubt they will be visiting you and keeping you company. I am delighted that Eustace comes home earlier now that he has his car back. At least you are not entirely alone. England is such a lovely country to live in even though it is so expensive now. David's cousins have invited us to spend a week at their chalet in Canada, but I cannot spare the time or money now. I've got to write, write, write. I will write again soon, Mummy dearest. David and I send you our warmest love and affection and also to Eustace. I shall write to Jim too.

To Marie Nicholas from me. July 24/80. New York.

> I was glad to hear that your voice was strong and your state of mind was determined when we spoke over the telephone. These were signs to me that you are adjusting to the change in your life now that Mr. Nicholas is gone. If you can relieve the pain you feel through acupuncture, I think that would enable you to enjoy your old age more. You have an enquiring mind and you would appreciate reading good literature and listening to good music—if that nagging arthritic pain could be relieved.
>
> Viola is dieting—getting somewhat thinner—and so am I, inadvertently. She wishes to work on her dissertation and will take no vacation this summer. I leave this weekend for cities in the north—Boston, Ottawa, Toronto—for 10 days—vacation and research combined, as always.
>
> Please give my best regards to Eustace. Stay well. I'll ask Viola to pray for better weather in England. Our weather is so hot (over 100°), we could easily give you 15—20° and feel quite content.

I went to East Hampton as I was curious about the Hamptons, the fashionable place for artists and writers, and attended a performance by the Tokyo String Quartet in the concert house. I noticed the audience looking at me and smiling as if I were a celebrity—Teddy Kennedy or some actor or other for whom I was mistaken. Such places breed celebrities. I took a bus back around the isthmus to the north side of the island where I caught a vessel for Massachusetts and landed south of Boston, which I reached by train. I had visited Boston a couple of times and seen the sights, including Longfellow's home and its chair where the poet burnt his beard while smoking. This time I researched the Canadian actor McKee Rankin at the Harvard University Library and was rewarded by much interesting material for my projected book. I took a bus to Kingston and met my old friend and Richardson aficionado Bill Morley and looked the place over as a possible place to settle. In nearby Nappanee there was a beautiful house for sale, but I thought it was too early to buy as I would have to rent it for some years with all the attendant worries. Moreover the ambience felt staid, formal, frosty.

I spoke with the head of the Economics Department at the Royal Military College about teaching there. I would have to start at the bottom, which would have paid far less than my present salary at the Library.

I took the train to Toronto and stayed at the YMCA. The next day was a holiday. I telephoned Allen Lamport, former mayor the city, and left a message, then walked down to the waterfront where I spent hours in the sunshine reading and watching the yachts. I was disconcerted to see the Blacks, mostly immigrants from Jamaica, in one section of the park separated from the whites in another section. One young Black man stared angrily at the white section, resentful of what appeared to be his ostracism. I walked into the black area to show him that not all whites were exclusive, but he did not look at me so intent was he on the white families congregating festively a hundred yards away. When I returned to the YMCA I found a message that Lamport had called. He must have wondered about me as I was the only member of our relatives who would put up at the Y. I had spoken with him just once at a wedding; his daughters had been hosted for lunch at the United Nations by Viola, and my mother had written to him for a recommendation to a retirement home in Toronto. I would have liked to spend an hour or so with him to understand this man, who had brought the subway, Sunday sports, and an active mayoral role to the city. The next day I called at Mel Watkins' office at Toronto University to ask him about prospects for work; my advisor David Gordon suggested that I see him; but Mel warned me of the difficulties in finding work as a professor of economics, particularly from a leftist viewpoint. I went on to Hamilton where I stayed at its YMCA and looked up my brother Jim in Dundas. He took me for a walk around Dundas to a park where, he said, the mayor and he often walked together. I was curious as to how he was getting along, and he assured me that he had adapted to a routine and had some friends whom he visited. In the birthday card he sent me the previous May, he wrote: "Things are much the same with me. I am feeling much better and taking long walks around Dundas and area. My doctor is very happy with my condition and I only have to see him once in two months now—so that means something."

I visited Isobel Crerar and her son John to hear the news about friends that mother's letters used to inform me about so well. Passing by in the street and waving at us, in particular at John Crerar, were Jacqueline Munro, John's sister, and John McCabe. I heard they were living together.

I hired a car and drove to Waterloo where I saw the head of the Economics Department at Waterloo University. As an American, he seemed more sanguine that I, having graduated from an American University, would find work, and he left the door open, as it were, for me to apply some time, but, again, I was not sure when I could leave New York. I then drove to Bayfield on Lake Huron to visit the places that Viola and I had spent a reinvigorating summer in 1976. Part nostalgic, part desire to connect with a family member, and part exploratory for work and to gauge my compatibility with the Canadian society after such a long absence, my trip satisfied me that Viola and I would require more searching before deciding where we could settle. Since the auto dealership in Hamilton where I rented the car was closed, I left the car with Jim to return for me.

Viola to her mother. August 4/80. New York.

> I am typing this letter because it is easier for you to read than my handwriting. I was so happy to hear your voices and to be able to chat with you on Sunday. In this sweltering heat and humidity, I wish I could be in England now. David is away visiting East Hampton in Long Island, Connecticut, Boston and Canada (Kingston, Ottawa, Toronto and Hamilton). He will be there on business, but also researching for one of his books. He will also be keeping his eyes and ears open for possible jobs and houses, etc. He feels ready to move to Canada. But this is an old song, and I'm sure everyone is tired of its tune!! Anyway, he has escaped the heat for a while.
>
> As for me, while David is away, I've disciplined myself into routine. I awake at 6 a.m., exercise, bath, read the Daily Word, say my prayers, eat a meagre breakfast, and go for a 45-minute walk around Gramercy Park, shop on my way back, then get down to writing, thinking and reading, until it is time for my dietary lunch, then I write and think and read, then cook my dietary dinner, then watch a few good things on TV and to bed. I don't think even a nun or a monk could lead such a virtuous, spartan life!
>
> I shall be going to the doctor on Wednesday to have a checkup. I put on weight much too easily, so I want my thyroid condition checked, also my heart and my osteoarthritis on my right shoulder. I guess middle-age and old age are creeping up on me.
>
> In the meantime, I am polishing my chapter, so that I can type it in final form and send to my professor. Then I will have another three or four chapters to do—an endless process. I am so slow now. My age goes against me. I used to work three times as fast only ten years ago when I first started my University studies. Now my eyes tire easily, my memory is poor, and I can concentrate and think for very short periods at a time. Ha ha! Anyone reading this letter would think I were 90 years old! I already sound like an old crock. But I feel happier today. I've lost quite a bit of fat. I can actually see the contours of my face and I look ten years younger! I hope I never get fat again.
>
> David's cousins wrote to me offering me their chalet up in Canada. David and I spent ten days there last year. I would have loved to have accepted their kind offer, but I cannot spare the time. It is a beautiful chalet, about two hundred miles north of Toronto. It is in hilly and wooded country and is beautifully furnished and has enormous space in its three-storeys. I long to have a summer place of my own. I've asked David to make enquiries.
>
> I am enclosing a couple of clippings on Burma from the New York Times. Rather interesting. Glad we got out of that country. God has been good to us. You and Daddy, Mummy, were wonderfully courageous and intelligent to have got us out of Toungoo and Burma all together. You both were real leaders. Poor dear Daddy, may his sweet soul rest in peace,
>
> I'm glad, dearest Mummy, that you are reading good books. Wonderful. Keep it up, Mummy. Thank God, (as I said to you on Sunday over the telephone) that you still have your mind and intelligence. Poor dear you, Mummy dearest. How I wish I could be in

England near you so that I can help you out. But you are rich in friends and relatives. So Thank God.

And you, Eustace, I'm so glad you got your car back. Be careful of the British police, they are not the good old Bobbies we used to know when we first went to England. Now they are brutal because of the Jamaicans and Pakistanis. They tend to lump all colored people together. So be very careful how you behave. They will nab you under any pretence as a form of harassment. I am glad you are coming home and keeping Mummy company. She needs someone to talk to. It keeps her sanity.

David and I send you both our love, and you, Eustace, if you can spare a moment, drop me a line to let me know how Mummy is.

Viola to her mother. August 20/80. New York.

I waited till I saw my doctor before writing to you. I had a thorough checkup this time. First I am glad to say it is not osteo-arthritis that I have but tendinitis. That is, I have pulled a tendon which is very painful. The doctor has given me some medication to take—Indocin. That eases the pain and brings the inflammation down. Athletes and musicians get this kind of pain. I still do my exercises, and when I walk, I swing my arms to get the circulation going. I am glad it is not arthritis as I dread that disease after seeing how much you poor dear one suffers. If there is any calcification, then I shall have to get injections to disperse that. I must not strain my arm though, so I try to not carry weight or stretch my arm that would aggravate the tendon. The doctor then examined me for diabetes, thyroid, cholesterol etc. I was so worried about putting on weight easily—I'm glad to say I'm okay about that too. My heart too is sound as I had a cardiogram taken. Yesterday, I went for the second-half of my examination —I had a proctoscopy—that is they examine about a foot inside your rectum to see if there are any polyps. In this way the doctor can tell if there is any cancer anywhere. The doctor wondered about my abscess, so I am glad that that has nothing to do with cancer. Then he gave me a vaginal examination—a pap test as they call it. I shall know the results next week. This determines if there is any cancer in the cervix, etc. The doctor thinks I am in fine shape, Mummy, so don't worry about me. I am glad I did this exam—because it has put my mind at rest. I was so depressed before. Also, having lost all that fat I feel quite bucked. I look better, my clothes look good on me, and I feel like a new person. I am very careful what I eat now. What I like about living in New York is that you can get any kind of the right foods. Protein bread, for example. You can't get that around Morden, say.

Darling Mummy, I think about you all the time, and think how brave and wonderful you are. That your spirit will not give in is simply marvelous. You age like Rose Kennedy, and Mrs. Churchill—they never gave in when their husbands and sons died. You too are like them. You have wonderful faith in God, and He will always bless you. I am thrilled that you are reading your various books. I was telling my professor how wonderful you are. That your faculties are intact—that means. I am so glad your brains are in good shape. You may be a little forgetful—but that comes to everybody, even to people forty years younger than you—but that you can read and do business and understand and garden and cook, etc. all show what a wonderful mind and brain you have. God Bless you, dearest Mummy. I received a lovely letter from Jean next door. Please thank her very especially for me. I shall write to her soon. She tells me that you received 30 pounds as death grant. Good. I am sorry about poor Frank—Maizie must be most worried. I shall write to her too. Poor Maizie. Frank eats all the wrong foods—even though he is slim, eating sweet and fatty foods get into your blood stream and form clots. Glad to hear that Christopher came to visit you. It is good of Donald to have let him down to visit. I hope they are all well. I received nice letter from Donald to which I shall reply.

I finished my chapter at long last and mailed it to Professor Buckler. It is only one chapter, and I took months to write it. Now I have at least four more chapters to write and I hope it won't take as long. But getting it off my chest is a great relief. I hope my professor will approve of it. I can't bear for it to be rejected.

David is writing another book, Mummy. But I don't want to talk about it in case I jinx it. We both would like to visit you in April next year for your 80th birthday. Maybe I would have done a good bit of my writing by then. Would you not like that? David would love to celebrate your 80th birthday with you, he said. We both send you and Eustace all our love. Give our love to Rita and Bert, Donald and Joan and the boys, and all our friends and relatives. Tell Cecil I thank him for his letter and will write to him too. All our love, dearest Mummy.

Viola to her mother. September 1/80. New York.

I have been wanting to telephone you, but I am hard-up for money for this month as my doctor's bill has been very steep. I waited for my Pap-test before writing to tell you that I am okay there too. I am under medication for my tendinitis—and it is improving—the drug is pretty potent. I still feel the pain at nights, though. I try to avoid doing push-ups until the inflammation has completely disappeared. I tell you all this, Mummy dearest, so that you do not worry about me. Rest assured I am fit as a fiddle.

I have not been able to work on my thesis as I have had so many interruptions—what with Doctor visits and examinations etc. The drug makes me woozy so that I can hardly think straight.

Yesterday we had Becky and a friend down for the Labor Day weekend—it is a big holiday in this country. Becky is David's niece—Ann Clements's daughter. She is 25. What a sweet girl she is—quite independent and does not listen too much to her mother. She is studying the history of art and combining it with a Master of Business Administration degree. She came down to see the Picasso exhibition. Since David and I are members of the Modern Museum of Art, we have privileged tickets—the exhibition is sold out. So we were able to take Becky to it. We then had her over to the United Nations for lunch and to our house for dinner. She used David's studio as living quarters. It was the first time I was able to entertain a close member of David's family. It was an especial pleasure this time, since Becky is without her father and grandmother, (who died). I cooked a lovely curry with gram powder and how they loved it.

It is sweltering hot again. I've got the fan on all day and night. It is so hot that I don't want to go out. Besides my pills are so strong—I feel a little giddy.

There have been a couple of long articles in the papers about David's Library. Someone wrote and said that the Library should hire volunteer-workers to help out. David thought it was NOT a good idea, so he just sat and dashed off a letter to the New York Times, and lo and behold, they said they would publish it. It is a short letter which I am enclosing. Shows how much authority David wields in the Library!

How are you, Mummy dear? I shall be writing to Maisie. I hope Frank is better and has recovered from his heart attack. I feel so sorry for Maisie. She has been through quite a bit in her time. I hear that Walter will be spending some time with you. I hope his boils are cured. Mummy, a lady in my apartment building gave me a brand new dress which is too big for me. I wonder if it will fit Babsie, Maisie, Rita or Atna. If I send it to you, will you decide who should get it and who it fits. It is a nice dressy kind of dress with a jacket. They can wear it for parties, or Church, etc. When I feel like it, I will mail it to you. Please tell Jean (next door) that I will reply to her letter. What about the premium-bonds, and the probate papers? Have they come through? Gosh, they take a long time.

I must send a card to Donald. His birthday is next week. He wrote a sweet letter to us. I believe Christopher came to spend a few days with you. Good. I hope he was not too much trouble. How are Babsie and Cecil? I hope they have visited you again. Gosh! I wish I were in England—the weather here is too too hot. I don't mind the heat if it is dry—it is the humidity that I can't stand. I have lost a good bit of weight, now. I feel so much better in my spirit and mind.

> Please tell Eustace, I shall be writing to him soon. I want to send him some clippings on Burma. Might interest you both. Mummy, who is the author you were reading who discussed the Silver Chalice? Remember? You were talking about it to me. Please can you give me the details again; David was so interested. It is so hot, Mummy, I must end this letter. This is just to say hello and to tell you that I think about you constantly and send you our love. David sends a big hug and kiss to you, he said. I send you all my love—and remember us to Eustace, Rita, and Bert, etc. Has Rita telephoned or visited you yet? Forgive this strange letter, Mummy. I just feel the heat is so oppressive and my pills are too strong. I can hardly think straight. Keep up your brave spirit, Mummy. We both send you our love.

Viola mentioned that Becky's father and grandmother died. Mrs Clements, Ned's mother, was a gentle lady who corresponded with me when I was a teen-ager, asking about my latest intended book with genuine interest. She and Ned's father lived in Miami, Florida but when she died Ned's father walked out of the house, leaving the business of selling it and its furniture to the real estate people and settled in a retirement home in Montreal to be near Ann and Ned. When he died, the courts under the new separatist government, collected much of Ned's inheritance. Ann and Ned moved to Lancaster in Ontario just over the Quebec border, close to Ann's godmother, Aunt Mary Ross-Ross. Ned suffered from a bad heart and had a by-pass operation. Eventually the family moved to Toronto, as did so many Anglophones escaping from Quebec separatist turmoil.

I last saw Ned at my mother's funeral. Mother had left a cache of Canadian stamps that she was told were worthless. Ned took them to see if he could sell them. I came across the catalogue of a stamp auction company and sent it to Alec who asked Ned for the stamps, which he then gave to the auctioneers. We four siblings gained over $8000 each. Ned suffered a stroke when carrying a heavy suitcase while running across an airport tarmac. Although he recovered and lived for a few more years, he was dogged by heart problems and died after surgery.

Viola to her mother. September 16/80. New York.

> Before leaving for the Library to do some research, I thought I had better write to you and spend some time talking with you. How much I want to be with you, Mummy. This morning at breakfast, I began talking about you to David—I began to think of you when I was in my twenties—how we went to work and came home and ate our dinner—and poor you, dearest Mummy used to shop and keep house and cook for all of us. As children, we never seemed to have realized how much you must have done for us then. How I wept telling David all this. I also remember how we used to go shopping sometimes and stop at Fullers for coffee or shop at Dickens and Jones and eat lunch at the restaurant. Remember? Oh, my dearest darling Mummy. How much of a companion I could have been, had my life turned out differently. I want so much to be with you now. David said that you would be happier if I finished my dissertation. But my thoughts linger at 202 Kingsbridge Road. How I wish Rita would come and spend at least two weeks to cheer and help you out. I hope she does.
>
> My shoulder hurts excruciatingly sometimes—at other times it feels better. I take the pills (Indocin) everyday to calm the inflammation. Sometimes my arm jerks when I hold a cup—it's dangerous. I can't reach into the refrigerator to get something out—it hurts so. At nights it is worse—I can't sleep and I am amazed that we use the shoulder so much. Then I thought of you, my poor darling Mummy. How much you must suffer—both your shoulders and your legs. No wonder you used to get irritated with poor Daddy. I try to do very mild exercises when my arm is better in order to keep the muscles in condition. While I am typing this, my arm goes to sleep or has pins and needles. So I can understand better now what you must be going through. Your problem is one thousand times worse.
>
> I have just spoken with my poor professor who had a cancerous bladder and had to have it removed. He has finished his radiation treatment and has intestinal problems—diarrhea. Poor man, yet he is so brilliant. He spent all summer writing and publishing. He is my director. He said I need a few things done to my chapter, but to go ahead and write. This is wonderful encouragement. If my chapter were bad, he would not even bother to comment. He would have returned it to me and told me to rewrite the chapter. I find this one of the

most difficult tasks I have ever handled in my life. I have to be so accurate, yet original in ideas. Then I must type the whole thing meticulously as if ready for book-print. I sometimes want to give up, Mummy, and come to England and stay with you. I can't afford it. To go to the British Museum every day would cost me at least five pounds a day (fares and food). I need the books, you see. Anyway, Mummy, I shall accomplish it soon and I will dedicate my work to you and Daddy.

I don't want to talk too early and raise your hopes, but David is on a particular project which might be very good for him, if it works out well. I won't give you the details, but try to look forward to little things like this to keep your spirit up. Who knows, Mummy, things might change soon. I must write to sweet Jean. I will when I have the time. I must also write to Cecil and Babsie. How is Eustace? Bunny Mellican called out of the blue two nights ago and asked about you. There is not much else I can say except that everyone is fine. I hope I will hear from Maisie soon. Poor dear. How very worrying for her. I hope Frank recovers fully.

My poor friend Kitty is having problems. John is now 77 years old and is deaf. She has to shout 5 or 6 times before he hears anything. He keeps asking her to talk to him at restaurants, and she feels embarrassed to shout all the time. He is losing weight fast, she says. I am so glad we saw them in January this year. Becky Clements (David's niece) wrote such a fine letter to me. She enjoyed her weekend in New York. She loved the curry I cooked for them. What a nice girl she is compared to her mother. David sends his love to you, Mummy dearest. He is so fond of you. He thinks you have so much to tell him about Burma and that he loves to hear you speak of Burma days. When he comes to England next, he is going to ask you more questions. I think you are a wonderful woman, Mummy darling. Keep up your spirit and don’t give in. Read and be brave. We both send you all our love and admiration.

Viola to her mother and Eustace. September 19/80. New York.

Today for the first time it feels like autumn. This was one of the hottest and driest summers in NY in a long time. Mummy dearest, I want to tell you that for the last two or three days my arm seems to be improving. Only at night I feel a slight pain. I try to do mild exercises every morning with my right arm—stretching sideways and upwards. I still can't raise my arm without a pain—but at least the pain is not as excruciating as it has been. The indocin the doctor gave me has calmed the inflammation considerably, and gradually he said the pain will go away. I must do certain exercises in case the arm gets frozen in a position. I swing my arm like a madwoman when I walk in the streets—so that it will get some exercise. But it is a long process. I'm glad I did not have that injection which disperses the calcium deposited in the joint. The doctor said all that can be avoided.

I am sending you some clippings on Burma—thought you might be interested. I'm sure Cecil, Babsie and Walter will be interested. I have been saving these clippings for some time. Eustace might be interested in what is going on. I wonder why they are suddenly writing about Burma—do they expect some trouble there? Mummy, I think of you daily and wonder how you are. Dearest Mummy, I hope you are bearing up well and keeping your brilliant mind occupied. What an amazing person you are. I do admire you greatly. Don't give in. Every time you get sentimental over Daddy's death, drive it away from your mind. Think of other things. Enjoy your days of relaxation. God knows, you had your hands full when Daddy was alive—so enjoy your leisurely days. Now you can do what you like: read, garden, sleep whenever you like without having to bother about getting meals on time day and night. Ask Eustace to help you with washing his clothes, don't do it if it is too hard for your crippled arms and legs. It is not fair to ask an 80-year old crippled lady to do such work. Bridget can help you with such work, Mummy.

I think it would be a good thing to ask the telephone people to extend the cord to the living room, so that in an emergency you can pick up the phone quickly and dial for help. I would put that phone in the living room. I'm sure Eustace can do that. He can telephone the

telephone engineers from his office and have them attend to it. It would be most convenient for you Mummy. If it is not done, I shall ask them myself when I come next.

I went to see my professor who is directing my thesis. He wrote me that lovely letter when Daddy died, remember? Oh Mummy, what a sight the poor man is now. He had a cancerous bladder which had to be removed. He has a bag which he empties instead. He had to have radiation treatment and that upset his intestines—diarrhea—Mummy he is like a skeleton. My heart just broke to see him. He is back now that the fall term has begun. Yet he is determined to teach again. He corrected my first chapter and I need to work on it more—but I shall continue with my writing. He said he wants to help me write a first rate dissertation so that it will be published and will help me in my future (he did not say it in so many words, but I felt he meant that he would like to see me publish before he died). He is a dear person—yet so many students do not like him because he is so particular whom he works with on dissertations. He is most demanding, but he is brilliant and has published several books and articles and is considered one of the leading scholars on Victorian literature in the world. I shall send all the clippings to you both, now. I send you my love and David said that he will write to you this weekend.

Viola to her mother. October 6/80. New York.

It is a lovely cool autumn morning today. I felt a little easy about you this weekend as I knew that Donald will be with you. The reason I telephone you is that it is the only way I can get news back from you. Maisie writes, and I am most grateful to her. I shall write to Cecil, and he writes too. But there are other very personal things I need to know about you, and I can only get it by phoning. I wish Eustace or Donald will write. I think it is not at all nice that Eustace does not exert himself to write to me. In this world, one must make an effort—out of duty at the very least, even if it is unpleasant—but on a higher level it will show his humanity—true humanity—towards his own sister to keep her informed about her mother. I am glad I learnt all this through mixing with very civilized people. They always think of the other person and do what is right and humane. It is selfish to remain indifferent or go on the silly principle that "I never write to anyone regardless of who it is." One day Eustace will find himself alone and he will need to keep in touch with someone and he will have to write in order to get letters from someone. If everyone were like Eustace and say "I never write to anyone, but you know I think well of you" then we will never reveal or act on our humanity. Christ acted and brought about love. He could have done nothing. I merely say this to teach Eustace how to relate to people in his social life. I know he thinks, because he handles men in his office, he knows all about psychology and people. He should practice this in his real life.

Mummy dearest, I felt so awful that you applied for rate rebate and supplementary pension, because you were moved about my not having money. I have money, Mummy, but I've got to be careful, as the whole world has to be in these inflationary times. I can't afford to be as extravagant as I used to be. But I am not destitute. I am so afraid that the pension people will find out that you have a few thousand pounds in your bank and not give you more money, and might even reduce your pension. Please be very careful. I remember reading in your pension book instructions that if you have more than one thousand and something pounds you won't be entitled to the maximum pension that you get now. Please ask Eustace to write to me and let me know what the result is. I cannot telephone you for a couple of weeks as I am trying to pay off my last month's bill. They have put up the price on everything here.

My arm is still stiff and I am still on medication. It will be months before I get better, they say. I try to take very mild arm exercises to keep my muscles in some sort of shape. My shoulder is getting better but it is not well still. I can't move my arm in certain directions or stretch to reach out for something. I have a friend who had the same problem 12 years ago, she is quite all right now although she is very careful still. I am going to try to take some calcium and magnesium pills to strengthen my bones. I dread arthritis.

David and I are very well otherwise. I have lost a lot of weight and back to my normal size. I feel so much better and can wear a lot of my old clothes. It is healthier. David too has lost weight—he eats what I cook!

I saw my professor who is directing my thesis—he looks half his size after his operation for cancer. I am reading his book which will be published soon. What a brilliant scholarly book he has written. Why do such brilliant minds have to be destroyed by cancer?—So many stupid, useless and destructive people seem to live forever. Mummy, poor Rita. I'm sure they are having to work very hard to get tourists to stay in their chalet so that it will pay its own way. I think Rita has to be careful with her money too. That is why she does not telephone or visit you often. Poor thing. I feel sorry for her. Bert is a very careful man and she has to be mindful of him. Otherwise she is a generous girl. I thank God my David is a dear person and will let me have anything I want. I have to manage our affairs because I have to be careful these days. This afternoon I am going to the dentist. Through David's Union, I will have my teeth done freely. Otherwise the dentist costs the earth. David had to pay $500 the last time he went to a private dentist. Well, Mummy dearest, I have written to Maisie, who wrote me a lovely letter about her visit to you with Frank. I shall write to Cecil soon. I'm glad they all came to spend a weekend with you and cheered you up. I pray and think of you all the time and send you David's and my love and kisses.

Jim to me. October 13/80 . Hamilton.

I am sorry I haven't written before now—But No.1—Mother's photograph. I had no luck at Beckett's—they have no record of it and it seems they don't keep anything more than 10 years.

When I saw Alec in the early part of September I asked him about it. Either he misunderstood me as to what Photo it was, because when I saw him yesterday I reminded him about it. He said he sent one before and it cost $16 to have it made up. I said that's the one you wanted again because it's missing or lost. Now that he knows which Photo it is I hope he will send you another one. He might charge you for it. No. 2 regarding the Honda —no problem—took it back the following Monday and got $10 and 9 cents. I will enclose it in this letter—taking a chance that you will get it—was keeping it to pay towards the Photo.

I am glad to hear that you and Viola are both busy and well. Also that Becky and her friend Jill enjoyed their visit to New York. We are having strikes all over the place in Canada and that is why the mail is so slow.

Well, David, I hope Alec sends you Mother's photo this time and the best of luck to you both.

Alec did not send the photo of my mother aged about 34, which I thought I had lost. When I moved to Canada years later, it turned up in my paraphernalia.

Viola to her mother. October 18/80. New York.

I am trying to write every week so that you will know that I am thinking about you. I worry so much about you, Mummy dear. I do hope you are able to keep up your spirit and courage. I think you are truly a remarkable woman. Now that you do not have to worry about Daddy and his meals, try to enjoy your rest and peace of mind. You now have a lot of leisure and I am really thrilled you like reading. Ask Eustace to write to me on your behalf and let me know what books you are reading. I'd love to discuss those books with you.

I feel so depressed. My professor who is directing my thesis is so ill with radiation after his operation on his cancerous bladder. He read my chapter and after telling me what I should do in the way of changes here and there, he said he would like to help me write a first-rate thesis. I was so moved and very encouraged. He wrote a magnificent book on Tennyson.

David's thesis needs restructuring slightly, and his professor-director says that David's thesis can be published. I hope so. It will be a great help to David.

> My arm is still very painful. When I hold this pen my whole arm trembles and my fingers tend to go numb. How I think of you, dearest Mummy, and how I admire you the way you carry on despite your pain and suffering. I want so much to come to England and look after you, despite my ailing arm. I am still taking radiation for it and do very mild exercises so that my arm does not freeze or weaken.
>
> I am writing as much as I can every day now. I want so much to be free from all this. David said he will write to you. He is so busy. I just have to admire him. He is so interested in everything and is always occupied. Thank God he loves writing and reading and is interested in worthwhile things. I am glad he does not drink or gamble, for example. We are both keeping well. I have lost a lot of weight and feel better. My clothes fit better too. How is Maizie? Do give her my love. I will write to Cecil soon, please tell him and Babsie. Did I tell you I got a call from Bunny Mellican? He just asked how you were and asked if David and I are well and hung up. I thought it odd. There is not much news to pass on to you, Mummy, but I just wanted to keep in touch with you. This country is full of the very dull election. I loathe Carter, but I am afraid of the people surrounding Reagan. I would vote for Carter. David and I send you and Eustace all our love.

My attitude to Ronald Reagan coincided somewhat with Viola's; I feared the wreckage that the men around him would bring to the world, but I did not think, as many did, that Reagan was just a stooge. He was above all a supreme opportunist and, although mentally slow and shallow, he had deep right-wing convictions that propelled him to make snap decisions and fail to think of the consequences. I did not, however, foresee that he would become a mass murderer or that his dementia in his last years as President would allow his Contra-gate scandal to reach the extremes to which Colonels North, MacFarland and company would take it. In trying to understand the man, some of us at the Library discussed the psychohistory profiles on him. In hindsight we should have discussed the mental make-up of his wife Nancy, who ruled him and, when he was slowed mentally, spoke for him. I should think the Russian leader, Gorbachev, was grateful for Reagan's one-dimensional thinking when negotiating with him. Any complications that had to be resolved, Reagan would leave to others. As Tip O'Neil, the House leader, said, "He made a poor president but would have made a great king," that is as a constitutional monarch.

To Marie Nicholas from me. October 28/80. New York.

> It is about time that I dropped you a line to let you know what we are up to. Actually we are both stick-in-the-muds. We are students with our noses in books or running back and forth between library and home. I am revising a bit of my dissertation following suggestions by my professor. I hope that it will be finished soon. Last summer I took a trip to a few universities in Ontario to see the lay of the land regarding job opportunities. I have not planned in my life; this is the first time I am having to do so. I think that Ontario would be pleasant for us, though duller in some ways.
>
> Viola seems to be in two minds; she would like a house in the countryside, but she does not want to give up the conveniences of New York City. If we are to buy a house we should do it now, as with increasing inflation it would seem to be a wise investment. So we will seriously consider it next spring, when we should be finished with our respective dissertations.
>
> I hope you are getting along all right despite the pain from arthritis. I have an idea of how painful your body must feel at times because I see how painful Viola's arm is for her. Nothing wrong with a few sips of gins to ease the pain.
>
> Viola and I will be going to the Modern Museum of Art's Penthouse Cafeteria (we are members) for our 23rd wedding anniversary celebration. In some ways it does seem a long time ago when I first visited you in London—that half raining, gloomy day. In another way it seems unlikely that 23 years could have slipped by—especially as Viola and I are still students and have yet to blossom in our careers.

Are you still reading lots of books? I hope that some of the symposiums at which I gave papers will be published soon. I shall send them to you when they appear. You may find them interesting.

Please give my fondest regards to Eustace. I hope he is still keeping fit with the occasional game of squash. My nephew, Fred, is in Guatemala teaching squash to the locals and making very good money, so I hear. I can't think of a better job for someone who doesn't like work.

Viola to her mother. November 2/80. New York.

Every spare minute is spent in thinking about you and wondering how you are. I do not get any word from anyone, now. Poor Maizie writes when she can, and I must write to Cecil and Babsie. I hope Jean comes and sees you whenever she can, and I hope she did not think I was imposing on her. I don't expect any word from Eustace or Rita—they do not have the humanity to realize that their sister needs word about her mother. Donald writes occasionally. I will therefore telephone you next Sunday—9 November, to get your news. I wish I could telephone you more often, Mummy dearest, but they are putting up the cost again. Only do not think I do not think about you, I do, and I worry to death about you. Yet you are so brave, and I ask God to heal your pain and to cheer your spirit. Try to enjoy your leisure, Mummy. Relax and do only what you want to do. If you want to rest—then do so. You earned your rest. You deserve to rest. Read when you want, eat when you want, sleep when you want. You do not have to put any pressure on yourself. But I think you would be doing Eustace a favour by training him to wash his own clothes and to prepare him for looking after himself. He should do it now—show some consideration for you now while you are alive,

David said he wrote a letter to you. He has to work so hard, Mummy. Yet he is always cheerful in spirit and so strong spiritually. I worry to death about everything and I get so depressed about myself. I feel so inadequate some times. I almost gave up writing my dissertation. But David kept me at it. It is one of the most difficult tasks I have ever undertaken. It is hard because my professor who is directing my thesis is so demanding. He has the highest standards. Remember, Mummy dear, I have never had the training all my life to do such highfalutin scholarly work. All the work I did for my BA and MA and M.Phil, are chicken feed compared to what I am expected to accomplish in this Ph.D dissertation. Even at the time Irene Moses went to college and wrote her Ph.D then, they were easy—people could write a hundred pages and get away with it. Now I have to meet severely high standards and write a thesis of at least 300 pages. My professor thinks I can do a first-rate job, having read what I've done so far—so now I must carry on and not give in. The medication I am taking for my tendinitis impedes my progress. I feel so woozy with the pills that I cannot think straight and I cannot hold my pen for long. My eyes tire so easily too. But they are only excuses. So I have all these excuses, but they are only excuses.

This country is going through an election. No one is enthusiastic. Carter is disastrous and Reagan is frightening. Not Reagan so much as the people around him. I cannot bear those very hard, arrogant men who are Republicans. They are very brutal to ordinary people like us. They think that if Iran releases the hostages Carter might win. I wonder. The times are very hard and dangerous, yet challenging to any man with vision and strength to turn the tide for the whole world. Canada too is going through a crisis. Trudeau is the only man who can lead that country at this time, yet he promised he would step down next year. I dread to think what would happen to that country then. Economically, it is worse than USA.

Mummy darling, I am just chatting with you on this paper. I will telephone you next Sunday —so prepare what you wish to tell me on the 'phone. I hope all your pension money is settled. Did they give you back your pension book? Have you got any extra money? Have they reduced your rates? I would like to know the answers to all these questions. The whole of the American people are going through very hard times, Mummy. We all have to cut down on expenses. I am not buying anything except food. Even then, for the first time in my life, I have to shop with care. Dearest David is so sweet and generous, Mummy. I have a

lot to thank the dear Lord above for. It is All Souls and All Saints Day and I think of dearest Daddy and Gwen. May their souls rest in peace. I know that they are in heaven. All my love to you, my darling Mummy, and David sends you love and kisses. Love to Eustace and to Rita and Bert. Have they visited you again? Tell Donald the next time you telephone him; to write to me. All my love, dearest Mummy.

Viola to her mother. November 15/80. New York.

I was pleased to hear your voice last Sunday. You sounded as if you had caught a cold. Please try to keep warm. David told me that he had written to you and told you about all the projects he is involved in. He is a busy young man and I thank God for that. I have nothing new to tell you except to chat with you which I enjoy. I wish I were sitting with you and talking to you face to face. I am still taking Indocin. My arm is better, but it still pains when I jerk it in certain directions. I still cannot lift my arm up and I cannot dare carry heavy bags. They say they have discovered a new painkiller, safe as aspirin but more powerful. It will be on the market shelves in a few days. I might try it. It is not a drug and has no side-effects. I find that I cannot quicken my pace as far as my thesis is concerned. I tried to get some unemployment insurance, but I am not entitled to it as I did not subscribe to it while I was in the UN. I was offered an easy cushy teaching job two blocks from my apartment, but I had to turn it down. I have my arms full as it is. I want to give up working so that I can concentrate on my thesis. I am not getting anywhere in this fashion. I want to finish soon and come to England. David is so fast and has finished his and is awaiting to hear from his professor.

On Tuesday, we are going to a dinner at my university. Some Economists are speaking and so I thought David should come with me to hear them. I like some of these University gatherings because I meet so many of my friends there. My girl friends from the days when I first started in evening classes keep up with me—they are all in very high executive positions—one is a vice-president of a corporation. And although I came first, despite my being Burmese and they American, they are all earning fabulous salaries. I am the only one, though, who is attempting a Ph.D. Degree. They all got as far as MAs. I must say I had gone into a deep state of the doldrums and am trying to get out of it. After passing the doctoral qualifying exam in Sept. 1977, Mrs. Beasley died in 1978 (Apr.) and Daddy died in (May) 1980. Then we lost Uncle Edward, and Ned (David's Uncle and brother-in-law) and then David lost two of his closest friends, one an accountant who did our taxes for us, and one a painter who left us a couple of his paintings. All these events have distracted me. This Ph.D. is the hardest work I have ever attempted—it requires absolute dedication and I have not been able to dedicate myself entirely to it—teaching and worrying about personal matters impede my progress. But I want to finish it for your sake, Mummy darling. I want to show you something, also I want to come and stay with you for some time.

Kitty wrote to me and asked me for your address. She wants to send you a Christmas card. I told her you would be delighted, but that she must not expect to get a reply as you cannot write owing to your arthritis. Kitty is a dear person. If she ever visits England, she will come and visit you. She is a warm and affectionate person. How is Maizie? I hope Frank is recovering. He will have to be very careful about what he eats and about his movements. He must not strain the heart. I wrote at last to Cecil and Babsie. They do try to cheer you up, and I am so glad that they do. I cannot understand Jean Berglund. I hope she will come soon to see you. Poor thing, it is no joke running a house with husband and kids to feed and then work to pay those exorbitant bills. But I'm sure Mrs. Thatcher will bring about the recovery of England. I admire her determination. As for us here, I'm glad Carter was defeated, but I worry about the men around Reagan. Reagan himself is Okay. He might surprise us, he might be another Roosevelt. We hope, anyway. all I want for them to do is defeat this terrible inflation.

Mummy dearest, I knew you would not get a rate-rebate or supplementary pension. The social officer who came to see you while I was there said so. As long as you have Eustace working and contributing towards the house you will not get anything extra. Anyway, you tried, poor darling Mummy. Never mind, dear one. Not one of us is destitute. I like it in

> New York, because I can still work when and if I want to. There is always something I can do and earn some money. But David wants me to devote all my time to writing my thesis, so I might just do that. We will live very moderately and modestly, but I will have to do it. I cannot teach and write at the same time—teaching is too demanding. May God guide me. I dream of Daddy and Gwen often. I think they are in heaven. Especially Daddy—he seems so close to me, almost as if he were looking over my shoulders all the time and guiding and encouraging me as he used to when he was alive. May their sweet souls rest in peace. My darling Mummy, be brave. Do not give in—even if you feel your body unable to cope as it used to, keep your mind and spirit strong. We will soon come and see you, darling Mummy. I am dying to. All our love.

To Marie Nicholas from me. November 10/80. New York.

> Your body may be weak but I was glad to hear this morning over the telephone that your voice is strong. Viola and I are concerned very much about your health and Viola wants to be with you very much. She is struggling with her dissertation and bemoaning the slow way in which she writes. But her writing is very good. Painful as it is for her, I believe her dissertation will make a first rate book. Her professor, who has read the first 60 pages also thinks it will make a good book. I hope that you will be able to read it.
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> Meanwhile I am working on three topics. My dissertation, which may be published, is in its last stages. My professor is advising me on tidying up the loose ends. I have almost finished a book on how to do research in libraries; my publisher is reading it and will, no doubt, want changes. I am researching a book on the connection between landlords, the judiciary and organized crime in New York City. In addition I did research this past summer on a group biography of Canadians who lived in the last century: an entrepreneur father, a playwright son and a famous actor. This is a long-term project. A Canadian publisher wants to publish my Turkish journal if I write a preface and an afterword relating Turkey of 1958 (when I rode my donkey through it) to events in Turkey today. I may have time to do this in the New Year. So you see we are busy.
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> But we look forward to seeing you and pray that you will be in good spirits and keep your strength up. I hope that you are keeping your mind as active as ever with good TV and interesting books. What did you think of the American elections? This country has been going to the right for some time; and now the dam has burst. None of us think that Reagan can do much about inflation and unemployment. We worry that the Republican grafters will come back into office. We worry about the alienation of the blacks, Hispanics, and left wing. The world situation does not seem securer. But then everyone is hoping that Reagan will surprise us with good government and good solutions. It is amazing how powerful (and delusory) hope can be.
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> The three holidays in this month are significant—election day, Veterans' Day, and Thanksgiving Day. They are linked symbolically. With the right-wing Republicans the link is seen as democracy tied to a strong defence (i.e., high profits for the armaments industry) for which we all give thanks at the end of the month.

My dissertation entitled “Capital and the Automobile” needed to be typed again with all its changes, then I had to defend it in a session with four professors from economics and other subject departments at the New School Graduate Center to have my PhD degree. My orals exam had already taken place. Viola’s trajectory was different. After she passed her written examinations, she had to write her dissertation and defend it and her knowledge of literature in an orals exam with professors from her English Department before she could have her PhD. Many students conquer the orals and examinations but are defeated by the dissertation. I was lucky that David Gordon was very interested in my subject of economics and technology whereas Viola was lucky to have a major international scholar in Professor Buckler, who recognized her amazing talent to develop the most complex thought in clear, direct prose.

I had finished my book on library methodology and an editor at Oxford University Press was reading it. I had wanted the royalties to go to the Library but, as it turned out, the Library was

preventing it from being published by delaying its permission to Oxford to publish it, but I did not know this then.

I was researching for a biography on McKee Rankin, the great Canadian actor and impresario of the nineteenth century, of immense importance to the growth of the North American theatre but totally forgotten. I soon realized that I had set out on a long journey because I had to tell the story of the theatre in its most important period when it was closest to the people, which had not been done, and that would take visits to many archives and the reading of many books. As for writing a concluding chapter to *Through Paphlagonia with a Donkey* to cover the changes in Turkey from when I was there in 1958 to the present, I had the help of two Turkish friends: Yuksel Ayden Turkmen, whom I saw on occasion, and Ayse Taspinar, a girlfriend whose connection to me could be considered platonic.

I did have a relationship at this time with Gayle, an American woman from a middle-class family in the midwest, who had sung major roles in opera houses in German cities. She now worked in New York as a secretary in a law office. She was unlucky in love. She had fallen in love with an Italian who took her to live in Italy and then tried to prostitute her for his profit. Her sister flew to Rome to rescue her. The sister was no luckier; she was in love with an alcoholic Irish-American who wanted to write poetry. We used to get together to talk about cultural things but within a couple of months Gayle became fascinated with an Italian-American, and, probably from her sister's pressure, we split up with copious tears on her part. Months later, I met her sister by chance near the Municipal Building downtown where she was going for a job interview. She said that Gayle's Italian lover fizzled out, and warned me that Gayle would call. When she called, I was unenthusiastic. Angry, she hung up and moved on—but to what? I last saw her sister and her boyfriend at a reading by the Irish poet Seamus Heaney. There was, on their parts, a desire for the arts, a hope to belong, but their insecurities undermined them.

There was one other project which I began to research—the life of the most significant art curator of the century, Douglas MacAgy, who had been a friend of Clay Spohn and Urban Neininger. I had not met him, but Clay had spoken of him. He died in 1973 when living in Washington, D.C. I thought his life would illuminate the evolving world of modern art.

Viola to her mother. December 28/80. New York.

> Well, Christmas is over and David and I had a quiet but a very lovely Christmas on our own. We went to Christmas Eve service in Church and then walked home to some Christmas Cake and Sherry. Not at all like your marvelous Christmas cake, Mummy dearest, but good enough. We had a very special breakfast with Italian Coffee cake (terribly expensive, but I was determined to eat it this year). The weather was the coldest in New York's history -1°, the wind was 40 miles per hour so the wind chill factor was minus 50°. I cooked a lovely Rib Roast of Beef, cream of onions au gratin, sweet potatoes (traditional in America) and peas. Then we had Apple Pudding (not plum pudding, but just as delicious) and bird's eye custard — hot. David simply loved every morsel of the dinner. We washed it all down with white wine given to us as a gift from a neighbor. It was a lot of work but well worth it. We gave each other presents—not expensive this year. I gave David tobacco—(Dunhill, lots of it)—and he gave me two Beetle records. I love "Hey Jude". Last Sunday when I went to Church— it was televised. And I appeared on TV twice—not that they were televising me, I just happened to sit next to a very pretty young girl! But, Mummy, the Church was beautifully decorated and they had a simply marvelous professional choir with trumpets—lovely sopranos, contraltos, tenors, etc. I loved the sermon too. I never felt so spiritually uplifted.
>
> It was wonderful to hear all your voices, Mummy. I received your lovely long letter the next day—boxing day. I loved your letter, dearest Mummy. I was so interested in your views about the books you are reading and on American politics. I am thrilled that you are reading about the American Civil War—excellent. I love that period of history—that and the ancient Greeks (Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, Thucydides, Heracles, etc). Of course, I remember Douglas Hyde and how we all went to hear him speak at St. Cecilia. I even remember what he said. He warned us about the Communists encircling the Western world, particularly

> England and America, and now his words are coming true. There is trouble in South America, Canada, Southern Europe, the Middle East, Africa, Asia, etc. I'd love to read his book "Why I believe." Remember he said he was disillusioned about Communism and he went to an RC Church and saw a woman return to her pew from the confessional. Her face was so much at peace, he said, that he got interested in Catholicism. Let's hope Reagan will be a good president. At least he is so old he does not have to worry about the second term and he can concentrate on making a name for himself in history. Yes, Mummy, Kitty is my dearest and best friend. We have been friends for almost 30 years now. She is one of the loveliest looking women too. She speaks several languages, Russian, French, Italian, German, Spanish and English fluently. She has impeccable taste in furniture and clothes. I am so glad she wrote to you. I love her dearly. I will write to her and give her your message, Mummy. I am so glad my friends the Laheys wrote too. We celebrated Christmas on Monday before Christmas with them. They, too, are very dear and sincere friends. I am so glad to hear that Eustace looks after you well, Mummy. God Bless him. Train him now, Mummy, for his own good. He will one day have to cook and fend for himself. You will be doing him a favour. I am sorry about Jean not coming over. I hope she is not offended by anything. People are funny, I must say. How I wish I could stay with you, Mummy. My mind is constantly with you. I am getting on so slowly with my writing—working, writing, cooking and shopping are too much. I got a letter from Paulette. She wants me to visit her because she is lonely. Poor thing. I feel sorry for her—although I do not know the details of why she divorced. But she was so offhand with me. What I learn from all this is you never know when you might need someone. Ann Clements—David's sister, actually telephoned us. I consider that a miracle. I immediately went on my bended knees to praise the Lord above. I pray so hard to get over my feelings about her. Bunny's wife went to Ceylon alone. Maybe she dropped the letter in the box when her plane stopped in England. Maybe Bunny is in England, but he does not want anyone to know this. Paulette is in California with Kim, so I guess Bunny is either in England or alone in Rochester. David and I send you all our love, Dearest Mummy. Keep cheerful and look forward to our visit. We want to celebrate your and David's birthday? Maybe Johnnie Phipps will come down and we can celebrate his too. All our love to you and Eustace. Give Rita and Bert, Maisie and Frank our love too.

Bunny had married a thin, unattractive woman in an arrangement that would allow him freedom while she looked after the property. Just what he told me that he was looking for! Johnnie Phipps had been a British soldier in Burma during the war and was befriended by the Nicholas family. He sponsored Viola's migration to England and she stayed with his family in Oxford until acclimatized. The "Jean" that Viola referred to lived next door to Mrs. Nicholas and had visited her often but suddenly, unexplainably, cut all contact with her, at a time when she needed companionship the most. One incident was an extreme case of that need. Bridget, the woman hired to drop in to help Mrs. Nicholas, did not arrive one afternoon and Mrs. Nicholas was left helpless in her wheelchair, unable to move for many hours. She screamed but could get no one's attention until Eustace arrived home late in the evening. Rita, who, living in Devon, visited her mother rarely, had come to the house and gone next door to talk with Jean for a long time. After Rita's visit, Jean's friendship stopped, and we were left wondering what Rita could have said. Rita was capable of making up harmful stories. Viola was eager to get to her mother, and when her teaching term ended we flew to England.

After some days with Mrs. Nicholas, who had visits from her relatives in particular Walter Nicholas and a party on her birthday, Eustace drove Viola and me to Gloucester to trace the commuter route from Cheltenham of the steam carriage under Colonel Dance in 1833 and to check for papers in the local archives pertinent to my book on the automobile. I rejoiced in finding the old inn where the automobile began its commuting run and the papers I discovered in the county archives were valuable to my understanding the skulduggery in the sabotaging of the early automobile. Returning to Morden, Viola and I flew to Nice to keep our promise to visit Kitty and John in Bar-sur-Loup.

The mountains in the summer caught a delicious breeze, and, sitting on the Hoods' patio, we could see the Mediterranean blue far below. Mountain gliders with their colorful red and blue wings swept down from the peaks above and landed somewhere far below out of sight. When Kitty drove us for lunch in Nice, she turned off the car engine and just coasted down the hill roads as if we were on a

toboggan. John had a habit in the morning of taking me for a walk in town and stopping at a little bar in a cave and sipping red wine, his ration for the day.

Peter Costello, Kitty's brother, was arriving at the same time. We knew him from his visiting us in New York. Delightful, charming and sophisticated, Peter had run hotels in various parts of the world and was waiting to be assigned to Malaysia. His wife was Portuguese and lived in Lisbon with their son. He drove us one fine day along the coast to Monaco. We stopped along the way in one of the ancient towns at a walled-in house where Lynn Blake, a New York friend whom I shall describe presently, had spent many a summer, obviously a home for the very rich. On that trip we stopped to see Bunny Blessington, Viola's old friend from India, whom I described in *Violet's Flight*, and had lunch by the Mediterranean Sea. One of Viola's English colleagues retired from the U.N., Parker, was eating there and we touched bases; it was a sunny paradise for those who could afford it. Bunny worked at the IAEA station by the sea in Monaco, and we surveyed the town from its roof. Her son became the chief diver for Jacques Cousteau, the marine conservationist, but just then he was away.

We returned to London where Viola stayed with her mother while I returned to work at the Library in New York.

To Marie Nicholas from me. May 22/81. New York.

> As Viola has told you, no doubt, I arrived safely back in New York after some delay and a final raucous delay stuck in the tunnel running under the East River from Queens to Manhattan. The situation under the tunnel was comical as the bus driver and several mechanics ran around the bus for 45 minutes trying to find ways to start it. The passengers cried out that they were hot, and pushed open the bus door, but then the fumes from the cars passing us in the tunnel choked them. Finally a tractor pulled and a bus pushed the broken-down bus out of the tunnel, whereupon the passengers demanded refunds of their fares. What a far cry from gentle England and rational France!
>
> I thank you so much for making my stay in England enjoyable. And thanks for your medical advice. Actually I still have the cold but it makes itself known only occasionally as a subdued cough. I enjoyed my conversations with you and with Eustace at the pub, and the birthday parties. Please tell Mac that I have finished her very good marmalade. Keep well. I must rush to work for a meeting, and will write to Viola tonight.

To Viola from me. May 22/81. New York.

> The typewriter is from the cage on Stack VI in the Economics Division. Not as good a ribbon as ours. Since I have been back I have wanted to do little work, but I did go to my studio yesterday, my day off and worked on the dissertation. I have been talking to my friends here and find little has changed, except for 2 tragedies. A librarian from room 315, Bob Allen, died of infection of the pancreas; people say he had lost the will to live; he had been with the library for over 30 years. The chief of the Science Division fell under a train and lost both legs; he dictates memos to his staff from his hospital bed.
>
> Monday is a holiday; perhaps I shall sit in the sun which is now appearing more brightly than when I first arrived. The weather has been good—cool and sunny. I watched the hockey game on TV on Tuesday; the game the North Stars won and which is said to be one of the best games of the year—it was vintage play-off hockey. Last night, however, I turned off the radio broadcast of the game after the second period and went to sleep, as it was no contest again.
>
> I have been eating at City University and buying TV dinners. For Saturday night I have been asked to a musical soiree by one of my librarian friends where there will be food, during and after the performance of the string quartet. One of my acquaintances in the library, who has been reading "That Other God", likes it, will give me her criticism after a second reading, and may give it to a relative who runs a small publishing house.
>
> I see that Strindberg's "Dance of Death" starring Olivier is at the Regency Cinema—may try to see it again. There are interesting things happening on stage, etc. so I may indulge a

bit since I don't feel like working on anything in particular after such a relaxing vacation. Of course, I must finish the library book soon, but will do that only after my visit to Cornell next week.

How are you managing in London? Started any serious work on T.? Hope you take some time to see a play or two. Did you go to the poetry reading? There is an exhibit here of Leonardo's drawings at the Metropolitan which I shall try to see this weekend.

Lynn Blake has had a negative decision in the courts which just about ruins her case—the courts are made for lawyers; there is no way for the individual to survive and win. One could write a modern-day *Bleak House*.

As far as the apartment is concerned, I shall try to clean it this weekend. No more signs of mice, so I think we have seen the last of them—poor things. While walking past the Central Park Zoo yesterday I saw a very large rodent, about four feet, from South America which is a relative of the mouse; it is docile and feeds on vegetation.

Keep well darling, lots of love—will write you from Cornell.

My mention of Lynn Blake brings to mind a fearless, English lady whom I met, like other friends, when she came to research the law in the Economics Division. She showed me an article with her picture in the *New York Post* reporting that a jury had awarded her some millions of dollars in damages in compensation for almost being killed by a fire set by her landlord to force her out of her rent-controlled apartment. She had been her own lawyer and had gathered evidence of harassment over a long period. The Judge, however, reduced the award to six cents. Naturally I was interested in the case and, after I got to know her better, I researched the landlords and judge in the case through the clipping archives of the *Post,* thanks to the newspaper's archivist whom I knew from his visits to the Library. The case was the Judge's last before his retirement. In the past he was closely associated with another judge, who was a member of the landlord's extended family and organized crime. The landlord was a slum lord who also owned large office buildings in Manhattan. I used this information in my detective novel, *The Grand Conspiracy* to reference the corruption of the United States Court system.

Sometimes after work I dropped in at Lynn's apartment on West 46th St. over the years, drank whisky with her and heard her story. She had grown up in London under an invalid father and unloving mother, became a model, married an Englishman, who worked for Esso Oil in India and told me stories of her life there and her acquaintance with Mahatma Gandhi; Gandhi flourished in a circle of young girls. She knew Prince Philip who was among the navy personnel in her circle. Her husband, she discovered, was gay and eventually they divorced. She married a Scotsman named Warner who was a powerful, egocentric businessman and hobnobbed with the rich in Europe. When he began to want younger women and she feared for her life, she tried to win a settlement and a divorce, but it was in the Scottish courts which were notoriously biased in favor of the male. Warner made sure she was cast off with little money. She came to New York City and changed her name to avoid retaliation. She worked as a secretary until she could collect social security, which gave her little to live on, but she knew how to hunt for bargains and which secondhand stores were the best. She loved the law and spent days in the courts on some issue or other, but, despite her activity she could not escape loneliness. She had Christmas dinner with us a couple of times. She told me of an unexpected visit from Adlai Stevenson's son, with whom she worked at one time and who loved to drink whisky. She gave me transcripts of her court trials and legal papers, from which I hoped to write a drama, but never got around to it and dumped them when I left New York. Her former husband, Warner, married a young Frenchwoman who endured an unhappy marriage until she was killed in a car accident. Lynn was recently informed that Warner died of a heart attack while flying from America to Europe. She hoped that her claim on some of his great wealth might now be satisfied, since he had given her nothing on their divorce.

Viola to me. May 28/81. Morden, Surrey

Your letter of 22 May arrived only today. Perhaps if you put the area code, your letter will arrive sooner. Sorry to hear about the two librarians. Do I know Bob Allen? Did the other one fall under a train? A subway train? Was pushed?

I heard the last two hockey games. It seems the last game was a dull one. I have discontinued the Herald Tribune now that the hockey's over.

Please do not eat too much frozen food—especially TV dinners. Try to eat a lot of fresh vegetables and fruits, chops are so easy to broil. Put some oil on them, salt and pepper and broil for about 6 or 7 minutes on each side at 550º F. Same with steaks. Boil chicken with vegetables with salt and pepper and you have a good stew. Do look after yourself, dearest.

Hope your friend will publish That Other God, although I do not have much hope. You seem to persist in the novel—so maybe something will come of it.

Yes, go to as many shows as you can, but finish the library book.

Glad you got rid of the mice. Don't keep any garbage around. Poor Lynn Blake. How did she take news of her husband? Perhaps the crooks have got all his money and are keeping her at bay. Sorry she lost her court battle.

I went up to London on Tues. for the first time. I had to send 3 or 4 articles, particularly one which I cannot get in New York. I ran into Anita Raidizper (you met her at the reception after hearing George Steiner, remember?). We had a drink together and the next day had lunch at the pub opposite the British Library. On Wed. I had great difficulty locating this particular monograph. The British Library did not have it and directed me to the London University which did not have it and I was directed to Burbeck College next door and they had it. I xeroxed it as it is long and it was late. At the entrance of London University I ran into Sandra. We spoke briefly and she gave me her telephone no. and address. I'm not keen on her. While I was at the British Library, Kitty called. She wanted to chat with me. Asked about your cold! I hope it is better—your cough worries me.

It was great to read at the Library. How starved I am of intellectual discourse, reading and thought. Poor Mummy, I told her as gently as I could that she must not scream and talk and must not talk too much. She puts everyone off, especially when she drinks. She has taken it nicely and is quiet. When we talk together she is softer. Poor thing, no one tells her anything. I had to attend to my father's grave. No one else seems to have bothered. I had to take Mummy to the hospital last week to have her shoe raised—one leg is shorter than the other. I had to take her again today. I've just returned and am writing this to you. I shall be visiting Fay on Saturday. Rita is not keen on seeing me, but said she'd ring. If she doesn't, it would not bother me too much. I think I had to make that gesture out of decency, apart from my genuine sympathy for her. Mr. French tells me, after his visit with her, that she is antagonistic towards me and that I have always looked down on her and Bert because you and I "live on a high plane." I told Mr. French that all that was owing to her imagination and had no bearing on reality! Anyway my mother too seems to be at peace. She will not telephone or write to Rita unless she makes the gesture.

I have written to Buckler. Am now keen on thinking and writing again. The article by Millhauser is excellent. The reason I needed it badly was I used it in my footnote but had read the entire article. I was afraid I might stumble at my orals if I don't know the full gist of my references!

The weather here has been awful. Rains every day without exception. Kitty said it is the same in France. It has been wet since we left. We need all this rain in New York.

Mummy sends love and thanks you for your letter.

To Viola from me. May 31/81. New York.

I am writing this on our home typewriter before going to bed. Have just typed some of my dissertation so I'm rather tired. My sojourn at Cornell was interesting and enjoyable. The databank information was helpful, the librarians were all very friendly, and I went out to an excellent dinner one night and was fed royally by the university the other night. I don't think Cornell is beautiful, however, tho' it has an interesting ravine which I walked along.

> Since there was a poor connection to Kingston, I came home on Friday and took a train early Saturday morning to Rhinecliff, which the rail people told me was connected to Kingston by a bus that ran across the river. There was no bus, no taxi, but Rhinebeck (to which some kind people drove me from the train station, 2 miles) was an old town, rather quaint, where I hired a car and drove over the river to see Kingston and Woodstock. The place is not for us. Kingston is run down, Woodstock is grim. The area is not for us. Rhinebeck and points north on the east side of the river are fine enough, and I stopped in at two real estate stores to make enquiries. The prospect for moving there is not good for us, I think, but we shall talk when you get back. I suppose we shall have to wait until we both can fish for better work. The trip to Kingston was worth it because it dispelled a dream.
>
> I think more and more of trying to find something in Canada. As for a summer place, I heard that Yugoslavia is more beautiful than south of France and much cheaper. People bought a house on several acres along the Adriatic for $11,000. How stable the country is, is, of course, another matter.
>
> I saw “The Gospel According to St. Mark” on Friday night. The theater was sold out, so I waited for turn-backs. An old lady had a ticket which the theater seller was trying to persuade her to give up. "No," she said. "I think this young man should have it. He's been quietly waiting here. I noticed him." I reached for $16 to pay for the ticket. "No, no,” she said. I had a free seat in the second row next to the old lady and her woman friend. She was a painter and her friend a photographer. We had an interesting conversation. The theater was not bad, but I felt that Alec McCowan should have been more majestic to carry the message of the gospel, even one as bare as St. Mark.
>
> Keep well, and give my love to your mother, best regards to Eustace.

When Viola returned from England in August and as I had a couple of weeks vacation to fill, we decided to escape the summer heat by living for a couple of weeks in Stratford, Ontario and enjoying the Shakespeare Festival. We stayed in a home provided through the Theatre’s accommodation service. The sunny weather, the great plays—Shakespearian and others—the music, reading on a park bench in the sun (*A Hundred Years of Solitude*), swimming in a quarry in a nearby village, and looking at a few houses for sale with a view to living there, all contributed to a relaxing vacation. Viola may have been considering a range of possibilities, balancing work opportunities against places to live in the future. I sympathized with her desire to have a house and a different life style but knew it could not happen for quite a while.

On the way back to New York City, we stopped at Dundas to see Jim. I did not know his room number in the Collins Hotel, but as I went to its front I looked up to see Jim looking out a front window on the second floor at me. I suppose he was seeing a healthy, tanned, young man because he did not recognize me until I called his name. When I added that Viola was with me, he turned momentarily pale. The three of us went for a walk and talked about his life and ours. Jim was content but had to watch out for signs of heart failure. We also dropped in to see the manager of the Hamilton Public Library, the man who had announced the selection of the new director. Viola wanted to discern why I was turned down, and, as she was determined and I was curious, we spent a half hour with him. He explained that the Board wanted someone with managerial experience, but welcomed my application for an assistant post.

Viola to her mother. October 30/81. New York.

> How very happy I was to get your letter. I was utterly moved to tears to know what an effort it must have been for you to have written that letter—what pain you must have suffered—holding that pen, etc. Therefore, many thanks, dearest Mummy. David too was so thrilled to hear from you and said that, of course, you deserve that whiskey and soda!! But I am so alarmed at your physical condition. I worry to death of your being alone during the day and that you cannot move on your own upstairs or to Eustace's room. Try to do less with your arm and legs, Mummy. I think that the wheel chair is a blessing. Don't climb and stretch.
>
> I am working very very hard again, Mummy. I can see myself at last out of the tunnel. Let me tell you just where I am in my work. I am now finishing the next chapter, which will be

just as long as my first. Then I have already done an introductory chapter, which I will have to work on to put in the finishing touches. I would then have enough pages for a full dissertation. If that is approved, then all I have to do is to submit it to the examining committee. I must also work out my proposal, which will not take long. Once all this is finished, I then have to study—just read, that is, books pertaining to my period (1830 — I87O). That is not hard compared to this work. I can then sit for my Ph.D examination (oral exam) and defend my thesis in June—then I shall be free for ever.

But I need time to work without interruption. If you can stay well, my darling Mummy, and keep up your magnificent spirit—the spirit I admire so much (and so does David)—then we will all be together soon. Don't worry about my professor, Mummy. He wrote me one of the most magnificent letters I have ever received. He told me that my work is original and distinctive and that I have nothing to worry about. My work is of a high standard and that he will continue to read and correct my work. Oh, Mummy, what a kind man he is. I pray for him every day. It is a great relief to me that he promised to oversee my work even though it would be on an unofficial basis. If he gets better, he will help defend my thesis for me. So it is not all that hopeless.

David too is coming along nicely with his work. He too is very close and he works devilishly hard. His preface, and his paper, two things he wrote sometime back will be published. He received word from the two universities in Canada, one from Ottawa and one from London, Ontario, that his work will be published. They are small things—but very valuable for David's career.

Kitty and John sent me a wonderful book as a gift—Oxford Dictionary of Quotations. They are so sweet, Mummy. They are grateful because I send them things they want from here. I love people like them because they are so warm and generous and not snobbish—although John has every right to be snobbish. He has the KBE [Knight of the British Empire].

We are having cool autumn weather—which I love. I must take off four pounds, though. I still have Weetabix, which I love. I can buy it here now, but it is double the price.

I hope you are not too unhappy that soon Cecil and Babsie will be leaving England. God will Bless them, because they are good people, and I am very happy for their sakes because they will be united as a family. I wish them well always. I will never forget Cecil's kindness in staying with you and letting us go to France. I am so grateful to Babsie for making me that glass cake and giving me a tray. But don't worry, Mummy, God will work something out for all of us. I have utter faith, and I want you to have that faith.

As for Rita, I am glad she wrote to you. She needs that break, too, Mummy. I hope that her trip to NZ will do her a lot of good.

I am not hurt by her, only sad. I could be her best friend. We are older and wiser now, and more settled too. We can help and share our problems with each other, but to be friends one must have utter loyalty and trust. I am afraid Rita does not trust me, and is very antagonistic towards me. I sense that, so I cannot respond as I can to, say, Kitty. I love and trust Kitty absolutely. I can tell her anything and I know she will never repeat it or criticize me or poison another against me. And I will never let her down either. Same with Bunny Blessington. I am still very fond of her. I was so happy to see her and tell her so. But my darling Mummy, I am sure Rita will come around. She means well and is so good on the one hand, that it is a shame she ruins her good side by her bad side. But I pray for her everyday, and ask God to reconcile her with you. I want you both to be friends. How are Donald, Chris and Michael? I have not heard from Christopher. What does Donald say? Does Donald visit Christopher and be a good father to him? Try to find out, Mummy. I will telephone you soon. David joins me in sending you and Eustace all our love.

Viola to her mother. December 26/81. New York.

David and myself have just finished our breakfast, the day after Christmas, having chatted and discussed all kinds of things. Now he is having a bath and getting ready to go to his

studio-den to work on his book, while I am still in my dressing gown writing this letter to you. Soon I will be back at work on my dissertation.

We had a very lovely Christmas. We went to a party in Greenwich Village to the home of a world-famous painter. He had a gathering of very interesting friends—painters, sculptors, actors, writers, mathematicians, poets and the famous Quentin Crisp—I don't know whether Eustace has seen a movie called "The Naked Civil Servant"—the actor John Hirt played the role of Quentin Crisp,—the famous Englishman who defied the British Establishment with his individualism and homosexuality. Well, this Quentin Crisp and his English friend were at this party and it was so stimulating to meet him and talk to him. It was the first time I had gone out for months, because I have been working hard and leading a monastic life—refusing all invitations. But David was keen—and I went along to please him—but found that his friends were simply magnificent. On Christmas Day we went for a long walk and stopped at St. Patrick's Cathedral and I cooked a Rib-roast dinner with creamed onions, sweet potato and peas—English hot plum pudding and hot custard. We had a good Californian wine and lots of candy and nuts and Christmas cake. I roasted some chestnuts for fun.

I consider my Christmas a miracle because I did not feel like doing anything—I did not even want to decorate the apartment. I was so anxious about my work. Then, with the help of God, I finished what I intended to finish on the afternoon of the 24th. I was so happy, that I pulled out all my Christmas decorations, my china, crystal, and silver and got it all ready by the time David got home from work. Do you know, Mummy darling, I consider this small thing a miracle? I do believe God works miracles in small ways. I really was so nervous about my work, I felt I was writing rubbish and I needed to revise and rewrite—but I did all that and I finished it on time to have a happy and holy and interesting Christmas—don't you think God is wonderful?

My professor—the one who was so ill—he is improving in health and he is looking forward to reading and correcting my work—that too, is another miracle. I was so devastated when I first heard he had to leave the Univ. on disability insurance. Oh, Mummy, I am so eternally grateful for small mercies.

I was so puzzled at the way Christopher spoke to me on the telephone. Just ya, and no—what is the matter with him? He sounded as if he were a stranger, after all the lovely friendly letters he used to write.

Then Donald puzzled me. He sent me a postcard of the royal wedding with first-day stamps. I wrote at once and thanked him. He said he did not get that letter or had forgotten. What kind of mind has he that he does not know whether he received my letter or not? Mummy, I sent Michael a banker's draft for fifty-pounds and I sent Christopher a separate banker's draft for ten pounds. I sent Michael that much money to make up partly for all those years I forgot his birthday. I hope they will write to me and let me know whether they have received the money. Remind them for me, will you Mummy dear?

I thought of poor Rita without Bert this Christmas. I felt sorry for her. She must feel it now. She was quite right to go to Sue's place for Christmas. The two of them can comfort each other. Rita did not send me a card. She is showing me her hostility—-she did that for years, except now it is open. I feel sad. I don't dislike her—but I cannot reach her. I shall continue to send her cards and things and show her in my own way that her behavior does not aEpisodes Vol 2 copy 2.pagesffect me—and when she wishes to return, I shall always welcome her. May God take care of her.

I want you too to be strong, Mummy. Her cruel behavior to you is sheer ignorance on her part. She is young yet and she has not learned to understand what true compassion is. If she truly cared or wants to help you, she must realize she will have to do it out of true love and not for praise or gratitude or any other type of reward. That is the hardest part and that is what God meant by love. I am learning that very slowly. But I'm glad God has given me some sense. Love to Eustace. I loved hearing his voice.

Rita's husband Bert died of a heart attack while fixing the roof of their local church. He was stocky of Cockney background. He knew Cockney terms which he quoted proudly to us. One of his daughters from his first wife, Sue, had married a Turk; it was with them that Rita went for Christmas rather than to her mother.

Viola to her mother. January 23/82. New York.

> I have been meaning to write to you, but have been working at a fever pitch. I have finished that chapter and sent it off to my professor. I hope to hear the verdict sometime next week. I am starting another chapter. I received a letter from Eustace and from Kay Vincent. Please thank them. I have just written to Eustace and will write to Kay next. Kay told me in detail what a wonderful time you all had on Christmas and New Year. Marvelous. I am so happy. May God Bless Kay, Mac and Peggy.
>
> David and I are well. We have had some very cold weather—but not as bad as the rest of the country. I am glad we do not live in Canada, Mummy. The cold there would kill me—45 degrees below zero. I have read about the terribly cold winter you are having in England. Snow, storms, bone chilling weather, etc. I hope you are keeping your room warm. Also get all the blankets from upstairs and keep yourself warm at night. I hope Eustace is well and is not having to cope with the snow, (without snow tires) and that railway strike. In Montreal, they had a transport strike for six days when the temperature was—18. These workers are very callous. Everyone needs more money, but they should penalize the management, NOT us ordinary folks. I am glad that you sent off the checks to Mr. Reubens. He might or might not send you a check for one more thing. I have written to him about it, so don't worry.
>
> You know, Mummy, I am so glad you have your marvelous brain in working order. I thank God, you still are able to think. I think we have inherited your brilliant mind. Daddy had a more contemplative turn of mind. Eustace and I have some of that too. Eustace wrote me a lovely letter which made me very happy and I wrote and told him so. He is a wonderful person. Too bad he had not been writing to me all these years—we both can be such wonderful friends.
>
> David and I went to see a film "Reds" by Warren Beatty. Excellent! What made the film more exciting to us is that David's dear friend is in it. Art Shields. Art is now 94 years old. One of the most prominent journalists in this country. He is one of the witnesses in the film —along with Rebecca West, Henry Miller, etc. Art Shields and his wife Esther were our guests for lunch in the fall (autumn). Art was honored in Washington and in Moscow. He is very very fond of David, Mummy. Looked after David like his own son when I was in England with you. He is very fond of Tennyson, he said, as his mother used to read Tennyson's poems to him when a boy. He wants to read my work. What a nice man he is, and yet so modest. Fought in the Spanish War and has such a varied and interesting life. I feel very privileged to know him. David lunches with him frequently.
>
> We shall come to visit you in the summer, Mummy. I am looking forward to it. But I don't know whether I can finish my work before then. It is a very long process. But I have broken the back of my dissertation. It only needs a touch here and there.
>
> I received a long telephone call from Paulette one Sunday. Poor woman, Mummy, I think she nearly died over the shock of her divorce. She went down to 95 pounds. I wrote her a long letter trying to cheer her up. I don't know why Bunny did not stay with her for Christmas. I was surprised to hear his voice on the telephone on Christmas Day. I thought he was visiting his Ceylon friends. His wife had an accident before she left for Ceylon and complained of head and neck aches. Apparently she got quite ill in Ceylon, while he was in England. He said he was going to visit Rita in Devon. Did he? He said he was going to see us on his return and let us know how you were—but he changed his mind. All these years he never once telephoned me to say he had seen you and give me any message. He is a strange one. Anyway, when I come to England, I shall give you news about poor Paulette. I love going to church and hearing Rev. Caliandro. He speaks straight to my heart. He talked about love—not the feeling of love—anyone can feel love—even animals feel love for their

young. What he talks about, which so few people have, is the discipline of love—that is to say, a love that expects no reward. It is a love that is given freely out of compassion, understanding, true charity—and not for reward or because one feels love. I thought how right he is. That is the kind of love not many people had. When you looked after Daddy, despite your irritation with him—that is a kind of disciplined love, Mummy dear. You too are capable of that wonderful love, and for that I ask God to Bless you and keep you safe for us. I am so happy to have a mother like you—someone I can write to, someone with whom I can talk and open my heart to. David and I send you all our love. David said he will be writing to Chris. He feels very sorry for that boy and David wants to cheer him up. All our love to you and Eustace.

Viola to her mother. February 14/82. New York.

I was so happy to hear your voice this afternoon, although I was sorry to hear you cry. You must on no account get depressed. We all do now and then. The weather in the winter time is particularly depressing because so little activity takes place. But one of the worst sins, as you know; is Despair. You must always tryto be cheerful of spirit, because God likes you to be cheerful. It shows your faith in his love. What is there for you to be depressed about? David and I will be coming to see you—soon—maybe in June. Let's hope Old Freddie Laker will be operating then. But there are other cheap fares—and even if there are no cheap fares David and I will come anyway—whatever the price. At least, Mummy, all your children are not starving. Even if Donald is out of a job, he is lucky to get the Air Force pension and have a home paid for. What if he lost his job when he was younger and starting a family? Millions of people all over Europe, Canada, America, the Far East, Latin America, and Africa are going through very hard times—at least you have a pension, a house paid for, social workers to help you and friends to come and cheer you up. You have Eustace to look after, and your children to love and respect you. Isn't that enough to cheer you up? As for Rita, try to not let her bother you. It is not hard. Think positively. Pretend she is living in New Zealand or somewhere else. Forget about her. Just cheerfully pray to God. Trials come to all of us all the time. Thank God, Mummy you are not in your forties and having to worry about the world-depression. It is frightening and I feel very, very sorry for millions of people who are poor and starving with no home to live in. Some people are living in the streets here.

Daddy used to cry a lot too, remember? You used to get annoyed with him. Tears come often to all of us. We must be brave. Take every obstacle in your stride.

David has to see his professor on the 25th Feb. The professor is so busy that poor David's degree is being delayed. But I do believe that by the time we come to see you he will be Dr. Beasley. As for me, I am trying to finish off soon. David sent my chapter to his typist to finalize the typing professionally. Isn't he sweet? He is such a dear, Mummy. May God be praised forever for giving me David.

Mummy, next year is our 25th anniversary. We would like to come and celebrate it with you. Don't you think that is a wonderful thing to plan? David and I want to be with you, as you are the one we love very much and are our only parent left. We never had a pukka wedding, and would like to do something with you in Morden. I hope, too, that I would also be a Dr. Beasley by then.

Cecil tells me that Bunny is going to have a heart operation this month, is that true? He never mentioned it to me. You would never believe it, Mummy. Bunny called one evening and asked if we can put his wife up for one night as she was returning from Ceylon and catching the train from NY to Rochester. We have no room, and Bunny knows that, yet he had the nerve to ask me. I hear nothing from them except to tell me how rich Bunny is—surely his wife who can afford to fly to Ceylon can pay for one night at a hotel. I simply cannot stand such mingyness and inconsideration. I don't mean to be unkind, Mummy, but I do believe that Bunny cares for no one or anything except his money. I can't help feeling he can go and save his money at somebody else's expense but not mine. He never ever

telephoned me to tell me how you or Daddy were in the past. He only rang this time to impose his wife on us.

Sorry to be so grumpy about poor Bunny, especially if it is true that he is going to have a heart operation. But he has been telling so many lies that I can hardly believe him. He told me a couple of years ago that he was going to travel for four years—whatever happened to that? He did not even accompany his wife to Ceylon. Anyway, Mummy dear, we'll have a good chat when I come to see you. Do not worry about anything. Have a strong faith in dear God. He really works miracles for us daily. I do honestly believe God will take care of all of us. Today I went to church and offered some special prayers for Bert—it is his birthday today, 14th Feb. I pray for Rita—very hard. Maybe she is busy working for the Priest in Devon. She must be very busy. So try to understand her from that point of view. Don't brood—you may be thinking about her in the wrong way. So cheer up my darling Mummy. By the way, I got nice letters from Michael and Christopher. I do so love Michael.

Viola to her mother. March 2/82. New York.

I have been working at my typewriter all morning, and before going for my walk, I thought I should write to you. It is a lovely sunny and cool day. Mummy dearest, it is wonderful that David's thesis is now being read by two professors—his director has approved of it. The next step is that he will have to defend his thesis in April or beginning May—when that is done, he will be a Dr. Beasley. We were so anxious when we had not heard from his director for weeks; he is the chairman of the Economics Department at David's University, so he was very busy. At last, he said that David's thesis reads very well. So you see, Mummy darling, you have only to trust in God and have patience and things will work out. We hope to celebrate David's success (may God will it) with you and Eustace in England. Now there is something we all can look forward to.

As for me, my proposal has just been okayed and I have just a little more to do. I am much slower than David—but I have so much to think about—household work as well as work as well as writing. But my faith is strong and I know that I too will be soon finished. What I want you to do is to have patience and look upon the bright side of life.

Some of our friends came from out of town, and we took them to lunch at a French restaurant. We had such a lovely time. But the next day I felt a little subdued. I was very tired recently—mentally as well as physically. I work seven days a week, Mummy, with no break—no weekends or holidays. But I must press on. I am at last at the tail end of my work. I once thought I would never even begin. An acquaintance of mine, who passed her exam the same time as myself, has not even begun her writing—she feels defeated and yet she is a very bright woman. When I compare myself to these people, I realize I have much to be thankful for.

David has a typist who very kindly agreed to type my material. I have to give in a perfectly typed job, Mummy, as all Ph.D dissertations are published and microfilmed for anyone in the world to buy and read, and all our dissertations are kept in our university library shelves for anyone to consult. That is why it is so difficult and why professors are more careful what we write because their reputations are on the line too. It is easier to write an ordinary term paper.

I wrote a very sympathetic letter to Paulette, as I do believe she sounded as if she were going off her head, poor thing. No sooner did I write sympathetically to Paulette than I received a phone call from Bunny asking me to put up his wife. I told him we have no room in our apartment. David is not brought up to have ten people sleep on the floor. Besides, we are so busy that I get up at early morning and work right away. I can't afford to have someone else disturb me. My time seems at the moment so precious. Oh, I wish God will grant us a home soon. I want so much to have my brothers and nephews, etc. to come and stay with me.

I received a very interesting letter from Michael. I think that boy has a lot of common sense and a sense of humour. I wish he would finish his high school as he will regret it later.

> Chris, also wrote a short letter. I worry more about him than I do about Michael. Chris needs a great deal of guidance. I hope he has a good sound friend in whom he can confide. He is looking for a summer job it seems and he will return to College next Oct. I hope he does well. The poor boy needs a break from studies. It can tire one. I am in the same boat. I was truly exhausted recently. But I turned in my chapter, which was very difficult. I feel more relaxed now.
>
> Mummy dear, please tell Cecil and Babsie, Kay, Peggy and Mac that I shall write as soon as I have the time. I am working furiously on my thesis as I want to finish nearly all of it before I come to England. I especially want to write to all of them. Give them my love. I hope Laker will get his licence and start a new line by April. He will run into great difficulty, I am afraid. BOAC and Caledonian Airlines are his enemies and will stop Laker from keeping his licenses. Poor Freddie. He was one of the nicest Englishmen to come along. Well, Mummy, I must go for my walk and post this to you. See, I have hardly any news. This is just to send you David's and my love and to tell you what we are doing. We will come to England about the middle or end of June, perhaps. Give dearest Eustace our love. David wrote to Chris to cheer him up. Hope Chris got that letter, and I hope he will reply courteously to David. All our love, dearest Mummy. Cheer up, we will soon be seeing you, Dr. Beasley and myself, I mean! Hee Hee.

I passed my dissertation defence and again owed my advisor David Gordon my gratitude for steering me away from an argument over an unimportant point with an economist and a political scientist on the examining committee. David was, at this time, Chair of the Economics Department. His father had been President of the American Economic Association, his mother was an economist and his brother a macroeconomist. With his backing, therefore, I received my degree wearing the black cape and hat. Viola witnessed the ceremony at which the economist James Tobin received an honorary PhD.

DiRoma asked me if I expected to be appointed Chief of the Economics Division, and I, knowing that this would be anathema to him, just laughed. By now, I expected to be overlooked and had to absorb the humiliation of being passed over for promotion to principal librarian a few times in the coming years. Rosalyn, who was John Cory's secretary, said that Cory explained that I had taken myself out of the running for promotion. I suppose that meant my former union work had marked me as untrustworthy. Since my main interest was in writing, I was not so disappointed in the aborting of my library career as I would have been without it. I was researching facts for a couple of my manuscripts, for which the resources of the Library were indispensable; my work in the Division was not demanding; my vacation time was long; Viola had to finish her studies and then decide what she wanted to do; and I had a community of friends in the Library. Why not enjoy what I had. Alice Plowitz retired so there was no longer the problem of her unpredictable temper, which, by the way, had fastened on a couple of others as well.

I submitted another report to the trustees, in which one of the reforms I suggested was to promote Librarian II's who were stuck in their positions for years waiting for a Librarian III to retire. Director David Stam, on meeting me in a hallway, mentioned that the trustees were adopting my suggestion but not to tell anyone that he told me as he would deny it. Amused, I mentioned it in confidence to a couple of my colleagues that I thought it strange that the trustees refused to accept that an idea for change could come from me. One of my colleagues must have reported the conversation because from then on Stam acted surly towards me, and I guessed he was taken to the woodshed for mentioning it. This was an example of the sort of pettiness one had to put up with in an organization. Unfortunately those employees with whom I sympathized for being caught in what I called "the trap" were not promoted and the ones who were favored by management were promoted, among them being John Ganly.

Our union local was insignificant and needed people on its board, which under the presidency of a woman clerk, made the women's liberation movement its prime interest. I filled, briefly, the post of representative from the Research Libraries, since no one else could be found, until a librarian who had transferred from the Branch Libraries was eager to take my place. This transfer of librarians from the branches to the research libraries unnerved me because of the difference in their approach to book selection and retainment; they were accustomed to popular reading and the discarding of

older titles. Management's willingness to encourage this move represented its changed attitude to the role of record and preservation of knowledge that the Research Libraries had stood for. The technologists had taken over with a vengeance.

Meanwhile my love life continued. I met a woman professor of economics on a summer course in New York, who, when I took her for drinks, said she liked sex. She restored my libido and I was more than moderately successful in bed. She, however, had to take a drug for a certain ailment, which she did not explain, except to say that it prevented her from having an orgasm. She returned to New York from wherever she was teaching and we met a couple of more times. I sensed a restlessness in her, a desire to experience as much of life as she could. She traveled to distant continents on her vacations, trying to absorb as much of the world as she could. She introduced me to the works of V. S. Naipal by recommending his *A Bend in the River*. She hinted that she did not expect to live long.

For little more than a week I knew a Nigerian woman who was very sweet and also aroused me sexually. Her parents had a coffee plantation and had recently visited her in New York. Her husband had died on the operating table in a New York Hospital. I was apprehensive about the capabilities of the doctors in Harlem. She had a young son, who reported to her boyfriend [these boyfriends in that community seemed to be fly-by-night types who appeared for a while before leaving] that she was seeing me, whereupon he brutally beat her. She had left me sexy magazines, her special treasure, and came to my studio in the evening to ask for them back. In the short time we had together, she had truly enjoyed her time with me but had to withdraw not only for her safety but for mine. She telephoned me a few times, the last to ask me to meet her on the Circle Line boat cruising around Manhattan on a Saturday, but I was scheduled to work. I heard her say that she was having an operation on her back. If I were not having to deal with readers and could have spoken unimpeded, I would have insisted she get a second opinion. I did not hear from her again and feared the worst, berating myself for not being alert enough to warn her. She told me that when she was first in the states, hosted by a lady in a midwestern city, with whom she had an almost mother-daughter relationship, the woman's daughter turned her mother against her before the mother died. Racism, it seemed, was connected to economics, in this case, inheritance, and at the expense of true feelings.

We spent the summer vacation in England again. I have no record of what we did, but I do remember how hot a London heat-wave can be and how cool it was to read under the great dome of the British Museum Library. There was, of course, the sights and plays in London and the beautiful Sicilian girl, who spoke perfect English, was married rather unhappily and researched at the British Library; she gave me a delightful summer romance. We corresponded briefly after returning to our respective countries; her grief was the destruction of her family's country property by the volcanic lava on Mount Etna.

Gerald Lahey to Viola and David. August 3/82. Shelter Island, N.Y.

> Very happy to hear from you and learn that all is going smoothly, even though you have so much to do and look after. Viola, your account of your Mother is good to the extent that she is gaining in cheerfulness and health as you stay with her and revive her spirits. You must take it a little easy despite the many details that beckon for your doing. We are glad to note that you do get into London and also have recreation nearer home. A pity that you-know-whom could not have provided more help and attention. Be a little resigned to a situation: that is, do what you are reasonably able to do and do not constantly fret about what has not been done. Remember the advice of the Mountain-climber that I gave you: don't keep looking up and ahead at the distance yet to be travelled and toiled over; look back at the great distance you have come . . . at what you have done.
>
> When you get back you can tell us of the Swiss rip-off and Kitty's experiences and your own go-broke visits to London proper. Wherever one goes now for recreation or pleasure, one is warned about the bleeding ahead. Perhaps everyone was once a pair of ragged claws scuttling across the floors of silent seas . . . and the claws still reflexly rip-off.
>
> We seem to be living right now in a landscape of Morte d'Arthur: two funeral services this week of friends whom we were a short time ago greeting in the Supermarket. Also we had

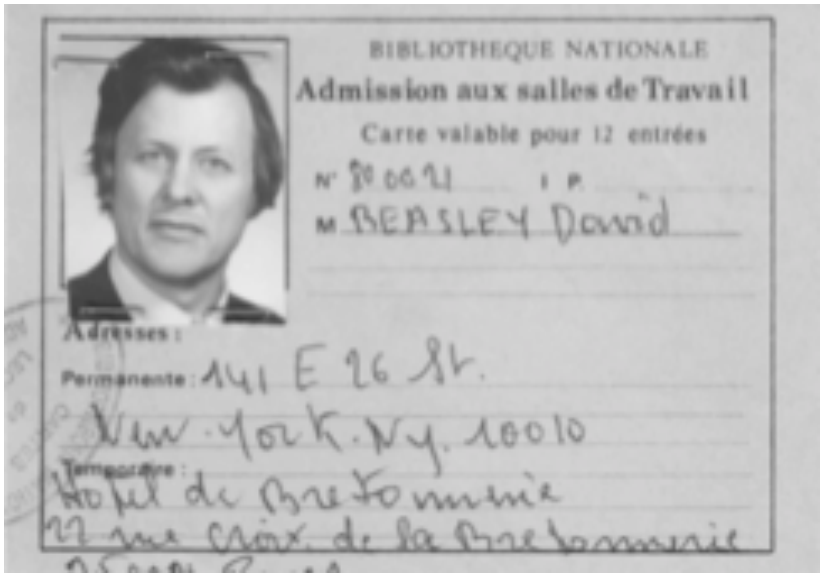
as guests the other day a brother and sister, one Alden and Mildred Stuart, school-day friends, whom neither Kay nor I had seen since 1924, fifty-eight years ago. We were all astonished (secretly horrified?) to have to admit that not one of us would have had the least hint of the identity of the other. There we were — total strangers yet with many memories in common of more than a half century ago — and yet total strangers for all of that. Each of us trying to make believe that he was what the other remembered. Do we lead a series of distinct lives connected only by time and legal identity? At any rate, one moral is inescapable: Time is an artist—a Hogarthian caricaturist.

Your final pages have been read carefully and appreciatively. All is excellent; you write now with clarity and confidence, with just enough supporting detail. The most difficult is now happily achieved; try to enjoy your reading for the Orals... and remember that it is less than an hour, that others do considerable talking, and that you can manoeuvre them as well as they you. You are not expected to perform with the precision of a written three-hour exam. Take this obvious question for a beginner for practice (it is not new): You are to give a course entitled "Victorian Literature: 1830-1870"; what authors and titles would you include and why? As you read, read with a view to giving that answer, that is, including this, excluding that, and telling yourself why? It will help you to focus and organize.

All best regards to you and David—and give all kind wishes to your Mother . . .

P.S. Kay is giving a tea in the other room — so I sign for her.

From this letter we see that Viola's dissertation is ready to be defended. Her advisor Professor Buckler is on permanent sick leave, thus the head of the department must arrange for her orals. Lahey, who sometimes became advisor to students who wrote on incongruous subjects when no one else would take them on, confirmed that she was ready.



Card for the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris when researching for Who Really Invented the Automobile? there and in the National Archives.

Top left. In Morden. From left behind Marie Nicholas in chair, Donald, his son Michael, Rita, Me in back, Joan, Bert, Eustace.

Top right. Graduating with a PhD in Political Economics, June 1982.

Major John Richardson in 1848, my literary hero, for whom I spent years of my life searching for his life—an ongoing assignment, which keeps me on the qui vive

Left: At the Hoods in Bar-Sur-Loup, New Years. Michaei Goldsmith with Morrocan girlfriend and other residents and me. Below it, Speaking with the Chaces as Kitty Hood exits from her home in Bar-sur-Loup in the hills above Nice in 1980.

TWENTY-SEVEN—SEARCHES AND RESEARCHES

After my Richardson book came out, Viola asked me to accompany her to a year-end party in her English Department. The independently wealthy Gordon Ray, a trustee at the Library, shook my hand warmly in congratulations for my book on Richardson; his scholarly pursuits included the letters between Rebecca West and H. G. Wells; Viola enjoyed his seminars on George Eliot, which she contributed to with her usual brilliance, but, she said, not as throughly as a young male student, whom she thought destined for a superb teaching career. The Canadian professor, Kenneth Cameron, author of *The Young Shelley* among other books, engaged me in conversation about the writers in the Shelley-Byron circle with the hope that I had discovered new details through Richardson's life among them. I already knew Jim Tuttleton and Hopper, well-known in their fields, from having lunch with them at the United Nations and attending Tuttleton's parties in his Greenwich village apartment. The biographer of Henry James, Professor Leon Edel, was on the faculty. Kenneth Silverman, who produced biographies on American personages such as Cotton Mather, became friendly when I met him at another university party and took me to a meeting of biographers, which I considered delightful but too time consuming for me to join. These men raised the reputation of the New York University English Department to third best in the country, but financial difficulties, strict rules of retirement and meagre recruitment practices soon reduced its pre-eminence.

David Gordon expected me to publish my dissertation. I began writing to publishers. Frank Lundberg could be counted upon for good advice. His writing days seemed to be over. He seldom came into the Library from his home in Chappaqua, north of the City. I quote two of his letters at this time because they impart knowledge of the publishing business from a writer's view.

Ferdinand Lundberg to me. Chappaqua. December 30/82.

> Dear Beasley:
>
> I received a copy of your dissertation the other day. The wrapper was pretty battered but the contents were, fortunately, intact. But about one more toss by the postal service would have finished it.
>
> I won't be able to read the whole thing for a while, if ever, but I have read your opening and think you ought to try to interest major publishers in it. My reason is this: it reads well and the subject of the auto industry, as you know, is "hot" right now. In short, I think there is a market for this sort of thing right now——libraries, universities, economists, industry managers, many auto dealers. A readership of that sort can be large, even if it excludes the general reader.
>
> My suggested approach, unless you have an agent, is that you send a brief letter to the chief editor of each house describing the script physically; number of pages covered, etc. Also the table of contents and, above all, your introduction and acknowledgements. In other words, not too much. This will be the teaser.
>
> In your letter ask if they'll be interested in seeing the whole script. Incidentally, in your letter don't make any demurrers about it being technical or anything like that. Let them form their own conclusions when, as and if they read the script.
>
> I suggest you contact only major publishers: Oxford University Press (for which the script seems to me a natural), Houghton Mifflin, Macmillan, Harper and Row, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Harcourt Brace, Pergamon Press (a big outfit on technical books), John Wiley and Sons0

If you get no nibbles in this field—and I suggest that you query three at a time to save time —turn to the university presses, beginning with Harvard University Press and going through the majors.

The responsives from various of these, if they aren't affirmative, will gradually give you orientation on the prospects. All this in case you don't already have publishing plans.

Also, if you don't already belong, you should join the Authors Guild and get a copy of their model book contract. You are eligible to join as a published author already. While you won't be able to get a model contract, as a new man, you'll be able to make comparisons with whatever may be offered to you. A lot of contracts have tricky clauses through which an author gets little or nothing.

A new author is in a vulnerable position. He wants above all to be published. So he is apt to grasp at the first offer. While I agree that publication is the aim an author does not have to sign the first contract offered him. He can respond by accepting in general but at the same time saying he'd be happier if so-and-so and such-and-such were changed. Often a few words or percentages makes an enormous difference.

If you'd rather work through an agent, the Authors' Guild will give you a list of reputable agents. However, a good agent is about as hard to nail down as a good publisher. As you are a "one-shot" author—that is, not one continually grinding out copy—an agent can't look upon you as a property to be developed. Agents, I have found, aren't too good when it comes to one-shot authors—that is, non-genre writers. There are exceptions, of course. "All the President's Men," for example, was a one-shot book, and may have had an agent. But this would be owing to the publicity surrounding the writers.

While your title may not have sex appeal or pazzazz it just may be the right one for this market.

Another market niche into which your book fits is that of industry studies. I should think the Harvard School of Business Administration would make great use of this book. Also other similar schools. So, you're on your own now, right where I've often been.

Incidentally, in your letter to publishers also type your name under your signature and append to it "PhD". That will at least tip them off they aren't being contacted by some undisciplined person.

In writing to chief editors it would also be a good idea to write to them under their names, which can be obtained by a phone call to their firm. Any printed record of editors may be out of date,

I thought your opening material was very good——Attention-getting. And this is essential. Keep me posted if the spirit moves you.

PS. And believe me, luck plays a big part in the success of any book.

Ferdinand Lundberg to me. Chappaqua. March 12/83.

I did not mean to asperse you as a one-book author although as far as I know you have so far published only one. Maybe I'm being precious but manuscripts are not books, although they may well become such. It staggers me to see you write that you have six finished manuscripts on hand and are working on another, with still others projected. While some writers can do that, I know I wouldn't have the fortitude to do it. My personal quirk is that I must have someone ready to receive the script before I can work on it.

As to agents, one hears stories about them both ways. The Authors Guild will give you a list of approved agents—that is, people who aren't swindlers. And, unfortunately, there are those. From writers I know the name of Carl Brant as a good agent, able and punctilious. But I also know it is as hard to get a good agent as to get a publisher, sometimes harder. For

the good agents take up only what they think is salable. Contrary to opinion around, agents can't market material that is not readily marketable on its own.

Agents are best for what are called "money writers." These are usually also genre writers, and are apt to be established already. The reason they are good for such is that successful books have many subordinate marketing aspects—foreign rights, translations, paperbacks, film and TV exploitation, perhaps stage presentation. The writer of a book with all these various possibilities would go crazy trying to handle the marketing himself, although it has indeed been done. Again, with many avenues of publication there is the question of negotiating contracts, keeping track of royalties, obtaining proper advance payments, etc. An agent handles all this.

Now, a writer who doesn't have all these openings has less need of an agent and unless an agent scents some such possibilities in a writer he is apt not to be interested. As to the financial manipulation of art, much has been written about this, in books and in art magazines. If I wanted to get the details on such doings I'd look right in your trusty Library. The *Wall Street Journal*, too, has carried articles on the art market; see its *Index*.

As to the arms industry, it seems to me that has been done up rather brown, even in novels. Didn't Taylor Caldwell do a book on the subject? There are any number of books on the munitions industry and on its political and financial ramifications—all right there in the library. You could start with the DuPonts although there are many others.

I often say this to people: if there is anything on it, it is in the New York Public Library. There are enough facts alone in store there to turn the world on its head, and I mean this. If I had nine lives I'd spend about eight of them rummaging in its shelves,

As to not liking the commercial mentality of the agents, I'd say they must be commercial to survive. They need compensation for time and for overhead. Publication costs, and now costs more than ever, and most people who handle and publish books must clear costs or go out of business. They also hope to get something for their time and ingenuity. All this, that is, unless a book is subsidized, as are most university press books. Most books, I'm sorry to say, are published at a loss. I sometimes wonder anyone wants to bother, but it is a game much like the moth and the flame.

About agents: Joseph Conrad had an agent named Louis Pinker who was enamored of Conrad's work when nobody else was. Pinker over the years advanced the struggling Conrad thousands of pounds when the pound was worth $5 U.S. and it wasn't until Conrad had done ten or a dozen books that he was able to begin paying back. Pinker, however, had a son, who operated in the U.S. and had a stable of big-name authors such as Somerset Maugham, inherited from his father. It was discovered in time that the son was dipping into the revenues of his authors and the son was sent to Sing Sing for a spell, a sad denouement. So there, in one family, you had two agents who bore out both kinds of stories about agents. If the son had only not become greedy he would have had an easy and comfortable livelihood for the rest of his years.

I miss the library but I just don't have the old-time pep to keep working there. In the meantime I am doing much reading, little writing. Writing, and getting published, is a tough game for anyone with serious intent, and who needs to make a living at it.

You mention Shep Rifkin, a lovely fellow. There's a man who has published about fourteen books and, as far as I know, not one has earned enough to justify all the effort. Yet, being a writer, he keeps on. I hope that someday he really clicks. Some of the best writers in my estimation have made little money out of it all, haven't even received the critical acclaim they were due. Others, very poor in my view, have hit the jackpot again and again.

It's too bad to have to mention money in connection with writing but without money coming in most writers could not continue.

> Consult the Authors' Guild about agents. What an established agent has is instant entree to a lot of publishers. And he knows the tastes of each office. He looks over a script and decides then and there whether he can place it. If a good agent sees little chance for a script, he is pretty apt to be right although agents as well as publishers have made mistakes. Thomas Wolfe's "Look Homeward Angel" was turned down by fifteen publishers, was finally accepted by Max Perkins of Scribner's. Then the critics turned thumbs down on it but did an about-face when TLS of London gave it a long front-page review and hailed it as an American comedic masterpiece. A publisher, who had done two books of his, turned down Mario Puzo's "The Godfather" after reading the first chapter and an outline. Anyone who could do that ought to turn in his uniform,
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> The trade is full of stories like that. And also of stories where publishers have paid very large advances for stuff that simply sank out of sight in the market. Best of luck with your scripts.

The publication of my dissertation did not happen until 1988 and then by a fluke. I queried many publishers in vain. I was close to having it accepted by one but unfortunately I met a former professor who knew the publisher and offered to write an introduction which put off the publisher. More on this fellow later. Greenwood Press issued my project the *Index to Current Urban Documents*. I thought it would consider my manuscript out of indebtedness since my project was making the firm millions, but it rejected it without seeing it. Only when a request by it to the New School for Social Research for recent dissertations that might be publishable was forwarded to me, did the company agree to look at it and then publish it with some cutting. I kept the paperback rights because I hoped to publish someday the full manuscript. It appeared as *The Suppression of the Automobile* at a price that just libraries and institutions could afford, although Charles Bishop, the author of a book on the automobile in France, gave it a wonderful review in an automobile magazine. A review in the *Journal of Economic History* also praised it. But it made me little money. The full book I self-published in paperback as *Who Really Invented the Automobile?* A Montreal firm on the political left, to which I showed it, wanted to do it and issued a catalogue listing it, before sending me a contract offering me just 5% royalties. By then I had joined the Writers' Union of Canada and could not have accepted such an offer, which would have undermined my fellow authors, regardless how offensive it was.

I began keeping, intermittently, diaries, scattered about in different notebooks. We were invited to a wedding of a cousin in Hamilton to which I went, but Viola, who had to teach, could not. My record of this wedding and journey following it could be of interest for it relates some aspects of my family and the beginnings of a couple of books.

> Toronto April 29, 1983
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> I arrived last night by plane from New York City. Air Canada had been switched from Kennedy Airport to La Guardia which caused me some anxiety. I had neglected to look at my ticket, took the bus to Kennedy only to find that my flight left from the other place. A swift taxi drive got me to the plane in plenty of time. We were fifteen minutes late taking off. Smooth flight. Read Mou Wei's Revolutionary experiences in China under Sun Yat Sen. When I caught the airport bus to downtown Toronto, I had no idea where Havelock St. was. It is unwise to travel in any direction in this sprawling city without knowing your destination; you might end up hours from where you should be.
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> I stepped toward a taxi stand. A slim dark bandit-looking Pakistani or Thugee waited in the first taxi. Fortunately a businessman reached it before me, and I took the second cab driven by a bearded patriarch. He knew Havelock St. He proceeded to tell me the history of the city—about Simcoe, Bathurst Street, the villages. "Mary Pickford lived in that corner house." "Does it have a plaque?" I asked. "No," he said and added, thinking that since I was from NYC, I was American, "the Canadians don't know any history. I'm English. That's why I know it. 'What!'" he cried in falsetto. "'He asked me where such and such is. How should I know?' That's the way they are." [He also pointed out Marie Dressler's house, though I suspect he was just showing off because Dressler was from Coburg.] Eventually he turned the discussion to politics. The Liberals were enemies of the people. Trudeau was

going to be thrown out and the Conservatives were going to straighten out the country. He had a big sign behind his seat in support of Worthington, a right-wing columnist in the right-wing tabloid *The Sun*. Trudeau was a communist, he said. He went to Moscow University. He and Castro were classmates under Laski. By the time we reached Warren Clements' house he was shouting about those crazy liberals and their communist leader such that Warren answered his door with great concern on his face and hesitation in his actions. After I was inside I had to explain to my nephew that I had not quarreled with the man—he was too much of a hillbilly to risk contradicting. Warren and I sat with a drink and became acquainted. He is an intelligent young man of 30. I have the feeling that his intelligence causes him to politely humor most people. He works hard. He had to put together the editorial page for the *Globe and Mail* for the following day as the Chief Editor and Chief Assistant were not around. Warren is an editorial writer. Had to write an editorial and rewrite another. Works from 11 to 9 every day. Since he functions best in the evening, he does extra work such as columns for the newspaper then. For 8 hours on Sunday he draws and writes the comic strip, the "Nestlings", to cover the next 6 days. His only free day is Saturday. This weekend he is breaking up with his girl friend of 2 years—she is going back to her old boyfriend, who was very supportive during an epileptic seizure she had recently—stayed the night at the hospital with her in Guelph. She called him while we were talking—kept him on the phone for some time—I thought she didn't want to leave him. They liked one another but realized they were too different to stay together, he said. He's seeing her Sunday—wants to make sure she loves this other fellow—Warren wonders if she is not returning to him simply out of gratitude. I wonder if she is not despairing of ever getting Warren to propose. He seems to live a private life—very busy. He told me of books he is trying to publish. I told him of my mss. I was trying to publish.

He is bald on most of his head, rather plain-looking but his intelligence and sense of humour make him agreeable on first sight. He is very considerate to me. I like him a good deal.

I slept well. None of Warren's room doors close. His house, built in 1908, creaks—but is quaint. His life at work must be his life. His home is a pad.

He took me to centre town and showed me how to reach Mrs. MacAgy's apartment on Bayview Avenue. She is 92 and quite active. Had books, magazines, scrapbooks, letters on Douglas laid out for me. We liked one another. She gave me sandwiches, apple pie with cheese and white wine, then left me to read and take notes. At 4 she gave me coffee and cookies. She has had implants on both eyes—but seems healthy though with a slight heart problem for which she takes a drink every evening.

She told me that Douglas had been in a small hospital in Maine, was released to return to Washington, D.C.. When he got off the plane he joked with his wife about turkey sandwiches on the flight, then uttered a terrible scream and fell backwards unconscious. He remained unconscious for ten days before dying. It was his heart. He was 60. Elizabeth MacAgy died not long afterwards of spinal meningitis. When I left at five, I walked along the highway for 45 minutes down Bayview and finally by St. James Cemetery into Shelburne Ave. Called H.P. Gundy but no answer. Am sitting at a bar in a young people's hangout while writing this. Toronto seems prosperous. Stores are open to 9. It is 7.45 and daylight still—fairly warm weather. This place is somewhat noisy. Could be America? Not the Canada I grew up in.

May 1/83. I sauntered along Bloor west from Yonge—noted the houses falling from 3 to 2 storeys and the streets looking meaner.

Reaching Havelock St. after a long walk (there were no buses—later Warren told me there was the underground metro along Bloor). A dark-eyed long-haired youth laughing to himself on a corner asked for a quarter. A tall wooden apartment building with windows all along its sides proved a danger. Young men were throwing water and toilet paper reams down into the bare tree and sidewalk and parked cars below. Other young people laughing

delinquently looked out at the small crowd from floors below. A boy shouted out from the street "Jump!" Embarrassed amusement all round.

Warren was in when I arrived. We ate in a Near-Eastern restaurant nearby. Talked about his work, his past, his future. He writes the editorials with three or four others of the G and M —six full days a week.

The next morning we visited Becky in her upper duplex. She looked radiant. An old friend (I had met in Ottawa) was visiting her. She gave us coffee, muffins, bacon, iced buns. We had a good chatter until the man she lives with (Joe Haines) arrived and drove us downtown —leaving me at the bus station.

Warren accompanied me to the bus for Hamilton which was just pulling out. I found a seat beside an older gentleman, who had a beret and book on education in Canada on his lap. We struck up a conversation over education in the U.S. and Canada—went on to political economics and discussed Marxist approach. He was speaking in Hamilton City Hall on disarmament. I mentioned hearing E. P. Thomson at Riverside Church on the subject. Canadians were not reacting like Americans and Europeans, who were demonstrating against missiles in great numbers.

I told him about Art Shields' first volume of autobiography—how I hoped my nephew would review it in the *Globe and Mail*. [He had complained about the conservative editorials in the paper. When I mentioned that my nephew, who wrote many of them, was not really conservative, he became more cautious in what he said.] As he readied to get off the bus at City Hall, I asked his name. "George Ignatieff, Chancellor of Toronto University." I had been at a party at City University where he was present, I said. "Swedish economists," I added, as he rushed towards the exit. He may have remembered the occasion in 1975 when a farewell party was held for Gunnar and Ava Myrdal. [As I described earlier] I, as a Local president, was asked to attend—but just as a body to help pay the bill and fill a chair.

I waited an hour for a bus to Ancaster and took a taxi from there to the Tamahaac Club in a heavy rain. Fraser Bruce, who had a chauffeur, gave me a ride to the Church—Marjorie Bruce was kind and welcoming. Wedding music dragged—too slow on a rainy day. Sat with my brother Jim who looks large but well. [I asked Doreen Bruce, wife of Allen, to tell Fraser that I was driving back to the Tamahaac Club with Jim. Fraser was angry with me because he said he had looked for me after signing the register with the newlyweds. Doreen had not informed him.]

Heather Bruce is tall and heavy—very sweet. Her groom Gary is shorter, has pigeon look. An Anglican minister, he will live in the Gaspé.

Met brother Alec and Anne after years of absence. Spoke cordially but not very friendly—cannot forgive them for treatment of Viola and myself.

There were a lot of nice young people—a score of divinity types from Toronto U.—Trinity College. The Dean I spoke to knew George Ignatieff—so did the Bruces—he was a friend of Fraser Bruce.

I thought Ignatieff was pleasant, but sensed him jump on his guard when he realized I was closer to the establishment than he had first thought. I asked only for his name, not for his rank.

Douglas Bruce, father of the bride, gave a witty and tear-bringing speech at the reception. I enjoyed talking to some people—ran into the same number of conservatives with whom I always talk politics. The Dean of Divinity School Trinity College knew David Morris, my old schoolfriend, to whom I sent my regards.

After his speech giving Heather away, Douglas paid the piper. Bagpipers howling, the piper marched up to Douglas who stood with a waiter holding 2 glasses of whisky on a silver

tray. They toasted each other and drank it. Then the piper took a white cloth wrapped bouquet of heather from his pipe and gave it to Heather.

During the evening I talked to Marjorie and young Douglas who were asking me about Marx. [Later I discovered that they were avoiding the parents of the groom who were from a lower class range and difficult for them to converse with, which left Fraser, always the diplomat and the bride's parents to entertain them. When Marjorie asked me to find her a cigarette, I borrowed one from the groom's father and went back to the enclave where Marjorie and Douglas Jr awaited me. This, added to my desertion at the church, made me a target of Fraser's ire as I discovered the following morning.] Had a fitful night—one blanket only—somewhat cold and too excited. Meeting with Alec pained me. [I recall seeing Jim standing alone, the heels of his shoes worn down, rather forlorn—a far cry from the flashy RAF pilot of pictures of times past.]

Breakfasted the next morning with relatives of Bev Bruce—her sister Barbara and her family, e.g. Coles, from Peterborough. Bruces—Fraser, Marjorie and young Douglas drove me to airport where I waited for and caught plane to Boston. They were driving to Montreal. The rest of the family—Allan Bruce suffering from cancer, bald from chemo, but hopes to recover, has eyebrows back—a good sign—Bishops, Hargraves drove last night. Lucky I was early because plane space was oversold.

At Boston I waited an hour for flight on small plane to Martha's Vineyard—taxi took me to Mrs. Katzenbach's house along dirt roads through Chilimark, deep into woods. Lonely, many-windowed one floor house in the deep of the bush.

She had early painting of Clyfford Still [the abstract expressionist artist and close friend of Clay Spohn]—gave me a slide of it. Told me interesting facts about cruelty of Still—his nastiness to another man at a party because his mistress liked him. He picked up the girl, a teacher of drama at Washington State University, and threw her on bed. Still's wife Lillian was a nonentity—yellow-red hair, a zero. Still liked Earl Blew—admired him. Blew played the piano well but not with the facility of his first wife (Enrico Caruso's illegitimate daughter) who was a concert pianist. Lois had an affair with Blew. Blew's wife, the pianist, committed suicide. Mrs. Katzenbach felt that this would be a shadow between them. Blew announced (when she delayed accepting marriage) that he was marrying someone else and would commit suicide. She told a doctor and was worried. Blew took poison but was rushed to hospital—survived to have 2 children, long marriage, still alive at 80. He taught piano. [When I went to San Francisco to research for my biography on Douglas MacAgy, I telephoned Blew who talked with me for a long time about his relationship with Still and his works that he had.] Still showed Lois Katzenbach his early paintings in 1933. She thought they were his best—stark portrayal of people of the dust bowl poverty in North Dakota and Canada. Powerful—moving—they depicted humanity at its bleakest. Still was never confident in himself. From the poverty of his youth and poor salaries ($60 a month to start at Washington State) he rose to riches—developed megalomania. Could not take success. Eventually he rose to head of department at Washington State. She left in 1939 to teach at Mills college. He turned up in San Francisco about 1941 without a cent. His wife and children were not in evidence. Lois never knew what happened to Lillian. Still didn't have enough to eat—she got her friends to commission him to paint their portraits—Logan, Marian Anderson [this portrait of Mrs. Anderson I reproduced in the MacAgy biography. She asked Sidney Peterson to sell the portrait and he gave me a reproduction of it. Marion was married to a psychiatrist who was thrown by a patient onto his back and paralyzed for life.] Lois didn't like the severe portrait that Still did of her. She left with the Red Cross for India where she met and married husband Bill. By 1944 back in New York, they saw Still's show at Guggenhein Gallery—wrote him. Still did portraits of her which they rejected in lieu of one from the show.

Lois Katzenbach is 78—adopted 2 children—lost husband 8 years ago, one year after they built house in Martha's Vineyard. She is friendly, open, supportive, rather garrulous but that suited me since I was there for information. Her husband designed houses, made wallpaper —resourceful, intelligent, good man—other member of family closest to him is Nicholas

Katzenbach—Bill's brothers are stuffy Republican multimillionaires—one is partner in Merrill-Lynch.

Still's greatest work, according to L.K., was done in the early 30s—the farmers in distortion reflecting the agony of starvation on the prairies.

Still was rather humble in the forties—very flattering to Katzenbach—gauche, no knowledge of etiquette. When he came with Pat, 2nd wife, to visit them in the early sixties after L.K. suggested in a note that he come for a visit, he called out of the blue—was a few miles away with wife. L.K. had guest room occupied with daughter and husband, so suggested nearby motel. Still had cadillac—came to dinner—talked of nothing but himself —how difficult it was to deal with museums, dealers, collectors, etc—a great bore.

L. K. thinks Still stopped developing when he became famous. A cruel, ruthless man, he lost sense of humanity of early paintings.

I now have fuller picture of Still—paranoid psychotic, vain megalomaniac—but very talented. Blew, also ruthless, was his best friend—perhaps his mentor—must look into this. I slept in one wing of the building—windows all round—the woods outside—had good sleep, woke and dressed before seven. We talked about L.K. and more about Still. Taxi came at 11—waited one hour at airport—flight to Boston quick though bouncy. L.K. asked me to bring wife next time—I like her and think Viola will.

The airport bus and subway to Boston in South Station was maneuvered fast—but arrived 5 minutes after bus left for Lenox. Waited one hour for bus to Springfield (talked to woman resident of South Hadley returning from London, England about play in London—Sassoon gives advice to a younger poet in WWI. On subway had talked to young man whose brother taught school in China.)

Springfield seems desolate—feels depression—ate early dinner in Greek restaurant—1st course costs $2.95—liver and onions, potato, corn, coffee—miraculous! Apple pie is 75¢.

Thoughts about L.K.—she is very fat now, wears big dress to cover herself—had colostomy —cutting out piece of spine because of cancer. (Her husband died of cancer.) She was in bed for 2 years. Her students like her because she encouraged them—still corresponds with Chinese student from 30s—best ceramist in world now. Her principal was McCarthy type, had spies—tried to get something on her but her work was so good that he could not.

What did Still do between time she left in 1942 until her return in 1944? It was in this period that his work changed, according to her. But in the Still Catalog of 1963 the first color painting is an early abstract dated 1939. Is this date correct? Certainly Peggy Guggenheim and Betty Parsons' shows in 1944 and 45 were abstract.

My return to Boston in the small plane gave me a few rough moments in the clouds but a gentle landing. I found my way to Peter Pan bus station which took me to Springfield, an impoverished area of closed stores and drunken beggars. I had an early dinner—liver and onions etc for $2.95. Then after a couple of hours I went through Lenox to Pittsfield where a taxi took me to a Travel Lodge motel on the outskirts. Next morning I hired a car and drove to Windsor. The librarian in this hamlet told me about the place—its history, weather, etc. and sent me down a side road to Mrs. Drew, the local historian. A run-down farm house gave no signs of life when I knocked. I went back to the car and turned to take another look. A small white dog appeared on the leash on the front porch and an old farmer puttered at the back of the house, conjured up as if by magic. I approached the farmer in ragged overalls. He took me into the house, the rooms of which were cluttered with junk, leaving room only to walk. The old stout lady washing at the kitchen sink was somewhat deaf. She was embarrassed to be called the local historian, but she asked me to sit while she took the other chair. There being no room for Mr. Drew he stood in the doorway. Our chat became friendlier. He was born on this farm 80 years ago. She pulled out a map from 1831 and we figured out the route Ephraim Wheeler took. Partridgefield is now Peru. They gave me directions and I followed the country roads through Peru. A sharp bend took me down a

> highway through Westfield up into the mountains with beautiful vistas of distant ridges, blue in the overcast light and down into Cummington village nestled along a wide stream—the Westfield River. Two boys fished for trout. The W. C. Bryant stone library was closed. I returned by main highway to Pittsfield. This way would have been swamps and bog in Wheeler's day—which is why in going from Windsor to Cummington he took the long route over the high ground of the mountain ranges.
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> I asked the Pittsfield Library local history collection for help and found info about Asa Hunt and Sheriff Larned. Taking the car back to the Hertz by the bus station, I caught the 5 o'clock for NYC and arrived home by 9.30 p.m.
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> My trip was very successful, I think. The pain of meeting Alec and Anne stayed deep in me through Saturday and helped keep me awake for the night. Not until I was on Martha's Vineyard did I sense it leave me. When I passed Anne and Alec sitting on chairs in the ballroom late in the day, I saw the discomfort in their eyes as they smiled at me. They must have realized how deeply they had hurt me.

My drive through the Berkshires was in pursuit of the facts about Wheeler's rape of his daughter Betsy in 1805, which was the subject of a rare pamphlet that a friend had sold to the Research Libraries but first gave me a copy with the thought it could make a novel. The thought became *Chocolate for the Poor; a Story of Rape in 1805*. I was fortunate to have surveyed the lay of the land then because two or three years later, when I drove through the same district on my way back from Canada, I discovered that a superhighway had wiped out the landmarks. I tried following the old road, but, a short way along it, I was stopped by thick bushes and trees clogging the way.

My friendship with Ayse Taspinar was enjoyable because we could confide in one another about love affairs, work problems, politics, whatever, free of envy and jealousy because we were just close friends. She had a love connection similar to mine with Viola. She lived with a tall, lean, pleasant American of Italian extraction, Joe, whom she met when he tried to pick her up as they passed on the street. Joe was divorced from his Swedish born wife and had children by her. Ayse loved him as a person but they did not make love as Joe had become impotent. Ayse, who had been married to a Spaniard, whom she had met as a student and who died an incurable alcoholic, giving her some painful years, had love affairs about which she told me. When I first knew her [I met her when she came to research in the Economics Division], she was a secretary in a bank and the lover of one of the bankers, a Jewish fellow who was beholden to a younger Jewish girl in a paternalistic-affianced arrangement. Later she met a jazz trumpeter in a jazz club [she loved jazz] and had a love relationship with him although she did not like him as a person. We used to meet for a glass of wine at the Mermaid bar near her apartment by Lincoln Center. She asked me to a couple of Turkish affairs at the Turkish consulate where I met her mother, who lived near her.

Ayse's mother came from a wealthy family in Istanbul. Her mother's father was a distinguished jurist who was a court adviser to the last Sultan. She married a Turkish engineer who had been educated at Harvard University. Ayse was the only girl of three children. The brother she liked, a philosopher and artist, lived in a remote Turkish village. Her other brother, a businessman, married an American, and lived in the states. Her father, after divorcing her mother, married an American and lived with her and their daughter in Maryland. Ayse, who grew up in Istanbul, was sent to high school in Kansas. In New York she worked as a secretary in a few legal offices, but, concerned for her future and possibly following Viola's decision to get a degree, she decided to enrol in a program for teaching English as a second language at Columbia University. When my *Through Paphlagonia With a Donkey* was published, she arranged for a professor of archaeology to have me speak at one of his seminars on the subject.

I kept a corner of my life secret from her, however, as I kept it hidden from everyone—that was my love for Rose whom I had called after years of silence. Rose answered my call and we recommenced our relationship, which, as we made love, I wondered why I had forsaken her. Rose was a most beautiful woman and our physical love exceeded any other. She confessed that I was "the love of her life". Our private lives, however, would not have been compatible and she respected my love for and commitment to Viola.

I was still writing in the mornings and on weekends. My essay on Clay Spohn was printed in the New York Library's *Bulletin for the Humanities* and garnered much praise, especially by those artists who had known him. It was my first written piece to receive an award—from the Library's Skeel Fund, transmitted to me by the Library Director, David Stam. A longer version which I gave to the Neiningers eventually ended up in the New York Office of the Archives of American Art; it recounted Clay's explanation to me of why he was dropping me from his will as a trustee; his friends in Washington, DC, who made it possible for him to receive a grant from the National Endowment, apparently considered me and my Marxist ideas, which I spoke of to one of them, a hindrance to his getting the grant. Clay offered his papers and books to me, but I had no room to store them. Olli Sihvonen, the hard-edge artist, who lived in the apartment above Clay and was a longtime friend, helped Neininger document Clay's paintings and settle the estate after Clay's death. At this time, seven years after Clay's death, his estate was finally settled. Urban Neininger gave me the slides of Clay's paintings and the gold watch that had belonged to Clay's brother. [Clay's gold watch they gave to John Hultberg, the painter and good friend of Clay.] Olli, a veteran of World War II, suffered from a heart condition. I visited him in the Veterans' Hospital on 1st Avenue to return a book on Duchamp that he wanted me to read. Shortly afterwards he died. Urban Neininger was very ill with a debilitating disease and dragged himself around his Second Avenue Apartment, willing himself to live until a modern apartment in a new housing development was ready for him and his wife Jean. On the day he moved into the new apartment he died and Jean was able to afford to live there. But Jean had Lou Gehrig's disease. I saw her last when she gave me material on their friend Douglas MacAgy for my intended biography.

In these years I interviewed Sidney Peterson, the avant garde filmmaker, and his wife Bernice in their apartment on East 16th Street, on the subject of Douglas MacAgy, whom they had known well. I had met Sidney through Clay years before, when Clay tried to give a few of his friends a dinner he had cooked in his makeshift studio. Viola and I entertained the Petersons at the United Nations for lunch, which was our way of hosting friends since our apartment was too small. [The only friend to visit our apartment in these years was Art Shields, who at 95, with his wife in tow, climbed the stairs to the fourth floor, unannounced, when I was away, to peruse Viola's dissertation on Tennyson.] Sidney, a reflective intellectual, had a wide reputation for his early film work. When I attended the Canadian Learned Scholars Conference in Windsor in 1988 [where I spoke on McKee Rankin, the Canadian actor] I sat next to a professor at Ryerson University at a dinner honoring Jamie Reaney for his playwriting, who revered Peterson and wanted to ask him to address his classes. When I told Sidney this, he hoped it would happen because he badly needed some money—though I think it was all wishful thinking. Bernice had been a dancer with Martha Graham's troupe when MacAgy, as curator, asked it to perform at the San Francisco Museum of Art.

Aside from John Hultberg, the artist, who told me of his friendship with Clay, I visited Edward and Edie Dugmore, who studied under Clyfford Still and gave me another dimension of the big bad "genius." Dugmore, an abstract expressionist, lived sparsely on his pension as a war veteran and must have sold few paintings because his art had gone out of style. Hultberg had international success when fairly young. His surrealist paintings, influenced by Spohn's work, were hot items in the 1960s. President Johnson hung one in the Oval Office. The King of Sweden collected his paintings. Hultberg's work was championed by Martha Jackson, who ran a gallery in New York City and was an influential promoter of modern artists. She and John had been lovers. When she died, she left her house on Monhegan Island, Maine, in the art colony to him. He needed it because he became an alcoholic, was divorced, married again, and sold few paintings; the art world had passed him by. When I knew him, he sat in his studio in Soho in a rocking chair and stared out a window that ran from ceiling to floor at the traffic in the street. He had been on the wagon for some time. He was a thinker, mild-mannered and as articulate as Peterson. He had his strong likes and dislikes in art; for instance, he admired *The Education of Henry Adams* and abhorred the works of Nikos Kazantzakis. He kept up his friendship with artists he had known in his youth, and, when I was trying to interest publishers in my monograph on Spohn, he elicited many of them to write testimonials on Spohn's artistry, which, considering the competitiveness among artists, was a considerable feat and a huge compliment to Spohn. He enjoyed my *Through Paphlagonia with a Donkey* and was enthusiastic over my book on MacAgy, whom he knew from his student days in San Francisco. When he had to give up his Soho Studio and live on Monhegan Island again, he kept in touch and assured me he was going to make a comeback. He did return to Manhattan, had an

agent and seemed to be selling paintings again—even sold a small one to me! When he passed away in 2005, the trustee of his estate sent me a book of his poems, which are as insightful and "visionary" as his painting. His loyalty to Clay was touching and his friendship with artists of lesser talent such as Seymour Boardman, whom I knew because he worked in the Library to make a living, testified to his lack of conceit. He told me that he had worked as a guard in the Metropolitan Museum of Art before his paintings were recognized and how the long hours gave him the peace to ruminate on art and philosophy.

Succeeding Richard Couper temporarily as President of the Library was a gentleman, who must have found raising funds difficult. He was replaced by Vartan Gregorian, an ebullient, roly-poly professor with huge ambition and a mixture of gravitas and glad-handing camaraderie to make him a successful fund-raiser from the rich that brought him prominence on both the social and scholarly scenes. His eyebrows raised, his eyes intense, he advanced on one as if he had been missing the contact. When he first saw me at a couple of Library events, he thought I was a patron and conversed in a friendly manner. He once met me walking across the street from the Library and exclaimed "What are you doing here?" as if I were out of my exalted element somewhere else. But when he discovered I was a library employee, his respect declined and, when he heard that I had organized the library union, which at the time was criticizing his insistence that the Library rent a penthouse apartment at thousands a month for him to entertain prospective donors, he became distinctly distant. Although he considered the Library appointment a comedown, because he was turned down for president of Philadelphia University, he used it well to make the right connections to be appointed President of Brown University eventually. Possibly his penthouse apartment impressed the right people.

I made some changes to my library methodology manuscript that the Library, after a long time, suggested, and waited for its printing, but it seemed to have been shelved. I put all my effort into promoting my Turkish Journal, even to the point of having it reviewed in Turkish by a Turkish newspaper in New York.

Viola to me. July 3/83. Morden, Surrey.

> Since I arrived, I have enjoyed excellent weather. Today is warm and sunny. They say July is going to be dry. But do bring a sweater and warm trousers and a jacket (like your green or maroon one); by the way I left my Burberry and Jacket behind. I meant to bring them but forgot in the hurry of leaving home in that heat. But I do NOT want you to bring them. I bought a light raincoat (better than the Burberry) for this sort of weather. Would you please put my watch, which you will find in the silver tray near my bed-sofa. Put it with your visa card and passport, so you won't forget. I also forgot to wear the orchid that Kay bought me. It is in the fridge at the bottom. I guess it is no point in your bringing it. So just bring my watch and the LL Bean clothes, that's all.
>
> I have got two tickets for Edmund Kean. I have got it for the 23rd July because it is the last day. The show is closing and moving to N.Y. Sorry, I wanted it for the 29th. You will still be suffering from jet lag on the 23rd.
>
> Christopher arrived unannounced last week. He is here to see several people for interviews. I took him to town one day and lunched at Covent Garden and saw Tootsie. He enjoyed it. I think he would have loved the James Bond movie better.
>
> Mummy has been reading my thesis. I am surprised she can grasp so much of what I have written. She is quite revitalized by my visit and looks forward to yours.
>
> I shall be going to get some swimming tickets today. Eustace and I went to Church and to the Beverly, in that order. Enjoyed speaking to him. Will fill you in with all the gossip when you come.
>
> By the way, buy your cigarettes and whiskey <u>on the plane</u>. It is much cheaper. I could have saved myself $4 on the cigarettes, for example. Don't forget to bring my LL Bean clothes.
>
> Please mail the electric and telephone bills and rent bill before you come.

Kitty called one afternoon, I was flaked out then. She had to call again in the evening. She and John had a wonderful time in Oxford. 800 Rhodes scholars. The first time they had a reunion (80th anniversary). I'm sure Garretson was there.

I was seen taking it easy. My mother is so pleased to have someone to talk to. I spend much time with her. She is so possessive. I want to do nothing but keep her company, so that by the time you come, she won't mind our gadding about, etc.

I wonder if Miss Noppe will reply to me or Mr. Brianza. Just saw MacEnroe beat Lewis. No contest, really, don't you think? I am spending a very lazy time here. But next week I might move around more.

Hope N.Y. is not too hot. I read the temperature was 92° one day and 66° the next!!

I send you all my love, darling. Mummy and Eustace also send their love and look forward to seeing you. How did your interview with Draman go? And your Journal? Is it being published? Hope all that side of your busy life is ok. Would be nice if the printer can finish the job before you leave. I'd love to see a copy.

PS Sorry this is such a mundane letter.

To Viola from me. July 13/83. New York.

Your call at 6 caught me in a foggy mentality, but I was glad to hear your voice. My plane leaves on the 21st at 10 p.m and arrives London at 9.45 London time. I have been managing okay since you left. Went to the beach twice on very hot days and escaped with only a slight burn. Your LL Bean slacks came; I'll bring them. The typesetter has all my retyped pages of the Turkish journal so I hope she will get to it soon. I took my detective story to Walker and Co., but still have not received back the first copy from St. Martins. The editor was unhappy with the board's decision, said I had talent and not to give up, etc. I have not been writing the Mass. novel, but will bring it with me. I'm sending off the Ms on Spohn to the Getty Foundation tomorrow.

As you heard the weather was in the high nineties and humid over the holiday weekend. It's rather hot today but the evenings have been cooler. Had lunch with John Montgomery today. Have seen very few people, but am kept busy nevertheless. I shall try to hoover the apt before I leave. By the way, I heard from the B. C. publisher of Richardson's short stories that the book would definitely appear next spring, that he had been busy but would send me a contract in a few weeks. I am looking forward to seeing "Kean", and to being with you in England and taking it easy again. The Library work has been somewhat hectic in the heat. I saw James Bond in "Octopussy" to cool off one afternoon—quite a lot of fun.

I won't rattle on, darling, because I shall see you probably shortly after this letter arrives. Glad you are swimming. Give my love to your mother and best regards to Eustace. I look forward to seeing them soon.

My attempts at publishing refer: first, to *Through Paphlagonia With a Donkey* that a journalist friend, Bill Reuben, whom I write of in "Literati", read, calling it better than Steinbeck's recent travel book, and told me how to self-publish it. I registered the name Davus Publishing at the City Clerk's Office off the Court House Square on the suggestion of the City Clerk, who pointed to the ancient adage "Davus sum, non Oedipus"—I am Davus, not Oedipus—I am a plain man, not a riddle solver. Later I discovered that the Roman poet Horace had a slave called Davus, whom he chided in a poem for using him too hard on the one day in the year when the master becomes the slave to his slave. A small publishing outfit in Brooklyn, with the support of a New York State grant, typed the book in type that was then offset after adding photographs I had taken during my journey. Rose drove to the warehouse with me and we loaded her car with the books. I stored them in my 14th St. studio. I sent out notices of its publication, carted some to a book distributor on a small pulley-cart, and had a great sale to colleagues in the Library. A radio interviewer, who admired the book, interviewed me generously; I learned that he had interviewed the author of *Midnight Express*, made

into a horrific film, which had described the imprisonment of an American boy in Turkey, for which the interviewer got a lot of criticism from Turkish officials. My book showed a better side.

In the fall I had collected a lot of money from sales and kept it in shoe boxes in the apartment. I happened to joke about this in the Library staff cafeteria and presumably was overheard because a couple of days later our apartment was burgled. It was a Thursday, which I had as my day off that week, and Viola, who had been pestering me to take the money to the bank, prevailed and I banked it in the morning. She went out for a while in the afternoon, leaving a roast in the oven, and returning, found our door lock thick with gum. She went to complain to the superintendent, who had found our cutlery, Viola's purse and other things of ours under the stairway by the postal boxes, as if someone had stashed them there temporarily. Viola recognized them with alarm. The police came immediately, and, on breaking open our apartment door, revealed that someone had ransacked the place, even opening Viola's *Bible*, in the search for cash. The real theft, however, took place in an apartment on the main floor where a rare coin collection was taken. We had the door lock replaced and added a special heavy duty lock that could not be tampered with.

I mailed a form advertising the book's publication, in which I offered booksellers a 40% discount. My brother Alec, unaware that I self-published the book, ordered several copies calling himself a bookseller. I mailed the books to him as bookseller but many weeks later Alec wrote to Davus Publishing complaining that the books had not arrived. I had read that Canadian Customs was stopping books from entering Canada on suspicion that they were pornographic and asked our cousin Doug Bruce to inform Alec of this. Alec, who probably queried Customs, received the books. I knew that to work independently as a lawyer required a thriftiness that large firms which charged inflated fees need not practice, but I was amused by the legal mind's resourcefulness in cutting corners.

My reference to publishing refers secondly to *The Jenny; a New York Library detective novel*, about a stamp theft that an editor at St. Martin's Press tried but failed to get the Editorial Board to approve —lacking sufficient political clout. She asked me to submit other mss. When I finished writing a sequel, *The Grand Conspiracy*, I telephoned the Press but was told she had left publishing. Probably she would not have supported it because the subject of criminal collusion among government, unions and slum landlords proved too strong for Americans, who were willing to tweak the establishment but not expose it.

My reference to publishing refers thirdly to the Massachusetts' novel, *Chocolate for the Poor*. I had been writing it in the mornings before going to work. The fourth reference, concerned the manuscript on Clay Spohn, which I was sending to the Getty Foundation in hopes of securing a grant to continue writing it and publish it. Fifthly, John Richardson's *Short Stories* about North American Indians, which I had discovered and collected, were to be printed by a Canadian Indian Press, Theytus, in Penticton, British Columbia.

Viola and I did see the play "Kean", starring Ben Kingsley as the great nineteenth-century actor. We sat in the middle of the front row of the balcony. When the play concluded, everyone in the theatre, in the orchestra and balcony, stood to applaud the cast, which exposed us because we stayed seated but applauded as we liked the play yet did not consider that it deserved such distinction. Many in the audience looked at us in expectation and Kingsley looked up at us pleadingly, as if our standing would be a blessing on them all. The play was scheduled for Broadway in New York City and, as it turned out, our judgment was justified when it flopped there after a few nights.

This was the first time I experienced whole audiences standing and applauding a performance; sometimes certain persons stood to applaud and were seen as especially exuberant; but the practice intensified in succeeding years where it has come to the point where whole audiences stand to applaud the most mediocre of performances as if not to do so would be an insult to the actors. It exemplifies to me the general dumbing down of culture and lack of taste that our world of slick advertising and increasing illiteracy foisted upon us.

We planned to drive through the French Pyrenees and search out the art work of the Cathars as Douglas MacAgy did in 1939, and then pass into Basque Spain to retrace the long march of the Auxiliary British Legion over the Cantabrica Mountain range, which John Richardson recorded in

his *Journal* of 1835. Viola kept her "Trip Diary" from the first day and I kept a journal when we were en route—by quoting from both of them in turn, I can give the reader an idea of the country and some pleasant reading—hence this section standing alone devoted to the trip.

Viola's Trip Diary, France and Spain. N.Y. June, July, Aug. 1983.

27 June—2 Aug. England. Spent a lovely hot summer in July with Mummy. Did a lot of gardening etc. Just loved it. May God bless her.

2 Aug. Flew to Nice by British Airways B42. Delayed on ground for 1/2 hour. Too much traffic over Paris. Finally took off. Was almost near Nice when we had to turn back to London airport. No air conditioning and no pressure. Very dangerous. Dodged huge cloud banks. Had to transfer to another aircraft. Arrived Nice 3 hours later. Poor Kitty could not wait. Left message to take a taxi. But David and I rented a Citroen Super Viga car and drove to Bar-sur-Loup via Grasse. Got lost only occasionally. Admiration for David's driving and sense of direction. Kitty and John almost gave us up. John looked thinner but well and so did Kitty. We had a nice supper after exchanging gifts. Next day sat in the sun and shade as wished and talked, etc. Swam, watched "Brideshead Revisited" on video tape. Not too good sound but excellent picture. Chatted with Kitty until late at night. John and I went through the Rhodes Scholars list and read about Garretson, Dean Rusk and various cronies of John.

4 Aug. Chatted. Discussed racism. Swam with David early in the morning. Went for long walk up the mountains. Had nice spaghetti lunch. Swim. Going to Chaces for supper. Saw Paul who came down the street to greet us. Took Toby and Cheng but left Carlo behind with John. Don't think J D H likes the Chaces much. Had lobster bisque, cold cuts, salad and Raspberry Sorbet and yogurt. Cecily and Paul live in Chateauxneuf. The Chaces told us all about Spain and what to avoid eating. Had visions of starving. "The octopus tasted like plastic and the oil in the salad was motor oil and the water filthy."

5th Aug. (Fri) Drove with Kitty and John and the three dogs to Villefranche between Nice and Monte Carlo. Swam in the Mediterranean in Nice with Kitty and David. John sat in the car. The three dogs immediately made for a vacant beach umbrella belonging to somebody else. Delicious swimming. John thought David was swimming strongly to North Africa. Drove to Villefranche and ate at Daufin. Kitty and I had Moule Marin. David and John had lamb. Enjoyed lunch and then went into Nice to stop at the Lafayette (Gallerie de L). Bought Mummy a pipe which Kitty said she would love to give Mummy. David bought maps and a book, of course. Stopped on the way for a strawberry milk shake. David had a beer. Laughed about the funny habit of John and David losing things, etc. Went back. Stopped at supermarket. Ching wandered off to garbage bins and nearly got lost. John and I sat in the car.

Went home and had a nice roast pork dinner. David read from Oxford Book of Quotations and we all had fun. John baked me a cake. Was most moved.

6th Aug. Drove off with David towards Montpellier but spent a night at Sete. Had lunch on the autoroute. Extremely hot. Lost temper with David driving aimlessly around Montpellier. Stopped and had a drink by the roadside 25 km from Sete. Stayed at Hotel Imperial outside Sete. Had a lovely Vietnamese dinner in Sete. Walked there and back.

7th Aug. Had a nice breakfast and went to the Paul Valery Museum. Most impressed by his ideas. His portrait of himself looked like Clay Spohn—but showed such a sad expression! His famous "La Cimitiere Marin" poem talks about the tranquil sky as a roof and the ever renewing sea. He wishes that by looking hard at the sea the gods will refresh his thoughts. Drove towards Carcassonne. Stopped at Letitia, a lovely modern restaurant. Had a swim and salad Nicoise. David had pizza. A woman swam topless. Drove to the city of Carcassonne. Great fortress town. Full of tourists. Several hundreds of them. Numerous restaurants and gift shops. Saw a medieval church, possibly pure Gothic. Lovely stained

glass windows. Wrote a card to Tuttleton [English professor at NYU]. Drove toward Limoux. Got lost of course. Heard a jazz concert in the Place. Very good. Enjoyed it. Had a marvelous dinner at St Jean Pierre Restaurant. 2 stars. David ate and drank a lot. Very good day.

We are in Limoux, having had a tasty marvelous, 5-course meal for 50 francs each ($6.50—cheap.) Sitting in hotel listening to the crickets. The Aude runs through this ancient, lazy town. A jazz band of young Frenchmen played well in the town park au centrale. Little Romanesque in Carcassone but enjoyed the gargoyles and the marvelous fortifications. (Woman at the pool at lunch said when winds blew up sand on beaches people came to pool to swim. The wind from the sea is called vent marin—wind from north vent sonci (or something like that—similar to mistral.)

8th Aug. Left Limoux. The hotel girl said she never saw an American Traveler's Cheque before. Drove through beautiful vineyards to Abbeye St. Hilare. Ancient 14th century monastery of Benedictine monks. Saw the Church and walked along the Cloisters. David was impressed by the Sarcophage (Roman). Tasted Blanquette de Limoux (champagne) in the prison converted into a Caveau d'Abbeye. Cost 4 fr. each. Posted cards, bought bread and cheese, margarine and wine. Drove to Quillan. Beautiful town. Changed Barclay's travel cheques. Drank apple juice and coffee. Bought *Le Figaro*. Wandered about town. Nice atmosphere of town. Lovely hotels. River Aude and parks pretty. Convivial spirit about the place. Saw the ruins of the Cathedral. Drove next to Puisvert. Climbed to the feudal Chateau ruins. Very high indeed. Ate our picnic lunch. (John's cake was excellent.) Loved the view. Could see for miles around the Pyrenees. Climbed down and drove to Montsejur. What magnificent country! Saw Montsejur from a distance. It was the highest point, shaped like a sugarloaf. Simply beautiful. Drove through winding country, hairpin bends up this very high point. Parked car and David climbed to the top with a lot of other people. Took about 1/2 hour. I sat in car and tried to catch glimpse of David. Couldn't very well. He came down eventually, pooped, hot and sweaty. Drank non-fizzy orange. Drove to Laracon for the night. David soaked in bathtub to refresh himself. Montsejur is famous. Built by knights in 11th and 12th C. 13th century the monks were massacred (Cathars). Check Provencale Michelin Guide for details. Left Montsejur and drove through magnificent mountains to Tarascon-sur-Ariege. A very crowded town. We stayed at the Hostelerie by the river. The bedroom opened on the high street. The bathroom most modern. Shiny new black tiles and green basin, bath, etc. Excellent shower. Had a meal. David drank a drink called Cuba Libre (for Castro's sake!). I had a Porto. Neither cocktail was good. The service at dinner was slow and poor. After dinner went to see the town which was crowded. There was a fair for children. All very gay and festive. Garish neon lights and ferris wheels, etc. Then we walked towards the river. Thousands of French tourists lined the bridge and River banks, all looking towards the tower on the Castle. A high hill on which was a clock tower and cross. At 10 p.m. the fireworks began. Very lovely. although several fizzled out. Very orderly crowd. Throughout the town so far we came across only French people. Very polite and friendly.

[From David's Diary: Summer lightning, the noiseless kind preceded a soft rain (as if the tree leaves were crying) last night. Drove to St Hilaire in the mountains—the sculpture Romanesque on the sarcophagus is the important objet here. The graceful gestures of the monks carries the eye. The middle monk looks right but gestures left, thereby keeping the row in unity. Tasted Blanquette wine in monastery prison, which seemed roomy for one person, all that would have been put there in a village of 20 families. Like Quillan—river, tree-lined streets—good atmosphere, sipped coffee in main street. Before reaching it, we stopped at Alet-les-Bains to inspect the Cathedral ruins—walls still standing but not impressive—liked the old hotel standing behind it like its accompanying monastery—same old reddish stone. Viola climbed with me to the ruins of Puivert—we ate bread and drank red wine on hill top. The knights guarded this place—first made by Romans. I next climbed the breathtaking Montsejur and watched young people spading earth inside its ruined walls for secrets of its past. Are there Cathar treasures buried there?**]**

{**Viola's diary**] 9th Aug. Had the usual French breakfast. Except here the croissant was horrible. Drove to Grotte de la Vache, thinking it was Niaux. Drove to the Musee de Pays. Was fascinated by the way the peasants lived and the tools they used several centuries ago. The woman directed us to Grotte des Niaux. The climb was steep. Made me most nervous. The hairpin bends and so high up. David was terrific. The huge, huge cave, like a gigantic Cathedral and huge like a 747 hangar was full as far as tours were concerned. They took 20 at a time and we could not hang around till 3 p.m. We then drove to Grotte de Bedcilhac. Was too early so drove to Auberge and had coffee. Then drove back to the Grotte. We had to take lamps and the tour began about 10.15 a.m. It lasted 1 1/2 hour. The tour was sensational. So huge was the interior that a plane could land in it. The stalactites and stalagmites were huge and impressive. We walked through rocky, stony and uneven ground. So dark. We saw some prehistoric drawings and paintings of bison and other animals. I fell down and had to be helped up. Then I banged my head on a low and huge stalactite. Had to crouch several times to see paintings and imprints of hands, etc. A marvelous experience. Was glad to get out—it was so cold and dark inside the cave. Had to go to the bushes for a peepee. We left Bedcilhac and drove through fabulous Pyrenees—such high winding roads almost never ending. Magnificent views. Stopped and had lunch near Masset. Delicious lunch. The restaurant looked like a Swiss chalet. All French people. Had poulet à la creme and David veal steaks. Drove through terrific country to St. Giroux and St. Gaudens. Went to see a Romanesque 11th and 12th C. Church in St. Bertrand de Comminges. It rained. After that drove to Tarbes. Richardson wrote a short story about a trial that took place at Tarbes. David found the old court house. We wandered through the town. Saw the most beautiful Jardin de Massey. One of the best gardens I have seen. All the arrangements were beautiful and tasteful, done by an expert. Massey (Placcide) was the director of the garden of Versailles. Late 18th and early 19th C. was when he lived. The flowers and trees were arranged in such a way they were an interesting mixture of shape and color. Lovely peacocks—they flew high up to roost at night on high trees. David and I saw some modern sculptures in the gardens. We ate at a cafe and had a small snack and walked back to the Hotel Bigarolle owned by a French Canadian. He thought business was bad and would love to go to Florida to open business. Tarbes is interestingly laid—squares and streets radiating out like spokes of a wheel.

[From David's diary: Didn't have reservations to get into Grottes des Niaux so saw Museum of the countryside—impressed with hardness of life of French peasant—all the working implements and the remains of jug from Cromagnon period—10,000 years B.C. Curator very thorough. Saw Grottes de Bedcilhac—interested in religious nature of cavemen drawing. Of tribe (not larger than 30) that lived in mouth of cave, only 3 or 4 would go into dark cold interior and sketch animals in a secret or hidden place. The tribe would hold religious ritual, then the artist would return to his sketch and finish it. Many times the sketches were not finished. What is the connection between religion (man's link with spirit) and art? Why must art be hidden—a secret understanding between artist and spirit? Can history of art be read along this line? [What I did not mention was the skeleton of a cave wolf, about 12 feet long, displayed in the Museum, which explained why the cavemen lived in the cave's mouth and made the artist who went into the cave seem remarkably courageous.] . . . St. Bertrand des Comminges is a Cathedral crowded with tourists—fine wood carving on altar screen, but my interest was in Romanesque frieze around bier of St. B.—monks looking outwards each with distinctive expression, and frieze above church door of 12 disciples standing in a row and above them the gift of the magi to the baby Christ. In the corners are animal faces. Again the unity of line is maintained throughout. (I believe in Carcassonne, animals push between the legs of the men in the frieze.)**]**

[**Viola's diary**] 10th Aug. Got up late. Bought some groceries for our trip. Breakfast was dreadful. Rancid butter, stale croissant and tepid coffee. Bought Herald Tribune, quarreled with David. Drove to Lourdes after David took photograph of the Court House, the scene of one of Richardson's short stories. Lourdes was a very busy and quite huge city, full of hotels and restaurants to cater for the masses of pilgrims. The Cathedral was impressive and so was the Basilica St Pierre. Went down to see the famous grotto where the Virgin Mary

was alleged to have spoken to Bernadette. The drive from Lourdes to the city of Aeligion was quite intricate, over high narrow mountain roads. Picnicked some miles from Lourdes. Had to pay a peasant woman 10 frcs. Ate bread, ferriore du pan (pate), camembert, John's cake, peaches, grapes, wine (rouge) (Cordier) and apple juice. Just made it in time as it began to rain. Drove to St. Luz St. Sauvere, saw the Church of Knight of St. John (fortified Church). Went to St. Savin. Saw Chateau du Priory Noir and a feeling of how it was restored and then drove down to see the L'Eglise St. Savin. Saw the crucifix which had the head of Christ so beautifully sad in expression. Saw the various chalices and clothes, and altar things used for Mass—dated 12th Cent. A man was playing the organ and we toured the church. After St Savin's went to Aucun. David saw the Romanesque church. I did not. Went to Arrens. Stayed in a pension called Hotel de Balaitous. Had lovely hot vegetables, soup and spaghetti and meatballs. Lovely on a cool wet evening. Walked after dinner to Chapel Porris-Lamner next to the veterans' hospital. The smell of the hospital put me off. Walked back to the hotel. Saw TV. Pope John Paul II addressed the French people about his impending visit to Lourdes on 14 Aug. Was struck by the same questions and format of all TV journalists. Drank hot chocolate and coffee. Slept well. No soap. Next morning got up early, had breakfast (no croissant, only toast).

Aug 11. Left Arrens—cold, misty, wet. We drove horrendously over Col d'Aubisque. I shall never forget that drive. It was one of the highest mountains in the Pyrenees. The fog was so thick that I could not see more than two feet in front of me. Yet my David drove through it all so magnificently that I could have worshipped him. We sometimes trailed a car or a trailer. Then the car overtook the trailer and we trailed it. It was comforting. Then it stopped and we were on our own. Later the trailer trailed us. I held on for dear life. David crept along doggedly and expertly. Oh, how I love my David. What a magnificent driver. We stopped once near a restaurant, 25 klms from Eaux Bonnes. The trailer driver and his wife came and spoke to us. We were friends. Comrades in face of common danger. I urged David to stop several times as I was terrified we would go over because the fog was so thick. But David pressed on. Near Eaux Bonnes David went off the road—he could not see clearly. Finally found the road. The fog got thicker. We again went off the road to a large parking area outside some ski chalet. The parking area was huge but we could not see where to go to pick up the road. The fog was now at its thickest. Finally we crept down to the valley. We needed a break. Stopped at a little place called Bielle. Bought bread and Basque cake. Had coffee at a tiny hotel (lovely dining-room—rose-pink napkins). We continued to Oleorons. Saw the most magnificent specimen of 12th Cent. Romanesque Church. Almost preserved intact. The entrance rounded. Archway was of particular interest. The sculpture of the descent of Christ from the cross was quite unusual. Man being eaten by an animal. Man on horseback stepping over another man. People playing musical instruments and people representing the work of the era (fishing, industry, etc) The interior Church had its original 12th Cent. paintings: the colors of the pillars and ceiling bright blue (with stars) and other garish colors. Most interesting for medieval scholars. David and I lunched (same as yesterday) in car by this Church as it was raining. Kept going to public toilets as it was cold and wet. After Oleorons, we drove to Pau. Got a lovely hotel room at Hotel Central. The best room so far. Lovely beds, bathroom, writing table, etc. We rested a bit and then while David went to park the car at a free place, I washed all my clothes (blouses and skirt). Changed into a good skirt and went to explore the town. Pau is a lovely city. The boulevard was great from which to see the town in a panoramic way. Walked to the Chateau of Henry IV and took a tour. Beautiful rooms and tapestries. Stopped by and bought cards, mailed one to Kitty and John. Stopped at a sidewalk cafe and had tea and beer. Walked back to the hotel for a rest before dinner and to catch up with diary. Dressed up, David and I, for dinner. Had Vin de Maison, which was strong. David had a 120 franc dinner (salmon and entrecot), the beef was no good. I had croquettes and omelet with mushrooms. Excellent. A touch of garlic in omelette made it delicious. Walked about the town.

12 Aug. Went to P.O. in Pau to send cards to Lahey, Kay Vincent and Mac [latter two ladies from the Nicholas's Church in Morden volunteering to keep Marie Nicholas company]. Went to the Museum Beaux Arts. Saw some interesting paintings of Arabs. Very barbaric

characters caught by the artist. The Museum had only one Degas of which it was most proud. Degas painted some cotton spinners of New Orleans. White American men. Enjoyed the self-portrait of Victor Sales. There was a blasphemous painting depicting the Micheline tyre form (white rubber man) with one hand giving the Pope's blessing and the other pointing to a girl reclining with her dress up and legs spread open. The painting had Ave Maria in huge letters on top and Indian tonic water below. After this museum we left Pau. From Pau we drove to Bayonne. Everything was closed until 4 p.m. Basque country. Siesta long in Spanish countries and in French Basque country. David and I wandered about town. The Cathedral was shut, but we saw some art and crafts of the region. I liked the tile works for coffee table. For something to eat, we merely had a small quiche and sausage in pastry and tea. Hung around the town until the Basque Museum was opened at 2.30 p.m. Old building, the floorboards creaked. Saw every aspect of Basque folk life. Their games, sheep-farming, fishing, etc. They play pelato (Lacrosse). Very poor and simple people. There was a certificate avowing friendship between France and America from the Boy Scouts of Bayonne, New Jersey. A huge picture of Senator Laxalt was in the room honoring men who traveled the seas and discovered the New World. What Laxalt was doing there is a mystery to me. After this museum we walked to the other museum. Bonnat's collection for paintings. The self portrait of Bonnat was interesting. Some interesting El Greco's and English and French paintings. One had to work one's way from the 3rd floor of primitive paintings down to the modern abstract on the lower floors. A few of Raphael's prints were exhibited on the ground floor. Was exhausted. Sat and looked through a book about India while David looked around the room of Oriental art. Drove out of Bayonne towards Biarritz. What a huge city. Very interesting looking. Full of tourists. The traffic jam was overwhelming. Beautiful buildings and shops. Lovely beaches too. Somehow got out of the town towards St. Jean de Luz. David was interested in the latter because of Richardson. This city too was packed with tourists. A lovely town. We tried to find accommodation but everything was chockabloc. Even the 4-star hotel-motel was full. We had to drive out. The traffic was simply staggering. Miles long. Unbelievable. We got out of St. Jean de Luz and was convinced we would have to sleep in the car. We drove out and finally saw a huge motel/hotel place called Polotenia. David went to inquire about a room. Got one in the attic with shower and w.c. Had my first pialla (Spanish rice dish). Egg à la Rune, vin de maison and crême caramel. Very good. We then walked around a lot. Sat in the lounge. Went to inspect the swimming pool. Went to bed.

13 Aug. The next morning we had breakfast outside. Our last French breakfast before entering Spain. We drove to the frontier. The Immigration Officer merely nodded to us and we were in Spain. We stopped at St Sebastian. A huge city. Very old in parts. Saw the famous statue on the hill. Drove towards it. Got out, took pictures, tasted waters. Drove out of St. Sebastian. Driving in Spain chaotic. I don't know how David manages it, but he is terrific as a driver. After St Sebastian we drove along the coast. After Deva we took another route. Very winding roads and hilly country. David wanted to go to Ondarraco—An old, very old fishing town. Smelt of fish. Very dirty looking. We went further along until we came to a place called Lequeitio. A lovely place with a lovely beach. Just what David wanted. He wanted sun and beach and got it. We stayed at the only hotel in town called Beito. My first Spanish hotel. We had a comfortable room with shower and w.c. I was famished but food was not available until 8.30. David and I ate fruit and cake. Went to the beach. The sea had receded so could walk to the further beach, which was cleaner than the nearer one. Too many boats, I thought. The swimming was first-rate. I loved the water. We stayed for hours.

[Although the bathers were numerous, the beach was quiet. At the back were a couple of wooden shacks selling fast food and playing American pop music quietly. Owing to U.S. foreign policy, which much of the world saw as brutal imperialism, Americans were hated by many, although not with the intensity in the 1980s as in the 21st century. When I (David) got up and stepped forward toward the water, a husky young man flashed in front of me, and I stopped abruptly and threw my head back so that his shoulder just grazed my chin rather than knocking me out. I took it as accidental, but since he made no apology, and I saw him sitting, brooding yards behind us when I returned from swimming, I guessed that

he considered me American and a fair target. I ignored him and had no further trouble. The only other annoyance was the honking of horns at our car with French licence plates, which happened when we first entered Spain, and expressed Spanish dislike of the French for supporting the Spanish government against the rebelling Basques. ”Police—Assassins” was scrawled on cement walls by the quay. Another incident on the beach, which I report because it was so diametrically opposite the morals of Spain when I was there in 1954, concerned an extremely beautifully shaped young woman, absolutely naked, escorted by a group of young men who surrounded her so that I just got a glance of her as they ran along the beach, laughing and cavorting.]

We then returned to the hotel and had to wait for hours before dinner. Went to church which David thought was giving a free concert, but it turned out that people went in only because Mass was being served. I laughed. David sure has an imagination! Walked about the town. All the Spanish people were outdoors, strolling and taking in the view before dinner. God! was I starved! The town before sunset was lovely. The sea had come in and changed the whole landscape. Where before there were tremendous beaches, now was a strip of beach and great sea. The wall on which one could walk in the afternoon was completely submerged by evening. Lovely evening light. David and I walked back to the hotel and it was dinner at last. My first Spanish food. Soup with egg in it. Saltless. Then croquettes. Tiny ones, about 8 or 9 each. Then fish. Fillet of sole in thin strips. Then dessert. Crême caramel for the 3rd day! The wine was strong. Came upstairs and flaked out. All night Spanish chattering like Magpies. We ate early by Spanish standards. 8.30 p.m. They begin about 10 p.m. They ate and Magpied until 1 or 2 a.m. Heard the Basque men sing revolutionary songs all night or until the very wee hours.

14 Aug. David and I made sure to get up late. Had breakfast about 9.30 or ten. Changed into swimming clothes and went to the beach. Everyone in Lequeito went to the beach. A magnificent sun. Read Virginia Woolf by her relative Bell. David read French novel. Stayed on the beach all day. Ate peach and finished John’s cake. Drank juice and beer. Swam again. David showed me how to do the crawl properly. Waded and swam to the island. Then lazed on the beach. Watched children play. Was amused by them. Then finally returned to hotel about 4.30. Changed and showered to get rid of sand. Drove to Guernica. Winding roads again. Lovely scenery. Guernica a nice town. Built up after destruction by Hitler. Had some tea and beer. Walked around. Could not get rid of some young Basque men singing their revolutionary songs and band (deafening). We bought cake and ate it on the streets and drove back at 7 p.m. Took 40 minutes. Rested in hotel room to write diary and now we are going to dinner. Ate what was on the menu, soup, salad, broquettes, poisson, crême caramel. Magpies talked till wee hours.

15 Aug. Cloudy day but cleared up. David and I got up late. Breakfast at 9.30 a.m. A big mistake. Coffee was tepid and milk oily. Walked around the town. Bought bread and buns. Tried to buy stamps, was led by different people to finally the P.O., which was closed because it was Ascension Day. A Russian lady said she could speak English but knew very few words. Amusing. Went back and wrote cards. Then went to the beach. Swam. David taught me the crawl. Read the Life of Woolf by Bell. Picnicked nicely. Watched 2 little boys and a girl (cousins perhaps). Was fascinated by them. They were the same little ones I observed the day before. Running all over the place. Amazing energy. Mother would not allow them to go into the water. Today they borrowed another child’s toys and returned them when mother told them to. Was amused when they all three sat in a row waiting for their ham sandwich (rolls and bread) which Aunty made up for them. Like Kitty’s dogs the children waited patiently with their little faces looking up and watching Aunty walk up the sandwich. Each was given one in turn with the youngest the paragon of patience. Terribly cute children. They kept me amused for hours. David and I went in for last dip and then went back to the hotel. Strolled about the town. The place on the high edge of the town was closed for repairs. Sat by a cafe and drank beer and lemonade. Went back to hotel and had dinner. Menu. The owner, a gracious old Basque lady smiled at me like a dowager. I smiled back. Then we went into the TV room and saw the last of the news programme. The old

lady, Eyercarta Beita spoke to David. She had married a German who died 3 years ago. A lovely woman. Caressed my cheek affectionately. Wished I could speak Spanish.

[From David's diary: Aug 11, Thurs. The Court House [in Tarbes] was built in 1862—no sign of J.R.'s court [which would have been there in 1820s]. Went on to Lourdes—Victorian heavy cement architecture, glossy gold in Church and Basilica—procession of faithful and curious at the Cave. The pope is expected there next week so plenty of tourists. Luc St Sauveur had the fortified Church built by Knights of St Jean—small but medieval still. Houses dated from the period too. Stopped off at St Savin where we saw Romanesque Cathedral—baptismal fount had men carrying it on back—treasures of Church from all periods in one room—not particularly distinctive—note theme of beheading of John the Baptist—his death mask was sculpted. Stopped at Aucun to see small Romanesque Church —then onto Arrens where we stayed in lovely old hotel and observed the polite, quiet French tourist. Slept well-—it rained. Drove over Col d'Aubisque in thick fog. At Oloreans St Marie saw Cathedral with Romanesque carvings over door—most distinctive of the region. At Pau now where we went through the Chateau of Henry IV—beautiful tapestries, carved furniture (Gothic, Renaissance, etc). Pau is a beautiful city—no wonder favoured by Eugenie and Nap III. The thing about Pau is its height, situated as it is on an escarpment overlooking the Gave de Pau. Eugenie and Nap III left their touch on the city—a sort of gentle, cultured arrangement. The hotel room (Central) is the prettiest we have encountered so far. Roses outside window—blue rose designed wall paper—large bedroom and bath.

Aug. 14. Lequeito. We have been in this small sea town with its beautiful beach and pretty quay for 2 days. Since tomorrow is Monday 15, day of the Annunciation, when all businesses are closed throughout Spain, we will not leave till Tuesday morning. The beach has been our diversion for most of the time—beautiful weather restoring my tan. Today we drove to Guernica which is not as interesting a place. Boys were tooting horns, banging drums and singing militant songs. The drive to the town has same beautiful mountain views. Since leaving Pau, we have encountered interesting scenery as much in cities as in the countryside. The Musée des Beaux Arts in Pau had a surprising collection—out-ot-the-way kind of paintings such as a self-portrait by Willkie, Dega's painting of cotton merchants in New Orleans, some fascinating paintings of Arab life (one by Boislecomte, 1872, probably son of the Boislecomte whom Richardson met). There were some moderns—one of a Michelin rubber man with one hand up in a Pope's blessing and the other with finger ready to goose a pretty girl under whom was written "Indian tonic water". We stopped for a while in Bayonne—a marvelous city of a Gave flowing into a wide river and the town built around this confluence. The Musée Basque gives one a good idea of the culture, costumes, etc. Was surprised to find that Pierre Loti was Basque. Edmund Rostand and Ravel were Basques too. Biarritz built on cliffs overlooking beaches and the sea. The day was cloudy, the city was swarming with tourists so we drove onto St Jean de Luz where we tried to find a vacant room in vain. The French we found were very polite and courteous. Finally outside Hendaye in a large resort hotel (Pohotonia) we got a room under the rafters on the top floor —quite clean and suitable. Meal was good—relaxing. Still cloudy so on 13th we headed over the border—waved through without showing passport. Industrial area for some miles —then San Sebastian—stopped for view of beach and then under the famous statue on the hill of the quay, which I remembered from my visit in 1954. Crowded with traffic. We zoomed on towards Bilbao and struck out for the shore route encountering interesting towns but not quite right to stay in. Ondarroa had a good beach but the town smelt of fish. Coastal scenery is breathtaking at points. Lequeito appeared as we rounded a bend. Its great beach, churches and open quay made it interesting. I parked on the quay—located the town's only hotel, the Beitia, which had a nice room at demi-pension. We ate dinner at 8.45—but the Spanish walked the streets until almost 10 when they sat in the restaurant below us and caroused till late (1 o'clock). Viola remarked on the constant chatter. I wonder if that happened as a result of the ending of fascism. The Spanish have been nice and accommodating. There are no English speaking people in this town—mostly Spanish tourists and French. Of course, there may be some English-speaking people such as our hotel girl who speaks it, but there are no Englishmen or Americans. (Forgot to mention we saw Musee de Bonnat (Leon Bonnat—a painter à la romanticisme) in Bayonne—quite a

collection from all periods—esp. good in Italian and Flemish—interesting Reubens—even a section on art of India.) At dinner the Spaniard at the next table intervened to translate the Spanish for ice cream. He knew English because he was a chemist. He and his wife lived in Barcelona where the beaches were much better and there was no tide. We asked about the constant activity in Spain. Was it, I ventured, because of a new sense of freedom the Spaniards had won politically. There is too much freedom, he said, and continued to talk of trade unions and their rising demands.

Aug. 16. South of Santander in a 4-star modern hotel (Santeman) near the beach. Santander has an overwhelmingly industrialized port. In approaching the city, we were reminded of the New York City skyline. The road from Laredo to Santander is largely flat, though with some rises. We found the day interesting largely in the section of road through Bilbao to Castro. [We intended to trace the route of the British Auxiliary Legion sent to Spain to fight the rebelling Carlists which went down the coast and inland over the Cantabrican Mountain range to Vitoria where it met up with the Spanish army. Richardson, who was with the Legion as a captain in the Commissariat, recorded the march in his *Movements of the British Legion*. I compared his observations on the momentous march and the land and its people with what we saw on the route. I published my essay "In Search of Richardson's Spain" along with Major John Richardson's *A Canadian Campaign* and Richardson's *Recollections of the West Indies* in 2011.]

Bilbao—modern industrialized city. Road to Portagalette—cranes, slag heaps, coal heaps, dirty working peoples' housing, ships, trawlers, smoke, gas fires, thickly industrial. At Portagalette old town by Cathedral overlooking [Marbionne] River at high (8 storeys) flats —brown and black. River muddy, television aerials. Up river smoke rises from stacks on shore and ships moored on shore. Large conveyance suspended from bridge to carry people from shore to shore. River widens here to south—can see Atlantic coastline. Oliveago exists no longer—must be one of the smoky towns we passed (Sestao?) The shore route through Santucci and Ciemana—gentle sloping hills—but plenty of oil storage drums. Shell refining of many acres of land, dark green hills with acres of woods—verdant—higher hills near Castro—which reaches out into harbour and is snuggled up to a hill at the back—touristy, a playa, and modern apartment buildings behind the old town along the quay (picture—also 2 pictures of coast looking back at Santucci etc) Road is still romantic and picturesque but industrialized here and there which spoils Richardson's image. The mountain ranges are larger on leaving Castro—some are great rock mountains as Richardson described. Where the road goes inland to Limpias from Liendo just before Laredo, the mountain Risco rises 4300 metres. Laredo could be a great tourist centre—mile on mile of wide beach fronted by mile on mile of new apartment houses. [No one in sight—all deserted like an abandoned city. In Castro the fort and church which Richardson mentioned had a great shoreline of new buildings added to them.]

Return to Viola's diary. 16 Aug. Got up early. Packed. David went out before 8.30. Nothing was opened. He strolled by the waterfront. Had breakfast at 8.30 a.m. pronto. Good idea. Coffee was good and so was the milk. David went to bank. Paid bill. Very reasonable. For 3 days with breakfasts and dinner it was $176 for both of us. Drove to the P.O. and bought stamps. Went on way through Guernica again to Bilbao. Parked car, went to Bermeo Hotel for coffee and lavatory. Bought peaches and oranges, cake and biscuits and orangeade for our picnic. Drove through Porto Galatea. Stopped and saw church, parade and river. Drove through Baracalde to Santurci and then onto Castro Ordiales. Lovely town. Parked and picnicked. Drove up to old church and castle (ruin). Took in view. Left the town for magnificent hilly country, through Laredo. Lots of apartments. Lovely beach. Bought film and drove towards Santana. Stayed at Hotel. Hotel Santaner, 4 stars. Had a sumptuous Spanish dinner. Pialla and melon. Ate our fill and came up to Room 235 for a well-earned rest. Slept soundly, but later woke. Felt the heavy oily meal. Heard castanets of Spanish dance and big guns like cannons fire off. Went to sleep.

17 Aug. Woke up after 8 a.m. Dressed and paid the 4-star hotel. Had breakfast (small roll and butter and jam for my lunch). The bank would not change travellers cheques so had to drive into town proper. Changed $60 for 800 pesetas. Drove through Santander. A huge

town. Thousands of high rises. Skyline like New York. Past Laredo to Liendo and found way to Limpias. The road was winding through valleys occasionally climbing high. Lovely country for getting away. Several people have lovely country houses in this area. Farming of corn, wheat, fruit, sheep and cattle. Drove through several towns following Richardson's description of the British Legion's march in the Carlist Wars. Richardson's description was exact. Amazing and quite exciting. Climbing up very winding roads through beautiful Cantabrian Mountains to the highest peak at Los Tornos. Stupendous view. This was where Richardson stopped and described the scene. When we left Los Tornos the road was straight down and from then on the drive was practically on flat road through valleys. Rio Ebro between Tartales and Ona was terrific. Deep gorge, huge rocky sides of mountains very close to each other over the gorge. A tiny bridge. Stopped and ran back to see the view. David took pictures. Drove on to Ona. Huge monastery dominating the town. Richardson described it in his journals and one of the poorest places in Spain. Saw relics of that poverty and the huge opulent church and monastery—now made into a hospital. David took picture of monk in the window. The altar and statues very rich. The town has been rebuilt but still can see what it was like 150 years ago. David and I bought bread and sardines and picnicked by the River Ebro. The orange juice we bought all spilled in the car. Had to get another bottle and borrow a key to open the sardine can. After picnic, David found 25 piece peseta. Incredibly lucky. Never thought one would find money in a country like Spain. It's so poor. Drove out of Ona. Ironically Richardson described the miserable meal he and the others in the regiment had with the monks in the monastery. The only good thing was the bread. I told David that Ona is the last place we should stop at for food, and it was there that we found ourselves at Spanish lunch time and picnicked! Drove out of Ona through very flat land with low hills in the distance. Very hot and dry land. Stopped at Aguila de Bernba for David to see 12th Cent. Romanesque Church. He parked the car near a stinking place. I had to walk away. He went and took picture of the Church, climbed to the belfry. [Our actions must have aroused suspicions of the townsfolk because when we returned to the car we saw a large contingent of men moving toward us. I calmly opened Viola's door for her and then got in and drove away without acknowledging the men who were left staring after us.] Carried on to Briviesca. David thought he would like to stay the night there. But the place looked desolately like all such Spanish towns. There was no hotel anyway. I was secretly relieved. The smell of latrines was still in my nostrils (from Aguila) and I couldn't bear to stay in a place like Briviesca. It looked so odd. We stopped and had beer and tea in the usual Bar/Cafe in a square. David took pictures. I felt sorry for a poor dog eating bread discarded by someone. We drove out. [Richardson felt the same way about Briviesca.] Pancorbo was an interesting old town. Poor-looking but nestling just as Richardson described it between rocks cut through to forge a Pass through which to get to the other side of the mountain. Lovely spot to take a picture. David did. We drove on until we came to Miranda de Ebro. We drove into the city. The new city built on one side of the river and the old on the other side. What a contrast! We saw some people bathing in the river. We drove back to the highway and stayed at the only hotel called Residencia Don Caesar. He gave us the usual end room. [He being the hotel clerk, a young man who had lived in England and spoke English fluently.] The blinds would not work, so we changed to 401. The lift did not work so we had to climb up. Took a shower and lay on bed to write this. The sun is bright and hot and it is 7 p.m! We are waiting for dinner at 8.30. David may want to drive to Santo Domingo. [Richardson had left the Legion's route to go there on commissariat business and wrote of the white goats which I hoped were still raised there.] I'm pooped though. David did not go to Santo Domingo. We strolled along the Rio Ebro and walked over the bridge connecting the old with the new town. Strolled through the typical Spanish town and went in to dinner. David had the menu but I had a mixed salad and shrimps in garlic. Never again will I order à la carte. I got into bed.

18th Aug. Got up. Did my exercises. David made me laugh as the small carpet kept on slipping under me when I did some exercises. David thought I sounded chipper. I showered and dressed and suddenly on my way down to breakfast I felt ill—vomity and faint. Could not touch my breakfast. Had to leave. Tried the bathroom. Went upstairs and got violently sick. The Hotel Don Caesar gave me some flat bicarbonate of soda. Did not work. Merely made me sick. David and I left the hotel and drove straight to Vitoria. I felt stable in the car

as long as we were on the highway. When we arrived Vitoria and David had to turn a lot inside the town, I got sick again—on the street. We stopped at a first hotel General Alava. It was a first-rate hotel. I got into bed at once and stayed there. Great abdominal pains. David sent for the doctor. There was one in the hotel and his service was free. He came to see me at 1.30 p.m. Suggested I take suppositories (enema given by inserting pills). Quite effective. Had to sip Aqua (mineral water) all day and not touch food. Poor David had to attend to me. He drove to Arlaban and back. Had to take picture of this great mountain pass described by Richardson. He came back, gave me another suppository and then went to explore the town and have a beer. Came back and saw how I was. I had finished reading about Virginia Woolf by Bell. David went to dinner (cafeteria) and came back. Gave me another suppository and we went to bed. Felt miserable not only inside my body, but also being a wet blanket to David. He was magnificent throughout. Simply sweet and kindly. Looked after me like a true doctor. How I do love him.

[From David's diary: Aug. 17 Miranda de Ebro. We drove back to Liendo and as we approached Laredo the large mountain loomed in the distance—the rock glinting in the sun —over which JR watched the British Legion climb—Turning off at Liendo into a narrow but paved road, we climbed into large mountains, gorges and densely vegetated country. There were excellent views. We came upon Limpias after 12 kilometres snuggled in a valley with mountains ringing it. A small pretty village (Sena preceded Limpias—a village in the mountains.) This is rich fertile land—highland farms. Towns such as Ampuero by Rio Vallino and Rasines by Rio Carrenzo were picturesque in the foothills—The mountains loomed ahead and we confronted them at Ramales de Victoria by Rio Calena. The climb through the mountains and finally the large one Los Tornos was steep, winding and often perilous, especially along the side of Los Tornos. We looked down on the impressive view of mountains and valleys from the ridge of Los Tornos. The road is rather flat and rising slightly at this high elevation. We descended straight down into a long wide valley crossing Rio Carneja into Agnera, Quintavella and Villesante—all on flat land—flourishing—and indeed there were cattle. We drove through villages El Ribeiro, Barcenilla, Ravilla de Pienza, Quintenilla de Prenza—all relatively flat with mountains in the distance. Medina del Pomar was a big place—hot, uninteresting, combination of new and old buildings. The land at this point became flat and dry. Stopped to photograph the next village by Rio Trueba. Villages—Bastillo, Moneo [spoke to my studio landlord in NYC Jesus Moneo about it, said family came from there], Pradolamater, Nofuentes—poor and dry-looking. At Trespaderne the hills begin again. The scenery is again majestic and wild. After passing through Tartales, we crossed the small bridge over the Ebro where JR paused to ponder the gloom. It still has that atmosphere, but the day was bright and beautiful, which dispelled the gloom considerably. But it does have a haunting romantic aspect. By the way, just past Trespaderne, the rocky defile, where 50 Carlists could have destroyed the Legion, rose high above us. I photographed the beginning of the defile). Ona is on the Ebro, built above the road, in lovely narrow streets and squares, hemmed in by mountains. The monastery has become a hospital—it is vast. We looked through the bars at a Church and tried to photo it —may have been too dark. Ate lunch by Ebro—green in color, quite narrow. Town no longer poor but vestiges of poverty remain. We climbed out of Ona into pretty hills through Pino de Bureba where the land became relatively flat with many pine trees. Mountains became very distant and the land dry. Went through Los Barrios at Rio Oca, Terrazos, stopped at Aguilar de Bureba—a smelly dirty town where I photographed 12th C. Roman church ruins on the small hill overlooking the village. The road ran straight through slightly rising mountain terrain until we reached Briviesca situated in a plain. We stopped at the central square for a drink. We continued on the national highway (outside Briviesca) through the rocky pass Pancorbo. The highway runs above and to the side of the village through which a tunnel bored through the rock. We circled down to the flat drive to Miranda where the old city is on the south bank and the new city on the north bank—three old bridges span the Ebro which is quite wide—now a darker green—townspeople are swimming in it. (Briviesca, by the way, was a large town but had no hotel—perhaps "too miserable" to attract tourists. The narrow one-way streets were dull—the main square had a central white wrought iron work (trellis work) stand where water taps dropped small streams of water which small boys caught in glasses). JR took another route from Pancorbo

to Miranda because San Domingo is to the east on the way to Lograno. Low lying mountains surrounds Miranda de Ebro at a great distance at a semicircle looking south.

The early part of the march up to Los Tornos was risky, dangerous, extremely arduous but less so thereafter. It is hard to realize the great effort it took to walk the route when one can travel it in a day by motor car. We have decided not to branch off the main route to seek out San Domingo because it was not on the main line of route marched by the Legion. Richardson had to visit it in connection with his duties and it means a 25 klm ride there and back from Miranda (50 klm or 40 miles). Although I shall miss learning if there are white goats still there, I must leave some things to the imagination and push on.

It seems that the USA is using Spain as a consumer's market. All the records played in the beach counters in Lequeitio and in the hotels at Santander and especially at Miranda are American popular music. The posters for cinema advertise American movies. The television last night was an American Vietnam War movie dubbed into Spanish. At Santander in our 4-star hotel, I noted among the upper class Spanish a certain resentment against Americans (slight but discernible in their stern attitude.) The common people here seem willing to ape American ways. At Lequietio there was graffiti on stone walls protesting tourism. The country is going American with mutterings of protest here and there. But what can these poor people do but accept what the hand that feeds them offers. The upper class Spanish were always s.o.b.'s to their own people—arrogant and indifferent. We have the makings here of a cultural change.

Olite Aug 19. Viola vomited and had stomach cramps when we left Miranda—drove straight to Hotel General Alava in Vitoria. She stayed in bed—doctor prescribed small doses of mineral water and suppositories which I give her. I drove to Arlaban to west where large mountains rise up from the plain. The Arlaban Mountain is very high and on the other side in a steep descent to a dirty, dusty town there are many mountains and several hillside villages. The Legion must have found it difficult fighting the Carlist guerrillas there. I walked about the old town in Vitoria with its narrow streets and open squares and parks closed to motor traffic. A huge cathedral is situated beside the main park. The women are either modern hep types or the chaperoned types—none in between. A prostitute in her late thirties with a swollen stomach grabbed my wrist. "Hey—fuckie-fuckie, suckie-suckie."—"Non, gracias," I said pulling away and continuing down a narrow street, which I now knew was the tough quarter. Photographed Calle San Francisco along which the Legion entered the town. Vitoria-Gateiz (probably the amalgamation of two towns) is not so very large. The newer section has wide boulevards and new housing—apartments, like much of Spain we have seen. The plain surrounds it for miles and beyond that are the mountains on all sides which we could see from our 8th floor hotel room. It rained during the night. Viola felt better the next morning and we drove straight to Olite, a pretty and interesting town. The old palace has armoured statues and is furnished with halberds, etc such as suits a castle hotel. Viola has eaten an orange and some yogurt but still feels pains occasionally.

Viola's diary. 19th Aug. Ate 2 pods of oranges very slowly. Sucked the juice only. Got dressed and left hotel. David went to get some money from the bank. We drove straight past Pamplona (bullfighting city) in the rain. We arrived at Olite. David had accommodations at the Palace (castle). The room was interesting. The curtain rods were wrought iron spears put together. The drapes were lovely and solid. The furniture all medieval to give the impression of the age when people wore knight's armour. I sat in bed, ate a tiny bit of yogurt and orange. David ate bread, cheese and jam. We are resting before going out to explore the town. Everybody closes between 2 and 4 p.m. in Spain. Fell asleep and felt sick again. Did not wake until dinner. Had my dress pressed and made a brave attempt to eat my dinner. Had roast chicken and cold Spanish soup and melon. Could only nibble but ate most of the melon. David, who had a splendid roast pork and chips dinner, felt he had to finish my chicken and melon. After all he paid for it in advance in New York. We walked about the town after dinner and we went back to bed. David fell asleep immediately. He was so tired and full. Next morning, could not eat my breakfast. Ate a toast and orange juice and tea. Everything sweet-tasting in Spain. After packing, went to Barcelona. Tremendous drive there. Big rain storm. Arrived Barcelona in late afternoon. Rotary Club Hotel which David

had booked ahead in New York. Room very good and modern—T.V., stereo, radio, etc. Ate a picnic lunch. First time I felt like eating and could keep it down. Had a drink and drove to Barcelona to see the Cathedral and the Holy Family Church planned by Gaudi who died (1852-1926) before it was complete. Barcelona is mad and chaotic for driving.

[We drove along the coast into France and to Nice. I recall staying in Spain near the French border in a rustic hotel with a restaurant below which served the most delicious red wine made by the brothers of a local monastery. Back to Nice to return the car—back to London.]

Viola to her mother and Eustace. November 20/83. New York.

It is a quiet day and I thought it would be nice to write to you both. This Thursday will be Thanksgiving Thursday. All of America takes a day off to give thanks to God for the abundance he has showered on this country. I, dearest Mummy and Eustace, wish to thank God for having you both as part of my family. I wish to thank you, Mummy dearest, for your love and affection, and for the happy holidays I spent with you last year. I wish to thank Eustace—for his affection and support. We all have so much to be grateful about, but so seldom do we say so openly. We forget to thank ordinary people in our lives for the wonderful things they do for us—Kay, Mac, Peggy, Maizie, Jerry and his wife, and so on. I have several people to whom I feel grateful and I shall send them little notes today to say so. By the way, Mummy dear, please tell Kay I shall be writing to her. I wrote to her and Mac but addressed the letter to Mac, I shall send the next letter to Kay's address.

Mummy, I sent a parcel to you a few days ago. It is quite heavy. It contains a bottle of Gna Bya Aye (Fish sauce) and Gnapi (shrimp paste) and two packets of dried prawns. I don't think I will send you gna bya Aye or Gnapi for a long time. It is too heavy to parcel. I might bring them when I next visit you, but I can always slip in a couple of packets of dried prawns anytime you run out of it. I hope you get the parcel safely, Mummy. It will take about 4 to 6 weeks. I hope the bottle does not break.

I heard from the Social Security people, Mummy and Eustace, in England. They tell me I have to pay something like 361 pounds for the years '84 and'85 and then I shall qualify to get a pension of a little less than ten pounds a week, as that is all I am entitled to. I have not paid in enough, they said. I wonder who can live on less than ten pounds a week in England. Anyway, it is something. I shall have to find a way of sending them that money. You know, Eustace, you might think I am well off, I'm not. But I am not mean. Although I was the first to get married, I have never had a home or owned anything. My whole life has been one of insecurity. When Daddy and Mummy left the house in all our names, it was the first time I felt secure. Otherwise, I was quite truly homeless. At least, I know that if anything happens, I have a home to come to. Now, Eustace, that house belongs to you in every respect except that you cannot sell it without the agreement of your brother and sisters. But in fact you will be master of that house until you die. If we want to visit you, we will ask your permission. So don't feel bad about it. Mummy should tell Rita and Donald the same thing. They must not feel as if they can descend upon Eustace at anytime just because the house is in their names. Mummy, you must state that in letter form and send it to Mr. Reubens. Eustace must feel that he, in every sense of the word, owns that house and is master of that house. I feel so nervous that Rita might bring her friends and use it like a hotel, or Donald and Joan will do so. They must ask Eustace's permission.

I am enclosing David's book announcement. Mummy, David will be sending you and Eustace a hardcover. There will be only 20 such copies. All the rest are in paperback. So the hard copy is a rare gift to you both. Eustace, if you wish to give someone a present do you mind ordering a copy of David's book and using it as a gift? Could you ask Michael and Christopher to buy a copy and give it to their father, Donald, for Christmas. It would not only please Donald, it would be helping us financially. David and I are both hard pressed this year. At the moment, I am not working. I shall only be working about February when the spring term begins. We both have had very very heavy expenses—thousands for back

taxes, our expensive European trip this summer, David's financing his publishing press, and I have had to buy a few essential things. I shan't be able to send generous Christmas gifts to anyone this year. But if you both can sell David's book for us to friends and relatives, it would be of enormous help to us.

There is a good chance David's dissertation on the Automobile will be published, and he has already received a contract for the book of short stories he edited by Maj. John Richardson. He wrote the introduction and will be getting royalties. I wish the Library book would materialize. The Publisher is taking a long time to give the New York Public Library its reply. The N.Y. Pub. Library wants to publish the book in collaboration with Oxford Univ. Press, and David has been waiting more than a year for a negotiated settlement between the Press and the N.Y. Pub. Library. It is his book and his idea.

I am at the moment revising and editing David's early novel and I am enjoying it. It makes me use my imagination. On the 1st and 2nd of December, David is sending me as his employee to a Publication Seminar. I shall learn everything there is to know about publishing and when I write a paper, I shall get a certificate. David is the President of his Company and I am his Treasurer.

I have had a couple of interviews regarding a job in the spring. But the main jobs begin in the fall of next year, that is when the academic year begins. There is a time-procedure about academic hiring practices. In October and November, December, and April, they publish the jobs available as professors throughout the USA and Canada. You then apply for the job in your field. Mine is Victorian literature. Well, I applied to quite a few places from the Oct. List. And lo and behold a couple of places are actually interested in seeing my dossier. One in Canada, and the other in New Hampshire. Dear Mummy and Eustace, I am first of all grateful to God that my credentials were good enough to attract attention, secondly, I felt it stupendous that the Canadian Univ. actually expressed interest in me when they do not hire anyone but Canadians. They did not know that my husband was Canadian. Anyway, I do not hold out much hope. I can't believe I will get the job. As for the New Hampshire one, I have even less hope—because it is the most prestigious college in this country. Rockefeller went to it. I will only leave it in the hands of our dear Lord. If I get the New Hampshire job, I would consider it a miracle, and the hand of God in it, because in my wildest dreams I never thought they would even consider seeing my credentials. So I pray and hope that something will crop up. In the meantime, I am being seriously considered to teach in my old school—the place where I myself began. I shall be teaching the Upper Division in its BA Studies programme. Oh, Mummy and Eustace, I need God's help in all this. The competition is so fierce. I am having to compete with younger, prettier, smarter people. I therefore leave all my future in God's hands. I feel confident, however. He will not fail me. I shall keep you both informed of my progress.

This letter is so long, now. David and I are lying low as we have to be careful of our expenses now. We both send you our love. Oh, by the way, thank you for your silver anniversary card. It was great to receive it. Michael is a devil—said it was his way of writing to me! Isn't he a darling little artful devil? The imp. I shall write and tell him so. Lots of love to you both and may God bless you.

PS. Did I tell you that Kitty and John are sending me a book of Oxford Quotations as a present? They are sweet. Say a prayer for Dr. and Mrs. Lahey. He is recuperating from a serious operation.

To Viola from Kitty Hood. Bar-sur-Loup, Alpes Maritimes, France. February 16/84.

Thank you so much for your lovely long letter—I always so much enjoy all you write about. We got David's book and John has already read about a third—it only came yesterday—and finds it very readable and likes it and thinks David should certainly write more—I shall read it too of course. Cicily wanted me to tell her when I received it as she also wants to send 100 frs. for it the way I did—so I see it was ok that way—fine! Oh I just love the idea of the Donkey-lovers in Texas wanting the book—you know, there is also a

Donkey-lovers club or something like that in UK. I must find out about it. I think Dorothy Miller might know. I'll let you know! How lovely David has had such encouraging results with it and Oh, I so, so agree, he must get on TV—his whole personality and way of talking just enchants me—sounds flattering, but really, I mean it—give him a hug. Quite true—his good looks and boyishness are so endearing—and his whole personality is so loveable (you're not the only one who feels it).

[There follows a paragraph about needles and mycinettes for sore throat.]

How marvelous about your jobs. But honestly I'm not in the least tiny bit surprised. It really seems to me that you don't begin to realize what an attractive and winning personality you have—I'd just love to be taught by you and I'm sure people meeting you feel the same. Where is Pace University? I suppose of course in New York but where? You sound so happy, and I'm so happy for you. I bet you did fine on the Renaissance period and as you say, so lovely that you don't have to sweat and remember everything for exams any more and really enjoy yourself—though, of course, with a lot of work, but how very satisfying and lovely to have people eager and responsive to you.

I was fascinated about your burglary—but oh Nicky how fearful and what an escape you had—those knives ready lying there—and what a blessing you were out and did not get back till they had left; how lucky re the lamb, really you seem wonderfully protected. Strange, after you mentioned the Fichet lock I happened to read the latest "Which" which is in France "Que Choisir" and am sending the page about them to you. As you know they do not mince words and apparently what Fichet said about their locks 450, 480 and 480 S were complete lies, they are easily picked even by nonprofessionals, in fact a child could! But Fichet dissimulated the truth and the Fichet society has at last begun to recognize the facts and replied to one client who was burgled by saying that the locks should be checked every two years—in other words the quality has deteriorated and they urge their clients to change them every two years! However, they apparently still continue to affirm their impregnability! BUT there has been a new Fichet lock called the Fichet 480 S "Point Bleu" (I suppose, Blue Point) and I do hope you have got that one which is better than the others though not impregnable either—it's simply less imperfect. They cite an example where they went to buy the Blue Point lock and though the girl assured them it was, on taking it apart, it proved to be the old kind; they took it back and the proprietor agreed it was a mistake and gave them the real "Blue Point" new kind, but "Which" says it shows that the Fichet personnel are not very reliable. So I hope you at least got the Blue Point—it says on the wrapping the reference is accompanied by a blue point.

As for us getting any such lock—why Nick we have seven outside doors! and the windows in my room at least could easily be broken, a hand put in and the window opened—child's play. I suppose we could install an alarm to frighten a burglar, but in the first place I have very little jewelry and keep very little ready money in the house, as I use my check book for almost everything. Of course, we have a good radio and a Video which are valuable and two good TV color sets, but for those bulky things they would need a car and if a prospective burglar came to "case the joint" as they say, they would see it is not an easy target because it takes time to turn a car and the getaway is back the way they would come so if someone got back before they left, they would find it difficult to get away, probably blocked, and their number could easily be taken at the least. However, of course, for quite ruthless people anyone could come up with a knife or revolver and make me write a cheque or steal all they wanted. I couldn't defend myself. During the night we leave everything open, even the front door except when it's very cold, but the least stranger coming near the house would set off a terrific barking match among the dogs, so at least we could not fail to be warned. Still, it's not a reassuring situation—that's why a flat is the safest thing really. Carlo sleeps outside most nights and is really a good guard dog. Everyone in the village knows we have dogs that are ready to bark and even snap. It's lucky we are in a sort of cul-de-sac.

Nicky, I was wracking my brain to think what I could have said to make you think I am ever ever bored! I hardly know the meaning of the word. Yes, I suppose I did say "I have so

many ‘boring’ things to do, washing, tidying, etc.” but the word is wrong; I mean really more the word tiresome. But if I have no practical things to do, I miss them, e.g. on so-called holidays—after 10 days or so I long to go home. But my free time, being limited, is terribly precious and I enjoy every minute. I think it was Ritchie Calder, who used to talk to me for hours at Woburn Abbey when I was his secretary, and we lived where we worked during the war—who got me interested in politics, politicians, government and so on. Anyway I am interested in all that goes on in the everyday news (as I expect you are) and in several of the personalities in the government. Simone Weil is a wonderful woman. She was on TV with the philosopher Glucksman and a communist—it was so interesting and the discussion was getting rather dissipated but she gathered all the main strings together and summed up so clearly and well—the talk was about pacifism and communism—very lively and frank. There’s now a film about Afghanistan—Oh Nicky, those poor villages bombed to ashes, all the suffering there is. How do you explain that God created the world and maybe protects some people, yet so many utterly innocent children and people are suffering such torture, why does he allow it? I find it from the completely logical and unemotional side so difficult to believe there is a God who cares.

Yet I had a sort of vision the other day. I was lying in bed and thinking similar thoughts, that God is not in control of the world, that he has lost control and how inexplicable it seemed and then feeling there was no answer, prepared myself to sleep. Then I seemed to see a figure of a man in a grieving posture (God) and gradually it came so clearly into my mind that God needs us, our love and our belief, before he can operate in this world and it seemed in some way an answer. But then, I come back to my doubts.

The main doubt is Christ—I was brought up by my mother to think of Christ as a very good, exceptional man, like Buddha or Mohammed, for instance, but now I have to try to believe that he was particularly sent by God—well that I can, I mean that we have to pray to God via Christ, and that Christ's coming meant that he can forgive us our sins. Couldn't God have forgiven us our sins anyway, if we repented?

To be honest, I don't really feel any particular need for religion, but I'm very interested and I do believe that we each of us have God within us and that we must become more aware of this and receptive to Him—I like the idea of trying to do this more, and what has really started me on all this is the group we meet once a month and the frank way we talk and above all, the Padre himself. He is everything. You know his Church in Cannes is packed every Sunday. He and his wife are such warm friendly people, he is so humble, so modest, but at the same time so perceptive—well, it’s difficult to describe him. He is, I should say, in his forties, quite youngish, speaks simply, intelligently—could be you in the masculine version, utterly unassuming yet everything he says is worthwhile.

Tomorrow we have another of these meetings. I have met several people I did not know who have been very friendly and several I already knew. But because we talk of worthwhile things these meetings bring us closer. I have become more attached (and she to me) to Margaret Eggleton. I have mentioned her, I think, she is Dutch, but speaks English like an Englishwoman; is a widow, was married to a British officer, who died of cancer. She is very much “turned to God” and his works. In fact, told me the other day she only reads books like that lovely book you told me about years ago "Beyond Ourselves" and many similar books and tapes. (By the way at the meetings we have, the padre plays a tape and we then discuss it—on subjects like "Faith", "Suffering", "Prayer" and so on)—by a man called David Owen.

It’s getting on for midnight, I’d better stop for now, must get up extra early tomorrow. Will continue this next week, perhaps Sunday. Michael Goldsmitth just phoned me from Tunis; he has been in Tchad, he is coming to stay with us as from Sunday evening for a few days, says he is very tired but looking forward to a break. On Saturday, the day after tomorrow, we are having a sort of party for our friends to see some pictures. It’s a nice Frenchman I met whose wife paints and he asked if he could exhibit some of her pictures in our house and show them to our friends, because I liked one of hers so much I bought it for my room. It is modern but not abstract—you'll see it. But I’m rather afraid her other pictures are not

as good—oh dear! Everyone I mentioned it to, who saw my picture, wanted to come and we now have 28 people coming. I've got to clear the sitting room walls and make some things to eat, though Jacques, the husband, says he's bringing everything, drink and eats. Will let you know how it goes. I am afraid he won't succeed in selling any unless the lot I haven't seen yet are a lot better than the few I've seen! He brought them (5) yesterday and stayed talking for three hours, much to John's disgust, as he can't hear, and anyway we were, of course, talking in French—mostly about religion. He is Jewish and more of a Buddhist than a Christian—and, of course, the Old Testament—thinks of Christ as I do really.

Dearest Nicky—now a good week later! I had to put all my papers and letters away as we had that picture exhibition which was spread over the sitting room and bedroom and what with losing a front tooth, having Michael to stay, and doing income tax returns plus bridge, plus meetings, etc. Time just flies by. First must tell you, the cocktail party for the pictures was a success—we hung them beautifully and though I was worried about the quality, the rest were very good and people really enjoyed seeing them and bought two and we ourselves bought another—called Kennedy Airport—have it in the sitting room—you'll see it, the colors are nice, it was John who fell for it particularly, and I was glad to get it too. They did all the eats and drinks and made a wonderful display of good things to eat so it all went with a bang. They are such a nice couple—they suggested we four should go to England together—they've never been to the UK, only to America, well it would be nice and such nice company, but on the whole what with John's bad legs these days and having been so recently, I really feel I'd rather put it off another year, also we have that nice South African (no, he's Irish but has lived in SA) coming for John's birthday and other people so I think it would be nicer to have it here rather than in England. I wonder if there is any hope at all of you both coming? I fear end May is not a good time because of holidays starting in July—what a pity, but tell me if there's any chance—well, the good side is that I'd really be able to enjoy you two yourselves better than if there are masses of people milling around.

I'm so sorry, Nicky, it is careless of me. I see you have already told me you couldn't manage coming in May. You are so sweet to suggest sending me the Daily Word—I honestly find them constantly good to read and don't need more for the time being anyway —especially as Mr. Watts (the Padre) suggested, I attend some confirmation classes he is holding for four women, who were baptized but never confirmed. Margaret is one of them, so we go together to Cannes to these meetings once a week and are given quite a lot to read in between. Just to go back on the forgiveness theme—I have bitter regrets about my parents as I do so wish I had been kinder and more loving to them while they were here—all the years before I was a "good" daughter, I mean I wrote always regularly and loved them so much, but I was not the same to them when they were here. Well, I realize that my regret will mean God forgives me—when I ask him, but my real feeling is a longing to know they know how sorry I am and how deeply I love them and miss them—I really believe I shall see them when I die, but nothing really helps to console me of the regret (and longing for them too). You, Nicky, you do believe we shall see those we love in the next life? I'm sure you do. Margaret is wonderful in that way, she so firmly believes my parents are seeing me now and know how I feel. Well, needless to say, I don't dwell on all this, it affects me from time to time.

Well, I must say Nick, I find no difficultly at all in getting going in the mornings, and I make my bed first thing, as I hate when my room looks like a hurricane passed though it! I think you actually saw it in that condition which I heartily dislike—I need tidiness to feel serene. But often, when I have friends to stay, I get into a sort of agitated nervous state and things get upside down—it happens, I think, because of the change of situation—when we are the two of us, I only think of meals near mealtimes and there is no stress, but when the twins stay or any dear friends such as you (the dearest really) I get worried and anyway must think in advance of meals in particular. But since you came, I have a microwave oven which is a wonderful help as I can de-freeze things in a few minutes and don't have to remember to take things out the evening before, which is such a bore (there I go again—a bore)—well, it is, I hate having to think of meals so far ahead!

> Michael arrived looking very tired. He had a lot of problems with his house which he had rented to the local butcher, who had not paid rent for more than six months, said he hadn't the money! Also he had not let the gardener come in so the garden was neglected—he then went to see a lawyer and finally got things slightly sorted out—won't go into boring details —just to show you his preoccupations. We had a very pleasant lunch up at Gourdon when he was relaxed and interesting. But he's very unhappy about his son and Roxanne—says the wrench each time when his son has to go back to Washington to join his mother is so hurtful that he has decided to see less of him. As for his ex-wife, she goes around with other men and doesn't want to go back to him—he himself knows one particular woman among others whom he really likes and would marry, but she lives with a man whom she does not love but whose son she cannot bear to be without—muddled situation—not her own son but the son of the man's ex-wife . . . so there we are, all very unsatisfactory. There happened to be a very good French film on TV and Michael wanted to see it, so we enjoyed it together—he loves cinema and good TV. He's now in TChad (sorry, French spelling) and hopes to come back to Bar in April.
>
> I could go on but I'd better stop as this is getting too long and also I want to get it off to you. Write when you can and tell me more about your work, the pupils, how they react and so on—all interests me much much. Love to your David. Yours very affectionately (put a bolt on your door as well as a lock).

I was working now on a book dealing with the Canadian actor McKee Rankin and the American theatre in the nineteenth century, which took me to San Francisco where he had spent part of his career. While there, I did research on Clay Spohn, that is, I met Paul Foster, his old artist friend, who felt that his moving into abstraction had prevented him from being recognized as a great artist, and looked into the Art Institute where Spohn taught and MacAgy directed in the late 1940s.

In spring 1984, Viola and I celebrated the University's awarding her the PhD degree, an amazing achievement. The grand graduation ceremony at New York University, covering graduates from all the many schools, a colorful pageant of brightly gowned scholars, symbolized her step into professorship. Her teaching abilities were established by the undergraduate and graduate classes she had conducted—one on the seventeenth century English poets, which she had to study quickly and taught so well that a monitor, who sat in her class, praised her for the depth and clarity of her teaching. Now she had to find work beginning in the fall. New York University did not hire its graduates.

We were both addressed as doctors and our futures seemed to be more secure. I wrestled with the question of telling Viola the truth about my sexual relationships. I was never happy about concealing them. We had always been honest with one another in every other matter, but because she had not wanted to make love after our baby's death and years had passed, I was reluctant to broach the matter of our relationship in which she was happy and seemed to have given no thought to my sexual needs. When I did tell her that in general I had had other women because I could not abstain from sex, she was upset and dismayed, but she knew I loved her and tried to come to terms with the reality. She told me that when she went to her first job interview, she was so distracted that she did badly. She considered our relationship as more important, however, than any other and knew that, regardless of adventures I had or might have, we would remain together. She recovered. She impressed in an interview the English department at Pace University in downtown Manhattan and was hired as an associate professor. She wanted just part-time teaching to avoid the endless meetings and conferences and because she was too tired to take on full-time work. She was 57 years old. Since her main concern was her mother's well-being, she flew to London immediately after her last teaching class.

Nona Balakian to me, New York Times, June 9/84.

> I truly tried very hard to get your book "Through Paphlagonia with a Donkey" reviewed in *The Times*, but did not succeed. When I asked for it for a second time, I hoped to have it included in the round-up of travel books for our vacation issue, but the reviewer did not include your book in his jacket. The tendency is always to choose the better known writers or publishers.

> But let me say that I myself found your book most engaging and informative. I hope you will contribute travel articles to *The Times* in the future. They are always looking for writers with a lively style.
>
> Again, my regrets that I could not be more helpful. With best wishes.

I first met Nona Balakian after Viola spoke to her over the telephone trying to get *The Canadian Don Quixote* reviewed in the *New York Times*. Impressed that a wife would try so hard to encourage her husband, she asked to meet me, and she promised to try to have it reviewed, but her effort was in vain. When I told Charles Gregory that I was to meet her, he knew her, both being of Armenian descent; she told me that his plays were good. Later, when I wrote a letter to the editor of the *Times* on a union issue, it was printed, possibly because she was the editor for the letters. Now, a few years later, she seemed impressed with my travel journal and tried again to have it reviewed in her paper. A good review in the *Times* would interest a wide readership.

To Viola from me. July 6/84. New York.

> I am managing just fine. The grapefruit ran out today so must do some shopping tomorrow. Had lunch with Art Shields again—says he is very interested in your career. Speaking of which I enclose your contract for you to sign and return to the University.
>
> There has been a lot of rain here—endless downpours—which threaten to break forth at any time. I have been reading a lot and trying to finish up the odds and ends for my library book which I am typing tomorrow. Have heard from England that papers I want are in the Suffolk Record Office—about which I am pleased.
>
> Big celebrations here on July 4—firecrackers, fireworks, huge crowds—it sounded like war. Do you remember the fireworks we saw in France last year? Bastille Day was it? That was like a minor skirmish compared to the all-out offensive on the 4th.
>
> As for paying bills, I received a bill for $179.05 from Altman's. Do you want me to pay it? I am also enclosing Altman's fur storage receipt for you to sign.
>
> How's the family? And how are you adjusting? Are your new shoes proving their worth on London's pavements? I miss you sometimes (dinner times). My love to your mother.

The papers in the Suffolk Record Office related to a moment in the development of the automobile which I wanted to add to my manuscript before I sought a publisher. I left for England early in August before Alec sent me news about Jim, whose last communication with me was a birthday card in which he wrote how much he had enjoyed reading *Through Paphlagonia with a Donkey*. I did not find Alec's letter until I returned at the end of summer.

Alec Beasley to me. August 13/84. Hamilton.

> I have very sad news. Jim passed away on Thursday, August 9, 1984, with a sudden, massive heart attack.
>
> On that Thursday morning he had breakfast in his favorite breakfast coffee shop and sat there and read his paper until about 11:30. Then, as was his custom, he took the short walk to his hotel and was joking with some of his friends at noon hour and then went up to his room. At about 4:00 p.m. he was found dead, face down, on the floor of his room beside his bed. The door to his room was open, probably for cross-ventilation with the window, because it was a hot and humid day, and a hotel guest glanced into the room on passing by, saw Jim on the floor, and reported to the owner that there was a man lying on the floor. The owner of the hotel, Nick Petrosich, felt for Jim's heart without moving him and upon not feeling a beat, immediately called the police. About 7:00 p.m. that evening a plain clothes policeman arrived at 2 Kingsway Drive and told Anne that Jim had died. I arrived home about 15 minutes later and Anne told me and gave me the telephone number of the police to call. I spoke to Sergeant Freypons and met him at the morgue at the Hamilton General Hospital where I identified Jim.

I telephoned Ann and related the sad news to her.

The police said that the body could not be released from the morgue until the next day because the Coroner had to make his report first and would be in touch with Jim's physician, Dr. Noad. I had several telephone conversations with Percy Norman at the Air Force Club as he is the one who told the police that I was the one to contact and I decided to wait until the next day to find out when the funeral could be arranged before notifying you, in case you might be able to come.

On Friday morning, I attended at Blachford & Wray Funeral Home and decided that the funeral should be on Saturday afternoon as the most convenient time for his friends to attend, as well as his nephews and nieces. I telephoned Ann and she undertook to telephone you. On Saturday afternoon, Ann told me at the Funeral Home that she had telephoned you a number of times but could get no answer and we decided that you and Viola were away on holidays.

Many of Jim's friends from the Air Force Club attended the funeral. Canon Ford of The Cathedral conducted the funeral service at the Funeral Home.

I am sorry that we could not reach you right away. There was nothing that anyone could do for Jim, however, and it is probable that he died instantly before he hit the floor. I know that you will feel a great sense of loss, as we all do, but we all have our memories of him and life goes on.

Jim by his Last Will left $500 to the Air Force Club and the residue of his Estate equally to his two nieces and three nephews. Enclosed, herewith, is a photocopy of his Last Will. Barbara is away for the month of August somewhere in Kansas and then in Manitoba and we have not been able to get in touch with her to date. Rebecca, Warren, Fred, and Peter, were all at home and were at the funeral, which would please Jim.

Although Jim had heart trouble and had been in St. Joseph's Hospital in December 1978, and January, 1979, and then again in December, 1983, he was taking care of himself and watching his diet. This was confirmed to me by "Alice" and "Mary", the proprietors of the coffee shop where Jim had his breakfast on the morning of the day that he died, who both attended his funeral.

That summer of 1984 we were in London. Viola attended to her mother and enjoyed shopping, doing housework, cooking and simply having her mother’s company. I helped with the rose garden and spent the weeks of sun and warmth in the nearby parks and walking to the secondhand bookshop in Cheam and spending time in Nonsuch Park. I brought copies of *Through Paphlagonia* with me to give to English publishers in hopes of one issuing it in England. They all seemed to like it but gave me the same excuses as American publishers, which, of course, seemed wrong when the book did so well despite its very limited distribution. A librarian who reviewed it read it five times so enjoyable did she find it. Years later I received a telephone call from a man in San Francisco who said that his brother had given him the book. He thought it was the best travel book ever written. He had lost it and had tried over the years to find another copy. If it was out of print, he offered to republish it. But it was not out of print, and I kept copies available for several years to come. I also tried to find a publisher in England for the automobile book which dealt so intimately with an important period of English history but again faced publishers’ fears that the poor economic times and probable lack of interest made sales dubious. I did research on Rankin, who had taken the first American cast to England in 1880, and wrote some of my detective novel in the late Aloysius Nicholas’s bedroom overlooking the back yard.

Returning to library work in the fall, I settled into a life of walking to and back from work and helping readers find documents and books. Every job can become boring through repetition, but what made library reference work interesting were the personalities of the researchers and the uniqueness of their searches. Also, Viola’s stories of her teaching, the state of education and the difficult lives of her students interested me. She said that when she was about to enter her first class, she suddenly lost confidence and had to retire to the washroom to regain her courage. When she walked into the classroom, she felt the disappointment of the students, who thought she was

another third-world professor whose teaching would be less than inspiring, but when she began to speak the class attitude was transformed to respect and interest. She knew how to handle people and to bring out the best in them so that in a short time the students were devoted to her teaching. This was first year university, for which many students were unprepared; she learned through their essays how precarious and dangerous their lives were in the age of gun violence, gangs, and street robbery. One of her first assignments was at night to a class "across the bridge", which she thought was across the Brooklyn Bridge in Brooklyn, which she adamantly refused to take. It turned out that "across the bridge" meant from the university buildings in the south to the north side of the bridge within downtown Manhattan, but it angered her department chief who was ready to dismiss her for suggesting that she feared being mugged in Brooklyn where he resided with his family. Not long afterwards he changed his tune after his wife, also a professor, was mugged in Brooklyn. Mugging was becoming brazen. Usually but not always mugging was done by young blacks who threatened pedestrians with guns. A notorious case at the time mesmerized New York City when a thin young man named Bernhard Goetz sensed a group of young blacks were about to attack him on the subway with sharpened chisels and he shot them with his revolver. The ensuing court case highlighted the growing crime problem in America's cities and made Goetz a hero to many. The young men he wounded later went on to more crime and imprisonment while he, through worry during the court trials, developed cancer. There was developing a sense of entitlement among blacks for ripping off whites and a sense of appeasement among whites, which culminated in the mid-nineties trial of a black football player named O. J. Simpson, who was exonerated by a black jury for killing his white wife and a young white man in a jealous fury. Since then the most serious crimes in the United States were mass-shootings by "apparently" mentally deranged persons, not that these did not happen before, but the ferocity and frequency of them increased. The public wanted gun sales controlled but the Rifle Association bribed the members of the U.S. Congress to defeat all attempts to legislate reform.

When I walked to work in the 1980s, I had to step over bloated, drunken men lying on stoops with their legs sprawled over the sidewalks on Lexington Avenue. The city was coming apart at the seams. It had a black mayor, Dinkins, who seemed ineffectual dealing with crime and the city's decline into a degraded state. In the 1990s, after I had removed to Canada, Mayor Giuliani, who had been the city's police chief, gave the police orders to crack down on crime and clean up the streets, which sent many of the wastrels and panhandlers across the river to New Jersey and created a paranoid police force prepared to blast any black who looked culpable of criminal intent. Giuliani was praised and vilified, and by the time of the destruction of the twin towers in 2001, his reputation was poor. His take-command action in the towers catastrophe led Americans to glorify him, which led to hubris and his rapid decline in popularity. New York City, despite the blow to its psyche, struggled on, becoming the scene of the banking and stock exchange swindles of 2008, which destroyed the world's economies.

The City in the eighties, however, was still the most exciting place in the world. The theatre, opera and concerts thrived still. I felt, however, that it was declining gradually, and, owing partially to my static position at work, and my constant failure to interest publishers in my manuscripts, that I had to return to Canada as soon as possible. Viola, who had to teach some classes at night, feared the crime, but her mother was her first concern. The soonest I could take early retirement was my 62nd birthday, which meant, with time awarded for unused sick leave and annual leave, when I was 61. Meanwhile I had to endure young librarians being promoted over me, and, when DiRoma retired, the appointment of John Ganly to his post as Chief of the Division. The selection committee of librarians was controlled by its chairman, a man called Jay, who shuttled between management positions in the Library of Congress and the New York Public Library. To his credit, he was the manager who heard one of the very few grievance cases to be resolved before arbitration—the one I mentioned when a black clerk was the victim of discrimination; but then, the decision was likely to have been made by those higher-up. His bias for Ganly was clear in this case, and, as in all library committees, what the chairman wanted was what happened. I was not surprised, but I was disappointed that the committee did not give me more consideration because there was hardly anyone in the Library who did not know that, regardless how good a librarian I was, I was being overlooked intentionally. When a male worker in the Claims Office, whom I knew only in passing, expressed his admiration for my forbearance in the face of adversity, I was astonished and gathered that sympathy for me was widespread. Swallowing the frustration of being unable to contribute

more to the Library's operations, I accepted my role, and since attempts by my new supervisors to humiliate me were rare, I began to consider my work with the public more rewarding than sitting behind a desk doing administrative work.

An incident about this time did puzzle me. I wondered whether it was connected to my position in the Library. Fraser and Marjorie Bruce had always kept close relations with us—we took them to the United Nations for lunch when they visited from Montreal and they took us to the University Club in New York for lunch—but in a get-together in New York in an apartment of our cousins, at which Fraser was present, he was distant and, at one point, looked at me accusingly and said, "You are crazy!" Since there was no reason for this sudden remark, I merely stared at him with bemusement. After retiring from ALCAN and then serving as Chairman of the Canadian Executive Service Overseas, he had written to me in 1973: "I hope you will come back to Canada and take an active part in affairs here—but come back." Since by now, in the early 1980s, he was in his mid-80s, his mind may have been weakening; he made some scatological remarks that were out of character; yet I wondered whether he could have been influenced about me by a library trustee, in his social circle, who was justifying my lack of progress in my profession. Fraser was a good person, and, although doubtless strong-minded in business and imbued with the attitude of a successful corporate leader toward the "great unwashed," he was considerate of the less fortunate. When his son Ian became schizophrenic, Fraser blamed himself for being a "fascist" in his treatment of his son. The disease was seen as a disgrace for the family. Fraser was forbidden by the doctors from seeing Ian again. Throughout Ian's internment, Allen Bruce, Fraser's brother, who lived in Toronto, took Ian out to dinner, and, after Allen died of cancer in the 1980s, Ian was allowed out on his own at times. I regret not having visited him again before he died in the early 90s but whenever I visited Hamilton or other places on vacation, I was intent on other things; it was as if Ian had disappeared. Ian, I heard, was upset that none of his siblings visited him, but, then, his mother did, and his siblings were struggling with their own lives and families.

I continued to write in the mornings before I went to work. My novel about a father on trial in 1805 for raping his daughter in Massachusetts was finished. I waited some time before sending it out but sent out some of my older manuscripts, which garnered complimentary rejection slips.

Viola to her mother and Eustace. New York. January 26/85.

> Today is Sunday. I went to Church, came back and wrote a thank-you letter to some friends who had invited us to dinner, put a chicken in the oven, set an exam-paper for my students, and now I turn to you both.
>
> Thank you for sending me the Beecham Powder. I shall keep it like gold. I am still drinking that lovely PG Tips Brook Bond Tea. I have Jiff to clean my bathtub. I love these items from England. I keep reading all sorts of dreadful stories about the future of England—especially now that the pound has plunged almost to the level of the dollar. I do hope England will turn around economically.
>
> I received a card from Christopher, and a letter from Michael. I wrote a long letter to Christopher. I feel very concerned about him. He needs help. Dear Mummy, you should try to help him by asking him to come and stay in Morden. I know you think he will be more of a burden than a help, but I do believe Christopher will understand that he must do everything himself and not impose on you. But what bothers me is that this prolonged depression of his might lead to serious things. He will just have to do other kinds of work—any work—clerical even. I wrote and told him that he should learn to use the word-processor typewriting machine and do some editing work. Over here these editor-typists charge $500-$1000 dollars a manuscript. Chris can do that kind of work in his own home, if he learns how to type and edit a manuscript. Donald can do it and help. There are all sorts of creative ways of earning a living. It is silly to think along only one track.
>
> Michael said he cooked a meal when he was in Morden. I hope so. Poor Donald, he must be very worried about Christopher.
>
> David's article on Clay Spohn has met with great success. The art-world in America has been telephoning to congratulate David. He received a lovely letter from a prominent

> painter, Kadish, to tell David he hopes Clay will be recognized in a big way now. Other prominent painters are buying several copies of the *Bulletin*. A man came to David in the Library and told him that his son sits up every night and reads *Through Paphlagonia with a Donkey* before going to bed. He just loves the book. People are still sending David checks for that book—so the book is still selling. I only hope the Library will launch his Library book.
>
> Mummy dear, I have written to Kitty to thank her for sending you that lovely parcel. I do hope you are keeping warm and that you are enjoying your wheelchair. I worry about you in this cold. We are having cold weather again. I love it, though. I love cooking hot porridge and milk on winter mornings. David and I bought same colored pajamas—bright red. We look like red-robins.
>
> Please, when you see Kay and Mac give them my very especial love. I received Kay's letter and I shall write to her soon. Also, I think Jerry is a magnificent man—a wonderful friend. Please give him and Margaret my very special love. I think of them often with warmest affection.
>
> David sends his love to you both. He is glad that you enjoyed the article, Eustace. Several people think it is fantastic. The most prominent artists in this country are buying up the article.

Viola's enthusiasm for my writing reflected her wish that I would succeed and in reporting on it to her family she tended to exaggerate. It was true that the reception of the Turkey book and the article on Clay were gratifying, but both publications lacked major distribution. Prominent artists who had known Clay, prompted by the artist John Hultberg, sent me testimonials testifying to Clay's greatness as an artist and the need for a book about him, but these failed to excite the interest of publishers, whose first need was profit, regardless how worthy the subject and how important it was for the public to know of his work.

The Jerry and Margaret to whom Viola referred were friends of Eustace. Jerry Haggarty was an exuberant Irishman, who went drinking with Eustace and introduced him to a bowling club, which became important for Eustace as a social home in English society. Viola's worries about Christopher were well-founded. I, too, was concerned for Christopher, who not only had had to deal with a burnt chin and several burnt fingers resulting from the fire that killed his mother but now suffered from moderate schizophrenia that had ruined his hopes for a scholarly career. His father Donald was a gracious, good-looking Burmese gentleman. He was a fixture with his beret and walking stick in the Scottish village of Strathkinness. A strong Roman Catholic to the point of fanaticism if touched on the subject and a political Conservative, serving as secretary for the local party, Donald was hard on his sons, especially on Christopher on whom his hopes had been placed. He stayed a noncommissioned officer in the Royal Air Force, ingratiating to his officers but strict with those under him, and, after retirement, he worked as keeper of the wines at the St. Andrews Golf Club. Christopher left home to avoid his father's pressure on him and tried to make a life on his own. Donald was deeply hurt by this, but his temperament was such that the two could not reconcile. Christopher, however, stayed close to his stepmother Joan.

Viola to her mother. New York. February 17/85.

> Thank you so much for sending me the Beecham powder and tablets. Please thank Eustace for forwarding me my bank correspondence. I do not know why they send it to Morden, because sometimes they send it directly to me in NY. Thank you also for a few words scribbled on odd bits of cardboard labels. I treasure those few words from you.
>
> I am so glad to know that you and Eustace are all right. I was worried about how you were coping. After I telephoned you and Eustace, I had breakfast and went to Church. When I came back, I was full of good feeling. I thought I would telephone Rita and ask her if she were all right as I heard on the BBC that England and Europe were having a harsh winter and lots of snow. I won't give you the details in this letter, Mummy, but the phone call of mine to Rita was not a success. In short, she did not thank me for being concerned as any normal, gracious person would do. She merely indicated to me that she did not know why I

should worry as I never write to her! (She has ignored every letter or gesture of mine since her husband's death, and now she is twisting everything and blaming me.) However, when I come to England this summer, I will give you the details. I just don't want to upset you. I should have taken your good advice and left her alone. It was my fault for trying to make friends with her. My Christian action in calling her on the phone backfired. It turned out to be a blunder. But God should know that I meant to show her concern and friendship.

My whole thought about this incident is that perhaps poor Rita is feeling her isolation from her own family. Her pride won't admit it, but I think she is feeling it. She sounds almost insane. But I don't think I can do anymore to try to make friends. I should have listened to you, Mummy, and not bother about her. But my Christian spirit got the better of me.

Poor Kitty lost her little dog. She has two other dogs and several cats. But this little Cheng (a Llasha dog) fell through the snow and into the swimming pool beneath, which was frozen and only half full. The little dog was trapped and couldn't get out. No one saw the dog fall in; it was last seen playing with the cat. Kitty missed it at feeding time and thought he had gone off to the village. Only three days later did they find the little body with its face full of blood. Kitty and John could not eat and wept for weeks afterwards. Poor Kitty. I love dogs and children, but sometimes I thank God I do not have any. I think I am the sort of person to suffer enormously at the slightest thing that could go wrong.

David's article on Clay Spohn is having a great deal of success. We had dinner with one of David's friends who is acting as his agent. He is a New York Times editor. We met some very interesting people at his house.

I am sorry to hear about poor Babsie. I hope her operation will be a success. I hope Kay and Mac are coping with the snow. Do give them our love. I pray for them everyday.

David and I are coming this summer, Mummy. Thank you for keeping some Christmas cake for us. I look forward to eating it. I do not know when exactly we will be coming. It all depends on when we can leave NY. I mean, I can come in June but do not know the exact date. We have to see what airlines, etc. It is always a scramble about getting air tickets. I will let you know, but count on our coming. David has research to do.

Just before we come to England, let me know what you and Eustace need from here. I shall try to bring it. David and I look forward very much to coming to England, Mummy. We want to see you. I feel so glad that David is able to combine his visit to you and Eustace with his research. We can do some theatre-going too. I love England for that.

David has to go to Chicago next month to give a paper on the automobile. A whole lot of scholars will be at the conference. I do admire David's energy. He is on the go all the time. As for me, for the first time I feel relaxed. My teaching load is not too much this term—because I have taught these courses before, so I do not have to prepare too much. I can go swimming and see a few friends for lunch, etc.

David and I have been seeing some excellent movies. Saw "The Passage to India" by E.M. Forster. The novel is what we read in school and colleges. It is about the British rule in India and how snobbish the English were, etc. Extremely well done. We hope to see "1984" soon.

The trouble about having a relaxing time is that I feel lazy about doing too much reading and writing. I tried to do something about my dissertation on Tennyson, but cannot face it yet. I think I need this rest. When I come to think of it, I have not had a good rest for years. All that study took a lot of energy out of me.

Well, Mummy, I will end now. David is doing our taxes—always a great chore. All morning we were getting our tax papers, bills, receipts, cancelled checks, etc. together. This tax business here is very complicated. We shall have our accountant look into it after David works it out.

David and I do send you and Eustace all our love and we look forward to seeing you soon this summer. Tell me what you want. When you see Gerry and Margaret, give them our love and don't forget to give Kay, Mac and Reg our warmest love and affection. I think they are wonderful creatures of God. They restore my faith in humanity

All my love, Mummy dearest, cheer up and look after yourself by keeping warm.

Viola to me. June 29/85. Morden, Surrey.

I am in the upstairs bedroom (front) and the afternoon sun is bright and warm. It is the first really sunny day since my arrival. Tomorrow they promise rain.

After last evening's fright, Mummy is quite quiet and sober now. I was really afraid but kept calm. The sight of blood unnerved me. Twice I went out yesterday and twice she fell and Eustace had to pick her up. Her legs have no strength. Yet she is always trying to do something. I went out shopping in the morning and returned only to be told that Eustace (on returning from buying cigarettes for Mummy) found Mummy on the floor and unable to move. In the evening, I went to church for 45 minutes and came back to see my Mother lying with her head well back over her wheelchair (out of consciousness) and Eustace staunching her head wound. She had fallen in the kitchen and knocked her head on the knob of the oven door. She bled quite a lot. I called the doctor and he came and said it was a tiny superficial cut and nothing to worry about. One bleeds a lot from any head or face wound. (I thought of Peter Stasny [ice hockey player]) It was a pity because I had given Mummy a good bath and dressed her in a brand new blue dress. She looked so pretty in it. I guess she felt so good after the bath that she wanted to do a lot of things. Today all is calm and normal and her blue dress, which was stained with blood, is washed and clean again. That is about the most exciting event so far. I have done a lot of work for Mummy, as you can imagine and was only able to go to swim on Wed. 26th June. Hardly have time to even read the papers. You will find Mummy a little more deteriorated than last year. More forgetful, more weak, etc. I have been feeding her regular meals, so she is picking up now.

I am sending you a check for $3,500. Get Barclays Bank traveller checks with them. Pay my money into your Money Market Funds and withdraw the same amount from your account. I hope you can do this. If not, tear up the check and forget it. I can always buy National Saving Certificates later. You can always go to the Emigrant Bank on 7th Ave. and 31st St. if you have any difficulty at the 42nd St. branch. The National Saving Certificates are wonderful value right now.

Donald called recently and sent his love. We must fly and see him this year. Mac and Kay send their love to you. I miss you dreadfully especially when I was listening to some Viennese music.

Just heard the hostages are on their way at last to Damascus. Hope all will be well for them. Much criticism of Reagan in the British newspapers. They think his remarks about the terrorists (thugs, barbarians, etc) were ill-timed.

Do look after yourself, darling. Be careful what you eat and I hope you can work well on your novel, etc. Hope Oxford U. Press will come up with some promising news. Love to you from all of us. We look forward to seeing you soon.

PS. Excuse mundane bread and butter letter. Hope by the time you come, the weather will improve and we can do some interesting things together. Love to Art and Esther.

From David's Diary.

July 5/85. My attempts at steady diary-keeping have soon ended. I try now again because in my research I have found that diaries, if they had only covered the right subject, would have been very helpful. In 1967 when John Fall, retiring as Chief of the Economics Division at the New York Public Library, advised me to keep a diary, I was organizing a union of library workers, a new Division Chief was being sent by management to make life

difficult for me, and I was going to be involved in politics and small human drama; I should have kept a diary. But I am a novelist and like to rely on memory and the transformation of real events into the art of fiction. Diary-keeping was pedestrian and time-consuming. But now I think a diary of my years 1967—85 would have made interesting reading. Perhaps I can make up for what I missed by giving a picture of the "hic and nun" from now on.

My experience with other people's diaries have been peculiar. Hudson Gurney's diaries I could decode (he wrote English in a Greek script) but did not consider them worth the effort of decoding all 50 volumes, or even 5 paragraphs. Charlotte Hills Beasley, my great grandmother, kept a diary. I know this because I came upon a few pages from it that a woman lawyer in Hamilton had copied out of it when she saw it in a house in Boston, Mass. The owner had picked it up in the general auction of effects after my grandmother's death in 1938 or 1939. It disappeared after the present owner died. Will this fare better? Will this, indeed, prove to be a diary?

I am in a world of violent clashes. Shiite Moslems from Lebanon highjacked a passenger plane, killed an American and only released the remainder after Israelis promised (in private) to release their Arab prisoners. In public the Israelis denied such an agreement. USA plans and finances subversive action against tiny Nicaragua and so on. One can not be sure when terrorism will strike again.

The previous entry in May '83 mentions visiting Martha's Vineyard. Last May I went back with Viola after we drove about Nova Scotia and PEI for over a week. [We were considering the Maritimes as a place to live but found it wind-swept and too wild, though beautiful in parts. It snowed in Halifax on my birthday, May 4. In Annapolis Royal, Viola had an interesting talk with our B&B host, a former bodyguard for dignitaries (he displayed a photo with him escorting George Schultz, President Reagan's Secretary of State) while I sipped cognac, which he provided. In the Nova Scotia Valley, we visited Acadia University shortly after it awarded a PhD. to Shirley MacLain, the actress.]

Lois [Katzenbach] looked older. She was welcoming, took us for a drive. We stayed overnight. She and Viola got along. Her son, Geoffrey, drove us back to the airport—told us she had been depressed. He seemed suspicious, uneasy about us as strange visitors to his old mother. But he was not openly so. We suspected it. [The Katzenbachs had adopted him and a daughter. When we were leaving, Lois gave me a big smile out of sight of her son, as if she knew that I understood his uneasiness.]

Had dinner with Michael Hudson tonight. He is very bright, thin, clear and sharp-eyed, full of ideas and helpful in my projects—read my automobile book, suggested improvements and wants to write preface. I await word from Norton publishers.

Aug 3. In the interim I joined Viola at her mother's house in Morden, Surrey, South London. We have started a brief tour of the Hebrides. Are at Donald Nicholas's house in Strathkinness, spent the night at the Backhouses—bed and breakfast—comfortable. Viola is concerned about her older brother Donald, who is disappointed over the failure and disaffection of his son, Christopher. Christopher has moved out of the house and taken a menial job in St. Andrews. He appeared at one time to have a brilliant career in physics—graduated from college in Edinburgh but could not find employment in this age of unemployment. Eustace is driving us in his car. We take Joan and Donald for lunch in St Andrews—Michael, his son, joins us—and then leave for Oban and the west.

The weather is cool and windy. Samuel Johnson in his *Journey to the Western Isles* writes about St. Andrews: "when it had lost its archiepiscopal prominence, gradually decayed: one of its streets is now lost: and in those that remain, there is the silence and solitude of inactive indigence and gloomy depopulation." He then discussed the diminishing of the University. Mr. Backhouse, at whose home we stayed, is in charge of maintenance of the buildings at the University. In this period of cutbacks in funding, he thinks it absurd to have duplicate of classes at St. Andrews University and Dundee University—for example, 5

students in music at St. Andrews and 15 at Dundee—a bus shuttles students back and forth to the two universities.

We went back to Donald's house in Drumcannon Crescent and waited for Joan, Don's wife, to return from shopping in St. Andrews. Then we went to St, Andrews. Joan showed us the Club-hotel by the golf course—all very ritzy, splendidly rich, lovely Scots romantic oil paintings, and Donald joined us after finishing his job in the wine cellar. He took us for a short tour of the burned-down Kirk remnants (John Knox was there) and along by the sea. What a great beach—but too cold for swimming. We ate lunch at Russell's hotel, then picked up Eustace and Michael at their Dunvegin Bar and returned to Donald's home. His golden retriever, a 3-year old called Ben, demonstrated his enthusiastic attachment to Joan and Donald. We left them at 2.30 and drove through glens and mountain passes—extremely beautiful, uninhabited, to Oban Inn and ate delicious fish dinner at the Studio. Then climbed to McCaigues Tower for a splendid view of the town, harbour and islands in the Firth of Lorne. It is cool but lovely—romantic scenery. The Scottish girls of the town are pretty and rather au courant with young fashion, e.g. miniskirts and punk dress and hairdo.

We are to rise tomorrow for breakfast at 8.30 (Sunday) to catch the 10 o'clock ferry to Mull. All of us are enjoying the trip. Viola is happy to see Eustace enjoying himself. He has been cooped up in London attending on the crippled Mrs. Nicholas in his non-working hours. Viola is a person who shares her delights and enjoys other people enjoying them.

Aug. 4. We found that the 10 o'clock ferry to Mull was filled—we were given a place on the 12 o'clock ferry. We drove east on the shore road past a fishing village until we encountered private property and turned back with mutterings against feudal lords, etc. We had coffee in the coffee room at the great Caledonian Hotel during which it rained heavily. The cars were lined up for the ferry when we returned to the docks. Round trip is £39 for a car and three persons. The crossing took 45 minutes. We arranged to catch the 1 o'clock ferry on Tuesday to return. We visited Terrasog Castle built in 1856. Viola was disturbed by the egoism of the lord in all the displays. He was in the Antarctica making a film on Scott; in German prison camps in WWII from which he escaped; lots on his ancestors, etc.—finally a small but neatly statued garden. We went on to 13th Century Castle Duarte of the Macleans which a Maclean chief fixed up in 1911. He was 70 when he got round to restoring the castle, which he had wanted to do from the age of 17. He died age 102. Viola refused to enter the castle as she hates paying these "capitalists". Eustace and I went through the three floors and saw the exhibits of family silver and portraits on the first floor. On the battlements, we saw the present laird telling his life story to a Scots couple and their young daughter. The view was beautiful—strategic location indeed—the sea and islands round about. Most surprising to me was Wordsworth's writing table in the State Bedroom. We had tea there, then drove back past the ferry, through glens with streams and small mountain scenery by the fishing village Tobermory, its front street of colorful houses facing the harbour of sloops, fishing vessels; we went on to picturesque Derveig, found a B&B, and walked through the woods crossing the streams, tundra and fields to a chocolate-making store outside the town. Very quiet country—contemplative mood. We ate at the village pub—met a Scottish couple, Margaret and George Angus from the Shetland Islands, who were caravanning at Calgary [a Scottish village]. He had been in the RAF as electrician and traveled widely. She had once nursed Prince Charles—said she had to curtsy when entering and leaving the room. Charles had pneumonia. Viola and I returned to the B&B at 9.45 when it was light. Eustace stayed to drink—hope he will return soon.

The look of the Scots—of two kinds. The paintings of the Guthries in the first castle gave the impression of mild civilized bourgeoisie. They seemed staid—perhaps adventurous at times. The Maclean of Duart Castle had a longish nose, bald and chicken-look about the eyes, peculiar to the family. Then there are the mad Scots—with the glint in their eye or the mean jut of jaw—these are descendants of the wild bands. A third class of people, those who run the hotels and the bed and breakfasts and the craft shops, seem to have arrived from outside the islands. Perhaps the mean jut of jaw and the stern look disguising contempt that we see in the occasional Scot have been put there by the third class and its tourist prey.

Sheep—black-faced and horned—are in the fields. Even saw black sheep at Derveig. There are cattle too. I saw a hawk on the hills, white-bodied birds that cawed like crows, a couple of blue kingfish type of bird, but have noticed no small birds.

Aug. 5 At seven in the morning and thereafter I can see from my window the green hills, the village in the Valley, a three-band rainbow in a large curve rise into the sky and circle down by the village. The absolute peace and stillness of the place add to its beauty.

Breakfast at 8.30. Our hostess is a heavyset lady with the broadest, fullest shoulders I have seen. She could have been a professional wrestler. But her temperament is mild. She gave us a good breakfast. She was born here. Her ancestors lived here. Her husband is from the Argentine but came here with his parents when a boy. His parents were from Mull. They bought the hotel, which she and her husband ran when they gave it up. She and husband, a sombre-looking Scotsman, ran the hotel for 40 years, sold it and moved up the hill to this modern house where they have bed and breakfast accommodation. She speaks Gaelic. The Irish is similar to Irish Gaelic. On a trip to Ireland she encountered a fisherman who knew no English, but she could communicate with him in Gaelic since many words in both Gaelics were similar.

We drove to Tobermory in sunshine with lovely long clear views of the hills, sea and nearby islands. Tobermory is the largest village on the island and has two petrol pumps. Shops and inns line the waterfront. Sloops and fishing vessels lie in the harbour, a cove in the rocks. The townhouses are on the hillsides up to three levels. We had coffee at the Captain's table. I bought a Scots hat at a gift store. We drove then to the far side of the island, along the shore with pretty views to Fionfort and the ferry to Iona. Left our car in Fionfort. Had some difficulty finding Eustace a room in a B&B since they had no singles, but a nice lady agreed to give him a double at a reduced price. Viola and I stay at the Columbia Hotel near to the restored Cathedral. The sun is shining but the wind is fairly strong. We wear our coats and walk to a point of the island. The land is fenced off into fields for sheep and some cattle. The Cathedral has some stone from the 6th and 7th centuries but largely perfectly restored —a splendid job. Ancient crosses stand outside it as they once did. The burial ground for the old kings of Scotland is still marked. Many of the grave markings have been removed to the small museum beside the Cathedral to save them from further erosion. We walked through the ruins of the Nunnery. Although Samuel Johnson said that we should feel the history of this holy place, I find it difficult. Perhaps I have been jaded by seeing ruins in parts of Europe throughout the years. I sense the quiet, contemplative atmosphere that the monks and nuns must have known. That they should have been terrorized by invading Vikings in this remote spot speaks of the eternal possibility of tragedy in the most peaceful of places. The Duke of Argyll (8th) tried to restore the Cathedral but in 1900 gave it over to the Scottish Church to maintain and improve. The National Trust took it on and restoration took place from 1940s through the 1960s.

The hotel served a fine tea at 4.30 in the sunroom—long with large windows overlooking the field and water—Mull lying opposite under a mile away. The newspapers did not come today. An Englishman and his wife have gone to Fionfort to get one. He served under Slim [General William Slim] in Burma during WWII and was struck by the beauty of the country —regrets he never saw Rangoon.

Iona is a small village on Iona Island. One gets the feeling it is a rather religious community—rather strict. There are no pubs, which disappointed Eustace.

The gulls here have black-tipped wings—rather striking. By the way, there were small birds on Mull—I saw some thrush.

In such a relaxed atmosphere I tried to smoke—finished pack of cigarettes I bought in Oban Inn. Must refrain from smoking again. It is 6.30 p.m. We sit reading in the sunroom awaiting dinner at 8. Eustace says Iona is not "his scene."—too respectable. Viola wants to catch ferry back to Mull after breakfast. She worries about missing the ferry back to the

mainland in which we reserved space for 1 o'clock. There are some French and perhaps Italian tourists, but mainly Scottish and English.

The dinner is okay. Viola thinks it was cooked by students. These young people come from parts of the world to work in ecumenical fellowship about the Cathedral. At coffee afterwards in the sunroom we spoke with the other guests—about Burma, New York, etc. One couple named Jones (he came from Wales 30 years before) were particularly friendly. They took Viola to the Church service while I waited for Eustace to return from his dinner in town. Ron Jones stayed to talk with me—showed me book of photographs of wild flowers on the island, taken by a guest and given to the hotel owners.

Aug 7 Viola loved the service—there was no minister but three young people led them in songs—they sang in harmony—sounded beautiful, she said—there was an African song—emphasis on peace. She fetched us to go to a Ceilidh at the coffee house where several people sang and got the audience to participate. One fellow played the guitar and a little girl danced and sang. Eustace enjoyed it tremendously.

We left after breakfast. Viola was angry at me because I didn't have cash to pay the bill—they would not accept travellers' cheques or credit cards. She supplied the cash. We had a beautiful drive through Mull, caught the ferry to Oban at 1, and drove south through mountains, scenic vistas along winding roads back up to Inveraray, a small town facing a large lake and rolling hills—picturesque. We ate lunch and continued south to the town of Shapp just off the motorway—stayed at King Arms Hotel—just under new management—slept in a four-poster—very comfortable. Had dinner in the bar—a fellow in his fifties and his wife, a lean woman with long grey hair encircling her face, told us of the sheep they kept as a hobby. He was a joiner—had been in the RAF and therefore had something in common with Eustace. They moved here to be near her widowed sister. Spoke of French, whom they find too nationalistic to be good European partners.

Next morning at breakfast spoke to a Yorkshire man who with the Americans and others was walking across England. The hills were in slush from the rain. Some had dropped out. This annual walkathon was inspired by a fellow called Wainwright who wrote about walking and health. This fellow was hefty, in his mid-forties or so. Told us Shapp was the coldest place in England. Before the motorway was built, trucks used to get stuck on the hill to Shapp, gave the village business—now lost. The other hotel down the road, hundreds of years old, was bankrupt and was going to be sold to creditors.

We drove on in a light rain to the south and turned into Wales and sunshine to Hay on Wye, the secondhand bookstore town. At the Old Green Inn we ate lunch. Viola telephoned home and came back looking white. Mrs Nicholas had a slight stroke the day before. She had been talking with Walter and suddenly could not speak. He called Kay and the doctor who arrived together. At the mention of the word "hospital" Mrs Nicholas recovered her senses and let rip into the doctor who angrily retreated. A nurse arrived. Mac and Kay stayed the night. We made a quick tour of three or four bookstores, all in the same block—looked for Surtees but none to be found. The stores are not as interesting as advertised. "A Welsh con," Eustace called it. The old bookstores on 4th Avenue, NYC, in the fifties and early sixties had far more to offer.

We stayed briefly and drove pell mell for London, arriving just after 7 p.m. Mac was there. Rita had arrived from Devon. Mrs. Nicholas was in bed talking with family.

Viola slept on the sofa in Mrs Nicholas's room (the sitting room). A nurse came this morning, bathed her, etc.—she looks much better and is recovering. Viola thinks she drank too much in Walter's company.

Aug 15. Thursday. The past week has been centred about Mrs. Nicholas who must be waited upon. She can hold nothing, cannot sit up without help, cannot go "potty", etc. without someone picking her up and hoisting her onto the commode or slipping a bed pan under her. She has no conception of time, consequently Viola, who does most of this work, is on call night and day. Viola does the cooking. Rita was here for a few days helping out—went back

to Devon—returns tomorrow. Eustace is rousted out of bed at night to help with his mother. I remain on the sidelines—doing the lifting, the fetching (of newspaper) and the patient-sitting when called on.

Yesterday I went to Colindale, the BM Library for Newspapers—modernized and larger since I was last there years ago. Went to Highgate Cemetery afterwards. Karl Marx's edifice contrasts to the other gravestones tucked away into the long grass, bushes and thick undergrowth by looking new, imposing and well-tended with flowers at the side of a main pathway. Herbert Spencer's grave opposite it looks like a huge marble trunk. It carries his name in front and his birthdate on one side. Perhaps his death date was on the other side hidden by long grass. I wandered down the path and by instinct turned to walk through the jungle of gravestones, trees and undergrowth and came upon Marx's original grave where there is a flat stone announcing that Karl, his wife Jennie, one of his daughters, his maid and one of his grandchildren were disinterred in 1954 to be reburied up front. At the gate of the cemetery stands a lady selling brochures and asking for donations. Across the road in the other and larger section of the cemetery, young men conduct guided tours. I tried to walk alone there, but was called back. Only in a guided tour could I see this section, but in the Marx section I could walk alone.

Highgate village is on the top of the hill—the same that Gurney and Maceroni drove their steam carriages up [see my *Who Really Invented the Automobile?*]. From a couple of streets one can get a view of parts of London. There is an excellent secondhand bookstore there—in which were several novels by Surtees, which I had been unable to find elsewhere. I bought "Jorrock's Jounts and Jollities". On the underground I finished reading Kenneth Roberts' *Northwest Passage*. What a superb book! The first half, the attack on Fort Francis, shows amazing imagination, research, sensitivity and good writing.

I have been accompanying Eustace to the pub in the evenings and have put on 4 lbs. weight. Viola must return to NYC on Sunday to prepare for her teaching. I hope to go to Guernsey on Monday for 10 days and then return to NYC. Viola does not want me here while Rita is coming for her mother. The sisters have not been friendly for years. Rita has a poison tongue and Viola fears that she will get all the information she wants out of me if I am left alone with her. I am glad to go as I hope to do some writing on the detective novel, which has progressed only to Chapter 5 in this house.

August 9 was the anniversary of Jim's sudden death—heart attack—It was the day Mrs. Nicholas had her slight stroke, the effect of which on her morale has been heavy.

Note: the books of George Lancing (Lan Tso Chi) may prove interesting reading—published by Robert Hale, London. *Peking Glass*, *Fraudulent Conversion*, *Infamous Conduct*, *Lotus Blossom*, *Imperial Motherhood*, *The Mating of the Dragon*—the latter two about Tzu Hsi and the Chinese Emperor in the 19th century. Shiva Naipaul's death (at 40) was announced today. Tragic when one dies young showing great promise. Will read his books.

Aug 20. Viola left for NYC on 18th and I left morning of 19th for Guernsey—train to Weymouth, boat to St. Peters Port. Busy time—despite poor weather this year. The boat trip was 4 hours long. Talked for a bit with lady I talked to on train—85 years—Mary Luxton (I think). Was in British army—saw much of the world—was in Dunkerque when Germans invaded—working in hospital—taken north to Belgian border where she boarded mine sweeper, bombs falling everywhere—escaped to England. She knew India, Nepal, etc. Has traveled extensively since retirement—went by Greyhound bus from NYC to Mexico in 1970. She has an interesting face—bold, Roman nose—soft accent. Will be staying with a friend who has house on Guernsey. There were plenty of children on board. At Guernsey the tourist info office found me a room for 2 nights at the Carteret Hotel in Cobo, west shore—rugged view. Room is small with no view. Hotel is for English holiday-makers—my companions for breakfast were from Cheshire—the husband tried to make conversation but rather stupid, his wife was worse, almost like a comedy actress—an English version of "All in the Family"—Archie Bunker but more so. I walked on the beach before breakfast—saw a

rowboat come from the sea—small craft—the rower docked it on one of the stone causeways running from the road into the sea—took an axle and wheels from the boat, which he placed under the keel and pulled the boat up the causeway onto the road and out of sight. He wore yellow rubber pants and had blond hair—quite a colorful picture. Took bus to town and went to Info Office to begin search for accommodation for a week. A waterfront Hotel, Wyndhams, had a single from 25th to 29th, the Norfolk Guest House from 21—25—so I am fixed for the week. Had lunch at Le Carrefour Hotel where proprietor answered my many questions about Guernsey, its parliament called States and its independence from Britain. He said the writer of thrillers, Desmond Bagley, lived there for 9 years—died 3 years ago—stuttered so badly only his wife understood him. His wife said he entered his research into a computer—eventually asked the computer to sort it and reproduce it in order—wrote his books that way. Compton McKenzie lived on Jethroes Island off Herm Island.

Went to Victor Hugo's fabulous house—tours in French and English—it is run by the city govt. in Paris. This is the centenary of Hugo's death. President Mitterand made the pilgrimage in May. Hugo loved woodcarving and cabinets with dozens of drawers—wrote on the top of the building in a glassed-in area overlooking the harbour and the fortress. He wrote standing up. His small bedroom is to the right. From its windows he could see the house of his mistress. He would fly flags of different colors which had different meanings to communicate with her. He became very mystical here—obvious in the designs of his rooms and furniture.

Last night in the Carteret bar, I spoke with an Englishman, working class, 39, who had wandered the world, married in Venezuela, left his family for the time being—kept going to the bathroom owing to venereal disease. Wanted to write book about his experiences working on the Cunard Line—happy to talk with me since I was first writer he'd met. Asked me to come to his hotel for a free dinner on Thursday night when he was headwaiter and in charge that night. Name is Keith Osborne, at Houge de Pommier, 8.30 Thursday—May go. He knows plenty about this area—has brother on Herm.

My meal companions are pianists. She even enters competitions. I think their slowness and lack of intelligent conversation comes from an environment that is basically antisocial. Heaven knows she tried to make conversation—spoke of things she did. Saw Liberace—did I like him? Frank Sinatra? asked her husband. I have only one more breakfast to endure with them.

Aug 21. Last night I went for a walk along the coast—great waves pounding the rocks. Encountered an Englishwoman, stout and plain, whom I had met earlier when looking for a room. She waited for hours for the proprietor to turn up and when she did, the room was for 5 people. She went to a car she thought was a taxi and in closing its door she crushed her thumb—had it dressed at Boots, the chemist. Needs to see hospital tomorrow. Found a place on this west coast—the landlady gave her a lift to the beach where she was walking, meditating on the beastly weather, her bad luck and the unsuitable place where she was staying—on her first vacation in three years. Had been to Guernsey years ago—liked it then. I left her to enquire for a taxi in a guesthouse and pursued the path to Les Grandes Rocques where I stood high in a great wind overlooking the crashing sea.

Yesterday in the citadel before St. Peters Port, I clambered to the highest gun emplacements and realized how strategic these rocky prominences were during the war. The Nazis had a great gun at the top. Earlier armies had guns pointing in all directions at a lower level. The Royalists held out there against the parliamentarians in the Civil War. A parliamentarian general was prisoner there for 9 years.

I was interested to see in the main Cathedral that the Tuppers, Brocks and Le Marchants were intermarried—and with the Saumarezes, who are the noble family in the region. Brock was in Canada—famous in War of 1812. Tupper and Le Marchant were names Richardson encountered in Spain. In speaking with a Guernsey lady on the bus (the buses are old machines that have to slide by one another on the narrow roads) she was touring Canada

and alone in the group could reply to the guide's query, "Does anyone know who General Brock was?"

Last night I drank in the bar with two Scotsmen who live in Essex outside London. One was a short, bespectacled fellow in his 30s, who had brought his two young sons on holiday. The other was his grandfather, a rotund, thick-necked, flat-faced fellow who had a wry humour —had lived in India for years. Talk turned to racial questions. Blacks have racial bias against Blacks, but all join together against their common enemy, the white man. They predicted there would be racial war in England. Apparently Blacks with scarred lines in their cheeks are from a higher class and treat those from lower classes like dogs.

I watched Fassbinder's "Berlin/Alexanderplatz" on TV Channel 4 before retiring. It goes at a slow but interesting pace—its message is somewhat worn—but the gradual involvement of the unemployed protagonist in Naziism carries a larger dimension with it giving the significance to the film. It is not something I would go far out of my way to see, however.

Aug. 21. I passed breakfast time with the Cheshire couple whose idea of conversation is to ask obvious things—the woman at my departure said she would not come to the US because it was too big to travel in. I took the bus which put me off at the Norfolk Lodge, where I was told I had a room for 3 nights, not 4, owing to a mistake. The Info Bureau found me a room at Kershire House near it for the 4th night.

I took the boat to Sark—walked the dirt roads to the end of the island—good—many French tourists owing to the boats from St Malo and Hersey—La Sablonniere is an inn at the end in which I could have stayed if I'd known—certainly quiet. Went through the Seigneurie Gardens—left my name in a Church register—had tea—the sun came out strongly—got back to Guernsey by 6.15 p.m. [The boat was crowded. The blonde girl sitting beside me with her boyfriend on the other side wound her sweater, which I had taken off, into mine. She was a sexy-looking woman, but I did not want complications and managed to disentangle my sweater before departure. We did not exchange a word. I saw her face sink with disappointment and the gleam of triumph in her boyfriend's eyes.] Ate fresh turgot at a waterfront restaurant. Walked about looking for entertainment. A young crowd of boys and men were clustered in one pub; a hotel held a dance but the small orchestra was playing to old and middle-aged sitting and watching an empty dance floor. I went to the Lodge to bed.

My appeal to young women is still intact. A good-looking girl in an open car gave a wolf howl at me from the passenger seat and turned to stare back at me as she zipped out of sight. I could have done with her last night—I need something like that.

Aug 22. I woke early and wrote to breakfast time at 9. Wrote a bit more but hard going. Went to town about 11—took bus to Saumarez Park to see the Battle of the Flowers 50th celebration. English fair, sideshows for children. Eats sold from carts, stalls and tents. Bought herbal cream to cure arthritis for Mrs. Nicholas. Seats were sold to those who wanted to sit around this great arena of grass and watch children parade in costumes. The three local bands, made up of adolescents, were inspected by the Deputy Governor of Guernsey. The floats of carnation flowers put together in color designs—some shaped like bells, some like bottles, like castles, many variations—waited in the background for their turn to be dragged around the field. But since they were the climax, they had to wait. After 4 hours of dreariness, I left and bussed back to the waterfront for a drink. The sun has come out hot now. I returned to my hotel, wrote with difficulty and read the first five chapters of the detective story—this gave me the incentive to push on tomorrow.

Aug 23. Last night I went to Hougue des Pommier near Cobo Bay. Keith Osborne was maitre d'. He asked me to take a drink in the bar, which was pretty crowded with English guests on a social scale slightly above the holidayers at Carteret. I selected from the menu, a large green-covered book, in which the dishes were named in French with an explanation in English. It was the pretentious man's hotel. When Keith led me to my table under the low beams and through the discreetly lit dining room, an English patriarch of the new type sat with a large family at the next table. They seemed to be enjoying themselves quite naturally

and he had a sly smile at everyone and everything. Keith said he caused trouble with the waiters—he was going to have to sort him out. The fellow remarked about a word the daughter had used and was blushing about. "You're not going to embarrass me?"—great laughter. The food was delicious. True to his word, Keith paid for it or arranged for it to be billed to someone who wouldn't notice. I met him for a few moments in the bar and we arranged to meet at 10 today and go to Herm Island.

Aug 24. Keith and I walked around Herm—a peaceful island resort with full view of St. Peters Port on Guernsey. We talked about literature. He wants to write and although he was given a secondary modern education, he is quite intelligent. He worked 15 years on the Cunard Line. He met his Venezuelan wife in the Bahamas. She is from an old established family. He was smuggling contraband,—2/3 to the police, 1/3 for himself and making 2000 quid a week with which he bought their house in Venezuela. The society has the worst of the Latin and Indian in it—very hierarchical, limited, tight—Keith had to get away to put his head straight. Cut grass on Herm where his brother works, got job in Wyndham Hotel where I shall be staying, then after 10 days got better job at Hougue des Pommier. He wants to write satirically of his experiences on the Cunard Line. Has done many things, tells interesting stories about Venezuela, his own family (his grandfather won the M.C. in 1st World War—tortured by Germans—impatient with humbug of officialdom).

We returned to St. Peters Port, met a young Canadian, Chris and a Cornish lad who work on Herm. They were in one bar, then we went to the Wyndham Hotel Bar where Keith introduced me to some of the staff working there. One fellow was training as assistant-chef wanted to send me info. on Wigans where he came from and asked for my address. He had lived in Toronto in the 1970s. I suspect he is an undercover policeman. He probably wants to check me out. Keith had to bicycle back to Cobo in the dark. I left to get something to eat about 10.30 and was lucky to be served by an Italian restaurant. This pub drinking is time consuming and stomach-swelling. Would hate it as a steady practice. Have to move tomorrow to Kenwood House on Allez Street.

Aug 25 Kenwood House is run by a good-looking, serious woman named Janet. I have a top room looking down George St. Wrote a bit in the afternoon after I lounged around town reading the newspaper and drinking coffee in the morning. About 3.30 I went to the western edge of town to swim in the natural pools there. The water was cold and the sun was not very warm. I found it painful to make my usual swimming strokes as a result of carrying heavy boxes of books 1 1/2 years ago.

Last night, I went to the bar of the Governors Hotel and met Morris there. He is 73, retired from the merchant marine. Old Guernseyman—worked as engineer below deck. There seemed to be no young women to dance with. Morris took me to another bar in the hotel and told the woman there that I wanted a companion to dance with. We talked about the island, Hugo, Canada, etc. The woman Annie took me downstairs to the disco where the young pranced about. [There were scores of young women, dressed up to party, but no men. I sensed that this was a lesbian disco and looked on awkwardly.] When I returned to the bar, a girl named Aileen, who worked at the bar other nights, was there with her sister and old mother. She suggested the 4 of them go to another bar, but the elderly sister and mother begged off as too tired. Aileen and I went to the Regents on the waterfront and joined in the dancing of a wedding party—did a lot of modern solo dancing. [She also danced with a short member of the wedding party and made a date with him for another night]. I walked her home about one.

Aug 27. Have been in the Wyndham Hotel since Sunday. Viola called—called her back. (She said a man had called from the hotel and asked if I lived there!) Mrs Nicholas has not improved—fight with Rita. Have written nothing. Sunday went to pools and climbed cliffs overlooking sea—met Valery and son—spoke French—read Lady Oracle later—dined in Little Denmark restaurant—good smorgasbord—they played good selections from records of Nat King Cole, showing how great a singer he was. Met Valery Monday noon—took walk—ended in hotel. Went swimming but very cold. Beautiful weather now. Went bar-hopping with Valery Monday night—took Valery and son to Saumarez Manor and

underground German hospital. Hugo, the son, enjoyed small railway and German hospital. Had tea in town. Will say good-bye to Keith at his hotel tonight. Am taking boat to St. Malo tomorrow, then leave for London next day. Did research in Praulx Library in St. Peters Port —got info on Le Marchant and his pictures [used in reissue of *The Canadian Don Quixote*].

Aug 29. Saw Osborne at his hotel over rum and cokes—got lift back by Irishman in his jeep—told me Roman vessel had been found in Bay, undersea searches allowed only on Christmas day—discovered by chance. Went to St. Malo on 28th by hydrofoil boat—liked the walled city immensely. Tour took me to towns outside—Denon, St. Aubin, etc—great views, beaches—had lunch at cafe in sun. Such experiences make me realize how desolate life is in NYC. Walked around wall. 85 % of town destroyed in WWII by American bombs —rebuilt lovely stone houses—liked people. Came upon statue to Jacques Cartier unveiled by Trudeau in June 1984. Statue to Chateaubriand—he is buried on small island nearby. Statue to Renée, his Indian personage. Had beer at cafe. The beaches were all in use—people enjoying the sun. Returned at 6 to Guernsey. Had drinks at Governors Bar to say good-by to Aileen but her night off. Talked with Annie—she introduced me to rum-coconut. Paid bill at Wyndhams to Yates, the proprietor. First time I encountered him. Noise from band as young were partying. Up at 6—caught boat at 7—en route for London. Have written nothing.

Impressions of Guernsey—beautiful spots must be sought out, for instance Old Government Hotel had marvelous dining room which I discovered too late. Island is difficult to find your way in because many streets have no signs. People are friendly and open, but conservative, for instance, man who runs small train had toy trains as a hobby. Was laid off after 25 years of work—no pension—runs small train to squeak out living. When I mentioned that union would have helped him, he was dead against unions. Would like to live in St. Malo. Bretons came from Wales. Malo is named after Welsh monk who Christianized that part of France in 6th century.

(Heard from Valery after I returned to NYC, sent me her children's book for me to find translator and publisher—years later a person I gave the book to did have it translated but lost touch with Valery (whose mother died, whose life changed no doubt as a result). Don't know if the book has been published in English.)

Viola to her mother. New York. September 13/85.

I am well started in term now and have a few minutes to write to you, Eustace, and Rita, whom, I hope, is back from her trip to Devon. Every spare minute of mine is spent with thoughts about Morden. Every time I look at the clock, I calculate what time it is in England. How much I wish I could be at home to help, and how relieved I am that Rita has volunteered to stay with you; otherwise I really would not have known what to do. Every year it was hard for me to leave you, as every year there was some deterioration. Even if you had not had this latest setback, it would have been extremely difficult to have left you in your condition. I cannot help thinking that the dear Lord above has come to our rescue in reconciling you with Rita.

When I last called, you sounded almost your old self. Eustace must have nursed you extremely well the week Rita was away. I do believe that he has done so with great love and affection for you, and you responded. He is an extremely good person and I have utter confidence in him to do well by you. I will write to him soon, but do give him my love.

After talking to you and Eustace last week and hearing your cheerful voice, dearest Mummy, I was so happy—so happy and relieved. I immediately went on my bended knees and thanked God. I do believe you are a very courageous woman and that you will pull yourself through with sheer determination. I want very much to see you again, so work on your strength until I am able to come again to see you.

I was very glad David went to Guernsey—he was able to get some sun and relax and write. When he returned to New York, the weather changed for the worse—Hot (95 degrees F.) and humid. Terrible. This is the first day it has turned cool and dry. David needed that rest

because he works so very hard the rest of the year. Had you not been ill, Mummy, David would have stayed on at Morden and helped you—but when you got so ill and helpless and Rita so kindly volunteered to stay, David felt he would have been in the way. He could not bear the thought of anyone having to worry about his meals, etc. and felt he would have been an extra burden. I am glad he went away as it turned out he was right—Rita did complain that she has so much to do, etc. Poor girl, I know what it is. Do give Rita my love and tell her I pray (have always prayed) for her. I wish I could take care of her diet for her. If she was under my care for six to eight months, I would get her down to her normal size, which she was before her marriage. She would look attractive and feel 100 percent better.

David's library book is at last at contract stage. This is probably one of the most important publications of his yet. It is being published by the prestigious Oxford University Press and it will help David in his future career wherever he may wish to settle. But it is a slow process, and the book won't be out until next fall.

As for me, I have begun teaching and already have a pile of paper to correct, administrative work to attend to, committee meetings to attend, etc. As you know, I am also organizing a lecture by senior UN officials to our Pace students. The University will then give a sumptuous lunch to a handful of us afterward. I was able to persuade some of my senior UN friends to come and give the lecture on a volunteer basis. She (Mrs. Margaret Bruce) was educated in Cambridge Univ. and her husband is a State Dept. man who represented the USA at the UN Conference in San Francisco in 1945 when Churchill and Roosevelt were there. So everyone at my Univ. is excited to hear them. I thought it was awfully good of Margaret to come and talk free of charge at my request.

When I first returned from England, I felt dead. I so missed you already, Mummy dearest. How much I loved sharing all my thoughts with you. I do hope your memory is back and that you can remember all our talks. I do hope Mac and Kay and Peggy will keep your spirit up. They are simply splendid human beings—so caring, so unselfish, so very humanitarian and Christian. I love their thoughts—full of sunshine and not one bit of pettiness. I never hear them whine about their own problems. I love and admire them. Do give them my love. I, of course, will be either telephoning or writing to them. Give my love to Walter and his daughter Rona too when you see them next. I telephoned Donald to wish him well for his birthday as I simply had no time to get round to shopping for a card. All this time I thought I could not dial his telephone number directly—but now I can, and I feel so happy about it. Donald needs a great deal of love at the moment, Mummy. He has suffered a great deal over Christopher. So please be especially kind to him. David sends his love to you, Eustace, and Rita, and I send all my warm love to you, Eustace, and Rita. May God be kind to all of you.

Viola to her mother. New York. October 13/85.

Whenever I telephone and hear your voice, it makes me very happy—just to hear your voice. I thank God every day for having spared you. I never realized how much a part of my life you are until you had the stroke last summer. Everything I do was of interest to you—even finding pennies on the streets. I used to love coming home and amusing you with such stories. You will laugh, Mummy, but when I was returning from Church one Sunday, I spotted a shining copper penny on the street, but when I went to pick it up, it was stuck in the tar. I blushed with embarrassment when I looked up and saw a passerby look at me as if I were poverty-stricken! By the way, I found three dollar-bills on Friday as I was going out with Helen McAlpin (David's mother's cousin) from the restaurant where we lunched to go to the concert at Lincoln Center. I bought a lottery ticket with one dollar, and wonder if I have won anything—won’t know until tomorrow.

I have had a busy time. I do so love teaching young people. Last week my United Nations friends (Mr. and Mrs. Bruce) came to our University and addressed a huge body of students and professors on the UN as the UN is celebrating its 40th anniversary this year. The Dean was present. You would have been proud of your daughter, Mummy. I had to sit up on the platform—the Dean thanked me personally in front of the audience, then I was introduced, then I got up to say a few words and to introduce the Bruces. It was a huge success. The

students and professors asked good questions. Then afterwards, about six of us went to a beautiful restaurant overlooking the East River for lunch. Yesterday, I received a note from my chairman who said, "Dear Violet, Thank you so much for making the Bruces' appearance at Pace such a success. You get an A+ for initiative, originality, planning, and hard work." Isn't that nice of him to say so? The Dean joined us at lunch too.

David is in San Francisco—researching for another book. His book of short stories by Richardson, for which David wrote the introduction, will be out in December. The Canadian Consulate is throwing a party here in New York to launch the book. The publishers in Vancouver telephoned David to tell him that they already have advanced orders for his book from all over Canada and the United States. His Library book is at contract stage. So I hope all that goes well with him.

Dearest Mummy, the more I think of you, the more I admire your strength of will. Try to help yourself get physically stronger, Mummy. You have so much love, so much desire to help your children and others, so much interest in life that when I think of all those wonderful summer months I spent with you, I can only thank God for having given me such a wonderful mother. You took so much interest in everything I did, encouraged me when I was struggling with my studies, shared in my successes, how much I love you dearest Mummy, and how much I want you to get well.

I am so happy that Rita and Eustace are with you and are looking after you well enough that the nurse comes in only twice a week. May God bless Rita and Eustace. I pray for both of them every morning. If Rita can reduce her weight she won't have her knee-problems. Give my love to Kay and Mac, Peggy and Reg if you see them. I still go swimming whenever I can—about three times a week. I hope, Mummy dear, that you will try to get interested in other things as you used to. Remember all your wonderful talks? Cheer up dearest Mummy and much love to you, Rita and Eustace.

Viola to her mother. New York December 8/85.

I am sorry I have not written for over ten days, but this is the busy time of the year. The term is about to end and I have to set the final exam questions, then correct papers, turn in the grades, etc.

I have had a very busy time. First, I had the apartment painted. The painter comes in at 9 a.m. sharp, so David and I have to get up early, bathe, go to the bathroom, dress, then move all the furniture to the center of the room. David went off to work, but I had to stay in all day with the painter. I could not even go to the bathroom as the bathroom was being painted too. Then we had to put all the furniture back again and clean up. A big, big job. I was physically exhausted and suffered so many aches and pains. Poor David, he has arthritis of the neck and cannot lift his arm, so we both felt the impact of the painter. Thank God it is all over now, and everything is back to normal.

The next thing that set me off in a tizzy was one morning, when I returned from shopping, my key broke in the lock and I could not get in. I went to the locksmith next door (in the next street) and they were useless and absolute crooks. I had to get them to break open the lock as I had all my university things in the apartment and I had to teach that afternoon. To cut the long story short, the landlords sent me their own marvelous locksmith and he fixed it beautifully and the landlord paid my bill.

I was also tense, because if God is willing, I may be promoted. That would help me financially a great deal, and would have more prestige too. I was "observed in class" last Wednesday. I was nervous, although Dr. Rubenstein, who came to observe me, was friendly. He told me afterwards that he thought my lecture most interesting and on a high level.

This is also the time when there are many official parties to attend. I have to go to these parties because it is politically correct.

With all these small worries behind me, I am at last able to attend to my own personal needs. I have to go to the dentist next Friday, get my coat from the storage, etc. I shall go to Canal Street in Chinatown to buy some dried~prawn for you and some things I need there for myself. I always buy Jacob's biscuits from there, and some prawns. Those Chinese sell shrimps and prawns much cheaper in Chinatown than up where I live. I want to cook *prawn see byan*.

David is very busy. He has to heat some medication and wear a collar before he goes to bed to ease his arthritis pain in the neck. My poor dear.

Dearest Mummy, I think about you and Eustace and Rita all the time. Every spare minute I worry about what is going on in 202 Kingsbridge Road. Kay wrote and told me that you have the nurses and social workers visit you, including a young man called David who gives you lunch. I am so glad dearest Mummy. You are truly a FIGHTER, as Father called you. You are brave and courageous. I love you very very much and I admire you immensely. Everyone who knows me asks about you, and I can not have anything but the highest praise for you. Keep cheerful, Mummy. Neither you nor we can do anything. But if you carry on cheerfully and leave everything in the hands of God, that will help.

I am sending Eustace FIFTY POUNDS, darling Mummy, to help him pay a bill, or buy extra drinks or food, etc. for Christmas. I wish I could pay more. I hope I get that promotion, then my financial situation will improve. When we come over in the summer, we will transfer some more pounds to England to help out when we are there. David sends you all his love and we both send our Christmas wishes to you, Eustace and Rita.

My doctor thought I had arthritis in my neck and told me to wear a white collar to heat it at times, but when I mentioned this to my friend Hank who worked in the Library Procurement of the Publications Section, he scoffed at it and told me to stretch my arm up against a wall for a hundred times each day. He had learned Chinese medicine from his uncle who learned it from his father who was the doctor for the last Chinese emperor. Hank was right and I was cured in a couple of weeks.

Viola to her mother. New York. March 1/86.

We have had rather a cold February, and according to the BBC, you also are having severely cold weather. I love it when it is cold in New York. We are very warm in our apartment, and I find I work better and have more energy to do things.

I can hardly wait for my term to be over and I can think then of coming to England. I long to see you again, Mummy. Please do TRYto keep yourself cheerful and well. I know how awful it must be for you, who were so active and energetic, to be confined helpless in your bed. I am also concerned that you are left alone for short periods during the day. I received a letter from Rita who tells me that she will be visiting you about the 9th March. I hope so. It must be awful to drive in that kind of weather all the way from Devon. Anyway, stay as strong and well as you can, darling Mummy, until we can visit you again.

I am so glad you like the invitation card from the Canadian Consulate-General. The reception he gave for David was truly lovely. We invited all of David's and my friends, and there were many BBC and Canadian and American Broadcasting men there. The Consul-General's assistant was interviewed on radio a couple of mornings ago and he talked about David's book. David too was interviewed by the Canadian and American broadcasters and newspaper men, so he had quite a bit of publicity. Mr. Turner was also at the party. He succeeded Prime Minister Trudeau when the latter resigned. If the Liberal Party wins the next election, Mr. Turner will be the next Prime Minister. To think he was at David's party makes me very happy.

A group of us professors, who teach a special program at my University, were invited by the Provost and Dean to a special luncheon to thank us for doing an excellent job in motivating and educating certain students, whom they particularly want to help. At the lunch, I put forward some proposals which the Provost and Dean were very interested in. After lunch, I had a long long chat with the Dean. I felt very good about that.

I wish I could write, though, Mummy. I do not have the time here in New York, and when I come to England, I want to devote all my time to you. So the years go by. David wants me to do something about my writing, but I truly have no time. By the time I shop, bank, clean and tidy house, swim, read the paper, prepare my lecture, correct papers, etc. I have no time left.

David is busy on so many things, bless his heart. At the Canadian party, so many distinguished people were present, and they are all David's friends who truly have a great affection for him. He is like Jack Kennedy, the people who get to know him are truly fond of him. All of these people are writers, journalists, painters, filmmakers, actors, editors, publishers, professors, etc. I was quite amazed at the number of people that David knows, and who like him so deeply. I was thrilled.

David said he wished you, Eustace, Donald and Family and Rita could have been present. I think his own mother would have been very proud of her son.

Don't worry about us, darling Mummy. Just keep yourself well until I come and see you. Give my and David's love to Eustace, Rita, Kay, Mac, Reg, and Peggy—also Walter and Rona and Jerry and Margaret and family. Much love to all of you, and I shall write again soon—or telephone you just to say hello.

The Consulate party for *Major John Richardson's Short Stories* was a very crowded affair with colleagues and friends in attendance. A musical group from the Julliard School played background music. There were plates of food which disappeared within the hour and half. I was introduced by the second secretary, who had invited me to several of the consulate parties, and I spoke about Richardson, then introduced a representative of the publishing house, a West Coast First Nations gentleman, who spoke briefly. I noticed several gentlemen in dark suits, one of them being Professor Tuttleton, Viola's professor, but did not recognize Turner, the Prime Minister of Canada. I was informed that the CBC had intended to televise the event and decided against it, but a reporter for the CBC asked to interview me on tape in a separate room. I regretted it because it took me away from the party and I could not greet many persons that I should have. Theytus Press, which published the book, had poor distribution and little advertising; consequently, it remaindered hundreds of copies to me years later. So far, my hopes for a career as a professional writer seemed improbable.

A PhD from NYU, ready to teach as a professor in English literature in 1983.
Relaxing after the years of study, coming off the dance floor at a NYU function.

TWENTY-EIGHT—CANADA REGAINED

Viola to her mother. New York. March 30/86.

It always gives me joy to hear your voice on the telephone. I felt so sorry for you (you sounded so weak and so depressed). Never mind, dear Mummy, I shall try to come as soon as I can. I can hardly wait to see you again and to chat with you about all sorts of things.

Remember how we used to chat and chat for hours on end about all sorts of things? About God, about politics, about my various experiences? What a wonderful companion you have been to me. You shared all my little joys, darling Mummy. You took an interest in my studies, my nervousness, my various exams, my triumphs. It gave me great pleasure to write to you, or to telephone you to tell you of all that David and I were doing. It was one of my greatest happiness, and my fondest memories, to have shared my life and David's life with you. May God be with you always.

David and I went to the first service this Easter Sunday. The church was decorated with thousands and thousands of lilies. Then they had a magnificent choir, and men who played the trumpet. The music was glorious. I am always amused when David sings in a loud voice the hymns—the hymns you know so well, Mummy, from your Protestant days—when you were a school girl and had to sing all those hymns, remember?

Today is a bright sunny Easter Sunday. It is the day when Christ rose again from the dead. We too can rise again in spirit. We too can become renewed persons. You too, Mummy dearest, must try and give yourself just one more effort to be brave. I shall be seeing you soon, Mummy dear. It won't be long now. Just wait. Tell Eustace to write and tell me what you want. Fried prawns? Sesamee Oil? Gnapi? Tell Eustace to write to me.

David said he will be writing to you. He wants to see you too. We both want to cheer you up. Have courage, my darling Mummy. You have been so brave up to now. Try a little harder. Don't give in.

I have a few weeks more to teach, then I shall give final examinations to my students, and I shall be free to come to England. I shall try next week to fix up the dates and have my travel agents book me on a plane. If England has a warm summer, then I shall take you out to the garden. Kay and Mac said they would like to do that for you. There is so much to look forward to, darling Mummy. Cheer up, be brave as you always were. Remember how Father Gwilin said you were a fighter? Be a fighter now, Mummy.

Remember the swimsuit I ordered in England through the Observer newspaper? I have been using that swimsuit every day. I am trying to keep fit so that when I come to England I can look after you better.

Both David and I are working hard. We both send you and Eustace all our love. David wants very much to see you again. So cheer up. We both shall soon be there and then we can have a nice long chat about everything. Will you try, Mummy dear? Will you try to keep strong?

Viola to her mother. New York. May 12/86.

It is a beautiful spring day here and I already feel as if I am in England. We have had a cool spring, and it is still cool today, although very sunny. I believe that you had a bad winter and long spring. The south of France also had bad weather. They say this bad winter comes every seven years. Let’s hope so, and let's hope we have a warm summer in England.

> This is just to tell you that I shall be arriving on 4 June about 10 a.m. by Virgin Atlantic. I will give you all the details as soon as my travel agent sends me the details. David will come later and fly back with me on 18th August. My university opens the fall term on 4 Sept., and I have to get over the jet lag and submit my syllabus, etc. I shall try to come by train from Gatwick to Victoria and Stockwell to Morden, or I might take a cab from Gatwick. Don't worry Eustace about coming to meet me. I thought that was so sweet of you to want to. But it will be unnecessary expense and bother. I am not going to bring much so I don't have to carry much. I shall bring only dried prawns and chocolates. Would you like me to bring Gin or Whiskey or what? Can you let me know when I next telephone you?
>
> Don't worry about not having sent a birthday card to David, Mummy dear. I told David you mentioned it on the 'phone. He understands. David was away in Canada, anyway. He's back now. He had to go to a conference and visited his family while he was up in Canada.
>
> Dearest Mummy, I look forward to seeing you again. We shall have some good chats. I have so much to tell you. I always enjoy talking to you, Mummy dearest. I love to share with you all my thoughts, my triumphs and my problems, etc. You have always shared my joys, and you have been one of my dearest friends. You took an interest in everything I did—big and small things—even finding pennies or buying a swimsuit, etc. We had so much fun laughing over these things. I really look forward to having some nice fun with you again.
>
> You know, Mummy and Eustace, when David was in England last year, he discovered a play written by Richardson. It was a find. Well, he sent it to the Toronto Public Library, and they are so excited about it—they think it is a very valuable discovery. They are asking the British Museum Library to verify certain things; they are getting scholars to verify certain things, before publishing it with David's introduction. I hope they pay David a good price for it. I am tired of David being so damned generous about everything he does and writes. So you see, Mummy, David never wastes his time. When he goes off to London, he is always on the lookout for something.
>
> While David was away, I edited his latest novel. It is based on a true story of a rape and incest that took place in early 19th century Boston. David researched the story and wrote a novel around it. It is really a most interesting story. I read and edited it with great pleasure and felt proud of David.
>
> While David was away, I had to attend a wedding of one of his friends. He is a brilliant Professor of Economics who taught David once. The wedding was fabulous—lots of wonderful food, and a whole lot of people from the University of Chicago there. The ceremony was Buddhist, although the couple were American. I had a wonderful time and thought David missed a good party. I also went to a lovely lunch and concert with his cousin, Helen McAlpin. She is just over 80 years old and what an energetic person she is. David and I went to see a play too. "The Petition" with Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn—their last performance, I think, as they are very old now. This was my birthday present to David.
>
> I hope you are enjoying your retirement, Eustace. We shall chat about it when we meet. Let me know what else you want from here. Only remember, I can't carry much. I can hardly wait to see you both. Americans wish me a "safe" journey for the first time. They are afraid of terrorists. Lots of love to you both and to all our friends and relatives. See you soon.

Viola's mention of my being away at a conference refers to the annual meeting of labor relations librarians, this time in Detroit. I had a room in the skyscraper hotel looking west over the mighty Detroit River and its islands. While there I took time to do research in the Burton Historical Collection in the Detroit Public Library and to see the murals of workers toiling over machinery painted by Diego Rivera. The bus ride from the Library in what had been a thriving downtown now went through a wasteland of burned out houses, vast areas of weeds and blighted trees resulting from the race riots of the sixties to the handsome hotels on the riverfront. The passengers on the bus were the most shady, aberrant and unpredictable that I had ever traveled with. [In 2013 when I saw the film about the guitarist Sixto Rodriguez, "Searching for Mr. Sugar Man", which brought me to

tears when it showed how much his protest songs meant to the repressed white South Africans during apartheid and their acclaim for him years later, I well understood how this modest man had made a living demolishing houses in Detroit.]

When I crossed the river to Canada, I checked out Bois Blanc Island in Amherstburg. It had been in the McKee family for generations and McKee Rankin had invited actor friends there in the summers for great parties when he had it. I like seeing scenes that I will be describing, despite their being very different from what they once were. I took the bus to Hamilton and stayed at the Royal Connaught Hotel, which, unbelievably, had reduced rates for librarians. I looked up Doug Bruce who took me for a drive along the lakeshore in Burlington for me to revisit old haunts, a nostalgic drive. When we turned up Shore Acres Road, now much developed, and onto New Street to see The Pines, the lovely country house and grounds where I had spent my young summers, we discovered that it was gone. Instead, were scores of houses. The mighty pine trees were gone. Doug did not know where my Aunt Mont was. Two decades later my sister, who never liked her, told me after selling the estate to developers, Mont lived in downtown Burlington, now more like a city than the village I knew, where she died and left her money to the feckless young man who had been her neighbor and ever-ready helper.

On the Sunday morning, I went for a walk down James Street north to see the old Armouries and revisit scenes from when, at ten years old, I delivered the newspaper that way. That section of the city holds a certain mystery in the atmosphere for me. I cut through the churchyard of Christ Church Cathedral where the bones of my ancestors are buried; the little park holding the grave monuments was paved over for parking in the 1950s and the graves moved to the side. Who should I meet but my brother Alec, who was a member of the Church, with a friend, getting into a car. We spoke briefly, Alec asking with surprise what I was doing there, and I continued walking through the old town.

The wedding Viola attended and I missed featured Michael Hudson and his second wife. About a year later, Hudson came to me, seemingly in a state of poverty, having had to relinquish his bicycle, and borrowed money, which I described in my chapter on the Literati. The last time I saw him was at a Conference of Marxist Economists, at which the famous Belgian Ernest Mandel, who wrote Late Capitalism, debated Paul Robson Jr. Mandel, although brilliant, was unkind to Robson, which dulled his light for me. I talked a bit with Robson later and noted that books he praised as if new discoveries were texts that I had read in the course of my studies years before. Robson was a nice person and carried his famous name with modesty. When I left the conference, Hudson walked alongside me and swore that he was working on the problem of paying me back. I doubted it, especially if he were still in thrall to the notorious Larouche.

The first mention of terrorists needs explanation. For many years the USA backed Israel in its aggressions against the Palestinians in the face of condemnation from the rest of the world. Since Israel had all the lethal weapons provided by the USA and Zionists from all parts of the world but mostly from the USA, the Palestinians fought back as individuals by strapping bombs to their bodies, infiltrating Israel and exploding them in crowded places. The Israelis responded with fighter jets. The Israeli invasion of Lebanon on false pretences in 1982 and the massacre of Palestinians in refugee camps infuriated most of the world, but still the USA backed Israel. A jihadist attack on American and French marine barracks in 1983 killed many Americans and French, leading to President Reagan's order to shell the heights of Lebanon killing those who were not jihadists and intensifying the hatred for the USA. Americans became targets for jihadists, which led to horrific mistakes by Americans, who made war in the mideast. The USA had the technological superiority in weapons, but the ingenuity of the jihadists such as blowing up the New York twin towers with passenger planes caused the USA to turn in on itself with insecurity and paranoia so that it spied on its own citizens and lost its moral sense in the treatment of prisoners. But this situation was still some years away. Americans were targets of jihadists when abroad at this time, because, as I saw it and many agreed with me, USA's blind support of Israeli atrocities made Americans as guilty as Israelis and objects for revenge. The reasons for USA support of Israel have been spelled out in many books but one reason stands out from the others, that is the evangelical mindset of half of the American population, which worships the Holy Land. In the very moment I write this, the Prime Minister of Canada, an evangelical named Harper, has taken a large contingent to Israel to praise it, despite the widespread sympathy for the Palestinians among most Canadians. This will lead to

attacks on Canadians abroad—a distinct change from the country's image as an unbiased keeper of the peace. But then, another reason for the alliance is Israel as a receptacle for the U.S. armaments industry; over 40% of employed Israelis is in weapons manufacture and resale to third-world countries. The U.S. sends taxpayer millions to Israel to buy weapons from the U.S. I touch on this phenomenon in my detective novel, *Overworld/Underworld*, the third in the New York Library trilogy.

Viola went to London to care for her mother, and I followed when I could get vacation time. Marie Nicholas had been bedridden in the downstairs sitting room for over a year. Her mind was sharp, however, and she could be critical of the Catholic priests who visited her, especially if they did not dress as priests. The young ones dressed in plainclothes to fit in with the growing anti-clergy feeling in the land. She called them "pop stars" because, I suppose, they still clung to their entitlement to righteousness. They called her "the dragon."

I have no record of this time, but I recall our visiting the Hoods in Bar-sur-Loup for a week or so. On a previous visit they introduced us to an Australian artist, Sam Atyeo, who was an old friend of John's and dropped by one afternoon. He was of middle height, slope-shouldered with a sort of hangdog expression. I thought it peculiar of him to take me aside and try to find out about the Hoods' private affairs, which I avoided answering. At this time we visited Atyeo and his svelte French wife in their villa in Vence. I think Sam had read my article on Spohn and, aware of my predilection for abstract art, of which he was an early exponent in Australia, showed me some of his paintings. He had not painted much in recent years, and I was not impressed with his work because I thought he was painting for the sake of abstraction, not for a need to express his emotions and ideas. Again he asked me questions about the Hoods as if prying into their lives together. This quirk of his I understood when I happened to see his biography in the *Australian Dictionary of Biography, 1981—1990*, which revealed that Australia's External Affairs Minister during the war used him to inform on officers in the Department of External Affairs, which caused many diplomats to be suspicious of him. "Atyeo," said the *Dictionary*, "earned a reputation for gregarious bluntness and intemperate speech; Sir Winston Churchill is reported to have described him as the most foul-mouthed diplomat in the world. By 1945 Atyeo was a second secretary with the Australian legation in Paris. He was often paired with a senior diplomat, John Hood, to handle briefs regarded as sensitive. In 1947 he assisted Hood, the chief Australian representative with the United Nations special committees on the Balkans and Palestine." I took a couple of pages of biographical facts about him at his request back to New York to file in the Library's Art Division, which had nothing on him.

Back in New York, at this time, Ganly was promoted to Chief of the Division. One of his first acts was to sell or give away the rare, multi-volumed *Parliamentary Papers* of Great Britain, which I had found invaluable in writing my book on the automobile. I discovered this when a colleague from the New School came by the Division to see them and I sent him to the Library's Annex where they were housed; he returned to say that they had been discarded; he had to travel to the Boston Public Library to see a set. I was scandalized and angry that Ganly had informed no one. Ganly explained that the early volumes had been put on microcard, which could be copied, and the whole set was expected to be put on fiche. We learned, however, that the firm producing the fiche had given up the project and readers were left with a set of microcards, which were very difficult to manage with the *Index* and could not be copied. This was just another decision in a long line of decisions to discard valuable items to make space—which was the mentality of a branch librarian, not a research librarian. One good decision Ganly made, however, was to order the full complement of microfiche from the *Index to Current Urban Documents*, which DiRoma had refused to do; Ganly was put on the Board of the *Index* as a result, and, if I wanted to find out what the company was doing, I had to ask Ganly what he learned at Board meetings.

Ganly asked to be scheduled at the reference desk sometimes to keep a connection with the public, but he would not turn up and thus put an extra load on the others. He took his position of Chief as a privilege rather than a duty. When I thought of how librarians could be scolded for being a minute late from a coffee break, my annoyance at the slack conditions of work grew. The union had become little better than a staff committee and conditions such as dirty staff washrooms were overlooked, first by a staff which lacked the confidence to complain and second by a union which placed accommodation with management as a priority. I recall a rather meticulous librarian from the

Genealogy Division spreading reams of toilet paper over a toilet seat before sitting on it. He was taking no chances in the age of AIDS.

The turnover of young librarians in our Division continued, some of the new ones being, in my opinion, misfits but favoured by the Personnel Department. One man, an American, who had worked with documents in an English university library, should never have been allowed to work with the public. He was semi-psychotic and seemed on the brink of exploding. Once, a young girl, who asked a general question, this being her first time in the Research Libraries, went away in tears after he rebuked her bitterly for a supposed stupid question. The principal librarian or Ganly should have dealt with him, but he was favoured by Personnel, in fact, recently married to a Personnel Officer. I consoled myself with saying that the Library provided me with the archives I needed to write my books while I was paid well enough to save for a house in Canada.

John Cory, Director of the Libraries, retired. His wife had died. I was coming down the main stairs of the Library one evening after doing research, and I saw him exiting the front door hand in hand with Rosalynn, his former secretary and my former lover. Soon afterwards I learned that they were married and Cory moved into her apartment in the Bronx.

From London, a couple of ladies who looked in on Mrs. Nicholas and whom we had come to know quite well in the summers there, wrote to inform us of how she was faring.

Kay Vincent to Viola. Morden. May 6/87.

> I don’t know whether you have already had the news of home lately. I was visiting Mummy yesterday and she told me that she had asked Bridget to write to you. Don’t know whether she has yet done so, I'll carry on anyway and hope for the best. I think that Mummy has forgotten that I usually give you the news.
>
> As always, Mummy had a wonderful Birthday. Donald had arrived a few days earlier. Atna and Gerald collected Maureen. Maisie, Mac, Bridget and myself made up the party, with of course Eustace. Walter wasn’t able to come this time, he had to look after his grandchildren, but he will come in a little while and stay for a few days. Mummy had 19 cards and lovely flowers. Eustace had bought a cake and he and Donald put 14 candles on it. They worked it out that as Mummy was 86, they couldn’t have that number of candles so they added the 8 and the 6 and thought that these two figures would make the total. Very brainy your brothers. I had suggested a 40 watt bulb. As you may imagine, it was all very lively.
>
> Donald and Maureen got Mum into the garden. Maureen tucked a dandelion behind Mummy's ear, and with a bottle in her hand, the photo session started; she thoroughly enjoyed it all and we look forward to seeing the photos.
>
> Atna, Gerald and Maureen stayed overnight. Mummy said that Maisie had stayed but I don’t think that she did. They left the next morning and Donald returned home on Friday last. Now all is quiet. I thought that perhaps Mummy would have been a little low after they had all gone but no, yesterday when I saw her, she was fine.
>
> Rita had phoned on her Birthday, and we all had a chat with her. She was due to leave hospital as of last Saturday. There is not a lot that the Drs. can do for her except some therapy and for her to lose weight. Rita said that they told her all the things that she hadn’t got, e.g. cancer, etc. It is arthritis and something that she has to live with. One thing, she sounded quite cheerful. I have written her, told her to keep a stout heart and I am sure that things will improve. I do hope that they do because it is a very painful complaint.
>
> Eustace carries on doing his best, he manages to laugh his way through, he comes in and when Mummy asks him for her booze, he tells her that the Pope says that he is not to give her any, he then threatens her in Burmese which makes her laugh. I think he knows how to handle her. One thing, Gerry Haggerty comes quite often which is good for him.
>
> Mummy of course is looking forward to your visit, she says that you and David are interesting to talk with. Again, she looks forward to Babsie coming in August. In all Violet,

> life goes on. Mummy seems quite content as long as someone is there to talk with. I could wish that she hadn't been kept in bed but I suppose there is not much can be done about that without someone being there to give a hand in getting her up and more or less being with her all the time. It is a full time job, too big a job for Eustace to manage alone.
>
> We had three days of wonderful weather, it was hot and we put away our winter clothing, then it turned very cold with strong winds. Now, it is beginning to improve, at least the sun is shining, but it is still a chilly wind,
>
> I had both of my sisters to stay over the weekend. My nephew brought them from Oxford and took them home on Monday evening, it was nice to see them. Tony has been asked by his firm to go to Sweden for three years so I will miss him bringing them backwards and forwards. They won't be able to come on their own. My elder sister is a registered blind person and cannot travel alone. Tony's mother is not much good so it will mean us going on the Coach from Victoria, which is quite a journey; still, we will have to manage it.
>
> Mac is better than she was, but still not good. She is very unsteady on her feet. No longer does she walk to our house, she gets the bus to the Beverly and then to Morden and then a bus from Morden to our stop. I think that she accepts the fact that life has now to be taken very easily. Poor Mac, she hates having to be indoors. We have booked a coach trip on Corpus Christi, that is in June to see the carpet of flowers at St. Phillip Neri Church at Arundel. I hear that it is very beautiful and I look forward to seeing it so Reg, Mac and myself will have a pleasant day out. We don't go out very often.
>
> I expect that, as usual, you and David have been busy. We will catch up with you when you come home.

Rita sold her cottage in Lapham and moved to Exeter where she was able to move about more easily. She studied Latin with her parish priest. Mac, short for Miss Mackintosh, a burly stoic woman, was a retired nurse and longtime friend of the Vincents. She told us on the QT that Reg, Kay's husband, a gentle, sweet English type, had been wounded in the private parts in the war and had been unable to make love. This fact must have impressed Mac, who lived as a spinster and possibly a virgin.

That summer of 1987 Viola and I spent in Morden. Viola was happy to be looking after her mother, whose health was worsening but who seemed rejuvenated when with her daughter. Long stretches of summer in England can be sunny and even bring hot spells for some weeks during which, without air conditioning, one depends on the breezes to make it comfortable. New York City, by contrast, for weeks at a time can be like a furnace and steam bath in one. We used to dread returning to New York before the end of August and, on one occasion, while lining up at the airport to catch our flight, we celebrated with others the news that the heat wave had broken just that day and by the time we got back the weather would be cool. Aside from long walks to the extensive parks, which are more available in Sussex, watching men in white shirts and ducks play cricket on Sunday mornings, taking in a fair in the park and observing the English at play, and drinking in the nearby Beverly pub, I traveled by tube to the Library in the British Museum and the Kew Gardens Record Office always searching for information on a project I had in mind. My projects, however, still faced difficulty in finding a publisher. By this time, I had given up on seeing my library book published; I could not understand why it was stalled and could get no word about it from either the Library or publisher.

We were back at our respective jobs for only a few weeks when the telephone rang. It was Eustace urgently asking for Viola, who, when on the line, heard her mother's voice saying good-bye as she was dying. I am vague about the cause of death but believe it was an ulcer in her stomach. Viola pressed the phone into my hand because she wanted me to say good-bye to her mother, but I heard only her last words as if uttered in a dream of a drowning person. Although we were prepared for news of her death, the suddenness of it shook us. We returned to England, saw her mother's shrunken body in the funeral home, and attended the church service, the burial and the reception with many Anglo-Burmese relatives and family friends. As with my mother, who was the centre of

my family, so was Marie Nicholas the centre of hers, and with their deaths, the magnet which pulled the members together was gone.

Late in the fall while selecting books for the Division from shelves of newly procured publications, I came across a book on using research libraries published by Oxford University Press. It was written by a librarian working in the Library of Congress. I glanced through it and noted that its intent was similar to mine. I could not help wondering if the librarian who initially held my manuscript and transferred to the Library of Congress had suggested the idea of writing the book to the staff there, but then that seemed far-fetched. I thought that its publication pre-empted mine. But then a chance encounter with Barbara Tuchman in my Division, which I described earlier, must have led to some enquiry about my manuscript because some months later I learned that, since the Library had decided not to endorse its publication, Oxford University Press was to publish it regardless. Weeks after signing the contract, I saw Rosalynn in passing in the Library's front hall and she asked, with a hint of sarcasm, how my book on researching in the library was doing. Surprised, I said it was due in two weeks. Her face fell. I guessed that she, being in the head office, knew that the Library had nixed the project, but the Library did not know that Oxford intended to publish it. The news could not have been welcome to her husband, John Cory, because he died of a heart attack a few days later. Days after the book, *How To Use a Research Library*, appeared, the fair-haired librarian from the Library of Congress, with the impressive name of Thomas Mann, who had written the competing book, walked into the Division and spoke to me when I was sitting at the front desk. He knew who I was and introduced himself, then without further conversation, walked away. I surmised he just wanted to see what I looked like. The President of the Company wrote to congratulate me on the book's publication and I noted that the warmth of his letter seemed to welcome me to submit other proposals for publication, but tragically he was among those blown up in Pan Am Flight 103 over Lockerbie, Scotland months later. My book became very popular, especially with university students. The praise I valued most, however, came from the Director of Research Services at Kroll Associates, "the world's leading firm specializing in corporate investigations", who wrote, "It so impressed me that I purchased several copies for my firm's own library, and have recommended it to our entire research staff." He asked if I would meet with his research staff to talk about research tools and give them a tour of the library, which I did gladly. I think, however, that he was surprised that my position in the Library was low in the hierarchy, but then I overheard someone mention to him that I had organized the union and he said, "So that's it." Viola, of course, recommended it highly to her students. The marketing editor at the Press told me that it was the best selling book that Oxford had published. Years later when I suggested a new edition, the Oxford editor declined, but the editor at Toronto University Press heard of it, and, after I scoured all the international offices of Oxford, a copy was found for him in the Toronto branch, which persuaded him to contract for a revised edition; it was issued as *Beasley's Guide to Library Research*.

About the same time as *How to Use a Research Library* appeared, my book *The Suppression of the Automobile; Skulduggery at the Crossroads* was published. I wondered how the Personnel Office would treat me should I apply for promotion. I had four well-received books published, which demonstrated my research abilities, a few articles which were praised by readers and letters of thanks from readers, some of which I forwarded to my personnel file. I seem to have the good will of my coworkers, except for the rare one, an example of whom I shall give presently.

"I hope your summer was just wonderful," one woman coworker wrote. "I guess by the time you read this note 26 people will have told you that I quit. I'll leave it to them to fill you in on the details. I do want to thank you for all of the help you gave me over the last three years and for the many nice things you've done for me. You are truly one of the kindest, most sincere people I've ever met. This by the way is not goodbye. I intend to stay in touch with EPA [Economics and Public Affairs Division, as it was then called] and I will be very upset if you don't let me buy one of the first autographed copies of your journal when it is ready. If you are ever in the World Trade Center let me know and we can visit." Eighteen years after this was written, on 9/11/01, twenty-one libraries were lost when the World Trade Center Towers collapsed. I was living in Canada then and have wondered whether this lady survived.

I thought my union days, when I was a fighter for the rights of my constituency of library workers, were so far in the past that they should have been forgotten. This is not to say that I had the slightest

regret for those times; indeed, just the opposite. I know that those I was able to help were grateful and that those who worked against me in the last election were following a political dictate from union bosses, who considered me an obstacle to the "give-back" era they were initiating. For instance, at this time, I received a note mailed from Staten Island from a lady whom I had helped presumably when union leader. "You may not remember me but I'll always remember what a great help you were. Thanks for everything." Such kind words reminded me that my efforts had been appreciated.

I was overlooked for promotion to principal librarian under Ganly. A young lady, who had transferred from the branches and whom I considered highly strung, took the position and soon began a conflict with me. A clerk, who looked after the microfiche collections at the back of the Division, called in sick, and I, taking the telephone call, asked what was her illness, which she refused to say. When she returned to the Library, she complained to the principal librarian, who admonished me for asking her the cause for calling in sick. I was mystified and asked if this was a new regulation. [The Library sent around notices of new regulations on occasion.] In the course of a Division monthly meeting, the librarian when pressed on the matter said that Rod Phillips, the young man who had been a union steward and, after transferring to the Humanities Division, advanced rapidly up the ladder, would respond with a directive. When after some time, there was no directive, I called my former vice-president in the union, who was a principal librarian in the branches, to ask her about such a directive. She had not seen it but mused that it may have had to do with AIDS, which, as a terrifying disease then spreading widely, would have been embarrassing for one to admit to. I wrote a memo, citing this surmise, to the Local President and asked her to check with the Library's Personnel Office. It turned out that there was no such directive and that my principal librarian had been admonishing me for her own satisfaction. But her attribution of the directive to Phillips, who was gay and no doubt angered by her abuse of his name and position, must have caused her a problem. [As for her treatment of me, that would not have concerned Personnel and may have been approved by it—a state of affairs that from pages and clerks up to the Director of the Library was known, though, fortunately, rarely taken advantage of.] Weeks later, this principal librarian left the Research Libraries to run a library in New Jersey and a new principal librarian was appointed—again a young lady who had worked in the branch libraries—in preference to me. This new supervisor was a different kind of person, who maintained respect for me.

Viola corresponded with Eustace but ran into an obstacle with Rita, who continued to resent her. A letter from Kitty Hood at this time relates a similar problem that she had with a relative.

Kitty Hood to Viola. Bar-sur-Loup, Alpes Maritimes. December 12/87.

> Thank you many many times for your letter of end of November and your sweet card and wishes also from David. I do so wish for you both to have a good and happy year '88—that you will publish your Tennyson book (by the Pace University Press). Lovely that you have had such encouraging opinion of your work, which needless to say doesn't surprise me in the least. How wonderful about David's books. Oh, I'm so glad for him—to be rewarded at last. Do tell me more about these books, next time you write.
>
> We were going to England for Christmas, as you know, but we've not been able to get anyone to stay and look after animals and house (could have had strangers but not keen on that). Our faithful Stefan (odd job man we've had for years) could only come maximum 4 days as his lady-friend is ill and can't be left alone for longer. Well. it's such a business organizing getting away that in some ways it's a kind of relief—but now I've so many letters and cards to catch up with.
>
> Your sister is really strange. Lucky you heard the falsehood she told on the phone to be able to annul it. Really such mindless mischief as you say, so pointless but can do so much harm. I had a cousin like that. Oh how much harm she did me, she completely spoilt a very tender and loving relationship I had with my great uncle in Geneva—she lived in his big establishment for many years while I was working and traveling around (British Council Rome, Germany, Vienna, etc) and also during the war, and, when I returned after the war, I found him completely changed towards me and couldn't understand what could have happened till my great aunt told me—she, this cousin (3 years difference in age) had always

been jealous of me and had already told all sorts of lies to her parents about me and she had lived with my parents and Mummy and Daddy had always treated her like a second daughter—yet she also managed to weave falsehoods about them, which influenced my uncle. I must say he lacked judgement to listen so to her, though later, when I visited him, he had made it clear he was quite disillusioned with her—but our relationship was never the same; she was oh so sweet in manner but so poisonous as it turned out. Luckily I have not been brought much in contact with her, and, when it was suggested she should visit us some years ago, I managed to make some excuse. By the way as one of the unpleasant things she spread about, when I had asked John, on his travels, to take her out in Geneva, she said he had asked her to spend a weekend with him!!—John, when he heard, wrote her a really stinging letter. All so hurtful. We were still not married—so it was doubly hurtful. Oh, it's all far off now. But such things somehow remain. She poor thing has quite lost her mind and is in a sanatorium now (more a home really as her health is good) in Geneva. Such is life. Didn't mean to write so much of this. In my life otherwise I'm thankful to say I remember no one else harming me willfully like that.

I was most interested in all you say about Tennyson and his interest in life after death. I feel very much as you (I believe) feel—that our loved ones live in our memories but when we go—they and we are quite forgotten and what is left? Yes, love, let's hope, is not in vain and this longing to be united with those we love, is it in vain? Oh, I just don't know what I believe. I'm very skeptical, more so as I get older, which doesn't make old age any easier.

Nicky dear, I'm sorry to end on a rather sad note—yet in so many ways we and you have so very much to be thankful for. I have been so saddened by Patrick Costeloe's death—particularly for Anne his wife's sake—I fear she will not get over it—she writes that she can't sleep, is tired all the time (she teaches) has to keep a brave face for the children yet longs only to talk and think of Patrick and all other contacts or conversation don't interest her. It's very difficult for her. She will come and stay with us in the spring for a few days. I only hope it will help her. Luckily she has lovely parents, who live in the same house independently and can look after the children sometimes.

I'll close now Nicky dear. With all my love and affectionate thoughts for you and David. John sends his very best to you both.

Kitty and John only took the long trip to England, actually Oxford, because of a reunion of Rhodes Scholars, of whom he was one. They usually vacationed in the Swiss valley countryside, the island of Elba or the southern coast of France.

James Reaney to me. London, Ontario. January 27/88.

It was good to hear from you at Christmas and hear of another book coming out. I remember you asking about Simcoe as a place to live in. It is a quiet old town with a very good art centre gallantly run by a lady we know against all odds and great Lake Erie farms and lakeshore. You'd have to <u>see</u> it to really know if you'd like it. Quiet with good old streetscapes.

You ask after my doings. I was ill 1/2 of '87, then got better and put in time to finish an opera libretto for composer John Beckwith on a deadline. It's the first detective opera, we think, and adapting one detective novel written in my youth by a Stratford lady. We're allowed 3 singers and 2 speakers, so we've strung out the cast with dolls à la Bunralin.

A colleague, Dr. Kathleen Fraser, wants to know if you would give a paper on your latest research on Rankin?—a theatre type. The paper would be given on May 25 this spring at Learned Societies meeting in Windsor. Could you find time to drop her a line? She's a student of mine and high up in ACTH circles.

Colleen and I saw a play about New York 1849 last night. It was about the Astor riots connected with the rivalry between American actor Forest and English actor Macready. Very scholarly, it nevertheless (written by a colleague) fascinated with its vision of how actors used to do Shakespeare—and an original play about the plight of the Indians. Dime

> novelist Ned Buntline appeared too. How noisy for your John Richardson. Anyway our regards to Viola and Happy New Year.

Reaney's mention of my questioning Simcoe as a place to retire reflects a shift in my thinking to southern Ontario as more suitable. When researching for my Richardson biography in the early 1960s, Viola and I stayed overnight in Simcoe, a small town with a large pond in its centre feeding a river, to use archives in the town's museum. It was an hour's drive from Hamilton, where I grew up, and, mindful of the good sense in one of Thomas Wolfe's novels, "You Can't Go Home Again", I saw that it was sufficiently different from that city that I would have no sense of Going Home Again!

Art Shields' death shook me. At 98, he seemed an indestructible force. Tall, straight, clear-minded, an active reporter still for the communist newspaper, Art was sure, I thought, to publish his third autobiographical volume which would deal with his expulsion from the Communist party by government infiltrators and his exposure of them and his reinstatement. He was a close friend of Gus Hall and would have given interesting descriptions of the personalities in the party and those who were imprisoned for years under the notorious Smith Act, certainly a huge black mark on the American judicial system that can never be erased. A woman colleague in my Division knew Art well as she was a member of the Communist party and once took me to a meeting, where I noted few young people and mostly old men, some with grey beards. Her ex-husband was active in the party and traveled about the U.S. She told me that he had been close friends with the young man who was the subject of the film "Missing" with Jack Lemon as the father searching in Pinochet's Chile for his son. Under the socialist president Allende, Chile was a magnet for young men on the left eager to help develop a socialist society, but the nefarious U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger encouraged a military coup by General Pinochet, resulting in Pinochet's massacre of those on the left politically. During Kissinger's tenure in the U.S. Government, the right-wing in South American countries and in Asia committed atrocities with his benign regard. He along with Ronald Reagan, Richard Nixon and their henchmen were the most psychologically deranged characters to rule the U.S. in the 20th century.

To Allen Shields from me. New York. April 15/88.

> Viola and I send our condolences to you and your family on the death of your father. I have been meaning to write you for some weeks but it has taken some time for the realization to sink into me that Art is really gone. I expected him to return from Russia and was looking forward to resuming our lunch meetings and to hear about the progress of his third volume. He wrote to me in October and explained that he had written only a third of the volume and was returning to New York. His aim was to finish the book. I hope, ill as he was, that he was able to do it. I hear that your mother is well physically and being looked after. If you wish me to do anything for you in New York, don't hesitate to ask—although I know that there are many of Art's comrades here who no doubt have done what is necessary.

Allen Shields to me. Moscow. May 27/88.

> Thanks very much. Your letter reached me shortly before we (my wife and I) were to leave for 3 months in the USSR—so I am only now replying. Art had intended to be here for only 3 months—but he fell in the bathtub and broke three ribs—also my mother fell and broke her wrist. (They came over in May '87.)
>
> Then in January Art was operated on for peritonitis—he went into a coma—never recovered —and died Feb. 13.
>
> My mother is in a retirement home—really a nursing home at least for her. She has Alzheimer's disease and doesn't know where she is. She often doesn't recognize me, but sometimes does. She is rather weak. We hope to bring her back when we return in late July, but this will depend on the doctor's opinion.
>
> An exciting time here—papers, magazines, TV have lots of questioning, critical programs.

As for Art's third volume, it has not appeared. About 2010 I discovered that I had recorded a chapter of it from Art's dictation and called the International Publishing House in New York, which was still operating, to offer it the tape to add to that which he had written. The Press, however, did not know of the manuscript—perhaps it will turn up someday.

I agreed to give a paper on McKee Rankin, the Canadian actor, on whom I had been researching for a prospective biography, at the Learned Societies Conference held in Windsor in May, 1988. Viola and I attended, choosing to hear presentations that interested us, until I addressed the Theatre Section. We went to a dinner given by the Canadian Theatre Group in honor of James Reaney for his contributions to the stage. His play about the black Donnellys and his adaptations of Richardson's novels, *Wacousta* and *The Canadian Brothers*, were his most notable, but he had many others produced. Reaney had won the Governor-general's award for his poetry when he was younger. I came across one of his poems about birth and read it at a gathering for a colleague, who was about to have a baby. Someday I hope his work is collected and published; it would be a boon for Canadian literature.

We took the train to Ottawa because I wanted to see whether we would want to settle there. The National Library and Archives were a great draw, but, in speaking to the landlady of our B&B in a town outside the city, we had a graphic description of how cold it would get in the winters. We visited my old schoolfriend Alan McLay, a professor of English at Carlton University, and his family, who had us to dinner, and my cousin Sheila (Bruce) Williams, married to a doctor and with children, to whom she read my *Through Paphlagonia With a Donkey*, which I left with her. Both families had lived in Ottawa for years and become acclimatized, but I doubted whether Viola could stand such cold and wondered if I would have the stamina in my old age. We returned to New York City by bus, carrying assorted denizens of the night, arriving late at night to a wire-fenced-in area, guarded by police which led to a long line of taxis, the first few of which would not take us because the 15-minute ride to our apartment was not long enough. By the look of the drivers, giants, heavyset and surly, who might have just been released from prison, the klieg lights and shouting of the guards, we felt we had stumbled into an internment camp. Fortunately, from a taxi stopped on the other side of the line, a Puerto Rican called out to us that he would take us and we got home safely.

That summer of 1988 Viola and I returned to Europe because I wanted a hiking vacation, satisfying an urge to rejoice in nature that was not wild but accessible. Luxembourg was renowned in the past for hiking trails. Was its reputation still viable? My diary begins in England.

> July 28/88. Faversham—a Dickens' name. Actually the English hold a Dickens' festival every June in nearby Dorchester—dress up, etc.—and Dickens traveled to his summer home in Broadstairs further along to the Channel. The Draysons and Nortons have been the reason for my visit to this old town with its 13th Century houses. I saw the tomb of Norton, in which he decided not to be buried, in the north of the altar at Faversham Church. The rector spoke to me about the church for a while and pointed out the reliefs on a pillar in the transept, which had been discovered only in the 1960s with the removal of the white paint covering it.
>
> Cooksditch, the great estate beside the church, owned by Dreylands and then by Nortons, has come down to a senior citizens' home.
>
> Walked to hamlet of Whitehall and spoke to young mistress of ancient farmhouse there. She said the Draysons were among those mentioned in the deeds. House was medieval. From there along country road to Ospringe, past Queen Anne's Inn where Queens of England stayed on way to Canterbury, whereas Kings stayed down the way—a site excavated in 1970s, Cambris Regae (?) Spoke to a woman tending her garden. She looked to be in her sixties—was born in Faversham—informed me a bit about history—she lived for years in Toronto (Etobicoke)—Canadian climate did not agree with her—too extreme. She called out to a tall, thin, black-mustached man and his wife who were walking from a historic cottage to their car. He offered to show me their cottage. I had to stoop to go upstairs but found it surprisingly roomy inside. They made it comfortable. Their son, who slept at the top of the house, was in Dallas.

Walked back by the stream to Faversham for sandwich and tea. Sun is bright now, but I got caught in the morning in a heavy downpour. The pub, in which I took shelter, had only local brewers' beer. There are some very old breweries in Faversham. (The beer gave me diarrhea.)

The only person who may be able to help me trace the Drayson—Norton—Richardson link is a Mr. Percival, Secretary of the Society, who works in London. I may write to him when I return to London.

10 or 12 years ago, I stopped at the Faversham Church on way back from driving the Nicholases to Canterbury. It was closed. Sheep grazed in the long grass on the graveyard around it. This time I saw no sheep. A woman visitor spoke to the rector about the lack of sheep. She saw them last year. The farmer, he explained, let his sheep graze his own land before letting them loose in the churchyard. The rector was here for two years and will serve about two more. A short, plump, pleasant chap.

The old girl in Ospringe who introduced me to the couple who lived in one of the old cottages said that, when she was growing up, those cottages were regarded as the slums. Now, of course, they are valued property.

Luxembourg City. Aug 3. Yesterday morning Viola and I took the bus and underground from South London to Heathrow Airport to catch the 1.45 Lux Air flight to Luxembourg. The flight took just over an hour within which time we went through turbulence which bounced us around like corks in an angry sea and brought one stewardess to her knees before she scrambled to safety. The stewardesses managed to give us sweets, newspapers, lunch, coffee or tea and clear the debris away before we landed.

We caught a bus that runs between airport and train station. A helpful bus driver pointed out our hotel near the station. Presently we were registered and in our fifth floor room whose tall window overlooked the street and caught the rushing sound of traffic.

I reflected on the other travellers we had seen. Viola's neighbor on the plane was an Englishman come to supervise the ballooning at an international meet. He gave her his card should we wish to try ballooning in England. Several passengers seemed to be on business, the others Luxembourgians or tourists. Two backpackers, tall Scandinavians I guessed from the sound of their language, joined us on the bus. I saw a page from the Slavonic Division of the New York Public Library with a great pack on his back approach our bus, but he stopped when he saw its destination and walked to another bus across the parking lot. Victor, as he is known in the Library, spends his every vacation wandering about Europe and sleeps in youth hostels. He must be in his forties now. Born a Jewish Pole, he and his family fled to Sweden before the Second World War and later came to New York, where he attended a school for backward children. He looks and talks like a Swede. He loves to ask me questions and chases after me in the library corridors at times, but that is because he is lonely. His traveling must be healthy and good for him because at least it gives him casual contact with others which is all that he can sustain. He lives in New York with his mother—his father having died some years ago. [He was the one classed as sub-clerk whom I helped to become a full clerk through the grievance procedure. I was disappointed in him in the last union election when he said he was persuaded by persons in the stacks to vote against me—the poor boy was easily influenced, especially when the influencers were Jewish. The most vociferous of my critics were Jewish—the LTA who ran against me previously and was given a plum job in the Technology Operations of the branches when he lost, and then another LTA from the stacks, who tried to run against me and in the end joined others to discredit me, were cases in point. Perhaps it was because the administration at District Council 37 was largely Jewish and could illicit instantaneous support from Jewish members throughout the locals; Director Gotbaum and his inner circle fostered this dependency in order to control all the Locals under the DC37 umbrella and undermine the authority of the Local presidents. No doubt the experiencing of anti-Semitism throughout the centuries and the Nazi Holocaust helped bring about this phenomenon.]

Luxembourg seems touched with economic downturn. When we walked over its majestic bridges on the Avenue de la Liberté and Avenue de la Gare, we marvelled at the trees growing tall from the parks below and how the people had turned the ruins from the 10th century fortress into parkland. But the restaurants are doing little business—the great sidewalk cafes are almost empty. The Casino is closed. August, of course, is the holiday month, but Luxembourg does not have enough to attract holiday-goers. The sights and ruins can be taken in with one walk about the inner city. The squares are majestic and decorated with flowers. The Ducal Palace (from 16th century) is guarded by a brown-uniformed young man with a black beret. Next to it is the Chambre des Deputies, still as small as it was when built because, if anything, the state has shrunk since its inception. The waiters seem to favour speaking German or French—but they understand English sometimes. We went to eat at a Don Quixote restaurant near the Ducal Palace, but, finding it deserted, we ate at a neighboring German place where service was slow, the waiter spoke French and the food was plentiful and heavy. Viola had corned beef and cabbage, I had ham and potatoes—which looked to be more interesting in the menu where it was written in scriptural flourish in Luxembourgish, close to German.

Back near our hotel we asked the station officials—one of whom understood English and appeared not to understand French—if trains would take us to the ballooning trials. The word “balloon” disconcerted the station master until Viola produced a card depicting one. The station officials conversed in Luxembourgish and my interlocutor informed me that the meet was in Petrus, which we could reach by bus. They were friendly and well-wishing as we left them. We went to sleep about 10, after our TV set could not produce a picture.

Aug 4. At breakfast we encountered a family of Japanese. It is hard to travel anywhere in the world these days without meeting with Japanese. The breakfast was Continental style served by a discreet-looking Luxembourgian girl, who, after we had returned to our room, brought up Viola’s handbag which she had left in the breakfast room.

We went to the tourist office to find out about ballooning. The trials in the morning were called off because of the weather—misty. But tonight they’ll be displayed in town at 10 p.m. Found out about the buses to Echternach. Went walking to Place d’Armes to see woven basket Viola did not buy. Had coffee in the Platz. Went into Valley of the Petrusse, the old town sunk into the deep riverbed—ate fruit we bought and met Victor sitting on a bench. He was surprised to see me. He is staying at a youth hostel. Leaving for Holland tomorrow. New York has been a Turkish bath for weeks, he says, and no let up in sight. The weather here, by contrast, is cool and sunny. We walked back to the town to buy bread, cheese and wine and returned to picnic in the valley. I dropped a brochure about my library book off at the National Library and later at the National Archives. The Library has none of my books.

We wondered why Luxemburgians are glum—no joie de vivre. Possibly because they are 95% serious Catholics. Their Cathedral has beautiful carvings, good architectural look—beginning 1600s—fine roof, arches. Went through Museum—old collection—farm implements, furniture, etc. of old town. Paintings few and inferior. One Breugel, the Elder. It seems that the Cathedral of Our Lady (1613-21) door carvings and baroque interior is the most priceless part of the city. Not much to do in the evenings—old American films—the place is really dead. Many tourists are Dutch—few English speaking tourists. We walked a great deal and returned to rest in the hotel after 5—till dinner at 8, which we shall have in restaurant attached to the City Hotel.

The dinner of fish salad and fresh fruit for dessert was light and perfect—the restaurant was French which is why the food was good.

Viola turned in while I went to watch the balloons in the Petrusse Valley from the bridge over the Valley. Crowds of curious crowded the walks on either side of the bridge to watch the balloons being fired up momentarily, then stopped lest they take off. After a few minutes, the repetition became dull. One of the balloons looked like Uncle Sam, another like an elephant.

Thurs. Aug 5. Caught 8.50 bus for Echternacht on the German border. Easy trip—few passengers in very long bus. The town is in the hills—we encountered a long main street of hotels, shops and restaurants—chose Hotel de St. Hubert. 2200 francs for double room—modern—small balcony to which we brought a picnic lunch procured at a supermarché. Delicious sun, good food and bottle of wine from the region.

We set out for a hike. I wore my hiking boots for the first time—comfortable. We walked along the Luxembourg side of the River Sier to Bollendorf on the German side to which we crossed after having lemonade on the Lux side at a cafe with a terrace on the river. We had to avoid the occasional bicyclist on the paths, but the walk was bracing. Came back on the German side—about 8 kilometres each way. Viola, quite tired so we stopped for tea in Echternacht before returning to our room and bathing.

People here speak German largely.

The evening meal was French and good. Viola went to bed. I went for a walk around the town. Many tourists walked the main streets. I went to the park by the river, saw the miniature golf, flower gardens, tennis courts, the extensive buildings and huge courtyards of the convent, now offices connected to the Church and the 13th century abbey. There were four boys who put up their instruments and sang American songs to a small crowd on the main street. Not much to do in Echternach in the evenings. I saw, however, a very beautiful girl of about 18 with two boyfriends and a girlfriend in the square. [She reminded me of a portrait by Albrecht Duerer.]

Aug 5. We had time to buy shoes (Addidas) for Viola, socks for me (all my socks save for the pair I was wearing were taken from my room in Luxembourg—and not surprisingly since I discovered they cost $25 in the stores). We exchanged money and we caught the bus to Waldbillig. Since people are on vacation, the bus wandered in a roundabout way from town to town with the two of us as the only passengers for most of the way. At 1 p.m. we registered in the only hotel in Waldbillig—Hotel Koch—same name as the mayor of New York—ate their flat ham sandwiches and walked the roads, wooded trails (here meeting some tearful resistance from Viola) and back country lanes to Mullerthal, Christnach and back to Waldbillig—fresh air, healthy exercise—came upon German campers in tented settlements. It is quiet here. I'd said we'd stay 3 nights but changed it to 2 because not enough to do for 3. Vianden sounds old and interesting—would like to see it for a day. But buses do not leave from here for Vianden and do not go to Larochette, 6 kilometres distant, where buses do go to Vianden. Some difficulties to overcome!

Aug 6. Slept fitfully—warm. A 23-year old Dutchman waits on table, speaks English and is our main point of information. We walked through Christnach on a country road (2 klm) to Larochette (4 klm) on main road. Wheatfields, farmlands—very rich farming—solid, handsome mansions in towns. At Larochette, we spoke to bus driver who told us bus movement on Sundays was very difficult. I spoke with him in German because despite the name of the town, German is spoken here. Waldbillig is isolated from most bus routes. For instance, the only bus passing through Waldbillig for Luxembourg City stops at 5 a.m. and then only once a month. We decided to stay Sunday night in Waldbillig, call a taxi from Larochette on Monday morning and take the bus from Larochette to Luxembourg at 8.41 a.m. and rent a car to drive to where we want to go. The sky was cloudless—sun was pleasantly hot. We bought lunch provisions and took a trail through the woods—silent woods—toward Freckeisen. Walking upgrade on a country road, Viola became tired and, after swearing that she could not go on to Haller but wanted to return to Waldbillig, we had lunch on the roadside under the shade of a tree. A small dog from the nearby farm yapped his way up to us, made friends, ate some food. Two German male hikers walked by on the road, stripped to the waist to get the sun. We gave our garbage to the woman in the farm, who kindly agreed to dispose of it. The two hikers we met returning. They may have been from the camping area near Larochette—almost all towns have caravan camping. We arrived at Waldbillig soon and Viola rested after showering. I read *Le Monde* on the hotel terrace. We ate dinner at 7.30—steak—always soup first, salad, Quiche Lorraine, yogurt for dessert. I went for a walk, past the occasional couple sitting at the front of their houses, past

baaing sheep, past the cows and the old lady with her dog chatting with a couple who lived in a new and richly designed house into which they may have just moved, up a hill on the country road to watch the clear golden sun set in a pollution-clear atmosphere. High in the sky was a V-trail of white vapour upside down which an unseen plane was leaving, thereby accentuating the vastness of the sky.

We listened to the BBC on Viola's little radio—heard Brian Urquhart talk about Waldheim, the Arab-Israeli conflict and the U.N—and slept well. [Brian Urquhart was a United Nations official whom Viola knew and to whom she introduced me once, after he was knighted by the British government.]

Aug 7. Had sunburn on back of legs but decided to wear shorts. Armour, the Dutchman who waits on table in the hotel, gave me some cream for my legs. Viola went to the little church but the air was so stale she felt faint and came away after saying prayers. Most citizens are R.C. Small shrines to the Virgin are tucked into a wall in the centre of most towns. Townspeople walked to church—staid farmers and their wives—others drove in their shiny cars.

All the houses are well kept—no poverty anywhere. I walked on country roads to Haller and saw a dead cow of the black and white patch species [Holstein] lying in a ditch by a wheat field. Had it been killed by a car? There was no evidence, broken glass, etc. How did it get out of the fenced-in fields to die there? Was it the heat? It was in the nineties. The cow was huge. Flies were swarming over it. I walked by the side of a wood, then out into the road running by fields of cattle lazily eating the grass or standing lethargically staring into space.

Haller had several houses, all with gardens, and a couple of tourist hotels. I pressed north and took a path into the woods. It led high into mountainous terrain of great boulders, fir trees and ravines with slate sides—a river-stream ran far below—occasionally lookout points presented themselves. I took the trail for Grundhof. How silent the woods. I saw people in paths below rarely. Broke out into the open and followed country roads. Three or four cars were parked by the woods and a family of Germans—grandparents, small children—partied loudly on tables set in the woods. I passed a large house—deserted, stripped, sitting back in a large field, then went into the forest again and walked, eating a banana until I came upon a mansion in a break in the woods—it was a great estate—properté privé—I walked uphill on the wood path running by it and looked down to see a young man holding open the front door, standing on the threshold and watching me. A young lady, her shirttail hanging out over her slacks, came out the door, and they went to one of the cars parked in the yard. Those, I thought, were the privileged upper class. My trail went by huge boulders to come back to a road I had already walked along—it was a circle—I returned to the estate and took its paved road past its gates of "entrée interdite" to the highway. Some tourists had parked their cars to climb to the Hallenback Chateau, but I took the highway to Grundhoff on the River Sûre. Two modern hotels dominated this village. People sat at tables out of the sun, ate ice cream and drank beer. I followed suit. My waitress, a young girl with pretty legs, came from Echternach, in which, she admitted, there was little for tourists in the evening. She liked speaking French, preferred it to German—could not find me cream for my legs, which were paining me. I walked back along the roads to Mullthal and Waldbillig, going along the woods trail only between Mullthal and Waldbillig. Showered, had dinner and went to hear BBC and Radio Voice of America which rebroadcast a Mildred Bailey program of 1944. World news is as bad as ever—child slavery, uprising in Burma, cease-fire possibilities between Iran and Iraq, more killings of Palestinians by Israeli soldiers, etc. Viola has caught a cold or has an allergy.

Aug 8. Legs rather burnt. Armour arrives at 8.15 to take us in Bert's car to Larochette to catch bus at 8.41 for Luxembourg. Bert is a plump fellow, several months younger than Armour and who cooks for the hotel and owns it—with financial help and constant advice from his parents whom he calls frequently—according to Armour. Larochette is more for tourists, but we leave it, the only passengers in the bus driven by a thin, serious-looking young man. Roundabout way but interesting trip to Luxembourg City. We rent a car from

Avis near the bus station, buy sandwiches, juice, fruits for picnic lunch—postcards—had trouble getting right route out of the city—but a fellow driving a van led us to the road north. We enjoyed beautiful countryside, picnicked at a roadside view and drove through two short mountain tunnels into Esch-sur-Sûr. Here I bought cream for my burn and applied it on a park bench by the roadside. Viola, still not well—light-headed—sat in the car while I climbed the town streets to the ruins of the Chateau to view the countryside all about and the River Sûr encircling the town. We drove by county roads to Vianden. We had cold drinks in Wiltz, a tourist town, and noted an American family of husband, wife and teen-age son. On the approach to Vianden, we climbed mountain road and remarked it was cooler on this suffocatingly hot day. We remarked an auberge alone on the mountain crest and descended to drive through Vianden's narrow streets past the Hotel de Victor Hugo (he was exiled here for a while—probably before he went to Guernsey where I toured his house in the summer of '85 or '86). We headed back to our mountaintop auberge where we were put in a room with a wide picture window overlooking fields and villages far into the distance. We had an excellent dinner here and have retired to our scenic room.

Observations: The woman of the auberge speaks English, her husband does not—other guests at dinner were two Luxembourgian families together with small children and two older Luxembourgian couples. A pleasant, thin oriental young man—Indonesian?—helped wait on us and he spoke English.

Aug 9. Slept well—put cold water on burns. After breakfast our hostess told us that our ex-prime Minister Trudeau and his three boys visited there last summer. She recognized him and saw from his carte d'identité that she was right, but did not let him know that she knew who he was. He asked about Vianden and places to see. We toured Vianden, saw Victor Hugo's residence 1870/71 but did not go in. Took chairlift to cafe atop mountain overlooking town, river, Chateau on hill below and along valley. Quite beautiful. Viola was nervous about chairlift but sat on it courageously. We drove by the border of the Sûr, then by the Moselle and saw the vineyards on the hills and the trawlers in the river. Took a walk about Remisch—mostly closed up and quiet. Drove through Mondorf to Thionville, 20 klms. inside France, for lunch. Much of town closed for *vacances* but found a hotel where we had a lunch, not very good and rather expensive. Then drove back to Mondorf les Bains and walked through the gardens and a rich-looking building with thermal swim pools. Very hot—about 90° F. Tried to find way around Luxembourg City to hills north of it. Stopped in woods for fruit snack near Grevensknapp—took side road to Helfenknapp. Roman spring where there was a small chapel dedicated to Nos Morts Tuées par les Nazis. Fifteen stone posts in a semicircle depicted the Way of the Cross in stone-cut tablets. We drove on to Boavenge but found no hotel. I saw by our list that there was a hotel in the next town, Bissen, but, because there was no sign marking it, we had difficulty locating it. It has been made quite modern. The hostess, an older lady who speaks German, let it for 8 years but took it back recently because it was not being kept up. She gave us a good dinner—after we showered and felt refreshed—then we walked by the river and up a hill to look over the town which extends to the hillsides on both sides of this narrow valley.

Aug 10. After breakfast, we drove directly back to Luxembourg City, to the airport where we left off the car at Avis Rent-a-car. The hotelkeeper in Bissen, Mrs. Stouffert, was a widow whose son married a South African air stewardess. She visits her daughter-in-law's parents in SA when she can get away. She says Luxembourgians live like kings—few taxes, plentiful food, close association with USA. We waited in the clean, airy airport for over 2 hours for our flight and felt the weather getting hotter. It was a smooth flight back—a long trip by underground but good connections. Eustace was having his room painted—but he made us a good stew.

Aug 16. Spent the weekend in Devon at Lapford village in the bungalow of Rita Innes, Viola's widowed sister, whose legs are swollen with arthritis and who moves about with two canes and a side-table on wheels which she pushes before her. I hired a car from Swan National near us on the London Road and drove—stopping at an Inn for lunch and later for tea. Left London 8.15, arrived Lapford at 6. Weather was fine. Drove through villages to old town of Totnes—avoided most ruins but visited the isolated Berry Castle ruins. Totnes

> is a flourishing town of narrow streets and a hill—lively and possibly harbouring artists because of the several bookstores.
>
> The next day Viola and I walked through Lapford—stopped at old church built by one of the 7 knights as penance for killing Thomas à Beckett. Walked along country road to next village—Eastman Cross—where Michael Nicholas and I walked 9 years before. Back to London through side roads and lanes—stopping over at Glastonbury—the Arthurian Avalon —ruins—went to Tuti Polifer, excellent lunch. (Saw Buckfast Chapel on previous day—both this and Glastonbury ruins were most impressive.)
>
> Postscript: We took a minicab to Gatwick Airport Thursday but found that our flight was postponed for a day for mechanical reasons. Put up at Moat House and fed dinner and breakfast. Taken to Heathrow Airport and flown back, comfortably, on Pan Am on Friday. Arrived New York just after noon and home by 4. The terrible heat had broken Wednesday night. Weather in New York pleasant from then on. Eustace cried when we left. He is lonely and ill with arthritis. Viola is worried about him and Rita who later went through operation.

There was a notice on our door when we returned. It was for a court hearing at 9 the next morning. I knew it was yet another attempt of the Moneos to get me to agree to a large rent increase on my studio so that they could sell their building on West 14th St. to buyers who did not want to inherit a rent-controlled apartment. I ignored it and later in the day saw Jesus Moneo, now old and feeble, who had come from Florida to help his son and lawyer in court. By not appearing, I had allowed the case to proceed to the next court, which seemed to have surprised the old man, who, embarrassed by his action because he had promised me to never increase the rent, shook my hand and the hand of Rose who was with me in a conciliatory good-bye. When I faced the son Santiago in the next court, my lawyer from DC37 told me the various hurdles that Moneo had to jump before the case could be settled, which could run for years to come. Santiago's lawyer stayed in the hallway, the judge was impatient, and I could have closed off the case then. I met Lynne Blake in the court hallways, wandering about in some legal quest, and she advised me to continue the fight, but I sympathized with Santiago and agreed to pay more rent in a couple of years, which would take the studio off rent control. Subconsciously, I was pushing myself to return to Canada, although I had almost four years to serve before early retirement.

My research centred on the actor McKee Rankin and the American theatre in which he was a major force through the late 1800s to his death in 1914. The archives in New York were essential for it. My library book brought me a couple of speaking engagements in New Jersey, one to a Conference of Librarians. Aside from the odd annoyance at work such as John Ganly disallowing my attendance at the annual meeting of Labor Relations librarians, I soldiered on in the Library which was hiring so-called experts in automation to prepare for a state of the art social sciences and science library in a building on 34th St. and Madison Ave., which used to house the Altman's Department Store before it, like others, succumbed to the poor economic times. My Economics Division was scheduled to move into the new super-quarters, but not, I hoped, until after I retired.

Jamie Reaney wrote regarding a copyright on a detective novel published by Jean Makins Pawley, pseud. Ann Cardwell, from Stratford, in 1941. She died in 1969. Her novel, he said, provided him with a role model when he was a boy.

James Reaney to me. London, Ont. November 22/88.

> I've got a literary problem on my hands that you may be able to help me with. First of all, I'm adapting an opera libretto from a detective novel written by a Stratford, Ontario lady in the early forties called Crazy to Kill. What I have been working on first is finding out who has the copyright. Published in 1941 by Arcadia House, Inc. New York, the copyright page says they—Arcadia House—do. My agent wrote to the Library of Congress who said the copyright of 1941 had not been renewed. It's not clear to me, because of a subsequent change in U.S. copyright law, just when a 1941 copyright expires and Library of Congress said that it <u>appeared</u> not to be in copyright. I decided to find out as much as I could about Arcadia House and with finding aids here at Western, it seems to have closed up shop about 1962. The book was reprinted in 1944 by Crestwood Publishing Co.--a paperback

> subsidiary I suspect, and Crestwood Publishing also seems to not exist after 1962. But, where do copyrights go after a publishing house disappears?
>
> What I'm wondering is if there's some finding aid or index or scrapbook of publishing items that could get me on the trail again.
>
> My agent is writing the American Booksellers' Association and the library people here suggested that I try writing one of the Arcadia House authors if I can find one who is alive! They all seem to have been born on the more treacherous slopes of the nineteenth century! I know the author's family in Stratford, but they have no news and she herself died intestate. Perhaps New York has lists of take-overs by other publishers or do publishers of pop novels simply fade away with their publications. I'd be very grateful for any thoughts you have on the matter at your convenience.
>
> What a glum day for Canada! Colleen's about to give a reading at a local Art Gallery with poems illustrated by various recycled household objects. I'm plotting out how to get them there as well as hoping that not so many hordes of students would attend Western—they have been coming lately in swarms!
>
> P.S. The director I lent your play scripts to has not yet said anything, but then he has been busy with various productions. Will approach him again at Christmas.

I was able to trace the book to a publishing house which issued it in 1976 and Jamie's opera continued without hindrance. In a second letter on the same subject, he added a postscript which I include here for its insight: "The new edition of *Wacousta* is a joy to read. Finally, I understand! How mad—Wacousta wants to regain Frederick's uniform which Donellan died in so that he can dress Frederick properly for a torture scene in front of his father at the fort. How wise of Pontiac to restrain him."

We had Christmas dinner at Joan and Larry Lader's apartment and sang Christmas carols while Joan played the piano. They entertained us for a couple of Christmases which otherwise we would have spent on our own. Larry was involved with the women's liberation movement and recently published a book on the liberal movement in the Roman Catholic Church with the subtitle "The Catholic Crisis and Its Challenge to American Pluralism." He wrote in my copy: "The Library's Renaissance Man and my main problem solver." In these last years in New York our friends John and Hannah Demaray held a few parties for literary people, one or two in formal attire, which were fun. John wrote scholarly works on Dante, Milton and so forth and Hannah, who had been his student at one time, painted and wrote a novel which she worked on for years. I met Walter Karp's widow at these parties. Walter, whose death I described in the Literati chapter, met his end in a "fearful" New York Hospital shortly after Viola and I left on our camping trip in the sumer of 1989.

From my diary.

> Camping trip, July 15—Aug. 19, 1989. Ontario.
>
> Left New York with Hertz car hired from Newark airport. Viola and I packed the subcompact Ford Escort to the brim. Left 10.45—over George Washington bridge—Palisades Drive—Hwy. 6 then 17. Stopped over at Westbrookville—old fort now a restaurant—drove through wooded, cottaged road for miles—beautiful. Stayed the night at Peters Motel, Mount Morris—ate dinner at Costa's —"best steak in the east"—good sirloin, bien sûr. About 2 a.m. young people drinking beer, noisy, kept us awake till 3.30. One of them left 3 unopened bottles of beer outside our door—which Viola quickly packed away next morning. Weather good.
>
> July 16. Cut along Highway 20 to coast road 5 to Peace Bridge—missed bridge coming and going but got it on 2nd try—easy passage. Drove by Port Colborne, came to Simcoe, found Hay Creek campground about 4—hell of a time getting up tent—3 fellows helped us—restarted from foundations, got it up—know how now. Dinner at Callaghan's overlooking Lake Erie in Port Dover—swarming with youngsters and families—long public beach. Sound sleep in our tent—roomy—4 mosquitoes.

July 17. Beautiful day—cloudless—breakfast at our camp picnic bench. (Yesterday we picnicked at a roadside table outside Port Colborne—across the way a group of horses standing together beside pond—their tails swishing and heads moving to keep off the flies—at a few feet distant was a beautiful white horse switching its tail and tossing its head—peaceful scenes.) To Simcoe—residential town—new housing areas in last two years to the SE—park and pool in centre—atmosphere as we remembered it from sixties, but larger. Spoke with Hal Peets of Pond's Real Estate—he was engineer in Saudia Arabia, etc. Wife developed Union Hotel in Normandale village which they want to sell—have bought house in Vittoria. We drove to Normandale to see house and grounds for $350,000—okay but too costly—a heritage place. Saw Vittoria—didn't like house for sale there—no longer a Lamport Street (a town which changes its history should be suspect—real sleepy place—liked house at 54 Murrray St.) [June, '93. I was mistaken. Lamport St. is there and a Lamport Park. The Lamports came from England in 1820—farmer, hotel-owner, department store owner. The Lamport sisters, including my grandmother Minnie, were born in Vittoria but moved as girls to Toronto.] Drove to Waterford, north of Simcoe, to see Victorian Italianate house—four rental apts.—didn't like—too much work as landlord. Saw Brantford, then Woodstock and back to camp. Full day driving—lovely farms—hot sun. Hal Peets and wife from Oakville—he is balding up front, easy and engaging person. But suspect the place too dull to live—no real community interest for us. Dinner on Hwy. 3 at Steak and Burger—Cosy night.

July 18. Another beautiful day. Our fellow campers awaken about 8.30 some time after we do. Place is kept fairly clean. The maintenance man is named Spohn—he cleans the kaybos and checks the sites. Cost $10 a night to camp. The stream and pond for swimming look dirty—uninviting. We await arrival of Hal Peets to take us to properties in Simcoe. Had lunch yesterday at Turkey Point—cottages on both sides of shore road for miles. Lunch, cauliflower soup and BLT sandwich, tasty. People swim in Lake Erie—claim that Long Point promontory protects waters on north shore from pollution. Hal took us to Simcoe after calling at camp for us—showed houses—most too dark, too costly. We liked large stone house on Norfolk St—large living room—4 bedrooms upstairs—unfinished attic. Mrs. Brown who married widower Northrup Frye is asking 160 th. We offered 130 th. Taxes: 1500, Heating: 2000. Gas and electricity, etc. adds more. If we rent it for two years, we could take over in 1991. But must await telefax from Fryes in Ottawa. Took hike over wood trails in camp—very hot. Read Jack London's *Call of the Wild*. Drove to Long Point for dinner—cottages both sides of isthmus which ends in Provincial park for campers, fishers, etc. Thrush birds galore. We ate at County Kitchen before the isthmus, very good food. Slept well, except awake in night worrying about our proposed house purchase—one sees the disadvantages at night, i.e. no porch, no bedroom downstairs, little ground, high taxes.

Wed. July 19. Hal drove by camp at 9 as we were getting up—no news yet—should hear by 10—we will call him. Camp is less than 1/2 full. Our section has three young people in trailer tent who love rock music—but doesn't bother us as far enough away. We drove to Simcoe but Hal was not in—bought groceries from supermarket. Drove to Crown Point picnic—alone there—lovely morning—but mosquitoes. Then to Port Burrell—watched bathers on beach—bought two folding chairs. Back to camp—called Hal and left message we'd see him in his Union Hotel at Normandale. Met him there at 7—offer came back for $155th—we countered with $150. Drove to Sandbar restaurant overlooking lake—rough waves—evening—Hal came to restaurant with news our offer accepted.

Thurs. July 20. Breakfast at Burger King in Simcoe—raining. Met Hal at 10, signed papers—then to lawyers Thos. Cline, a tall, grey-haired, "well-preserved" man—possibility of non-resident tax of 20%—will do title search—call him between Aug. 7—11. Call Hal in a week or so. Off to Stratford—found camp on Hwy. 7—pitched tent on breezy ground overlooking grassy slope and rows of cedar and willow trees. Picked up tickets for "Henry V" at Avon on Friday night and "Merchant of Venice" at Festival on Saturday night. To New Hanover, spoke to librarian re: *Through Paphlagonia*, but directed me to regional buyer—dinner at Hotel in New Hanover—also tried to interest bookstore in book in Festival Theatre—will hear on Friday afternoon. Back to camp—groceries at camp store—

drove to lake area—boating with sailfish, no swimming—beautiful scenery—quite a fair-sized lake.

July 21 Friday. Good night's sleep—windy. Showers here cost 25 cents. Mostly caravans—dozens of them parked throughout camping area—a lot of old people. Drove to Baden—Mrs. Schwarzenburger advised that the regional library centre could take some books but not as many as at Waterloo. Left book for her to show purchasing librarian, then to Bill Zambuzi at Waterloo Regional Library Services. Had lunch at the Industrial Estate—good food and plentiful for about $6 each. Zambuzi will send brochure to many branches about book. I shall send him notice of others of my books. Back at Baden (got lost twice in and around Waterloo) Mrs. Schwarzenburger bought my book for $6 (gave a copy to Zambuzi). Will sell it to libraries for $7. At Stratford I left 5 copies at bookstore on consignment—proprietress seemed sympathetic to writers—but store closes in October. Back to camp, dressed for Avon Theatre—"Henry V" was acted in Edwardian costume period—had chorus of speakers introduce scenes. Acting was okay and production was fashioned to let the audience understand the history. Henry was acted by a handsome young man named Davies—managed the part very well—convincing. Viola enjoyed it. We had a drink before and a snack after the play. At the camp we endured neighbors—young adults—playing rock music on their radio till 1.30 in the morning—drinking beer about a fire. Cool day but warmer by the afternoon when we swam in the lake attached to the camp.

Sat.July 22. In camp all day—very hot—swam in Wildwood Lake in late afternoon—read Jack London—finished *Call of the Wild*—reading *Valley of the Moon*—ate at Parlour in Stratford—an "in" place—saw "Merchant of Venice" at Festival Theatre—a good production in which Portia's role is emphasized. At camp our neighbors no longer play radio—are more friendly—one fellow called out—he is son of computer information professor at UWO—came from Scotland age of 12—passed through NYC in a hurry.

Sun. July 23. Stayed in camp the long hot day—swimming in cool lake after 3.30—getting slight burn—went to Stratford for Col. Saunders' chicken in a basket—ate on isle (Tom Patterson Isle) in the Avon River—hundreds of hard-backed little flying bugs. Back to Stratford Park—heard at outdoor bandstand the Kitchener Musical Society Band in classical, rock and popular renditions—enjoyable. The Stratford President—who looked like the president of a local bank—stocky white-haired, short-trousered—collected from scores of elderly Stratfordians sitting on their own folding chairs during the last half. Back to camp where our section almost deserted—quiet, cool night.

Mon. July 24. Gas $18. Drove through Elora to other side of Fergus—but disliked campground so back to west side of Elora at Elora Gorge Conservation Area on Grand river—hot day—hundreds of camp sites—picked one not far from flush toilets and showers. Between Elora and Fergus stopped at Wellington County Archives. Bonnie Callen, Archivist. At back was Wellington County Library where Patrick Harvie is Chief Executive Officer—bought a copy of *Through Paphlagonia* and I will send him brochures of other books. Swam in river in camp—cool, sunny beach. Then ate dinner at Elora Mill Inn and Restaurant—posh—ca $76. Waiter gave us directions to St Jacobs which has been modernized with fancy shopping centres and restaurants like Elora. Saw rapids and falls from Inn balcony. Hot night—very still—slept with tent window wide open in our secluded area. Highway runs behind us but little traffic.

Tues July 25. Heard that cities to south are in 90° F. Had leisurely breakfast. Set off for towns Elora, Fergus, etc. after 10. Drove to St Jacobs—rich large Mennonite houses—new shops—antiques, eating places—a new mall, Riverworks, opened three weeks ago. Left 5 copies of *Through Paphlagonia* at Bookstore, Marilyn Sands, Story Time Corner, Riverworks. Mrs. Sands, teacher-librarian, will try to get *Canadian Don Quixote* and *Richardson's Short Stories* into the little store. Drove to Fergus, left 5 books on consignment with Reflections, Jerry Beirnes. Swam late afternoon as hot day gave way to overcast. Ate in Elora at Wellington Fare about $30—food okay but nothing like the Inn.

Wed. July 26. Swam in the morning—drove to Guelph—asked in Mall at bookstores but no purchaser available—to University of Guelph—5 books on consignment. Very hot—Hamilton—spent afternoon at bank finding out monies there, possibility of loan and cost of money transfer from NYC (Mrs. Whyte, Bank of Montreal). On way to Alberton campground caught in heavy rainstorm, went into Sundown Motel off Duff's Corners outside Ancaster—run by Indian—crummy but had to make-do—ate nearby at highway restaurant.

Thurs. July 27. Slept okay—drove to West Hamilton for breakfast (after inspecting Alberton campground which gave signs of being drenched by rainstorm). Viola remembered she left raincoat and jeans in Motel—called Hal Peets who said we should come to Simcoe to sign housing agreement. Drove to Motel for Viola's belongings, then back to McMaster Univ. where I left 5 *Through Paphlagonia* with Ann Smith at Campus bookstore and advised them of my other books—they get books from Greenwood at 20% discount so will get *Suppression of the Automobile*. To Simcoe—Duch at Real Estate Office showed us house again—like it even better this time [learned that fairly large backyard behind garage belonged to house]—spoke to Hal (Called in at Fidelity Storage in Hamilton to check on delivery cost with Mr. Milne—2 men after Sept 1—less than $90 an hour—ca. 3 hours (1 hr. for unloading). Will call him.) Hal will leave messages with lawyer—when I call week of Aug 7. Lunch at Tim Horton's. Viola finds Canadians very friendly. Then to Toronto via 401—traffic tremendous. Reached Ontario Minister of Revenue on Grosvenor Street just as torrential rain hit. Informed I can get rebate on land transfer tax only if I filed an income tax return to prove residency. Warren not in office or at home. Bev Hargraft not at home. Don't have Ann or Becky's new addresses—so off to north driving furiously in bumper to bumper traffic. Finally out of Toronto on Hwy 48—stopped at Deli for quick dinner—reached Sibbald Provincial Park—set up camp—watched Lake Simcoe ripple the beach at eventide. Listened to wind high in tall trees over our tent in the night. Quiet, secluded spot.

Fri. July 28. Breakfast in camp—drove to Muskoka—stopped at Bala for coffee in spot we stopped years ago when Muskoka in decline. Reinvestment has given the district new life, rich look—cover-up about acid rain—few swimmers—no apparent fishing. Accent on golf, boating, tennis, etc. Drove around north of Lake Joseph, came down between Joseph and Rosseau (new construction on old narrow road). Woodington still standing but not as a resort—looks like half a dozen families there—very quiet—in ruinous condition—grass uncut—tennis court lost to undergrowth. We ate lunch on chairs at bathing beach. We toured Cleveland House—it is larger and more prosperous than I remember. Mailed cards from P.O. there. Picked up groceries on way back to Sutton—a small, uninteresting town. Got gas on highway from young man who was American and yearned to go to states for museums and culture—he was here because mother lived here. Ate chicken, lettuce, fruit for dinner at camp. Mosquitoes worse. More campers for weekend. Across from us is tyrant father always threatening his young sons. On route sold *Through Paphlagonia* to local library at 7 Humphrey—left info on other books—talked to librarian who made purchases on phone (Sold copy of *Through Paphlagonia* to Duch in Simcoe yesterday).

Sat. July 29. Sibbald Park—cloudless sky—after breakfast Viola had shower at 6 a.m.—rested—then to beach at 10.30—all manner of nationalities there (Viola had sewed my ripped shorts). Chinese, Japs, Germans, Italians, etc. then to Eilden Hall, home of the Sibbalds—mementoes of family in Scotland, India, etc. Then to Church to see graves of Mazo de la Roche (White Oaks, by the way, are among the tall trees in our encampment) and Stephen Leacock. Met Miss Ferris, an artist from Toronto, who summered at Sutton. The camp was full—mostly with Torontonians who came for weekends (so many that when I went walking at sundown I got lost among the encampments on Friday night—almost hopeless in the dark). Read in hot afternoon on cliff overlooking Simcoe Lake—stiff breeze, cool—reading London's *The Valley of the Moon*—a good picture of the working class circa 1900. Drove to Sutton for dinner at fish and chips restaurant—busy, cheerful, good food, cheap. Early to bed. Awoke early for trip to Algonquin Park.

Sun July 30. Took route 48 through Haliburton county—Rt 35 and 60. Stopped for coffee at 10.15 at roadside motel—Stopped at Dorset for groceries—went to lookout over Lake of

Bays for lunch (Stopped previously at Lookout at Minden). Store in Dorset was called best country store in North America (Robinson's?). Then to Algonquin Park—came to Rock Lake—hot, dry, open campsite—only one left. Ate dinner at Killarney Lodge—Viola had turkey, I had roast beef—full menu—$70. Promise to stop expensive dinners. Our main topic of conversation is our house in Simcoe. Nearby Coon Lake camp looks better, hope to move there tomorrow. Cool evening. Viola went swimming this afternoon—but I too afraid of sunburn and too tired.

Mon July 31. Swam in morning—water warm—had breakfast—then to Coon Lake to set up tent. Smaller camp, small lake, and small beach but quiet and suits us. Our place on a slight slant—number of space is 141—coincides with New York address. Drove to Oneonogo Lake—want $17.50 a day for canoe and can rent for 4 hours—now need camp permit for $3—much more regulated since we were here in 1962. Packed picnic lunch and hiked over 5 klm on Rock Lake trail, climbing to lookout. Viola picked up a stick to walk by—swears by it. Beautiful view where we ate lunch. Saw foundation of Judge Barclay's home in the wilderness—built in the great timber era—and passed where railroad used to be. During WWII there was a train every 20 minutes—not used since 1944. J.R. Booth was the timber baron. Swam in afternoon. Met Mrs Janice Waugh and 2 of her 3 sons. The middle son went on 3-day canoe trip with father. The Waughs have started Trade Show business—believe in entrepreneurship. Drove to Whitney town for dinner overlooking Matewaska River. Went to bed early—slept soundly—found raccoons eating our margarine left in pail outside tent.

Tues. Aug. 1. Early morning swim—breakfast—cool morning. Sun came out strong after 9. Had small mouth bass for lunch offered us by Waugh son who caught too much to eat. Finished London's *The Valley of the Moon*—Viola starting White's *The One and Future King*. Relaxing. Went for a hike through 1.5 klm. Spruce Bog Boardwalk—bogs formed by glaciers—water without oxygen. Plant that eats insects. Glacier still under one of the bogs. The birds of the bog were not present—their season is June and July. Swam at the camp—feeling stronger in water. Ate dinner in Whitney, same place. In bed by 9 or so (bought groceries in Whitney).

Wed. Aug 2. Swam at 7.15. Breakfast. Walked to Rock Lake and back after reading in the tent during light rain. Lunch. Reading again—I am reading Essays on Wyndham Lewis. Swam in late afternoon. Ate in Whitney, same place, got gas ($19) and drove to Park Amphitheatre to watch film on canoeing and hear slide talk on Tom Thompson, the Group of Seven painter—his paintings of Algonquin Park and his mysterious death at Canoe Lake. Back to camp at 10.30. In the question period after the slide talk it was revealed that by an agreement with the govt. all the private cottages would be closed and turned over to govt. by 2017.

Thurs. Aug. 3 Sun out bright. Swam at 7.30. Heard talk on Voice of America, re Charles Flood's book on Hitler—would like to read it [Flood was one of speakers at the rally to keep the Library open in 1969]. Letting beard grow to Sunday to save electricity in razor. Walked 2 klm. over Beaver Pond Trail. Interesting for examples of dams. Hot sun. Picnicked nearby at Picnic tables. Lay in shade. At 3.30 back at camp. In water at 4. Sun went under. Night was stormy, lightning, rain. Thought of little Connor Waugh out on overnight canoe trip with father for 1st time. We felt snug in our large tent. Signed on for 2 more nights at camp which has filled up with canoeists and trailer-travelers.

Fri. Aug. 4. Swam at 7. On beach was the male of the French couple in the trailer next to us. He was reading Bible and contemplating. Reading: Viola—*The Once and Future King*; moi—*Essays on W Lewis*. Took Lookout Trail walk—great boulders—how valleys formed—extensive views of lake of Two Rivers, Little Rock Lake—about 2 klm. walk. Viola using walking stick managed well. Swam. Rain. Cleared. Drove to Logging Exhibit—impressive, especially gives sense of men and horses crammed together for long winter months in gigantic work—heavy manual labour and dexterous axe-handling. Bought postcards. Drove about Whitney, dam, horses on back streets, saw large black bird, a raven. Back to camp—read—early to bed.

Sat. Aug 5. Swam early. French-Canadian neighbor reading "offices" on beach. Viola did exercises on beach and I my 25 push-ups. Hopes for a nice day. Went to Opeonogo Lake for 4 hours canoeing—hot sun—good exercise in long aluminum canoe. Swam at camp. Our French-Canadian neighbors gone. Drove to town for dinner at our old restaurant, then to Rangers amphitheatre for films on canoeing, on trout and slide show about wolves, the latter amusing by a ranger devoted to saving wolves.

Sun. Aug 6. Another beautiful day. Drove to Kingston—stopped at 12 for pancakes en route. Kingston touristy—much larger and more cosmopolitan than last time I was here about 3 or 4 years ago. Drove to Rideau Acres Camp by Hwy. 15 west of Kingston. Very windy. A rain storm came up as we were putting up tent, sending Viola into gales of laughter [at my struggles with the tent]. Returned to Kingston with fears that tent might blow away. Ate dinner at Piggyus in a courtyard and drove to Morley's house in Amherstview. Beth and Bill look very well—have traveled much—had a good 2 hour conversation. Bill gave me a book on bibliography of pamphlets at time of Queen Anne. Back to camp.

Mon. Aug. 7. (bank holiday in Canada). Our tent held up against the wind—cosy inside—looked for better site in morning but none available. Cold, overcast. Had breakfast en route to Kingston. Then drove shore road through Kingston and out west to ferry to Picton. Students taking survey at ferry. Do we think ferry better than bridge? Since ferry is free, I said yes. This place depends on tourists and welcomes tourist opinion. At Picton we looked at Museum of Rev. Macaulay's Church and his house nearby, furnished with chairs, curtains, beds, pictures, etc. scoured from the countryside. A woman in costume of the period showed us and another couple around. Macaulay was much taken with one of Wellington's generals, Sir Thomas Picton (after whom town is named). I mentioned Picton's son as editor of the *Sachem* newspaper in N.Y. when John Richardson worked on it—[actually Picton's mother's uncle, see my "THE UNDERMINING OF THE CRUSADER MYTH AND THE AWAKENING OF THE SEXUAL WOMAN" under "Essays" on my website, davuspublishing.com]. At the mention of *The Canadian Don Quixote*, the woman of the other couple said she had worked for Porcupine's Quill and for NDWT play company. She was Waterston—with husband and baby—now living in Ottawa. The tour guide then approached me—was I Alec's brother?—she showed her name badge—Joanne Travers—I used to be her best baby-sitter, she said. Her husband Dick is 80. They retired to Picton 5 years ago—her son Jim is with the Southam Press in Ottawa (She credited me again with saving his life!) Her daughter Wendy is in Victoria, B.C. She continued describing the house—large, well-lit rooms and smaller servants' quarters at back. Then gave me her telephone number to call after we visit the Morleys tomorrow morning. Drove to Long Point (where Capt. Zealand [my great grandfather] was lost at sea)—bleak place, about 3 houses. Then to Milford where we stopped at an "artsie" coffee house—to Wellington—big houses on coast—to Ameliasburg, where we saw relics of past in outdoor museum. Young men said they would start going through storage of old papers next year—must write them about the *New Era*, vol.1. Back to Kingston—had good dinner at Aunt Lucy's Owls Rest restaurant—then to camp—built fire—overcast all day—but beautiful sunset over Rideau Lake-Canal and calm. Built fire for warmth and romance—brilliant half-moon (almost half). Forgot to mention visit to Loyalist burial ground at Park on road to ferry to Picton.

Tues. Aug 7. Breakfast in early morning sunshine—after showering at nearby convenience. Calm. Off to Kingston—left 5 books on consignment at Printed Passage Books Ltd. and at Campus bookstore at Queens. Got phone no. in Toronto for Coles from the Kingston bookstore. Posted cards. Went to Morley's, met his cousin, Gerald and wife, just over from England—called lawyer from there—we don't have to pay 20% investment tax for house—can get loan from Bank of Montreal—title search not completed—must be in Simcoe on Aug 30 to sign papers. Lunched at Loyalist Inn, Bath. Saw early house along road near Amerherstview before lunch—was where Macdonald (John A) drank and possibly Richardson (John F). Given good idea of how the houses built in 1800 (Fairfield House). At Adolphustown saw the Loyalist Museum—may join association. Fine little library of

Loyalist books, etc. Had tea with Joanna and Dick Travers at their beautifully decorated house in Picton. He is 80 and looks years younger—fine figure, athletic. She and he still play tennis. [She was women's club single champion in Hamilton for years.] Son Jim is with Southam News Service in Ottawa. Good time. Drove to ferry for Wolfe's Island—left car and crossed to General Wolfe's Restaurant—European type service—good food—could see lights of Kingston from window. Caught ferry at 9.30—held up at landing until police arrived to take over suspicious people in one of the cars. Have trouble to keep from urinating—3 times on way back to camp—was it the wine? or am I getting old?

Wed. Aug. 8. Drove to Gananoque—left 2 books on consignment at Book Store, sold 1 copy to John Love at Gananoque Public Library. He might review it. Then south to Boston. Stopped at Highway Camp off Highway 9. Had dinner at old home of White family (Salem Cross Inn)—fought Woampogue Indians from this home. Viola took the menu home. Swam in pool of camp, then breakfasted en route. Found Cambridge and secured B&B for $75 a night through Info Center. Robert Bennett, a black theology professor, ran it—the major domo—began research at Harvard—attended reception for Russian Theatre designer, director, etc. whose widow gave his papers to Library. She was there—thin, grey-haired, bright-eyed. Talked with Bruce Briggs, a freelance writer, and his Japanese ballet dancing wife. They live in NYC. Worked at Library for Friday Aug. 3 in afternoon. Library could not find Nance O'Neil's Scrapbook I wanted to see. Viola took trolley tour of Boston with Norwegian lady. I met her and her husband briefly before they left for airport. The house in which we stayed housed a variety of people, including Mrs. Baher, author of book on Frankfurter and finishing one on Oliver Wendell Holmes. Saw play at Harvard Rep—Sam Shepard's "Cowboy Mouth"—3 players—very well done—followed by 3 actresses and musician doing Shepard poems on love—also well done.

Aug 11. Left copy of *Through Paphlagonia* at 4 bookstores—hope for orders. [Rarely did I receive payment for copies left on consignment; I would hear nothing from the bookstores and would not be driving back to them in any case.] Tried to get out of Boston—got lost—finally got out [before the days of GPS]—had lunch at Friendly's to get out of rain storm—got lost—got on Highway 24 to Newport, R.I. where Info Center got us camp space back in Plymouth. We drove by robber baron homes and toured the Breakers—built by the Vanderbilts—theatrically pretentious—wood made to look like marble—Italian marble and quartz—huge rooms (70 of them)—views of the oceanfront—tour took 41 minutes—wanted another 1/2 hour to take it—crowds of visitors—houses owned by the municipality. Ate at Windjammers restaurant at Yacht Basin near campsite. Kept awake by swearing camper kept out of his bed in small truck by his wife or girlfriend [because he was drunk]. Showered in morning but rain came during breakfast coffee. Packed a wet tent. Viola glad to be rid of this camp. However, did see fire flies, hear crickets, saw blue jays—not seen in other places. Rough drive to NYC through rain storms. Took scenic No 1A before reaching 95. Stopped in New Haven to see Yale Univ.—liked it far better than Harvard. Atmosphere—at Harvard too businesslike, machine-like—hard-nosed. Coming into NY, missed Bronx driveway over Harlem River, got lost, finally got to Tremont Ave over small "Washington Bridge" to Manhattan and down Broadway—left camp equipment at studio, moved cases into apartment, returned car 2 days early, picked up groceries for breakfast tomorrow and Chinese lo-mein for dinner tonight. Glad to be home. Now to pay the bill of credit cards.

I went back to Simcoe to sign the contract on August 30 and arranged for financing the purchase with the Bank of Montreal and house insurance. Hal Peets assured me he could easily find people to rent the house for the three years before we planned to occupy it.

Meanwhile my article on McKee Rankin and the theatre appeared in the "farewell issue" of the NY Public Library's *Bulletin of Research in the Humanities*.

James Reaney to me. London, Ont. September 1/89.

> What an enjoyable article on a native unsuspected worthy. A descendant of Tecumseh's aunt. The McKees must be ancestors of those band members who have been laying claim to Pelee Island lately.
>
> News on the copyright front! Out of the blue and stimulated by the publicity surrounding the premiere of my opera "Crazy to Kill", a local publishing venture called Sunset Productions has decided to reprint *Crazy to Kill*—the novel the opera used as its material. I told them it was in the public domain, but they replied cheerily that they would ferret out the author's remaining relatives and renew the copyright themselves. They want me to write an introduction to the new edition. What I have not dared to ask yet is where this leaves my opera—whose libretto was published this spring. Do we have to pay them royalties for future performances, etc. etc. Que pensez-vous?
>
> But the Rankin article cheers me up and with all kind regards to yourself and Viola.
>
> P.S. I have decided to take early retirement here. I am resting up after a strenuous spring, but look forward to writing.

At this time my article on my great grandfather Captain Edward Zealand and the log of his schooner the Orion appeared in *Inland Seas, a journal of the Great Lakes,* which stated: "The following is the most informative work the Journal has published on commercial schooner operations."

I was informed that Moneo had sold to Chinese the old building on 14th St. that had housed artists over the years. The new proprietor offered to let me stay in my studio at a higher rent, but I elected to move out. During the Christmas holidays I rented a truck, and with the help of a younger colleague, had movers move my books and furniture to my truck, which I then parked in a nearby garage overnight. The next morning I drove the truck to Simcoe, stopping overnight in a snow squall in Buffalo, N.Y. I stored my belongings on the unfinished third floor and met the couple with two young children, who were renting the house. The man worked in a car body shop in Tillsonburg. He did not mind driving the 45 minute commute. The family seemed happy to live in such a spacious house with its gum wood panelling and large windows giving plenty of light. Viola would have seen them as dubious tenants, and I was circumspect in my report for her peace of mind.

Our friends the Laheys had moved from Shelter Island to a retirement home in Bluebell, Pennsylvania, east of Philadelphia. Gerald Lahey wrote the introduction to Hazlitt's *Letters* and Hazlitt's *Libor Amoris*, which caused a greater stir in England than in the U.S. He continued to work on his magnum opus, that is a study of Cardinal Newman's contretemps with Charles Kingsley. Gerald kept his basement apartment on Washington Square and looked us up when he came to town. He took us to a NYU lecture on the Irish Bull in literature and reception afterward, where an invited guest was the novelist Norman Mailer—quiet and well-behaved contrary to reputation. The summer of 1990, we returned to Europe.

From David's Diary

> 1990, July 27, Friday. We arrived in England one week ago. Came by Virgin Atlantic—the flight seemed to pass more quickly than in the past. We were only 5 1/4 hours in the air. I read Costain's *The Three Edwards* with fascination and admiration for his talent. To think that I met him the year after it was published and had read only his *The Black Rose* and saw him merely as a romancer. Ah, the follies of youth! Even then, in 1959, I considered that someday I might write about him. Now I must read his other histories.
>
> England has become indifferent, violent and expensive since we were here two years ago. When passing through Morden Park in the hot weather in the first part of the week, I saw a very plump young father flop on his back on the grass. His young wife, in pink slacks, jumped astride him and began playfully whacking his large stomach. His daughter and younger son were kicking a ball between them. As the son, hearing the whacks, went to his parents and ignored the ball kicked to him, I kicked the ball back to his sullen-looking

sister, who ignored my effort and apologetic smile for not sending the ball directly at her. This indifference to others I noticed on the streets, in the underground, the stores, etc.

The violence is reported in the newspapers and television. Two young women strangled in their car. A series of women raped and beaten in the same area—the last victim murdered. Shopkeepers robbed and murdered. A pedophile ring captures boys to film their torture and death for sale worldwide. I.R.A. blows up three Irish officers, kills a man accidentally and severely wounds a social worker—is condemned by Pope John Paul for the first time. I.R.A. blew up a portion of the English Stock Exchange on our first day here.

The expense is reflected in prices and taxes. Viola found that swim caps, which she can get here only, have increased in price by 300% in 2 years. Beer is £1.60 a pint. For a tram day-pass to London it is £ 2.60, about twice as high as 2 years ago. But the poll tax levied by the Conservatives has hurt the most. Maisey Cook once paid rates for her apartment of £5 for her and £5 for her husband, Frank. Even Thatcher admirers such as Reg and Kay Vincent have had to visit the local tax board half a dozen times to straighten out their taxes. Reg would have to pay £340 a month but being 82, disabled in WWII, etc., he has never seen that kind of money. With rebates and allowances he pays £140, but so does his wife Kay who receives a fraction of the pension he does. They can't pay and must visit the tax board once more to clarify what seems to be a great mess of screwball assessments and rank injustice. One can point to Thatcher's reduction in her personal tax and the reductions in tax for the Royal family members and others, but Kay will still vote for Thatcher whom she admires for her spirit. She was angered by the huge increase granted to certain members of the royal family (£7.9 Billion), especially to Prince Edward who got £20,000 yearly when working in theatrical productions and now receives £200,000 a year. If Margaret Thatcher continues to destroy this country, perhaps the increasing expenses will lead to indifferent violence—thus bringing the three strands of modern British life into unity—all directed at the government.

This resentment of the rich who became disgustingly superrich in the 1980s in the U.K. and USA takes encouragement from the S&L [Savings and Loan Banks] scandals in America which are being reported in detail on English television and radio. The wholesale swindling has its counterpart in England. Thatcher has been caught slipping £44 million under the table to the British Aerospace which bought Rover Co. from the British government. The European Commission demands that Aerospace repay the money to the British taxpayer. The Inland Revenue Office of the Tory government has explaining to do.

I spent over two hours on Tuesday at the Continental ticket office at Victoria Station to buy boat-train tickets to Munich. One takes a ticket number and waits till one is called. A very tall, large woman demanded that the young man giving out the tickets be reprimanded for hiking his shoulders when she complained about the wait. The worried fellow had to call his supervisor, who patiently listened to the woman and her thinner male companion, who seemed reluctant to press charges. He had a light beard and showed a bruised left eye which indicated he had been in a scrap recently. "Don't you think," began the woman in that whining London accent that I connect with Camberwell and parts south of the Thames, "that a person who pays good money for a ticket deserves respect?" When she failed to convince the supervisor that he should take drastic action with the young man, her male companion cried, "Well, what good are you then? It's a bloody waste of time talking to you." Luckily the supervisor was standing behind a glass enclosure and a high wooden counter. The suddenly infuriated man leaped at the glass like a pit bulldog and began thumping it, crying, "Fuck you!" The woman, who had climbed very high on her high horse, echoed his complaint with unutterable disgust. "Fuck you!" They stormed away and the relieved young man said through the glass to his alarmed supervisor, "What did I tell you!"

I lunched at a pub while waiting for my number to be called. Victoria Station has had a face-lift—looks clean and modern. It cost 10 pence now to go to the Gents.

I bought tickets to Munich for Monday. We'll catch the noon train from Victoria, sleep overnight in Koln, continue on the next day to Munich where we'll rent a car to drive to parts east. When I got back to Kingsbridge Road, I called INTELL which arranged for hotels in Koln and Munich for us to stay.

The British Museum is as busy with tourists as ever. The Library Reading Room is the same —perhaps more readers than in past summers. I went to the newspaper library in Colindale one day to search for a death notice for Justin Brenan. Two Dublin papers reported that he died at "an advanced age"—most peculiar that his real age was not given.

The weather became cooler on Thursday—very slight rain today. The English were relieved that the great heat has passed—but I found it dry and pleasant—a relief from the hot and humid days we left behind in New York City.

Walked to Cheam Village today for a visit to the Secondhand bookshop—same old boy was there and recognized me immediately as I entered. Bought a few old penguins—only £2 altogether. T. H. White's *The Age of Scandal* ought to be fascinating—he is a great craftsman with the pen. Michael Holroyd's *The Best of Hugh Kingsmill* looks intriguing. Eliot Paul's *A Narrow Street* will tell me much about Paris in the 20s and 30s. Somerset Maugham's *The Gentleman in the Parlour* is a rare find—maybe I can glean something to prepare me for a journey through south Asia someday. *The Selected Tales of Algernon Blackwood* are for diversion—perhaps instruction on how to write what readers seem to read once more (witness the American writer who turns out horror novels—Stephen King). Lastly, a booklet on Simon de Montfort by C. H. Knowles. The other day I picked up *Electra* by Henry Treece which is getting interesting and Da Liu's *T'Ai Chi Ch'ian* and *I Ching*—which I have started to practice. Some years ago I started to write a book on T'Ai Chi with my friend Han [Hank], but he became discouraged when I edited his written English to a fraction of its size—book writing proved to be a daunting experience. This book was written in the early 70s and says what we intended—and better, possibly.

Eustace is bowling on the greens in his club—entered in several tournaments—singles, doubles etc.—and wins despite his arthritis, which has swollen his fingers and wrists. He won a darts championship locally last year. He keeps going. We drink at the Beverley pub and talk about ourselves—he dwells most on his school years in Lahore, India. Father Ritchie persevered with him to make him take literature and essay writing seriously, but much of his education was by rote. The English taught the Indian to memorize—not to think—for obvious political ends. As a small Burmese man Eustace has had a lot of prejudice to withstand in his working class milieu—but he has survived and done okay—but scarred. [After his mother died, his friend Jerry Haggerty turned the living room into his office for drafting architectural plans, which reflected their relationship: Jerry being the aggressive extrovert and Eustace his sidekick, who felt he owed Jerry thanks for being his close friend, although he would not see it that way. Viola wrote Jerry a strong but diplomatic letter stating that the house belonged to all the children and they did not want it turned into an office, which prompted Jerry to leave but maintain his close friendship with Eustace.]

Viola and I went to her parents' graves today. Looking clean and white—they stand out from the unkempt grey tombstones about them.

She spoke to her nephew, Michael Nicholas, over the telephone and finds he has matured—reads Marx and wants to attend university. At 28 he passed exams to get there—his recent illness—Hodgkins—forced him to bed when he began to study.

Viola called some of our friends—Marney Caine, Bridget, etc.—all going through changes —moves to Den Haag or return to a husband who left with his secretary only to be deserted by his secretary.

July 31. Koln. Yesterday noon we took the train from Victoria Station to Dover—spoke with a young man teaching in Turkey while waiting for the train. Has been in the Near East 4 years—Turkey last 2 years—teaches biology and English—now English as a second

language—though such jobs harder to get because of restrictions on foreigners. He lives in Istanbul—finds the Turks warm, etc. On the train we spoke to a young Englishman from Devon who seemed to be a guitarist. He was going to Hungary where his parents came from—said there were pensiones where one could stay in Czecho and Hungary. On the jet foil we sat in the front row which the stewardess assured us was the best spot. On my right were an English couple in their late sixties going to a town in southern Switzerland with a lake and marvelous hotel whose staff "treated them like royalty". They had been vacationing in the same place for 40 years. She was enthusiastic and all-knowing about jetfoil travel. "You'll see, we go up off the water on skis—much better than hydrofoil." He looked forward all year long to having his Stella Artois beer, brewed in Belgium, on board. I tried it but was not impressed—rather flat—but he pointed to the fact that it was over 5% alcohol, more than English beer.

Soon the chalk cliffs of Dover were far behind and we moved along the French coast north to Ostend. "See the green light in the harbour. That means we can enter," the lady informed me. On Viola's left was a young American couple on their first trip to the continent of Europe. Doing Brussels, Zurich and Paris in 2 weeks. He had a movie camera.

We traipsed along corridors, picked up our luggage—as one does with airplanes—and boarded the modern, quiet, comfortable train for Koln.

Belgium's fields were not as burnt by the sun as England's parks and meadows, which usually are emerald green. But the greenhouse effect is touching Europe.

Belgium's architecture is square, solid, controlled like a Vermeer painting. We passed small towns running at the foot of the hills bordering on snaking rivers—through tunnels in the mountains and into Germany and Koln. Our interest was diverted by an English couple with a 12-year old boy, 8-year old daughter and 1-year old son. The husband seemed upset by the contrariness of his wife. Viola thought the baby was well-behaved. The wife asked me for the Guardian when we finished and I gave it to her.

Arriving in Koln, we were zipped in a curve round the Cathedral in a taxi. The next morning we discovered it was a 2 minute walk from our hotel to the station. Fare was 5 marks.

Koln looks very prosperous. We checked in at Koenigshof Hotel in Richardststr. about 9 and went walking for miles along the open malls. The stores were filled with beautiful things. At a juncture there stood a thick, phallic bronze column 30 feet high from the top of which water flowed down its sides—reminding me of the Hawaiian sacred garden where there is a constant spray fructifying the round island of grass and flowers receiving it. But the Hawaiian paean to the gods was not surrounded by rich stores and expensive merchandise as here. Perhaps there is a connection between the sexual and commercial drives in Germany.

Our room had a small bar under the TV set (on which 2 stations had films in English). The TV had about 15 stations. We drank champagne and slept soundly. I liked the eiderdown cover used by the Germans but for the most of the night it was too hot. Breakfast was included in the hotel price (£68)—very extensive bouffet. We ate bacon and scrambled eggs. The broad gentleman behind us had champagne. The waiter offered him a second glass which he welcomed.

The Cathedral dominates the inner city—towers over the commercial district of shops; hotels and inns on one side, the Rhine on the other and squares and narrow old streets of the inner city—by all of which we wandered and sat to meditate on occasion. The only aspects of the Cathedral I remembered from my visit with my mother in 1955 was the dark color of the stone, the flying buttresses of the Gothic and the fact that I climbed to the top of one of the towers. Today I was content to ramble through the nave and snap a picture of the sacristy with my new Nikon zoom-lensed camera.

But Koln was different then—very gloomy, recovering from WWII, and somewhat suspicious of foreigners. Today, fleecing the tourist is part of its nature. Strangely, however, we saw practically no one shopping in its large, treasure-rife stores. "Signs of the depression," Viola said.

Meanwhile we got the news by BBC radio and newspaper. Ian Gow, British MP and Ulster loyalist, blown up by a car bomb set by the IRA which has become determined to create destruction wherever it can. Liberian Government soldiers machine-gunned Liberian citizens taking refuge in a public building.

Left Koln at 1.58—reached Bonn very quickly—going along shore of a river—quite interesting. River traffic—barges, yachts, past snug-looking towns clustered by river bends amidst the rolling hills.

The Germans are friendly—some of the girls are svelte and sexy-looking—all seem to know some English. When buying grapefruit juice from a young girl at a store selling to the street traffic (she wore a sign saying that she was new but trying hard) I found she preferred to practice her English than listen to my German—all done very quietly and politely.

While waiting for our train in Koln, I asked Viola if she enjoyed the stopover. She was not enthusiastic—she would have liked it better, she said when pressed, if the citizens had been less greedy. She was thinking of having to pay the hotel 15 marks for the use of the bar in our room which she thought came with the room price.

This train to Munich rides smoothly. I am torn between reading and watching for views of the river with hills beyond and rows of square houses in pastels tucked against the foot of a hill and facing the river as if on review. Every so often castles appear on the crests of the smaller hills. They look rather square yet with a tall round turret. Something of their personality appears in the latter-day houses. One we are passing now has colorful umbrellas in its courtyard and overlooking the river which indicates it serves as a hotel or perhaps just a restaurant. St. Goar is a very pretty town—we pass through tunnels in leaving it. The Rhine looks brown here and rather narrow. The cliff-sides steep. Sometimes the sides of the hills are cultivated—vineyards—but largely the land is too rocky. There are islands of a fair size in the river now.

Mother and I went by ship down the Rhine, but this train ride, though not as romantic, is great for scenic views.

We have stopped at the stations of some famous places—Neuremburg, Wurzburg, Frankfurt. We had tea, beer and 2 ice creams on the train—cost 12 marks, 90 pfennigs. That was our dinner. It is after 7. Munich is just over an hour ahead of us. The country round about comprises rolling fields and fair-sized cities, e.g. Weissenburg. The sun is faint in the sky—just above eye level—and is hidden by the hills we pass by. There are pink, yellow cream houses now—a sure sign of southern climes.

Many young people with huge backpacks get on and off the train at the stops. In front of us was an American woman in her sixties with a backpack. A tall slender young man and his mother sat with her speaking English. She read the Jerusalem Post. They are all American Jews with German backgrounds, I suppose. After the lady left carrying her backpack, the mother and son sat across from each other as she taught him German words.

The carriage is half-full now. Not so many for Munich as there were for Frankfurt.

Aug. 1. Wednesday 1990. A woman taxi driver drove us from the circus-like giant train station in Munich—circus-like because it displays unusual looking people in wildly different street wear and dozens of vending stations for sandwiches, trinkets, clothes, food, fruit in pell-mell fashion—drove us, I say, to Platzl Hotel where we went to sleep—after I watched German and French TV and understood much of it.

A nice custom in Germany is to have a chocolate placed on your pillow. Before you go to bed, you take a sweetener for your dreams.

Today we walked around the shopping malls endlessly—everything priced too high—and Viola, obsessed with finding a place of rare delicatessen with a fabulous restaurant hosting world celebrities which she read about in a U.S. magazine, could not find anyone who knew about it. We were back at the hotel by one—after eating Bratwurst and Kartoffel in a garden or courtyard restaurant—where I arranged to rent a car from Herz from noon tomorrow. (Other rent-a-cars did not have as good an offer—but Herz was for 64 Marks daily, rather high, I thought—but then this is Deutschland. Avis offered 56.20 plus 18.55 marks daily for insurance and no unlimited mileage. Eurocar was 699 marks for 10 days.) We went walking to the Englischer Garten along the streams and lakes. We had tea at the Chinesische Turm—an old wooden tower no longer used save by an old man's band which played marches from the second tier. We had tea at the Gasthaus under umbrellas. Another area of wooden tables seemed reserved for raucous beer-drinkers. We walked on Kleinhasseloker See on which people paddled boats—foot-paddled—and turned east across swift flowing Isar River and down the path along the river called Thomas Mann Allée (Heinrich Mann Allée continues north of the spot we took.) We walked through the woods, avoiding bicyclists speeding by in both directions, to the Friedensengel. About this time Viola started to complain—said because she was older she could no longer keep up with me. But we were determined to find the Kaeferstore which might be the fabled delicatessen she wanted. We walked right by it because it was on the other side of the street and at Prinzregentsplatz (an area of rich, colorful, embroidered buildings) we were directed back 200 metres. Viola, disappointed in Kaefers, threatened to cave in—we found a Chinese restaurant and sat outside under an umbrella to have apple juice and a beer. We took the underground back to Marienplatz and took a short walk to Platzl Hotel from there.

The underground is complicated—you pay 9 marks for a ticket that you use 2 numbers at a time. Viola and I used 1 and 3. Tomorrow we can use 5, 7, 9. There are no personnel—all is on the honor system. If an inspector catches you without a ticket, it will cost you 60 marks per person. Too complicated for a foreigner.

Aug. 2. Thursday. We ate down the street from the Platzl Hotel at a Gasthaus. Opposite me on the wall hung a wooden clock dated 1594. We selected Bavarian beef—excellent with horse radish—vegetables—red wine—cost 61.90. Unfortunately, inadvisably, I advised a tip of 7 marks. People here don't tip and it was unusually high. Today we looked at the centre of town again. Viola bought a blouse. Then I traveled by underground (getting helpful directions from a lady who spoke only German) and arrived at Herz to rent a car at noon. Alas, could not find my driver's license. Had to return to the hotel, call Canadian consulate, American Express, American consulate. Viola found my renewal card in my wallet. Herz said it would accept it, but must travel early tomorrow to see if I can get an international license at the Landrats on Echstettnerstrasse. Hope it will accept my renewal card. Had to book the same room for another night. Viola angry, upset with me. I tried calling Eustace in London to look for my license but no answer. He could mail it to me. How could I have forgotten it?

Had a haircut at a frisseur's on 3rd floor of department store near the Rathaus—23.50 marks and 2 mark tip. Young man frisseur was good-looking, was in Army on trip to U.S., spoke enough English. Called over to a black girl from New York whose lover was from Munich. She was from NYC—spoke little German—pleasant. She said when I asked her how long she had been in Munich, "It seems as if I've been here forever." She agreed that the subway was clean and modern here—New York cannot bear comparison.

On way back to hotel, chanced on delicatessen. Brought Viola from hotel to buy chicken, salad, rolls, wine bottle for 20 marks 10 pf. We have to be careful with our expenses now. Keeping this hotel for extra night was unexpected expense. Got tickets for Platzl Buehne tonight, 19 marks. Folk entertainment 8—10.30.

Sat. Aug 4. Salzburg, Oesterreich. The Platzl Buehne, going since 1906, combined Bavarian music, yodelling, Jews harp, music saw, bell-ringing, whip-snapping, apron-clapping, etc. with accordion player and traps player in pit. Viola thought the traps player looked poetic. His young face did have a wistfulness about the eyes—it was of the long nose, long chin type which would tend to meet in old age. The main star was a genial fellow who translated his German to English and did the larger share of the musical tricks.

The next morning I ate breakfast at 6.30 and got to the Landratsamt on Eichstettenstrasse by 7.30 but could not persuade the officials to give me an international license. I did not have a true American license and besides they could only do it for people resident in Munich. I went directly to Herz where my renewed license tab was accepted and drove a Volkswagen gold to pick Viola up. We drove to Salzburg, stopped at the Information Centre where young ladies called Der Goldene Ente on Goldgasse in the old town—we are staying two nights. Yesterday afternoon we looked around the old city—got tickets for "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" this evening, watched formally dressed people go to their respective concerts (a woman ticket scalper offered us tickets to the opera at 1000 schillings a ticket, about $90 US—which we declined), took the incline to the Castle (which I remembered doing in 1954), wandered about from side to side enjoying the views of town, river, distant rocky mountains and farms in the valley. We had Wiener Schnitzel at our pension. The former resident of our room, an American in his 50s, an academic, when he came by to get his bags in the afternoon, warned us that the room was noisy. But after 11, when the cafe in the narrow street under our window closed, it was reasonably quiet. Garbage collection left a nasty smell in their wake about 6 in the morning. We ate at 8.30 and picked up a Guardian to read about the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait. It is approaching ten—we sit on a park bench just off the main drag, read about record heat in England (99F in Sheffield) and head for Retrospective showing of Ernst Fuchs, a fellow I met briefly in Ibiza in 1954—sat at my cafe table—never saw him again. Fred Fuchs told me later in London that the German Ernst was the reason he began signing his paintings "Schaeffer."

Sunday Aug 5. The Ernst Fuchs show was full of pre-Raphaelite imaginings—he is a modern Burne-Jones. Viola liked a sculpture of a man's face janus-like with a heavily modelled clock. "Austria's best sculptor and best clockmaker combined to make it," said the gallery-owner, a man in his 30s. Ernst Fuchs has been much honored in Austria—spends half the year in Monaco to avoid large taxes. I wonder how Fred Fuchs cum Schaeffer is making out.

We drove to Berchtesgarten, passing through customs with a wave of the hand from police. It is a sunny village—a crossroads. We drove up the mountain to the centre, from which buses take tourists up the steep incline with hairpin turns to the Eagles Nest, Hitler's hideout. We had lunch while we waited for our bus which left punctually at 1.30. The views over the valleys and of other mountains are dramatic. On reaching our destination, we take an elevator in the cliffside (it is reached through a tunnel into the cliff) and get off at the Eagles Nest which is now a restaurant. After over an hour of climbing about the paths and drinking lemonade with all the other tourists of many nationalities, we took the elevator down, the bus back down the narrow road, and our car (parked near a tree in the centre of the action—rather than in a parking place for 3 marks) back to Salzburg.

We had difficulty finding our end of town because we were tired, but an elderly lady directed me, and we found a free parking place not far from Goldgasse and our Der Goldene Ente. (Yesterday we parked in an underground garage—a direction sheet given us by the pension listed 24 hour parking for 80s, but when I went to pay, I was asked for 154 schillings. I should have had my parking card stamped by the pension if I wanted to pay less, said the young man in charge, who, nevertheless, took courage and signed the card so that I'd pay only 100s, the summer price (80 was for winter).

In the evening we heard a marvelous "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" by a chamber orchestra—3 violins and violoncello, the same and piano, 4 violins and viola. Superb. The lead violinist was a daring and sensitive young man; he led the others with devotion and panache. The pianist played very well—leading the violinist and being led by the violins in turn. The

crowd was mostly young. It was held in a hall in the building cut into the cliff by the small tunnel at the east side of the town—seating a hundred or so. The young were well-dressed, on one side, and dressed in jeans and sweatshirt on the other.

The next morning we decided we could not meet Eva and Ernst Nicolodoni as we planned because time was too short. I called Eva about 8.30. She suggested we stay at St. Wolfgang on the Wolfgang See and come to them at Seekirchen on Monday evening after Ernst had picked her up in Vienna and driven her to their place in Seekirchen. They could get us a room there too. So we drove to St. Wolfgang—actually through it to Ried, and found a house with a Zimmer on the water. Very beautiful. Bathers spending day in the sun. We took a swim this morning—walked a distance into St. Wolfgang, where tourists are there in hordes, had lunch while watching the sailing and sky-flying on the See. The houses are decorated with flowers—the whole ambience with mountains behind, green grass about us and the blue lake before us gives us a pleasant interlude between cities. The sun is hot, the air is fresh—just beautiful!

Monday Aug. 6. We walked down the road for dinner to a Gashaus—2 minutes walk—sat on side terrace. Had Reirecke fish—direct from the Lake (Wolfgang See) and tasty. Came to —with beer, mineral water and coffees—380s. We walked along the road to its end in the twilight—some very large houses are there—perhaps where President Kohl of Germany is staying (the news reports that he is at St. Wolfgang). We slept soundly—the mountain behind us like a sentinel—the lake calm. Ate breakfast on a table by the lakeside. Watched the 2 swans, which range the lake, do their ablutions before us in the shallows. The male rolled his neck all over his body—spent a long time meticulously cleaning every inch. The hausfrau here is very nice—the other guests are pleasant and friendly. Cost is only 160s. We leave early—about 9 a.m. for St. Wolfgang.

Friday Aug 10. No time to write for so long but this 8.30 p.m., safely installed in the Park Hotel Maximilian, I am able to record what occurs to me. After breakfast at Ried, we drove to St. Wolfgang, posted cards, enjoyed again the large houses adorned with flowers along the balconies, brightening their colorful walls even more. We drove about the lake country —Allersee, Mandsee—with their colorful resort towns and arrived by a circuitous route by a back road (killing time) at Seekirchen. The proprietor of an old coffee shop with marble top tables and upholstered chairs on the main street told us how to reach 9 Kappeleweg. I stopped the car at what I suspected was the building and approached an older couple with a tall thin girl who had just left an auto to enter the house. The tall girl smiled at me when she heard my German, and the woman behind her turned and said, “Is that you, David? It’s Eva.” She had grown old after 33 years and 2 children. The tall girl, her daughter Claudia, had her 3 1/2-year old son, Mickey, with her (he looks as if he were six). Ernst went right in. Viola and I went upstairs to his apartment and got acquainted with them again. Eva has very high blood pressure and must be careful. She speaks calmly, almost tiredly. Ernst is tall, inclining to a belly and as warm as ever. Claudia is shy, ventured no information about her husband. She is writing a PhD. dissertation on Austro-German history of modern period. Ernst, an engineer, has headed a small trading company for aluminum and has traveled the world much. Eva stayed home and, so, often they were separated. He may be forced into retirement next year. We went out to dinner. Ernst in the meantime picked up his daughter Auréalie, an artist who sculpts in Salzburg, who joined us. He had driven from Salzburg to Vienna and back to pick up Eva, Claudia, Mickey—so is an obliging family man. We talked about morals and truth—Auréalie differing with her mother. It turns out that Eva has been working for 10 years on a biography of her father, Chancellor Dollfuss of Austria and will not cut it down at the request of her publisher. I advised her to translate it for English audiences, which she may do. She told us that Natasha Stroh, an old friend from Vienna, married again and, after her husband had a stroke and recovered, she had a stroke last January—can recognize no one—is being cared for by her son and his wife. I promised to send Ernst a copy of my auto book and he wishes to send me a copy of the von Mees economics which I don’t want—they are conservative. Eva is a conscientious supporter of Waldheim—must know him. I suggested she read Shirley Hazzard’s book about him. But he published all of the official records, which clears his name, she said. It was started by the

Socialist Party to embarrass him—all these false rumors. He was never a Nazi. She dislikes the Bronfmans, head of World Jewry, Seaman's Whisky and large shareholder of BMW, etc. He has a vendetta against Waldheim. The family made its money in criminal activities during prohibition—for which a brother took the rap for the others.

We spent the night in a room at the Kapelle house next door (160s), drove to the coffee shop in town for breakfast and returned to have coffee with Eva in Ernst's apartment. Ernst, who has installed Eva, Claudia and son in a separate apartment, had to pick them up, then drive to work. Auréalie got out of bed to join us as we were having coffee. We took photos and left. I was interested in seeing them again—but it is true that I am not a naturally warm person and cannot be demonstrative.

We drove to Vienna, arriving about 3—enquired for rooms at 2 places Eva recommended—none. Info office for tourists was being besieged for rooms. We set out to find a hotel on our own—drove further out. [To the southwest because the floodgates had been opened to the former Communist countries and hordes of young people were flooding into the formerly forbidden West.] Finally exhausted we ate dinner in an Inn,—was it at Brun? It was raining, dark and foggy; we started making wrong turnings. Were we in Wiener Neugeldt? or one of the other unfamiliar names? It was 10.30. We could find nothing—found ourselves again in Brun—turned up one street which ended in construction equipment and a tall weird man swigging from a bottle and holding an umbrella over his head, although it had stopped raining. This was no place to spend the night. We drove several blocks away to a dead end street where shielded by bushes on one side and the car from the house across the street, we relieved ourselves by the side of the car, rolled our seats back and slept as reasonably as can be expected until 5.30 a.m. when we started up for Baden—the last town in our quest, which we had been unable to find at night. We were discouraged. Vienna was flooded with cars and tourists. One-way streets were everywhere. The centre of town was for pedestrian traffic—one big shopping mall. Where was the spirit of the '50s, of Greene's *The Third Man*? All gone is the new commercial-levelling travesty of a once-great city. We arrived early in Baden—only 2 people in the centre of town—an old woman who could not understand my German and a younger one who looked in the store windows and stayed clear of us. We breakfasted in the Hotel Central on Josefs Platz—the centre of the walking malls. On inspiration, I asked at the reception if it had rooms free—it had one but only for tomorrow. We'll take it and probably spend tonight in our car again, I explained. The girl at the desk called three places and found us a room at the Pabst Hotel on Renngasse. We rushed there—yes, for 2 nights—unbelievable! but it won't be ready till 12 noon. We walked the streets—visited the tourist office, got local information on this old town of Biedermeier architecture and one-time home to royalty and the rich. It had always been a spa since Roman times. We visited the rooms where Beethoven wrote his 9th symphony and lived for 3 summers. He lived in various houses in Baden.

Once in our room—showered, fed, etc. we took the tram to Vienna (the open Haltstelle) I hour trip—pleasant. Read the *Guardian.* Saddam Hussein of Iraq took over Kuwait whose Emir fled to Saudi Arabia. U.S. organizes nations to impose sanctions and cut off oil pipe lines. Hussein was feeling economic cost of his war with Iran and needed Kuwait millions in gold and oil—has support of Jordan and Palestinians who see him as strong man to attack Israel. Much blame of America, Britain, etc. for selling Hussein modern weapons for his war with Iran and of USA for breaking international law by invading Grenada and Panama—thus setting a precedent. Hussein has best fighting force among Arabs—mobilizing to meet U.S. military threat—fleets sent to Near East and Gulf. Israel must bear much blame for not settling peace with Palestinians and for invading Lebanon and unleashing the evil genii in the Near East.

We wandered the Inner Ring—saw house on Rosauer Laende (no.23 we believe) where we lived at the close of 1957 and through March 1958 when Viola left for New York—brought back many memories. I walked over to Schulz-Strassnitskygasse where I had lived. Viola was very tired from walking—can no longer keep up with me. We went to the Urbani Keller on Am Hof where we met, but, it being closed, we ate in a nearby old cave-restaurant—to celebrate. Came back to Baden and bed. The next morning we toured more haunts in

Vienna. I showed Viola on the first day where I lived at 6 Boerseplatz, where Abel in my novel *That Other God* looks down to see Cain in the rain in Boerseplatz—the balcony in the Hof Palace where Cain brought the country into spiritual communion, and other sites of happenings in the book—Rathaus, etc. She remembered old scenes from the past as well. But Vienna was not the same. The old spirit was gone—it was now a modern commercial city of no character. Yes, we saw many of the pictures we remembered in the Belvedere and the Kunsthistoriches Museum. Viola just wanted to see the Breugels she remembered—and I chanced on the German painters of 16th century and Duerer and Rembrandt, Cranach and Reubens. But we were too tired to see most of the Museum, took the tram back to Baden, had dinner near the Stadttheater and took in "Maske in Blace" by Ferd. Raymond at the Summer Theatre in the Kurpark. Full of life, fun, color, jokes which we couldn't understand —great dances and singing—theatre full—glass roof which moves apart—wooden seats. Happy, sophisticated crowd in a beautiful park with a cafe in the garden where we had a drink at intermission. How clean, fine, safe, etc.—when compared to NYC. Earlier in the day, Viola snapped my photo as I stood next to a statue of my favorite Grillparzer. There are beautiful sculptures here—one of de la Motte Fouqué's Undine—in a fountain.

Our pension would not take a visa card, so the next morning we changed travellers' cheques at the bank when it opened at 9 to pay the bill. No gas stations in Austria will take credit cards, the gas station attendant told us. We filled up with cash. Took road through Bad Voeslau, Guttenstein, to Mariazell—the most beautiful mountain and valley road. The weather was fine—had some very fine views. But disappointed in Mariazell—much larger than when we knew it—and touristy. On through numerous small villages on minor scenic roads to the Autobahn—then between 120 and 140 km per hour to Passau where we changed Austrian schillings left—for German marks. Took the Highway 8 to Regensburg alongside the Danube for a while—at times a wide and impressively strong river. Arrived at Hotel Maximilian in Regensburg after 6 p.m.—ate food we bought en route and retired to read and write. This is an old city with buildings that retain a medieval atmosphere. Stones from the time of Marcus Aurelius, ancient churches, etc proclaim it as a major economic centre of the Middle Ages. The hotel is an old one—high-ceilinged rooms—still with a touch of distinction. Prices: dinner last night 335s, theatre 750s, Pension 1722s, gas 248s; fares Baden-Wien and return 2 x 168 = 336s. Lunch at Belvedere 158s. tickets: Belvedere 2 x 30 = 60s; Kunsthistorisches Museum 2 x 45 = 90s. Incidentals: postcards, stamps 40s and 50s. Dinner in Urbanikellar 580s. Tea en route to Regensburg 5 marks.

One of the strange circumstances in Austria was the presence in the streets of all cities in all parts at all times in all weathers of dark-skinned men dressed in yellow jackets and selling newspapers. They represent the Third World on the fringe of this prosperous European society—testaments to the world's poverty.

We have been dissuaded from further trips to Europe. Hundreds of people spent their time in Baden looking in store windows at expensive goods that they had no intention of buying. The great shopping malls in the cities of Europe emphasize the over-commercialization, overpopulation and greed of the world.

By contrast under the Rococo decorations of Mariazell Cathedral, there were pockets of people in various parts of the sacristy and nave singing, praying, involved in taking communion. The confession boxes in Austria have signs showing the languages the priests therein speak, e.g., English, French, etc. I stood next to one that had a sign with the single word "Magyar." But these small groups of religious diehards are elderly and look more toward salvation of self than of the world.

Saturday Aug. 1. This Park Hotel Maximilian was a select place in the last century, according to a painting of it in the hall downstairs. At breakfast we saw Japanese, an American, Italians, and Germans. Viola said that Japanese assumed their economic superiority with quiet confidence—at least they do not swagger as the Americans in their heyday.

We walked into town to see old churches—St. Peter's Cathedral, a famous Gothic Church from the early Middle Ages is impressive—especially with its intricately painted and beautifully colored glass windows. Its silver sacristy prompted me to take a picture. By contrast, the prim, straight-lined Protestant Church from the 16th century was closed. Of the towers and merchant houses, we were most interested in the house where Johannis Kepler lived and died. It stands tall amid houses on Keplerstrasse, all dating from the Middle Ages. The house-museum was closed Saturdays.

While standing on the 12th century bridge we watched several men, shirts off, soaking up the sun and gliding on a raft with the current. One of them was standing playing a pleasant-sounding trumpet—jazz and modern tunes. They drifted on down the Danube. Viola again tired soon, so we returned to the hotel to eat lunch. We have to do everything at the hotel because it alone seems to honor credit cards. We planned on attending a concert of music from the French Revolution tonight but didn't have enough marks. We drove to the north along the Regen River by Regenstauf and Roeding to Cham and back—lovely scenes of the river riding just below the banks, through woods—and occasionally we'd see people swimming and canoeing—very occasionally fishing. It is enjoyable to cruise along enjoying the scenery—but one has to be prepared for other cars overtaking one in their haste to get somewhere. We tried to drive west but found it difficult to get to the right route, so we came home and parked the car on the street outside the hotel rather than in the hotel garage at 15 marks ($24). This is a good example of tourist rip-off which has somewhat made our trip less enjoyable. We think we will not see Europe again. I might see Prague, Budapest and parts east when they have recovered from the influx of tourists, but since tourism is seen as increasing geometrically in the future, those cities are destined to become shopping malls like their counterparts in the West.

Friday's *Herald Tribune* reviewed 2 books that I would wish to read—Sue Sumci's *The River With No Bridg*e—6 vols. with perhaps 2 to come. About Japan's burakumon caste. She is 88. And Helmuth James' *Von Motte's Letters to Freya, 1939-1945*—from prison before he was strangled by the Gestapo.

Thursday Aug 16. That evening we ate at a Chinese restaurant nearby. Viola was glad to escape the fried and heavy German food.

The next morning, Sunday, I walked about town seeing the Weisse Lamm where Mozart, Haydn and Goethe stayed and other places while Viola read the newspaper in our bright hotel room. I came across a Palace with extensive grounds near our hotel and was informed by a passerby that I could tour it. Our hotel people said a tour was to start in 10 minutes and I fetched Viola and we walked to the front of the Castle in time to enjoy for 3 marks each a trip into the glories of the Princes of Thurn and Taxis—the Palace was built about 1906—the rooms show the riches of the family—the great reception room and the smaller receiving room with its modest throne chair—the bedrooms—beautiful carvings, sculpture—heads of Napoleon and Josephine—the chapel etc. We were taken to the cloister, refashioned from one from the 12th century and saw the crypt for the family. The whole introduction was given by a young girl in German, which I partially understood and translated the gist of it to Viola.

Then off we drove to the Southwest stopping in a town by the Danube to have lunch and on through back woods passing clusters of cars and bathers by quarries appearing every so often. The German women often go topless. On this hot day, crowds of bathers gathered at these swimming holes. Viola hated the sun biting through the car windows. We reached Munich about 5.30, dropped our luggage off at the train station in a locker, and Viola, because she was frightened by the strange denizens of the station, came with me to drop off the car at Herz. In driving this afternoon, I cut in front of 2 more bicyclists who shouted at me. I did not see them. The second was on the bicycle path that runs alongside the sidewalk in Munich. I turned into the Herz driveway completely unaware of the bicyclist cruising along on the other side of the parked cars.

We walked to the Augustiner Restaurant opposite the Ratshaus in the main mall and sat at a table in the restaurant and looked out the open side of the wall at the diners on the sidewalk and the pedestrian traffic. Again we had fried foods—shinken, etc—and beer. A long table of Japanese tourists were laughing and joking in an alcove. The waiter enjoyed waiting on them. We caught the train, having purchased a middle and lower berth in Regensburg, at 10.06. At first, only a young German going to Koln to do social work was in the same 6-bed compartment. We had a sheet and pillow to sleep on—in our clothes. It was warm. I wanted the window open, the German wanted the window closed—we compromised, leaving it open a slit. Two girls climbed onto the top bunks and a young man into the bottom bunk during the night. In the morning only the young man in the bottom bunk remained—a quiet, studious fellow going to England to live with an English family for 2 weeks to learn English.

I caught a glimpse of some of the other compartments which seemed anarchic—a vision of a thin naked young man like a white monkey swinging down from an upper bunk. We slept well enough in our quieter compartment and got breakfast on trays for 19 marks (extortionate, I suppose). The woman porter complimented me on my good German and proceeded to speak in English. We decamped at Ostend, bought tickets for the jet foil, spoke with a young American from Arizona who had worked as a developer there (the Japanese practically own the state) and was about to teach math and physics in High School. He traveled on a Eurorail pass from Italy to Berlin, Greece to Brugge, and around, staying at pensions for under $15 a night. He reminded me of my traveling youth. On the train from Dover to Victoria, we heard nothing but American voices. An older couple sat next to us. He remarked on the heat to me. He threw his cap into his wife's lap. She sparkled and threw it back at him. He did this three times in the course of the rail journey—as if it were the main method of communication between them. Eustace saw us carrying our luggage by the Beverley, where he was drinking, and arrived home some minutes after us. Our departure had been earlier than expected and thus caught him by surprise. We have been settling in here—I enquired about renting a car to go to Devon—£30 a day or £70 for a short weekend—too short for Devon. We are going by train. Did research at the BM Library yesterday—also saw exhibit on Calcutta—the Days of the Raj—not lit well enough and too much emphasis on views of the early city—which before the British set up their post was a muddy village. Finished reading T.S. White, *The Age of Scandal* and Treese's *Electra*.

Aug. 20. Monday. We visited Rita Innes by train in Lapford, Devon—2 hours from London to Exeter. She is recovering from operations to legs for arthritis and to eye for cataract. Managing with pain in her one-floor bungalow. Eustace took me to the nearby pub over the weekend several times—met the locals—pub run by 3 men from London—drinking a lot of beer to stay up with the English. Finished Maugham's *Gentleman in the Parlour* and much of selections from Hugh Kingsmill's writings. Got book of Engel's comments on *Capital*. Returned to London on afternoon train today. In Devon it rained lightly or was overcast. Here it is sunny but not hot. Everyone concerned about war news in Iraq. Westerners to be used by Saddam Hussein in Iraq as human shields for his installations—more Westerners escaping over the desert from Kuwait to Saudia Arabia. This is going to be an uncertain war—possibility of chemical war and nuclear weapons—volatile—oil prices rapidly rising.

August 24. Friday. Weather has been hot—nights cool and balmy. Have done some research at British Library—wrote letters to Ireland re: Justin Brenan and to publisher and others about Louise Milne's papers. Walter Nicholas (now 80) came by one evening with his daughter Rona and her new fiancé Allen who works with her in security. He is Cockney-born and has the manner of engaging one in conversation about the unusual and extraordinary—he began by telling about his midget older brother, who left home about 1948 for America where he was stranded in a circus and stayed to become an organizer of wrestling midgets worldwide. When he was 14, his parents took him for an operation which had 50% success rate to make him normal. 50% chance of fatality as well. "If you love me, Dad," he said, "take me home. I don't mind the way I am." "Get your clothes on, son. We're going home."

Allen has been married twice before—said his security job caused him to work 120 hours a week when he was in "operations." The firm has two people watching every plane that remains in an airport overnight. Saddam Hussein of Iraq has been entertaining tourists in Baghdad for months—thus giving surmise to acts of terror throughout the West.

Rona, a buxom, dark-skinned handsome woman has been married twice too. Allen says he is struck by her openness and naiveté. Charlie, the little Burmese accountant, who was with her two years ago when we saw her, turned out to be a wife beater.

Walter is as charming as ever and still tells stories about himself with much deprecation. He announced that one of his grandsons is entering college in England—very proud. He is the son of a brother of Viola's father—the only child to survive of that family, owing, he joked, possibly to his being christened an Anglican rather than RC like the others who died young. The Nicholas family, owing to Aloysius Nicholas's many brothers and sisters, is very large. Many are in Perth, Australia.

Viola and I went into London in the afternoon yesterday, saw Piccadilly Circus, Regents St., Oxford St.—England is very expensive—as is all of Europe. We had orange drinks and dry cake at Harrod's Department Store's self-serve tea shop—£4.70, that is about $8 American—outrageous! The city is so hot and traffic so busy that we retreated to a bar for 2 hours to await the 9 o'clock performance of Richard Harris in Pirandello's Henry IV—a rather broad satire on identity (at the Wyndham Theatre) but carried off well by Harris. His performance represented a comeback for him as he had been left with drinks and perhaps drugs to the has-been group. At the curtain call he made a plea for contributions to the Young Vic Theatre threatened with closing if it can't raise £100,000. He read a message from Arthur Miller, whose play "The Men Who Had All the Luck" is performing there now.

We are struck by the great number of young in the pubs—the prosperity of some English and the poverty of others (homelessness has doubled here since 1978—now up to 300,000).

Called Findans, Lynn Blake's friend, who just returned from the country and she asked us to come for a drink—but we couldn't brave the heat, etc. of London again. She had not written Lynn for a long time because of tragedy—her 17-year old granddaughter was killed in a train accident and her own mother died.

I've been reading P.G. Thomas' *Aspects of Literary Theory and Practice* and Engels on *Capital* with delight. Found Walter Baxter's *Look Down in Mercy* secondhand, by chance, in Chancery Lane.

Aug 25. Saturday. Rona and her friend Allen dropped by last evening to give me confidential information on terrorism—capsule histories of air high-jackings and bombings—which I might use in fiction. [Unfortunately, I lacked the time to devote to this subject and write persuasively about it, because, in hindsight, popular writings on it may have provoked officials in American governments to consider seriously the possibility of an attack on the World Trade Center.] Have been reading mainly. Viola has been using her free bus pass to go shopping—enjoys being free in her mother's house—showed me picture albums of the family's Burmese days.

Reg Vincent died last Sunday and will be buried next Friday. His son Jeremy flew in from Australia. Viola met "Mac" MacIntosh on the street and Mac, now blind, invited her in for tea, told her that Reg had a heart attack. This was just before we left for Devon. Reg was recovering and had his clothes to go home. Kay left him at 5 p.m.—had 10 minute drive home and opened her door to a ringing telephone and news of Reg's death. Viola called Kay today and learned of the bad news. Kay does not get Reg's old age pension or disability pension—she will be very hard pressed. But she is a sprightly, cheerful person in the face of bad news.

Viola and I called on Mac. She is much the same—looks more wrinkled at 87 or thereabouts—manages with her blindness to do her own shopping and visiting. She has a good memory—gets dizzy when she stands until she gets her balance. Knew Reg for 40 years. Reg and

Kay were to celebrate their 51st wedding anniversary next week. His worries about the Poll Tax are over.

The confrontation with Iraq is heating up. U.N. Security Council agreed to the enforcement of sanctions against Iraq (Cuba and Yemen abstained from voting.)

We leave for N.Y. tomorrow morning. It is almost 81º F in London.

Today's *Guardian* magazine had a piece on Berchtesgarten. We saw the Eagles Nest built by Bormann for Hitler in 1938 at great expense, but Hitler visited it only twice. His HQ was near the town—destroyed by Allied bombing and then eliminated by Bavarian government after the war to discourage neo-Nazis from making it into a shrine. The article discusses an underground train and isolated lake all of which we missed by going to the tourist office for directions—and not taking the road toward "Der Schloss." But if we were deceived, so were tens of thousands of others.

Aug 28/90. Back in New York on the 26th. Flight late by 1 hour but made good time with bus Newark to Grand Central and taxi. Chinese food and did small shopping at D'Agostino's. Weather hot and humid. But tornado in Illinois and terrible storm elsewhere, including here last night, marks the end of the hot summer, I believe. Cool air coming in tomorrow. Called tenants in house in Simcoe, Ont.—the storm blew loose bricks down from chimneys. They promised to fix chimneys last July but will have to get a move on now.

March 10/91. Glanced over this Journal to pick out costs to take as Writer Expenses on my Income Tax. Should bring events up to date. U.S. led a coalition of Italian, English, French, Syrian, Kuwaiti and Saudi troops against Iraq under UN auspices—started bombing Jan. 16/91—bombed with little opposition for 40 days or so until Feb. 24 (?). Then had 100 hour ground opposition—easily defeated Iraqis who were demoralized. Iraqis had terrorized Kuwaitis—forced to withdraw from Kuwait. I opposed the war—wanted to keep up economic sanctions—still believe it was the better course. The war caused disasters—economic, political, environmental (oil flooded gulf waters, burning wells will take 2 years to put out), social. There is Civil War in Iraq now. [This absurd invasion, promoted by false propaganda, came under President George Bush; that his son George, Jr. when U.S. President would crucify the country with a crushing invasion for no reason over a decade later and cause catastrophe for the Mideast primarily and the rest of the world could not have been imagined!]

Also, the Prince Von Thurn and Taxis died a few months ago. Sent Ernst and Eva my book but heard nothing from them—not even Xmas card—must be going through difficult time. Viola sensed it about them—at least, more than I did.

We had been visiting the Laheys in their retirement home, Normandale Farms in Bucks County, Pennsylvania once or twice a year and drove about the countryside to see Valley Forge where Washington's forces recouped during the Revolution and the home of the artist Andrew Wyeth among other sites. They had a rather small living room with a balcony, a kitchen, a large bedroom and study and a smaller bedroom. They took their meals in a large dining room with possibly a hundred others in their age group. Gerald did not find anyone with his knowledge in literature and the arts there, but he took delight in the various characters and their interrelationships—a former judge who read biographies and tried to form a relationship with a younger woman, divorced from a well-known economist, who rejected him and set him brooding; a lady who wrote poetry married to a retired YMCA executive whose mindset was practical; some people they tried to avoid, others they gladly met. The home brought them entertainment and took them to events in cities nearby. When Gerald gave up his apartment on Washington Square—his final break with the atmosphere of academia, he gave his furniture to me, which I trucked up to store on the top floor of our house in Simcoe.

Helen MacAlpin had also entered a retirement home. After Malcolm died, she had us to dinner with her children and grandchildren, to meet most of them for the first time, and spoke of selling the

house. When she came by train to Manhattan to visit me for lunch and a tour of the Library, I noticed her nervousness when leaving. She had her address in her hand and instructions of when to get off the bus, but she admitted she had become forgetful. Dementia was beginning to intrude. Her retirement home in New Jersey was more splendid than the Laheys' home in Pennsylvania and her apartment on the ground floor answered her needs. We visited her there, and she drove us about the area, but, as she dropped us off at the station, I saw that she was nervous about finding her way back to the home. It was a great pity to see this beautiful woman—always vibrant and charming, one-time Olympic skier, political activist, regardless how wrong-headed conservative—fade into a state of memory-loss where only the present moment can mean anything and its cry of identity is "I'm a tough old bird."

Without my studio I traveled by subway to meet Rose in her Brooklyn home. She kept herself slim and beautiful, had two cats for company, walked on errands rather than drive, and kept her old friendships, one with her long-ago lover whose libido had long gone but who enjoyed her company on trips to Europe. Her daughter bore a daughter, remarried and distanced herself, thus depriving Rose of knowing her granddaughter. Such cruelty was hard to fathom; the girl cut herself away from her past in order to live in a new environment of her own making where the present and future alone mattered.

Our tenants in Simcoe informed me that the roof leaked. I asked the real estate agent to hire a roofer to put on a new roof. He hired someone who did a fair job but was notorious for overcharging, and when I protested the amount, the roofer had a lawyer put a lien on the house, which brought me to Simcoe for a hearing. I had to pay what he asked. My lawyer mentioned "Caveat emptor" when I blamed myself for not noticing the leak when I bought the place. Owning a house was to experience unexpected expenses.

I still had dreams of writing a produceable play and attended a night session of would-be playwrights and actors. My "Scapegoat" was read but it dragged. I thought I saw how to improve it but lack of time and indecision made me shelve it for a later period of my life. The other members of this stage group were as lost as I was with no real hope of finding a guide or a means of improving. All were so young in experience and so unschooled in how to proceed. A Canadian actor whose stage reputation was minimal, ran the class, which, I suspect, he looked upon as a supplement to his income. I knew a playwright who worked as a press officer for the Library for a brief period; he had one play produced about love between a priest and a young woman that he had reworked many times. Taste for drama had switched to desire for musicals for some years past. Bill Solly, my friend from McMaster University whom I knew in England, had come to New York City to write musicals. I chanced upon a hole-in-the-wall theatre on East 13th St. named Solly's Follies where he produced his musicals. I attended one out of curiosity. The seating comprised three rows of old leather sofas and a few chairs. The stage, although small, was sufficient. The musical, featuring men and women wearing plaid shirts and singing robust songs about the North, entertained, although it seemed constrained. The singing and acting were good. I asked for Solly but was told he was not available. At least, I thought, he must have had backing and made a living. I met him again only at the McMaster University Class reunion after 50 years; he was still writing and producing musicals. From his web site it was clear that he had tapped into gay themes of growing interest in our ever-changing society.

I had lost touch with my old Canadian friend Dino Narizzano and, looking on the internet years later, I discovered that he passed away in 1983. Dino had introduced me in passing on the street to an ex-Hamiltonian, Jonathan Frid, whose success as Barnaby the Vampire in a TV serial, brought him a fan base. I saw that he was giving a show at the Mid-Manhattan branch library and went to hear him one evening. Afterwards I spoke to him about his cousin Don McGregor, my boyhood friend, who had become a doctor, and he exclaimed that he was just going to visit him in Cornell University where he headed a clinic. Later, Frid dropped me a note to come hear him at a library close to where I lived, which I did. He did skits, read from a writer of horror stories and added nostalgic bits about our home town. He was heavyset now, different from the lean Barnaby of years before. We shook hands after his performance, but I did not wait for him to finish with his fans, which I regret because he could have given me news of McGregor and others. Frid returned to live out his days in Hamilton and, I read, had visited the movie set of the filming of the Vampire story, "Dark Shadows," which had given him his moments of fame.

Viola still enjoyed teaching and often found the response from her students, who so badly needed good teaching and encouragement, exhilarating. She could spell out a dire future as a grocery delivery boy for those who did not take full advantage that providence had given them to study hard. One girl met her on campus the following semester and, saying how well she was doing, exclaimed, "Boy! Did you light a fire under me!" Viola was assigned night classes in midtown, which brought her home by nine in the evening—a risk for a single woman in Manhattan, but she managed without incident.

From my diary, 1991

> July 2. We took a few back roads before reaching the Throughway and then cut away to Niagara Falls—quick entry to Canada. Reached Niagara-on-the-Lake—always a pleasure—still a town of pioneer atmosphere with Canadian class. Found Pillar and Post Hotel on the edge of the central town. Excellent dinner. "Doctor's Dilemma" at Festival—well done—clarified the issues of the play. Next morning (July 3) to Hamilton—banked—bought pair of slacks—and got Viola's immigration business done quickly (sponsorship for permanent residence). Had lunch with Doug Bruce—he is crippled somewhat because of bad hips—uses 2 canes. We picked up sandwiches and visited his apartment. Bev is at cottage in Muskoka. Doug has view that Canadian economy will pick up soon. Retailer who sold me slacks claims that no business would be done if not sold at cost—predicted depression—half of stores in mall would close in a year. The stores in the mall are plentiful. How clean Canada is when compared to the U.S., how tidy! or deadly! [The latter meaning dull, uninspiring and anti-intellectual.] Doug wants me to bury hatchet with brother Alec.
>
> We drove back to Niagara-on-the-Lake and saw Frank Wedekind's "Lulu"—superb, but poor attendance—some of the audience couldn't understand the play—one yelled out at final curtain—after Jack the Ripper type killed Lulu and her Lesbian lover, the Countess: "It sure is a Lulu!" Disconcerting for actors. This must be a problem in Canada where much of the citizenry is mired in the bourgeois dream world.
>
> We had a swim at the hotel pool before seeing the play. Had dinner in downtown tavern, built 1779—2 years after Richard Beasley lived here. Visited Charles Richardson's house—now a B&B place—tried to persuade English proprietor (Heather) to carry my biography of the Major. Called Niagara *Advance* now in Vergil, outside of town, about articles on Richardson—new editor Mrs. Gordon—Shirley Dickson left 2 years ago—knew nothing about articles—so will send her the one on Richardson in Spain.
>
> July 4. Breakfast. Help yourself style at Pillar and Post (Viola thinks that shows German influence in Ontario.)—via QEW to Burlington where I found New Street and showed Viola where a housing development had replaced the Pines—that marvelous stone house and stretches of pine woods—obliterated. Aunt Mont must have made a bundle and lawyer Alec a great commission. It was a devastating sight—took the 24 to 401—up to Barrie, got lost but found our way on road through Bracebridge—Huntsville—then into Algonquin Park. Coon Lake had only 2 families. We took the Beach lot—right on the Lake—drove to town for dinner. Left tent pegs in NY so made do with wood until July 5 when we got metal pegs in town. Rained in night, next day cloudy, but then bright sun—forecast is for storms but weathermen having been saying that for a week and weather has been warm and sunny; went swimming—took long walk. Our little burner doesn't work—we'll go into town before six (Whitney) to see if we can fix it and change money at bank. Lazy day—reading—walked trail for 1 hour—Viola rested in car. The fresh air is great!
>
> Drove to Whitney to get Can$ at bank—open Fridays 12—6 p.m. Our propane lighter doesn't work—probably has dirt in it. Saw moose at roadside—saw wolf crossing the back road. Ate at Killarney Lodge—full course dinner $59, GST 4.14, PSE tax 4.40—about 68 and $7 tip = $75. Too early for Park movie—stopped for view at Two Rivers Lake—then back to Coon Lake to light campfire—many mosquitoes.
>
> We sleep like logs. June 6. Had breakfast after a swim. Lovely clear morning. I investigated the other end of camp—the higher land—where about 5 campers have chosen sites.

Followed a ravine in wild picturesque for a few minutes then returned. Viola saying her prayers before we walk by road to Rock Lake. This is Saturday but not many campers—only 5 excluding us on lower level. Very peaceful. Have been trying to read Chaucer. This kind of atmosphere makes complications (of language) abhorrent.

Went to Rock Lake—hot sun—telephoned Becky Clements in Toronto and left message on recorder that we'll call tomorrow—hope to see her on way through tomorrow. Want to see her baby boy—Anthony. Sat on beach by Rock Lake. Viola took 2 photos of me. Hiked back to camp. More campers arriving. Lunch. Read Chaucer. Viola read Robertson Davies. Swam.

Idea for a publication: 1 volume of Canadian novels: "The Hero", "Pagan Summer" and "Adam". Introduction—tell story of the Hero's attempt to be published, Angus Wilson, etc. and reason for "Adam"; "Pagan Summer" as a slice of life novel. Novel meaning new—these should be called romances. Art is making order out of chaos.

Car would not start at first. The engine shut down in the heat. Drove to Whitney and found that propane lighter had dirt in it and could not work. Had dinner at Parkland Cafe and telephoned sister Ann, who had her family to dinner—so we arranged to visit Becky first, see Anthony and go to dinner. Had interesting night with tent windows open—summer lightning flared up on horizon repeatedly. Saw mother loon with young ones move about Coon Lake at dusk. We made a good fire.

July 7/91 Next morning we packed tent and belongings, said good-bye to our neighbor, a father camping with 2 young sons, and headed west out of the park. Another beautiful day. Drove via Muskoka road—noted Cleveland House and other spots in straitened circumstances—Elgin House is shut down—the old world has died away. Arrived in Toronto route 400 about 3 in afternoon—spent an hour looking for Becky's house (wrong way on St. Clair Ave). Joe was at home—had worked till 2 (this is Sunday)—accountant—partner in firm—upwardly mobile. Fixed basement for living quarters for Filipino girl who they sponsored and looks after Anthony, their rambunctious 1-year old boy. Becky arrived after 4 from work at law firm where she will be taken on full time in January—corporation law. Warren, my nephew, arrived with girlfriend Sandra—she is warm and vivacious—on the plump side. Warren gave me book—style manual he co-authored—will take 1 year unpaid sabbatical from *Globe and Mail* where he is writing one editorial a day and doing comic strip twice weekly—burnt out—will write humour book. Ann arrived—cool at first. Went to restaurant for dinner—fetticini for me. Enjoyed conversation. Warren and Joe do not get on—we think it started from beginning when Joe, married with family, took up with Becky—wife will not give him divorce. We drove to Ann's apartment—large sitting-dining room—one great window—French doors to balcony. Two bedrooms and bathrooms. She is looking thin and old—now 73. Must be worried about Becky—really loves her grandchild. Slept well there. At breakfast Ann thought I was Communist—where do these rumors come from? Took NY 17 back to NYC—lovely day—missed turn off to Parkway—went via Tappan Zee Bridge and expensive tolls—missed FDR turn-off—Viola in fear of Bronx—went over Triboro Bridge, got off at Northern Blvd. in Queens—back to Manhattan via 59 St. bridge.

July 8. Returned car to E43 St. day early. A good and healthy break—nice weather in NY for July 9 and 10—back to work on July 11. Viola starts teaching English Romantic Literature at Pace University on July 15.

Viola to Rita. September 10/91. New York.

Many thanks for your letter. You say that I should not have sent you all those letters about probate and Mummy's affairs. I think you, Donald, and Eustace should he informed about everything concerning our parents estates. In fact, I apologize for not having done so after Mummy died. Eustace should have done the needful.

I thank you for sharing your thoughts and feelings with me. I am sure you have had very good reasons for thinking and feeling the way you did all those years. If I had been rude, insulting, remiss in making you feel that way, I am indeed sorry. But you must not feel you are the only aggrieved person, for you gave as good as you got. I, too, if I wish to indulge in self-pity and claim martyrdom, can list a heap of grievances against you, your husband, and others. But I find all this a waste of time and certainly destructive to one's own self and to others. Like you, I felt Daddy was the only one to understand and extend to me genuine love and understanding. He was the most perceptive, tolerant, understanding, kind and generous person. Too bad he was not given the best of opportunities in his life. That is why I get incensed when people, like Joan run him down. Poor Mummy's character changed with her suffering and pain, and she did not give Daddy the affection and understanding he so generously gave to others, especially to his wife and all his children.

I think you are quite right in your analysis that we four have not been in rapport with each other and it is a shame that all those years have been lost in silent recriminations. I think the reason can be pinpointed to the way we were brought up. In the first place, as Orientals, our temperament inclines us not to speak openly on what affects us deeply and emotionally. Asians are not demonstrative. Secondly, although Mummy and Daddy brought us up well, they never taught us how to relate to others. I will merely list three or four examples of this in my relationship with you. I remember your wanting to read my book From Here to Eternity and I forbade you to read it and hid it from you. You thought I was mean and selfish, but I was only protective of you as that book contained many obscene words, etc. But was I able to explain this to you? No. Like Billy Budd of Melville's story, I was tongue-tied in crucial moments. Another example was when you wanted to join the army in England. I persuaded Mummy to dissuade you, not because I wanted you to be denied what I enjoyed during the war, but because I knew you were not going to have the same experiences I had had. The WAC(I) comprised Anglo-Burmese, Anglo-Indian, and other Asian girls who were well brought up and essentially of middle-class background. Later in the war, the British decided to send their own English girls to work alongside us in GHQi New Delhi. They came straight out of England and comprised the dregs of England (except for the officer-class). They were uncouth, vulgar, foul-mouthed women. They began to scribble and draw obscene things on the toilet room walls. It was so awful and offensive to our delicate Asian upbringing (we never used bad words, then) that we complained, and the English girls had to use separate toilet rooms. I felt these were the kind of women you would have to mix with in the army in England, and, again, I wanted to protect you, and, again, I could not find my tongue to explain this to you, and instead allowed you to be hurt and go nurse and fester a grudge against me. Similarly, when you wanted Dr. Wendt to help you come to the U.S., his wife Anne felt he was taking a risk bringing yet another girl to an unknown fate. You might have thought I had intervened against you, but I never had the chance to explain.

I was so concerned about you that I named you as my beneficiary when I worked in the UN. I told David (you can ask him to verify this) that as you were not married, you had no way of inheriting any capital and I wanted you to have mine. I was thrilled when you married Bert. So you see, Rita, the affection and care were always there.

You say that in your moments of joy, sadness, pain, doubt and loneliness, you did not get the support, understanding, tolerance, and "physical" presence (whatever that means) of your brothers and me. Now this sounds like a cry of indulgent self-pity. You are making yourself out to be the only poor long-suffering, grossly misunderstood little martyr in a cruel indifferent family. Do you think you were the only one to feel that way? If you really think this through honestly, you will find that all of us felt the way you did.

Like, you, I could not stand Morden. I used to spend days at a time with Bunny Blessington and Fay Fannel because their company was amusing, fun, stimulating, educational. They introduced me to plays, operas, concerts, books. My young brain yearned to be stretched. I could not get that from the type of people surrounding us in Morden. We had no telephone then so I could not inform our parents that I would not be home. They were so tolerant and sweet about it.

Without good looks, education, money or family background, I always suffered from a severe inferiority complex. When I lived in London, I was so poor I could not afford to dry clean my dirty, food-stained woollen overcoat. I used to see the pity in the eyes of the people who gave me jobs. Under such circumstances and under the constant cry of poverty of Mummy, etc., it made me seriously contemplate suicide. On my way out of the kitchen, what stopped me, was hearing Mummy humming cheerfully while she cooked. I thought then I could not shatter her life or devastate my family by taking my life. On looking back on all this, I realize none of us was happy because all of us, including Mummy and Daddy, were struggling to survive in a new country which was itself struggling to survive in the postwar world. Poor Mummy and Daddy felt it the worst because they were uprooted in their middle-years. Poor Daddy had to take a low job among low-class men just when he was getting up the ladder in Burma. When you were all at work on my visits to Morden, Daddy and I would go on the 118 bus for a long ride and stop by at a cafe for a cup of tea. He would pour his heart out to me. Often he could not stand the insecurity of Mummy and her constant nagging about money and bills. He wanted to join the Merchant Navy and sail away, he said. Mummy, on the other hand, felt very lonely when we were away at our respective work. She felt no one cared about her either and that she was like a servant in the house. I would take her out for a change—having coffee at Fullers in Wimbledon or to D. H. Evans in London for shopping and lunch and she would pour her heart out to me. Eustace, poor chap, felt put upon by everyone. Whenever Donald and family came to stay, it was Eustace's money too that had to go to buying extra food and drinks. Apparently your husband Bert resented having to spend petrol-money to visit Morden, so Mummy would give you petrol money—Eustace felt this too came out of his pocket. I feel particularly sorry for Eustace because he has never known the love of a woman except his Mother. He has been denied so much of what normal people take for granted: a wife, home, children, etc. How can you blame him for his attitude?

Each of us has had to struggle to survive. I have been humiliated, insulted, exploited especially in my career in the UN. There is no way I could have carried anyone on my back. I never expected any help from anyone in Morden. Mummy and Daddy were like my children. I saw their helplessness, their inability to think in practical terms about money. They had not a clue. It would be a different story had Mummy and Daddy been well-established, and we all had a good education and led professional lives. Life would have been different. We would have related to each other differently. The person who taught me about relationship is Mrs. Beasley. I once recounted to her how a Mr. Steinig had destroyed my career in the UN and how I told him off. "Mr. Steinig," I said, "I have nothing but the utmost contempt for you." Mrs. Beasley listened to my whole story and then she said, "I, too, Viola, feel like telling people off like you, but it depends on what sort of relations you have to keep with them." That casual remark was one of the lessons of my life. I realized that with certain people, especially at work and socially, it is important to keep a modicum of workable relationship, however tenuous it may be.

When it comes to family relations, it is a different matter. I learned my lesson through religion and education. David's cousin, Beverly Bruce, on seeing how much I was suffering, gave me a book Beyond Ourselves by Catherine Marshall. At first, I was hesitant to read it as I thought Beverley was a religious zealot. But I did do so one day when David was at work. The book taught me how to overcome obstacles, how to deal with crises (whether loss of a beloved or difficult relationship, etc.). Most of all, it taught me how to enter into the life of Jesus Christ. When I finished reading the book, I wept and wept, not in sorrow but in some kind of spiritual relief and release. It seemed that all that was troubling me poured out with those tears. That book changed my life. It led me to leave the hateful UN, to go to the University, and the rest you know. Like you, I have since led a richly spiritual life.

My education in the humanities taught me that the human condition is imperfect—all of us are. All of us have hatred, envy, pride, cruelty, kindness, generosity, etc. in us. Many families depicted in the novels and poems have had difficult relationships. The biographies of great men and women are full of stories of difficult relationships among brothers and

sisters, children and parents, etc. These great writers taught me how to see myself, examine my own foibles, deficiency of feeling and understanding, thoughtlessness, blindness, etc. So both my religion and education combined to teach me what great novelists have said is the highest knowledge humans can acquire, namely, self-discovery, self-knowledge. It is the hardest knowledge to acquire, for often we tend to be dishonest with ourselves and tend to see ourselves as sweet and perfect and much injured by others. Once you find out about yourself, you can face anything. Once you get out of yourself, Rita, and get rid of your inordinate desire to be loved, understood, praised, you too will not be hurt. Forget yourself.

As Daddy always told us "Do not expect and you will never be disappointed." You must learn to forgive yourself and then you will he able to forgive others. I used to tell Mummy that because she felt guilty about the way she treated Daddy when he was alive. I told her she must learn to forgive herself and then others and God will forgive her.

Instead of nursing my wounds, and blaming everybody for not giving me the understanding and support and all the things you demand so piteously, I merely went about getting all the things I lacked: education and a small savings in money. If I am not good looking, then I am grateful my husband has the good looks. If I have no family background, then I am grateful my husband has.

One further thing I must say, since this is TA DA (Confession Time!!) David and his family come from a society steeped in tradition. It is tightly knit, and a finely tuned society where certain social codes must be obeyed. One false step, one violation of those codes, and it would mean destruction and ostracism. That is why people in that high class do not talk loosely about each other. Family matters are kept strictly within family. One loose talk, one betrayal, and a family can be ruined. I, as an outsider and an Asian to boot, had to be particularly careful how I behaved and what I said. I was terrified of bringing disgrace to Mrs. Beasley and David who belong to that society and who have to face and deal with members of that society day-in and day-out. You can well understand why I had to keep Paulette, Bunny, and Olga, etc., away from that society. They would not have known this very exclusive society's rules and regulations and might have blundered and brought untold damage on the Beasley family. Mrs. Beasley taught me a lot—of their rituals, nuances, what has to be left unsaid, etc. I used to be appalled that Mummy would circulate my letters to all of you, to friends and relatives who visited. She had not a clue that what I shared with her in confidence about people, including Paulette, Bunny, etc. was broadcast to the world. Such irresponsibility was something I had to guard against. Whereas many people do not matter to me, there are certain people who are vital to my survival in a society like David's family in Canada. I will protect David with my life and will not allow anyone with a careless loose tongue to let either of us down.

My friend in the south of France used to argue with me about my faith in Jesus Christ and God. She would say the usual banal thing about how can God be good when he allows evil in the world. All this has been puzzled over by all the great philosophers and religions in human history. The only way to deal with evil is to put God within ourselves and He will help us weaklings to find the right path even in our relationship with others. So Rita, after all this baring of one's soul, what in essence is it that I want to say to you with all my heart and with the best of intentions to help you cope with your bitterness. Do not dwell in the past. All of us have had to make mistakes, suffer and give suffering to others, in order to grow. Without suffering you cannot grow. Suffering, in a way, is the best way to show us the path of God. Do not indulge in self-pity. What we have done to each other had their reasons—thoughtlessness as children and young adults, cruel indifference to one another’s needs, all in the course of human life. Do not take it to heart but try to get out of yourself and find out what the other person too has suffered. If you can forget yourself, you would not feel so much pity for yourself. I am not perfect and no doubt I will make mistakes and fall down, but I hope that the Lord Jesus will help me up and show me the way again and again. I only hope I do the right thing by myself and by others with a good conscience and with the help and grace of God. I pass this on to you, who no doubt know this already.

> I look forward to living in my own house, but I dread the terrible chore of packing, moving, buying furniture, settling down, changing banks, my way of life, etc. I do not know what is in store for us because Canada is going through a terrible recession and unrest, the taxes are extremely high, and they have to pay an 18 percent goods and service tax and provincial tax on everything you buy, even if it is a stick of chewing gun. But we put our trust and fate in our dear Lord and hope that like the birds we will be looked after.
>
> Sorry about this long letter. But it had to be done. If we are to be friends, then we must trust each other and be loyal to one another. It is never too late. It is not a tragedy as you seem to say in an exaggerated way. There is time to renew our relationship on a different footing. We can be the best of friends, but first remove the cancerous thoughts. You will then be healthy and clean. I have never hated you. Often I felt I could not reach you. So I extend my love and my friendship and hope we can carry on from there. David sends his love and I send all mine to you.

From Viola's description of the society from which I came, one might conclude from this memoir that I was a maverick. But the role of the writer is to reveal the truth or something like it, and, it has become a truism that a family who has a writer born into it suffers the consequences. Unlike Thomas Wolfe, I have not used my family as "grist for the mill" and, so far, have not been condemned for "washing dirty linen in public". To illustrate and probe emotion, however, is to create understanding within the human family. Regarding "society", it changes.

We were impatient for this year to pass and for us to start a new life. I had to work well into 1992, but Viola could leave New York City when her spring term ended. She had her immigration papers, and a medical checkup found her healthy. I was still researching for my biography on the theatre and went to the Rankin Humanities Center in Austin, Texas, to see its collection of manuscripts. While I was at the University, the stage director Jonathan Miller gave a public lecture on recreating great works of art. In question period I suggested that the ballet star Nureyev's recreation of the Nijinsky's "Afternoon of a Faun" from still photographs demonstrated his thesis, but he sounded indifferent and belittled Nureyev's originality, which seemed odd. I went to the reception afterwards but failed to make contact with Miller, so I voiced my argument to a fellow standing by, which may have been heard by others, because the next day the woman clerk helping me in the Library said she thought Miller answered my question well. Celebrity is always right.

I was close friends with Anne Moody in this period and we had many talks on park benches and on long walks. She lived in a world of suspicion and probably with good reason as her great book upset the American establishment, as I mentioned in the Literati section, and she had to fight to keep it in print. The leftwing lawyer Kunstler had helped her in some court fights, but she was living on the margins and her former friends and associates had become wary of her as too easy to take offence or simply too paranoid for comfort. She told me that her sisters tried to persuade her son to leave her and go with them for his own good. Sascha, however, loved her, knew that she was unstable and realized she needed him, despite the bad conditions in which they lived and their isolation from family and friends. The city rental administration tried to depict her as insane to move her out of her living place, which her son called "the Killdump", and I defended her in court as a witness and cited a letter she sent me when I was in Austin which was coherent and gave no sign of mental illness. I liked her free spirit, her trenchant observations about people and politics and her stories about her childhood in Mississippi and her time as a writer guest in Germany. While she was with me, she was reasonable, kind and thoughtful. Although she talked of reams of manuscripts, we knew that she could not write another book. I saw a good deal of her in the summer of 1992 while Viola was in Simcoe and, after I moved to Simcoe, she telephoned from her home in Baton Rouge every so often, her son introducing her as if she were the president about to come on the line, and she would be in a bubbly mood regaling me about incidents in her life and her plans to move to North Dakota or somewhere. She bought my books, which I was publishing from Simcoe. And then, after maybe fifteen years, the calls stopped and I assumed her mind had fallen victim to her illness. I see from the internet, however, that she lives in New York City again and wishes to remain incommunicado.

I made a couple of trips during the year to move my book collection and some furniture to store in our Simcoe house. Then in the spring Viola and I drove to Simcoe to buy beds to put into the house for us to use when we moved in. Viola met the renters, whom she characterized as hippies, and had

unkind thoughts about the real estate agent. We drove most of our remaining furniture in a rental truck to take over the house in June. Viola had made friends with a lady working in the city hall when she called about replacing our roof and now this contact and her friends helped us move in, even cutting down vegetation and trees that had been allowed to grow wild at the side of the house. I stayed for the month of June to help Viola furnish and decorate the house and bought a Toyota. I returned a couple of times in the summer with furniture we had bought in New York. Viola was excited about owning a house, her lifelong dream. We chose it because it was downtown, although our neighborhood was regarded as a bit run-down, and because Viola, who did not drive, could walk to the municipal swimming pool, to the A & P groceteria, and to the shops, banks and post office. And important to her, she wanted a town with a hospital, which was a short drive from our home. I returned to work in the Library to serve the three or so months required before I could retire with a pension.

Vartan Gregorian had left the Library for Brown University to be replaced by the Reverend Timothy Healey, who had been President of Georgetown University where he had Bill Clinton, then running for president of the United States, as a student. Healey was involved in Clinton's campaign. One of his assistants in the Library was George Stephanopoulos, who joined Clinton's election team and later became a television personality. He came to the Economics Division once, his dark eyes fired with excitement, and asked me how to get a book from the stacks. New York City was going through another financial crisis then and threatened to lay off librarians in the branches as in the 1970s. The library layoffs in the mid 70s were counteracted by a federal government program called CETA, which paid the salaries of many laid-off employees so that they could be reemployed. At that time branch library workers resented research librarians, who, being paid from private funds, were not at risk; that resentment flared again when the government was giving the research libraries huge sums to develop a state of the art computer library for its business and science sections and after Gregorian had raised millions for the endowment funds. All attempts to persuade the Research Libraries to share its wealth with the branches were in vain because of the terms of its charter, and, despite that, because of the trustees unwillingness to give the city an excuse to cut more from the branches.

To Viola from me. New York, July1/92.

> I'm enclosing a cheque for $6,000 for our joint account. I won't put money into my B of M account in Hamilton as the money will be needed here rather than there.
>
> I enclose as well your last Chemical Bank statement. Your bank needs to hear from you directly before closing your account. If you call 1-800-243-6800 you can close your account—it should be from May 27 when you wrote cheque 2227 for $3,000.
>
> Keep well, sweetheart, we'll both be occupied this summer—it will pass quickly, I think. The Canadian Consulate is holding a party for Canada Day today, but charging $35, which lets me out. I'll be busy trying to bring order to my papers. As for the Getty rejection, there are other ways to get the ms published. Don't be disappointed. All my love,

I probably sent the manuscript of my biography of the art curator Douglas MacAgy to the Getty Museum's publications department. By this time our apartment was bare of furniture—a couch in the living room and a couple of chairs, a mattress on the floor in the bedroom.

Viola to me. July 2/92. Simcoe, ON

> I just telephoned Chemical Bank, United Nations Branch, and informed them of my new address for tax purposes. I have also put it in writing in case of any foul-up.
>
> Yesterday (Wednesday, 1st July) Sue Berg and her husband from St. Clair Wall Paper and Painting Co. came and put up the blinds. She mistakenly left out the bathroom—so will come again next Friday.
>
> Andy McLachlen and Mr. Rowbottom also turned up the same time as the Bergs to carry the planks up the stairs to the attic (30 trips). Andy now tells me, he made a miscalculation and

that we do not need so many sheets. We can return them and get credit refund for them, I hope. He needed only 20 sheets.

Today, 2nd July (Thursday) Mr Rowbottam came and began painting the living room while Andy carried the insulation bags and is working away in the attic. Last night I removed all the small furniture, curtains and lamps from the living room so that Rowbottom's task was made easier. I also wanted to preserve our furniture. I got up early, breakfasted, walked down to Beckers for the *Globe and Mail* and was ready for Rowbottom and Andy. They came on time.

I shall have to leave them at it and go out to do some shopping—card for Anthony, stationery (carbon, correcting fluid, etc) and some food. Since you left I've eaten remnants from the frig.

I am enclosing (1) an article on VCR. Please make sure you read it and get the necessary gadget. It can be quite complicated. (2) I found the receipt for the sheer curtains which I've asked you to return. This receipt states precisely that I bought two panels 60 x 84. Return them for two 60 x 63 please. (3) The Con Ed bulbs will be sent to each customer under what they call the "Con Edison Enlightened Energy Light bulb Program." I put their phone number in the drawer of the Black Filing Cabinet at the head of my sofa. Call them and order three bulbs they are offering their customers.

It was cloudy this morning. But it has cleared up and it is another beautiful sunny day. This is just a mundane reporting sort of letter. I miss you a great deal, especially at meal times. By the way, Andy was able to open the garage door (where the planks were) without a key!

PS. I'm miserable about Getty. Please look after yourself. Eat healthy foods and slim down. Do not brag too much to your colleagues. They can be jealous and nasty. I'll telephone over the weekend.

To Viola from me. New York. July 12/92.

In a box I am mailing you the letterhead paper, newspapers and magazines by book rate.

I'm sending photos (and negatives, should you wish to make more) and my article by ordinary mail, enclosed.

I am sorting through my papers and packing them. I've got more pictures for our house. Hope to get down to writing soon. I watch very little TV now—sort of hanker after good reading of the deeper sort. This period of being alone may help me collect my thoughts. It is a beautiful Sunday. Hope to go swimming soon and start exercising. At the moment I walk long distances, e.g. to Metropolitan Museum and back. May go to Brooklyn Botanical Gardens today.

I think of you in our home and expect you'll really enjoy it in August when all the work has been finished.

PS. Also including here Walter's [Karp] article.

Viola's routine was to rise after seven, breakfast, then leave for the swimming pool before 8.30, leaving the back door open for the carpenter, Andy McLachlen, chief of his Scottish clan, who was fixing up the third floor. Andy was a great worker, skilled, and cheerful. He recommended an electrician, plasterer and so on. A plumber located two hot water-heating radiators, which he installed at both ends of the attic. The third floor was soon transformed from a bare-boned attic into a long room with dry walls and storage space. Its windows flooded the place with light. The whole was carpeted by a firm from Port Dover. It was to be my library and writing space. Viola, after returning from swimming, cleaned, scraped and waxed my old writing desk with such proficiency that she earned Andy's praise. All this was a surprise to me when I made another trip in August with furniture we had bought in New York. Viola was amused by the idiosyncrasies of the workers and loved the prospect of decorating her new home, which with its gumwood panelling and spacious, well-lit rooms made for a beautiful transition from our New York life to gracious living.

Top left, Iona Abbey, with Mull hills in background; right, near Waldbillig, Luxembourg, 1988; 2nd row, in the Economics Division with my last supervisor, Jackie Gold; our tent and car by the Rideau Canal, outside Kingston, ON; below, our house in Simcoe with magnolia beginning to bloom; Colleen and Jamie Reaney, poets, at a garden party.

Left: Family gathering: Viola, Becky with Anthony, my sister Ann, her son Warren with partner Sandy and Becky's husband, Joe Haines.

Right, Viola walking a trail in the Algonquin Park on our last camping trip there.

Europe in 1990. Top left, Englische Garten, Munich, Viola in big hat back to camera; right, me by our B&B in Ried in Austrian Lake Country;
2nd row, Urbani Keller, Wien, where Viola and I met; right, me by statue of Grillpartzer in the park in Baden;

bottom left, the mountains and valleys seen when driving through the Tyrol, Austria; right, Viola standing by the Baroque Memorial in the centre of Baden, Austria.

TWENTY-NINE—THE GODS MOCK US

In mid-September, on a Sunday evening, Viola telephoned me. She was worried. While exercising on Saturday she noticed a lump on her right breast. She was trying out the various churches on Sunday mornings to see which suited her. On that Sunday morning she was at the Presbyterian Church and after the service was introduced to a biologist, Arthur Langford and his wife, who invited her to lunch at the Golf Club in town. Mrs. Langford spoke of their time in Tanzania and her sudden discovery that she had breast cancer. Viola wondered to me whether she had cancer or was the lump benign? The previous Sunday at the Anglican Church, she had met a friendly, helpful lady, who offered her address should she need any help. I urged Viola to see a doctor. She called this lady, Laura, who arranged for her to see her doctor the next morning. Bewildered and frightened, Viola went from the general practitioner to an x-ray scan to the news that it was cancer. She had to be operated on immediately. She called me Monday night in tears, and I flew to Toronto the next morning, where Laura's husband met me and drove me to Simcoe. I was present when Viola had her operation to remove a breast on Tuesday morning. I stayed in Simcoe until Viola was able to care for herself and regained her high spirits. She told me that the cancer had not spread. She was given a hormonal drug, which was to prevent the disease from recurring.

I was 61 years of age and had to work long enough to where my credit for unused sick leave and annual leave would take me to my 62nd birthday for early retirement. I was worried about Viola and upset that I could not stay with her, but I fulfilled my duties at work and continued researching at the Performing Arts Library for my book on the American theatre. By this time, my friend Ayse returned to Turkey. I saw less of Anne Moodie and talked a few times with Lynn Blake, who thought that I should not leave Manhattan for a remote town in the boonies. I knew that I would miss the intellectual stimulus and variety of entertainment of Manhattan, but the relative peace, countryside and pleasurable living would compensate. Driving out of Simcoe, I was among the farmlands, fields and woods within a minute that soothed the soul. Also, I wanted to write about southern Ontario and would have to do my research there.

Kitty Hood, who had been visiting relatives in Arizona, flew to New York and stayed overnight in the apartment. It was in a mess. A young colleague at the Library was just helping me to carry the remainder of our belongings to a U-haul truck. The couch remained, however, and uncomfortable as it was, it served Kitty for a bed. Kitty was facing a life in her Bar-sur-Loup chalet alone because John Hood had died the previous year, and she, doubtless, wanted to commiserate with Viola. She sat in the passenger's seat as I drove the truck early the next morning past the United Nations, which she had not seen since leaving in the 1960s, over the long highway to Buffalo, and across the Peace Bridge to Simcoe.

Viola asked the few women she had met through Laura, including the Irish wife of her surgeon, to tea to meet Kitty. My mother's gentle life of teas with her friends, which Viola wanted to emulate, was a thing of the past. [After she became friendly with the ladies who swam at the municipal pool, she invited them for tea in the afternoon, but they were not prepared for such a social function and, naturally, did not reciprocate. Customs had changed; the citizens of Simcoe in the 1990s were far removed from those of Hamilton in the 1960s.] We took Kitty to see Niagara Falls and Niagara-on-the-Lake, to Toronto and about the countryside, which is beautiful at that time of year. After she flew back to France, I returned to New York to serve out my time.

Viola met other ladies. Mary Pirie, whose husband Peter was the younger brother of Gordon Pirie, the English Olympian runner; another Mary, the wife of an energetic ex-teacher Chris Lee, who was involved in almost everything in the town, including turning an old railway line into a nature trail from the town to Port Dover on the shore of Lake Erie. One of his activities was to interview local persons on cable TV. When I began publishing my books, he graciously interviewed me several

times to highlight their importance. I heard that the lady, who had lived in our house, had married Northrup Frye, the literary critic, who had spent time in it. Her son, Jamie Brown, in whose name the house had been listed, wrote a couple of books. Hence, there was the sense that the house would pass on to me the literary inspiration I needed.

Owing to Viola's need for me in Simcoe, I took my retirement in mid-November, 1992. My combined unused sick leave compensation and annual leave left me a month short of my 62nd birthday, which, fortunately, when, in 1993, I visited the retirement office in Buffalo, did not affect my pension.

My colleagues in the Economics Division organized my farewell party. It was held in the Trustees Room and attended by friends from the various departments in the Library, including the Director of the Research Libraries. Larry Lader and Elaine Wrong were among those friends who came to the Library to say good-bye. Ray Markey, now president of Local 1930, who took me to lunch one day, was there. His mother was dying of cancer, and he sympathized with my concern for my wife. Markey was a true union man and should have been president before he was. He differed from me on the agency shop problems, but that difference was philosophical; he tended to support the union position over the individual whereas I, although trying to keep unity between the Local and DC 37, tended to favor the individual. Markey got on well with DC37 bosses and was offered the job as union representative at one time.

When DC 37 bosses were meeting clandestinely with management, excluding me from their discussions, I had been warned by John Cory that "they" feared that I would share confidences with my board members. Since I had no idea what he was talking about, I had no comment. But I think in hindsight that both management and union did not want any objections from me. There was also the dislike for me by my Council manager, Stan Propper [on whom I based the character of Poppin in *The Grand Conspiracy*]. He hated "Harvard types" he said and seemed to classify me in that august group. Some time after I was out of the presidency and coming from a discussion with him and others on a staff grievance, he looked back at me with a pugilistic expression and said, "Do you want to go outside?" I thought he was speaking to someone behind me and looked back to find a friend bowing his head as if he had not heard. It was absurd behavior but expressive of his way of dealing with disagreement. Our Local 1930, by this time, was a shell of its former self. Markey became president after many of our gains had been lost in the general "give-back" policy. A few years into his tenure, he was confronted with the corruption scandal at DC37, which I mentioned earlier. Thirty union people went to prison, thanks to the courage of a few unionists.

At my retirement party, my colleagues each spoke some words in appreciation, and I cut a cake after thanking them in a doggerel poem in imitation of a female colleague, who specialized in doggerel for such occasions. The Library had gone through many changes since I started there twenty-eight years before. The Trustees Room, for example, had been off limits to staff, but, after the sunshine laws were passed disclosing the privacy of public concerns, the staff held parties and staff orientation tours began there. The dress code had changed years earlier; the men had to wear short-sleeved shirts and ties in the hottest weather when the Library was without air-conditioning and the women had to wear dresses and skirts until the rules were relaxed under pressure of the day and men could have open collars and the women wore slacks. The strict timing of coffee breaks was broken after many staff protests and union grievances. The disinclination of management to treat professionals professionally had not changed, however, and probably got worse as automation took over. I was glad to leave; I wanted to breathe fresh air, a change in atmosphere. For the past sixteen years, since leaving the union presidency, I had been intentionally ignored and passed over by Library management for ostensibly forming the union. Yet the organizer of the union in the Brooklyn Library had become Director of that Library. He had not, however, made waves. A colleague suggested, after she retired years later, that I was not promoted because I was not gay. In the Research Libraries most of the male librarians were gay but that did not mean that they were an exclusive group, although I was not invited to any of their parties outside of the Library. True, John Ganly was gay and the chair of the committee, which appointed him Chief of the Division, was gay, but his ascendancy had been planned long in advance of DiRoma's retirement. My good friend, Will Coakley, who published my articles in the Library's *Humanities Bulletin* and a superb, award-winning poet, who was gay and promoted gay culture, wrote a farewell article in a Library *Newsletter* listing my accomplishments. Wondering why I had not been promoted in twenty-five

years, he suggested it was because I had organized the union. He must have been right, but management needed servants to act for it. Edward DiRoma's malevolence, his use of Alice Plowitz to write a negative service review, which I negated through arbitration, were the tools of oppression. When the Personnel Director, Billy Wilkinson, had to admit to my winning my grievance, he said, "You had a good lawyer," which indicated that he did not intend to honor the result.

DiRoma's attitude is not hard to dissect. I learned, long after the fact, that he, as assistant to the Director, had nixed my report on government publications, which explained his wish to quash my developing the municipal documents program that came out of that report. I overheard him, when he was newly appointed Chief of the Division, say to his assistant that I looked like an English schoolboy, which, considering that I was in my mid-thirties at the time, was not a compliment. The operative word was "English". He once chided me for coming from a country with the word "Dominion", although Canada had not used that title for many years. His inference was that Canada was a British colony. The knowledge of some Americans about Canada appeared to have ceased about the time of the American War for Independence. DiRoma was a thin, small, unprepossessing fellow with a crippled leg, who could have resented my appearance and the opportunities I was given in my early days in the Library. I sensed this at the time but did not reveal it and kept our relations as polite and respectful as I could.

Regarding the question of "gayness" in the workplace, I think that generally it is the character of the person rather than sexual orientation that determines if there is bias, although preference can influence the decision. Only once in my long working association with John Ganly, which was always agreeable, did I notice any bias: when a self-consciously friendly librarian was hired to our Division, he referred to him as a "faggot," which indicated a difference of orientation within that sexual category.

Markey held a farewell party for me at a downtown pub, at which a reporter from the union newspaper interviewed me for an article, which appeared months later under the headline "Library Guild Founder's Legacy of Activism." Markey was among the activists who valued my perseverance under management pressure for the good of the staff, but he could not have guessed how lonely my position was in my final union years when I was doing all the chores and endured the general pessimistic view of our future.

Rose gave me some pictures, a record machine and an antique table. She had been a great lover and a valued friend. But, like Theseus, I had to cut the thread to leave Ariadne on the Cretan shore.

Simcoe, Ontario, December 6, 1992.

Dear Colleagues of local 1930,

The delightful party at the Chelsea Commons at which you presented me with a plaque, now hanging on the wall of my study here in Simcoe, and with a powerful short-wave radio, over which I have been listening to New York Ranger hockey games among other important programs, will be a fond memory. I thank Ray Markey and the Executive Board for being so thoughtful as to remember me and my one-time single-minded dedication to the union cause.

I cannot help but think back to the days in the sixties when a few of us set about persuading other library workers that a union of us all would benefit the library worker immediately and in the long term. I saw the union, not as an impersonal political organization secretly making deals with management, as some predicted it might become, but as a combination of individuals coming together to press for benefits and rights which gave dignity to library work and protection for us all. The first contract we negotiated with the management of the New York Library upholds the right of the individual; our grievance procedure still allows the individual to carry his grievance, alone if he wishes, through the union procedure. We have suffered some damage to this original concept over the years, which led to setbacks to the worker, but owing to this concept we have a goal always ahead of us and can return to our initial efforts and overcome the setbacks.

Our idea was to bring reform to the Library as well and this did take place in large and small ways, although too often Library management reacted hostilely and misunderstood us while it clung to its belief in the divine right of the Director.

> As I said at the party in response to Ray Markey's generous praise, my years with Local 1930 were the most exciting of my time in New York, but I also enjoyed serving the public, among whom I made many interesting friends, in the Economic and Public Affairs Division of the Research Libraries.
> May I say a word of thanks to my colleagues in the Library for giving me a couple of spirited and moving "au revoir" parties and also to those persons who invited me to dinners and drinks. My wife, Viola, joins me in thanking you for the thoughtful gifts, one of which, the Isaacson biography of Kissinger, she has been reading in sick bed and erupting in gales of laughter at the absurdity of Government machinations—always a sure cure for any ailment.
> I know that you will prosper if you work united towards the common good of your colleagues. Best wishes for good contracts. Fraternally,

Chris and Mary Lee and their friends threw a party for me in their home when I arrived in Simcoe, although I was a stranger to all of them. Viola and I were asked to join a group of couples, who met in one another's houses once a month to hear a speaker on a subject picked by the host. The Norfolk Golf Club, a nine-hole course in the centre of town, had plenty of activities, plus tennis and squash courts, which I used. Arthur Langford, then 83, very spry, had played squash when he taught biology at Bishops' University for years and now took me on with his tricky play. It took me a couple of years before I could beat him consistently. His wife, the closest to being an intellectual in the area, became a friend of Viola's. Her first husband, a forest warden in New Brunswick, was killed by a hunter. I picked up tennis again and delighted in the games. The former owner of our new home, Allway, dropped in to say how glad he was that the house had come into the hands of people who would restore it. His wife's aunt and uncle had built it in 1931. We discovered that he, as a teen-ager, had been instructed in tennis by my father on the tennis courts at the head of James Street in Hamilton. He brought his wife to tea and I showed her the attic transformed into a library. Allway, a mild-mannered, thin, white-haired man, got up at 4 a.m. and took long walks but suffering from prostate cancer he died within a few years, followed shortly by his wife. Unknown to me, another death from cancer about the time we arrived in Simcoe was my cousin Annette Zealand, who had lived in nearby Port Dover. As a lonely spinster she married the much-widowed Moore, a squat florid man, whose wives had left him money so that he boasted of his millions, some of which must have been Annette's. Nearing 100, he married a local lady, who contracted to take care of him in exchange for his wealth at his death, which happened a few years later.

I looked up John Munro who worked as an immigration lawyer in Hamilton. He had been through hell in politics, accused of misusing money for his campaign for the Liberal Party leadership, which, he told me, he competed for to bring attention to the problems of the First Nations, whom he had served as a cabinet minister. After submitting to years of investigation by the RCMP, he was cleared by the court. But it had cost him much in emotion and finances. He had married for a third time; his wife was from Indonesia of Chinese extraction; her brother, whom John knew, introduced them; she had a young son from her first marriage; she accompanied John to our home for dinner several times but said little and seemed a dull personality. John ran for mayor of Hamilton, but, appearing old and tired on television, he lost. His splendid contributions to Hamilton seemed to be forgotten, except on one occasion. He invited us to attend the naming of the Port Hope airport after him. He marched in behind bagpipers and in front of a large seated audience, and we listened to politicians praise him. He was very pleased by this recognition.

Viola and I had our books, newspapers, and Canadian TV news and interviews, which we found superior to American, and looked forward to a long and happy passage into old age. Then, in March 1993, cancer struck Viola again.

From my diary.

> Sept 1, 1994. In Simcoe, Ont. Living here since end of November '92. In 1993 we heard from Ernst [Niccolidoni] that Eva had died—she died Jan. 31, 1993.
>
> We [had] decided to make the break with NYC. In 1989 summer we bought the house in Simcoe while on a camping trip—rented it for 3 years. Viola moved in, in June '92, while I

trucked furniture, etc. from NYC several times till Nov when I had enough time at work to carry my payroll to end of March ’93—close to my 62nd birthday and social security payment.

Viola found breast cancer in Sept. I was with her for the operation and recovery. Had recurrence in March ’93—small operation—then radiation treatment at Hamilton cancer hospital, Nora Henderson, in June and July. She spent weeknights in lodge there—gratuite. [She walked quickly in high spirits and was a favorite with the other patients who came from all over Ontario. When they sat down together to watch an ice hockey game, the men were amazed that she knew all the players and their scores. I picked her up on Fridays to take her home for the weekends.]

Had book-launching for self-published *That Other God* in August 1993 at Lynnwood—James Reaney introduced me. [The curator of the Art Museum, Ellen McIntosh-Green, who had kept the gallery going despite no financial aid from the municipality, suggested the launch and telephoned Reaney, who must have been surprised but readily agreed to drive down from London to introduce me at the launch, attended by our new friends and my nephew Warren and niece Becky and her baby son from Toronto. I bought a Macintosh word-processor and scanner to produce a digital version of the ms, then had it printed locally. My Davus Publishing Company commenced in Canada from this date.]

Very cold winter of ’93-’94. Viola had attacks, couldn’t breathe, great pain, doctors thought it pneumonia once but bewildered by later attacks—finally in Dec ’93 respirologist Puksa in Henderson Hospital gave her lung and leg scan—found blood clots in lungs and huge clot in left leg—she was down to 44% of oxygen intake—below 50% is thought fatal. Immediately she was hospitalized, had oxygen and anticoagulants. [Anne Beasley visited her in hospital but declined to explain the enmity of Alec towards me.] Long recovery—overweight. Swimming again, but still has not recovered full use of lungs. Had scans and x-rays today—is progressing—cancer in abeyance. [The leaflet describing the hormonal drug the doctors prescribed stated that it caused blood clots in 3% of the population, but neither a general practitioner who threw up his hands when he could hear no sound in her lungs nor the woman doctor to whom she complained of pains on her visits to Hamilton thought of this. The woman doctor, to whom I pleaded to do something and who arranged for the scan, came to her bedside in a repentant mood and retired from the profession shortly afterwards. Viola, who used to love taking long walks with me, could not go more than ten yards without breathing hard, but she insisted on shopping three blocks away for groceries and pushing them back in a cart and walking to the swimming pool for the exercise. She was determined to cure herself.]

We attended plays at Niagara-on-the-Lake (Shaw’s “Arms and the Man” and “Too True to be Good”) and “Busman’s Holiday”; at Stratford “Cyrano” and Reaney’s “Alice Through the Looking-glass”; and heard Sunday morning talks by Vonnegut, Davies and will hear Marg Atwood this Sunday); went to Blythe to see “The Black Bonspiel and Willie MacCrimmon” and a play about a middle-aged woman having to get her mother who suffers a stroke to move so she can sell the house—a comedy of modern times. These were good comedies. Viola liked the broad farce of “The Black Bonspiel” and the wicked devil who curls for Willie’s soul. W. O. Mitchell was signing his books. Short, balding, slightly dulled with age, he asked me my name and then explained that in signing books, it was customary to sign the first name. I smiled and said, “Then just David. We’ll be on a first name basis W.O.” When he returned the book, he murmured, “I suppose I should have signed ‘Bill’.”

The Shaw plays were good and relevant to today, e.g. war in the Balkans (Yugoslavia) and breakdown in culture because speech below the belt took over in the 1920s. Cyrano was too long and too intermixed with crowd scenes and their carryings-on. “Alice” was well-staged—delightful.

I experimented with self-publishing but usually sent out a manuscript to a publisher first to see what the rejection letter would say. I found book cover designers. *That Other God* was printed locally—badly and too expensively. *The Jenny*, my detective story about a stamp theft, was printed by a

Buffalo printer. I attended a self-publishing conference in Traverse City, Michigan, where I discovered the so-called "printing Mafia" near Ann Arbor would have done the book at a fraction of the cost; I used one of those printers for my next books. All of my books, unchanged from lying in manuscript for years, received excellent reviews. I distributed them to the Chapters book chain, to some independent bookstores and to tea shops in Southern Ontario on the hunch that tea-drinkers would likely be book readers. I sold at craft shows. My most expensive book was *Understanding Modern Art; the Boundless Spirit of Clay Edgar Spohn* because I included 18 pages of his paintings in color. Although I had book launches and gave slide lectures on Spohn's paintings, I sold just a few of the many I produced and had several hundreds in storage waiting for the world to wake up and recognize the greatness of this artist.

Viola and I drove several times to Bluebell, PA to visit the Laheys in their retirement home. Kay Lahey booked us a room at the Holiday Inn, a half-hour drive away through the pleasant countryside, and in later visits we stayed in their retirement complex. Although Viola feared long trips, she decided to visit England once again to see her siblings.

From my diary.

> England 1995. Arrived by Canada 3000 Charter at Gatwick airport May 31 at noon—6 1/2 hour flight from Toronto. Eustace met us—rented Eurocar Peugeot 405—drove to Kingsbridge Rd., Morden in roundabout way because road construction caused us to miss the turnoff. Eustace is older-looking—arthritic right arm which he carries gingerly—slightly bloated belly from anti-arthritic drugs given him—but still cheerful. Shopped in Saintsburys—new mammoth store off London Road. Went to Beverly Pub with Eustace—met 3 of his friends and Jerry Haggerty—one had been in Canada training as pilot during WWII—in Saskatchewan. Spoke about my visit to deserted air training centre at Port Maitland on Lake Erie—turkeys now raised in the old hangars. Jerry is looking older and thinner—his face slimmer, eyes larger. Has been doing draftsman work on his own. His daughter Geraldine graduated from college recently—social work. Son Andrew works as clerk in retail business in the north. Jerry is thinking of returning to Ireland—looked around the country for suitable place—thinks he'll settle in the West. He asked us over to his house when we return from Devon. Slept long—making up for jet lag. Went to Barclays Bank at "top of the road". Viola got her bus pass—drove to Cheam—old secondhand book store closed 6 months ago—went to 2ndhand bookstore in Croyden—didn't have works by Whitaker, Treece, Richardson—but left my card—picked up novel by Lawrence Durrell, *TUNC*. English money has changed—smaller bills—had to exchange £10 notes at bank. Things are much the same. Little cars, swift traffic. Had tea at public house Wooster Park. Have been plotting visits en route back from Scotland—major attraction is Mentmore in Leighton Buzzard for Reverend Joseph Beasley connection—want to see Ampthill and Woburn Abbey, Sutton Hoo.
>
> July 2. Sunny morning in whitish sky—like milk. Leave for Rita Nicholas's house (Innis) in Lapford, Devon today. Her 65th birthday is tomorrow. Am reading Rimbaud's *Season in Hell and Illuminations*.
>
> July 4. Drove at a clip south on M4 and M5 to Exeter, Devon—had lunch at pub on A337—drove through centre of town—too much traffic, saw little. Showers. Speed limit is 70 but Eustace implied there was no limit. I was doing 100 at times. The pub people were cheerful—called us "dear" and "love" and called "good-bye" as we left. Rita is thinner. Still walks with aid of canes—legs still fat—she is cheerful. She took us to a B&B deep in the green hills of Devon through a maze of narrow roads hewn between high hedges. Clothilde is Chinese from Trinidad—very kind, pleasant—about 70—married to Barrie Smith, an Englishman who lived in the West Indies. They came to Devon when he retired 17 years ago. They have 2 daughters and a son, married and living elsewhere. Lovely big farmhouse in the rolling hills—he keeps a few sheep but makes money on B&B, teas, functions. Donald Nicholas arrived from Scotland by train at Exeter and stayed at Rita's. We spent Saturday at Rita's home in Lapford and went for a drink to the old Lapford village pub—which was built to house the workmen who built the church—which was financed by one of the killers of Thomas à Beckett as penance.

Saturday night the Barrie-Smiths provided a delicious meal on the occasion of Rita's 65th birthday. Rita invited her friends Dan and Yvette Beer as well. Much to drink. Clothilde is a warm and lovely person—did a great job with the meal. Weather on this Sunday morn June 4 is still cloudy with occasional bursts of sunshine. We leave today for London—Donald goes back to Scotland—we shall pick him up to put him on 1 p.m. train.

July 7 (Wed) Getting ready to motor to Scotland. On Sunday we dropped Donald at Exeter and he entrained to St. Andrews (the lone person in his carriage and served hand and foot). Before we left, Rita told us that Dan Beer had been her first boss in Devon—he is thin, fit, bespectacled, crew cut, eager—his wife is thin and sickly dark. She told us Clo was paralyzed by stroke in 1981 and still has effects of it. We took a scenic drive back A377, through the south, stopped at 16th century inn, Otter Inn, on the Otter River, for lunch—which was too crowded inside—so we sat at the picnic tables on the lawn by the river—a sunny, warm day. I watched the young English parents with their little children clambering around with the ducks. One pretty young woman with a toddler in tow smiled at me—not until I saw a young man with a big mouth and somewhat stiff approach pick her up did I realize she was a hooker—she seemed pretty and so young—she made him trot the boy about while she drank wine before they drove away. We met with lots of traffic on the M3 and were tired when we arrived home in Morden.

On Monday I took the subway or underground to Tottenham Court Road and BM Library (£3.30 day pass plus 70d for initial bus). Had to have color photos taken for admittance card. Several books took 48 hours to deliver from Woolwich. When it closed at 5, I walked to 2ndhand bookstores and even through those on Charing Cross Road—found 1st edition of Grove's *Master of the Mill* for 50p and got book of essays about Scottish literature. Home by 8.30.

On Tuesday to British Library again—finished my work—looked through directory of 2ndhand bookstores for British Isles—bought Derek Raymond's last mystery *Dead Man Upright*—he died last year—read it on underground returning—arrived Morden 6.30. Read it in evening. His detective is present in mind but his description and characterizations are very much secondary to the other characters and action.

Monday evening. Haye's House, Corbridge, Northumberland, an old Saxon town. We started at 9.30 a.m. to miss the traffic rush to work and took hours and several directions from kind Londoners before we reached the M1 north. We stopped for lunch at Travelers' Stop off the M1 just outside London, then at another Stop at 4 for tea, where a helpful, grey-haired Englishman of middle height disturbed our conversation about routes to take by telling us to avoid Leeds and take the M18 to the A1. We did so and went through green picturesque hilly country. Arriving at Corbridge at 6 we spotted this large mansion, and have a room with windows overlooking the back lawn and the gradually climbing hill behind it. I can see there is a cactus plant growing in the backyard, believe it or not. We ate dinner in town at the Black Bull Inn—I had local gammon with cheese—delicious. Strolled about the town—several old coffee houses—one in a building from 1775 or thereabouts. Will visit Barclays Bank tomorrow morning after breakfast at 8.30—Cost for B&B £16 each.

July 10 Sat. On Thursday we visited Hexham Abbey and the market place with remnants of medieval look and atmosphere. The stool (pre-Conquest), which gave sanctuary to whoever sat on it, was interesting. We looked at the ruins of Jedburgh Castle without paying £2.50 to scramble over them and had lunch at Jedburgh. The A68 to Strathkinness was up and down through scenic landscape. Donald Nicholas reserved a B&B for us on the main street of the village. That evening Christopher Nicholas bused in from Dundee—his face has had surgery to take away the burn marks—he looks much better—'handsome', Viola says. Donald and I picked up Liz and Michael in Guardbridge, and we all had dinner at Joan and Donald Nicholas's house. Liz is 5 years older than Michael, divorced with 3 daughters who live with the father. She is a go-getter—got her degree in teaching when Michael got his in social studies. Joan and Donald feel she is using Michael—know he will inherit some money. She is quite plump, very Scottish, intelligent, speaks well on many subjects—I liked

her but Viola is wary. She invited us to dinner on Friday night, curry—Viola had told Nicholases she would take them out—so Nicholases were invited too. Viola is pleased that Michael speaks well and intelligently. Slept well at B&B—beautiful sunny day on Saturday—with Nicholases to St. Andrews—bookshops—golf course—breakers in background running onto beach. Went to secret bunker outside St. Andrews—for 40 years this was HQ for command of nuclear war in West—the underground rooms and equipment seemed old and outdated, but it was an interesting experience. Had dinner at Liz and Michael's flat—top floor of 3-storey building—Liz was trying to be nice to Viola, but Viola was more interested in Michael—evening passed off fairly well. They need money—both work—Liz applying for teaching job at Madras College. Michael works as hospital clerk.

Saturday—cold and windy—drove over A68—several blind summits—went beyond Corbridge to near Richmond—village of Skeeby—found B&B, small house but charming couple—he raises homing pigeons—raced 20,000 that day—transported to France and let go—winner can receive as much as £1000—ancient custom here. He works 6 days a week and still finds time to race pigeons. She came to this area from Newcastle during war when age 4 and stayed. She likes travel reading—so will send her *Through Paphlagonia* (Vennie Bowler, Woodside, 1 Richmond Rd., Skeeby, Richmond, North Yorkshire DL10 5DR) drove through picturesque scenery after walking about Richmond on Sunday morn—Towns with Saxon bldgs. and relics—then to A1—M18—M1 to Milton Keynes through Leighton Buzzard to Mentmore where the St. Mary's Church of ancient times has grave of Rev. Joseph Beasley, who hanged himself after seeing corpse coming across the fields from Ledburn. Went to find B&B in Wing (£20 each with en suite)—back to investigate church in Mentmore—spoke to old man, Pennell, who lives with huge breed of German Shepherd in the stone cottage at the gate to Mentmore Castle. He knew Beasley story—said it was widow's casket being borne across the field—woman he loved—rich widow who rejected him—hanged himself—1742. The castle was open for viewing Sunday afternoon—Indian Maharishta bought in 1974 for £240,000 with 90 acres—houses in district with no land sell for £100,000 more than that now. Built by Rothschilds—daughter married British MP Lord Roseberry—his son lived in it until he died in his 90s—sold estate—sold furniture to pay death duties. Pennell, who lived in the castle—left cottage for life in will. Went to local pub for dinner—run by Frenchman—very good food—Viola had mushroom stroganoff and I had lamb chops. Couple drinking at bar—man struck up conversation—worked for BBC—commuted to London—doing film on American art—told him about Clay Spohn and John Hultberg—took down names. Robert Hughes is doing film. Spoke about NYC, Canada, Britain economy—rich getting richer—corruption, etc. etc. His name is John Bush—his wife had left to get dinner while he sat at our table—gave him my card. On driving to Ledburn to look at village, saw Pennell with his dog—he asked brother, who had been warden at the church for years about Rev. Beasley's library. It was sold about 30 years ago to raise money for church—Pennell against it because works valuable and part of town. Amazing that they could have remained untouched in the one building for over 200 years. Drove through Ledburn back to Wing and B&B. It is now past 10 p.m. Shall finish *Dead Man Upright* (Derek Raymond)—forgot to say that on Saturday went to Edinburgh and visited several bookshops—bought Hazlitt on *Shakespeare's Characters* and Henry Treece *Orestes*. No sign of Herman Whitaker's works. Pennell suggested visiting the archives at Aylesbury—will do tomorrow (Mon. morning June 12).

June 14/95. Parents of the boy running B&B at Wing arrived back from visiting their eldest son in Wales and gave us breakfast (room was actually £17 each). We saw the Saxon Church in Wing and drove to Aylesbury (I was much taken by inscriptions in the Church, for instance, to a student at Queens, Cambridge by Earl of Chesterfield for his gracious and understanding temperament—he died in his 23rd year—took picture of sculpture in nave of Church.) At Aylesbury the Record Office was closed, so used the Reference Library—found no reference to Beasley in parish records—but printed reference to Hornsby as one who committed suicide when confronted with ghost. Mystery deepens. Librarian suggested that Beasley not connected with Church but a clergyman resident in the district—did not turn up in Alumni Oxienis—must see if in Cambridge graduates list when can visit BM Library. Beautiful country and villages. Took M1—M25—A3 back to Morden—very quick, no

trouble. Eustace returned late from shopping and the pub—surprised to see us. My appreciation of trip—first, the English countryside; second, the elegant old houses in those little villages still kept behind high hedges, stone walls and large green fields as they were 500 years ago.

Friday June 16/95. Researching at PRO in Kew Gardens. Bought some books in Croyden bookshop. Today went to Frognall to get info on McKee Rankin at University College School—nothing there—to Highgate for bookstores. *Guardian* newspaper has brief column on writers and their preferences in reading—today Fred d'Aguiar (won 1994 Whitbread first Novel Award) *The Longest Memory*—best book read in last year. Wilson Harris's *Guyana Quartet* (Faber), Rawls, *A Theory of Justice*—liberal classic transformed philosophic enquiry, Ronald Segal, *The Black Diaspora* (Faber)—history of blacks south of Sahara from pre-slavery to the present.

Sat. June 17/95. Drove to see Fay Pannell in Harbridge near Ringwood, south England—cloudy, showery day. She lives in old thatched roof cottage—hadn't seen her for years—looking older but well—gave us a delicious dinner—is active for animal rights—protests shipping of animals to continent for slaughter—still Conservative, a Thatcherite. I told her about Marx's *Capital*—how an understanding of the system will help her. She and Viola spoke of the past, of Bunny and her rapid death from stomach cancer. Touched on many subjects—will send her copy of *Through Paphlagonia*. Her dog, Annie, is self-destructive—bites tail—told her to see a vet. Drove back quickly—easier than going. Harbridge is a village with few cottages snuggled away in foliage—Faye loves her hideaway—organized village against those wanting to mine gravel on which village sits. Her son Peter, with 3rd wife, touring Greek Isles on yacht—daughter Penny lives in London—works—devotes time to abused and battered. At 7 we meet Jerry and Margaret Haggerty at Beverly pub.

The Beverly pub has deteriorated since 1990—furniture poor and scruffy, decor dark and worn—like the country. Jerry and Margaret are looking for a house in south Ireland to which to retire. Their son Andrew works in the north; their daughter Geraldine has a boyfriend who travels the world for a company with HQ in Schenectady, N.Y.—General Motors—and is in Paris with him this weekend. She is graduating with BSc. from University of Belfast early next month. We had a pleasant discussion. Jerry will pick up Eustace at Gatwick airport when he returns on July 11 [from visiting us in Simcoe].

Monday June 19/95. Yesterday and today were sunny and bright. Walked to Nonesuch Park and around it yesterday afternoon—unchanged—plenty of English people with their dogs. Watched a bit of tennis on TV. Sampras won the Stella Artois Cup over Guy Forget—very close—saw episode of Fawlty Towers—looking very dated now. To bed early. Relaxing at home today. Noticed that Euripides' "Women of Troy" and Shakespeare's "The Tempest" on in London, but Viola does not want to travel at night—so will have to pass up Euripides. Sending postcards. Packing. Leave here at 9 for Gatwick—early to try to reserve good seats—return car.

Donald Nicholas was charming and accommodating as usual but I sensed a sadness, a loneliness, a disappointment in life. His dog Ben had passed away and in his case Ben was certainly his best friend. I walked in a patch of woods and grass where he must have walked his dog and saw chalked on rocks under the trees the words "Ben", "beautiful Ben" and expressions of anguish. When, concerned, I asked him if he wrote them, he denied it, and scoffed that he mourned his dog. He was on medication for blood clots. The next year his doctor changed his medication, and he died suddenly from a blood clot in the brain.

Eustace came to North America for the first time. He flew with us and when, over Toronto, I remarked that he, unlike Columbus, knew where he was going, he laughed. He seemed excited to see our home. I drove him to Buffalo with me to see the USA; he was fingerprinted at the border. He saw Niagara Falls, saw plays in Niagara-on-the Lake and in Stratford. We drove him to Tobermory on the Bruce Peninsula and along the Georgian Bay coast. He got a good idea of Ontario. At Port Dover on the dock stretching into Lake Erie, he looked at the bathers on the beach and remarked how quiet they were, very unlike the English. He noted too with surprise how different the houses

were built as if reflecting the personalities of their owners. He met a few of our friends and after two or three weeks returned to England.

I drove to New York City in the spring of 1996 to do research in the Reference Library, dropped by to see some former colleagues and tour the new "state-of-the-art" business and science library on Madison Avenue. I visited Rose for lunch at her home in Brooklyn. She was clinging on to her youth and remained attractive. I dropped by to see Lynne Blake, still in her rent-controlled apartment. She was much thinner. She had made friends with a young Spanish woman, who tended a shop on the ground floor and who looked out for her, but her fragile appearance indicated that she was declining.

In Simcoe there were illnesses and deaths of friends and acquaintances. The Lees moved to Vancouver for Chris Lee's health. Marjorie Langford had cancer on her left arm and had it amputated, which prolonged her life until one day when leaving her home to be driven by friends to hospital, she asked Arthur, "Did you turn out the lights?" and died.

In February 1999, I drove to the southern states to give slide lectures on Clay Spohn's work at Museums I had contacted. Viola could not accompany me, and, although concerned about how she would manage alone for the three weeks I was gone, I felt she would be all right. I called her every night along the route and she said that she felt that she was riding with me as she traced my progress on the map. The venues varied in attendance, sometimes full, sometimes half-full. The best attendances were in Taos, New Mexico, where some of the artists remembered Clay, and in the Laguna Beach Art Museum, which promoted modern art. The worst attendance was in Santa Clara University, where, aside from the curators, just one couple showed up. It was the evening that Barbara Walters was interviewing Monika Lewinsky with whom President Bill Clinton had been complicit in fellatio in the Oval Office. That one couple must have been high-minded.

From my diary.

> February 15, 1999. Warm sunny day. Unusually warm for February—a sign of global warming. Drove from 7.30 a.m. to 4.30 p.m.—stopped for lunch at Highway rest stop. Viola made sandwiches—enough for tomorrow too. Started wearing heavy jacket, now wearing light blue jacket and sitting in Jim Dandy's restaurant in Greenfield, Indiana about 20 miles east of Indianapolis. James Whitcombe Riley was born here—his old wooden homestead is a museum—which I shall not see as I will have to leave my Budget Motel early tomorrow. Riley has left his mark on the town—even a sign where he swam "Riley's Old Swimming Hole" where the Brandywine River (like a stream) crosses the Main St. Eating buffet at under $7. Will look at Riley's old home, then retire to my poor but adequate motel to read Wittgenstein's biography. Called Viola—she walked both ways to go swimming—good for her. She said she needs walking practice. The Roberts will take her to the McMichael Collection in Kingsville.
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> Feb 16. Joplin Mo.—Have covered about 1800 klms. so far. Last night was fitful—my decaffeinated coffee had too much caffeine. Left before 7. The Indian host and wife and young daughter looked frightened when I stopped at the office on my way out—American way of life is frightening to newcomers—crime is talked of on radio, TV and newspapers—enough to frighten even Americans. Stopped on the way out at an Arby's for orange juice and sourdough (no toast available). The scenery was more interesting—rolling hills. Terre Haute seemed high ground with marshland. Took the road round St. Louis—saw the Mississippi but missed downtown. Could it have any of the ambience of the last century? I doubt it. Modern architecture has destroyed the past. Missouri landscape became more interesting—rolling hills, cliffs, woods, cuts through the rough rock. Stopped in Springfield to see the Arts Museum—found a little park in the middle of town. The curator of exhibits was a Jim Beasley—a man in his forties with one blind eye—very pleasant. His family came from North Carolina—went to California. He was interested in art from his youth. He looked at my Spohn book—spoke of possibility of show—will ask librarian to see if she will order it and the MacAgy book. The receptionist, hearing I was from Hamilton, Ontario, asked me if I knew John Frid whom she had brought to the campus of the local university to do a show about 3 years ago. He is now semiretired and speaks part-time in Hamilton where

he bought a house. She asked me to mention her to him and I said I would try to find his address and send it to her. She said he was a nice man. Frid is homosexual and is unlikely to encourage friendship. Drove over to Joplin Mo., former home of the Bendelaries (my great Uncle Fred and Aunt Annie). He made—invented—gold drilling gins. This was a great mining community. Now the business area is a long strip of eating places and motels. The old town is run-down. The city is stretched out. I drove around it—finding the poor, then the middle-class areas. Not a pretty place—just a jumble like much of modern-day America.

My motel cost $28.25 a room. A small Indian boy ran the reception desk. I ate across the street at Jim Bobs Steak and Ribs. Had two draft beers, black bean soup, salad, brisket of beef, sweet potato—$14.85.

Feb 17 Wed. 3rd day of trip. Oklahoma was rich compared with Missouri. Tulsa has a rich-looking art museum amidst houses of the rich. Took some time finding it. The curators were too busy to see me so showed my books to the librarian Tom Young. No sale. Pleasant conversation. Speed limit in Oklahoma was 75, in Missouri 70—further east 65. The earth is reddish clay in Oklahoma—rolling hills, the flatland. Stopped at art museum in Oklahoma City (after getting lost again). It is in a park, but smaller than in Tulsa—poorer—curator showed me some of the collection—interested in books but no sale. Museum will move to an abandoned movie theater in town. The curator was tall, long-boned lady in her fifties—pleasant. Drove at 70 speed limit to Amarillo, Texas—land, of course, is flat—the sky looks big—drove into downtown and along old route 66, "the business area"—euphemism for strip mall—looks seedy. Circled back to street running alongside highway 40 and found Travelodge—rather splendid motel lodgings for just $35. Ate dinner in its restaurant—seedy with lower class clientele. The city is widespread with few tall buildings—none larger than 15 storeys.

I ate lunch at a picnic stop in Oklahoma. My third lunch from Viola's sandwiches—feel myself getting fatter. The weather was beautiful today—in 60sF. Yesterday went through patches of rain—quite warm—exceptionally so for here apparently. Have reached about 2400 kms. Am reading life of Wittgenstein by Ray Monk—intriguing.

Feb 18. Tanked up with gas and drove at 70 mph, then 75 mph through New Mexico to Albuquerque—arrived at noon. Amarillo has its main strip along Highway 40—an army of motel, hotel and restaurant signs. The land became more rolling in New Mexico, especially near Albuquerque. The earth is ochre—sometimes orange, sometimes yellow—khaki. The cattle look thinner than those in Ontario—they are raised for their meat, not their milk. The Monterrey Motel is run by a pleasant Polish couple who had spent 19 years in Chicago before locating here last year. The weather is much better here—the heat is dry—quite bearable in summer. Went to Art Museum. Chris Steiner showed me the auditorium and introduced me to the bookstore proprietor who bought 2 copies of both art books at 50%. People have been pleasant. Toured old town—full of jewelry and antiques for tourists—but this is the off-season. Had dinner after much looking about at the Sheraton Hotel (filet mignon—$24). Left message for Georgette Ely who called back and asked me to lunch tomorrow. Will pick her up at her home where she will show me Clay's paintings. She liked the book and said that Clay would have been pleased. Don't expect there to be a crowd tomorrow—but will hope for decent turn out for the lecture.

Feb 19. The trip to Albuquerque yesterday was spectacular. The road winds through a few small mountains or high rocks. Central Ave has the strip mall for miles. Last night ate at Sheraton Hotel—felt a touch of diarrhea today but okay now. Visited Indian museum and read and saw dioramas of the 19 pueblos. Walked in the nature preserve by the Rio Grande—the river is low—with mud islands appearing in it. Picked up Georgette Ely who showed me her paintings by Clay. Her house is small—in the adobe style, simply furnished. I called Wendell Anderson from there but his line was disconnected. Also called Judson Crewes who does not go out—so took his address—said that Anderson does not attend talks. Georgette is lithe and young-looking though older than I am. She speaks with a French accent—did not speak English when in Taos at first. Met her friend, Sue, in Chinese restaurant where we ate lunch. Her husband, Wolcott [a painter] has no memory. He lost

oxygen for a minute too long and destroyed his brain,— now in a nursing home. Stopped in to see Judson Crewes in a public housing unit. He suffers from diabetes—sits in a corner with shades down, lights on and sips his drink—perhaps vodka or gin. I gave him the Spohn book and he with great effort got up and fetched his book on Henry Miller and Anderson's book on him to give me. Chatted a bit about his life, about his knowledge of Spohn, etc. Two years ago when he was "mobile", he had a book signing at the University of Mexico bookstore. There was snow just before the event—only 6 people turned up. I am now changing to shirt and tie to meet my "6 people" at 7—at least Georgette and Sue Smoot will be there! Crewes wore a peaked sailman's cap, a sweatshirt, a rumpled coat and baggy pants. He spoke in a loud, friendly Texan accent. Said he was declared senile 18 years ago —which must have been a bad diagnosis. Now he spends his time looking through news magazines—he has pictures of naked young women above his writing desk—for inspiration? He is 81. After my talk—there were 9 people—one couple brought a Spohn painting to show me—they bought it in Taos in the 60's. It was "Ballet of the Winds" which Spohn called a "life-saver"—that is the $77 he received as a result of the sale. The couple was shocked and pleased by what I told them. Sold them a book. Sold both books to the director. I think the talk went all right—people seemed pleased. Chris Steiner was pleasant —will send me a cheque for $190 (which includes price of book I sold museum). Took Georgette and Sue for a drink at the Sheraton. Had no dinner—don't feel hungry.

Morning of Feb 21—the night of the 19th I woke up and thought I had left a copy of my book on the podium. After my MacDonald's $3 breakfast I went to the museum but the book was not at the podium. I probably had put it with the others.

I drove to Santa Fe on a beautiful sunny day. The wind was cool. There were small mountain formations along the way. Drove to tourist information, and, procuring map, I explored centre of town. I didn't go into the 1610 Church or any other churches nor did I see the inside of the museums other than the bookstores in them. The lodgings in town are expensive—$120 plus. I stopped off at a B&B which offered me a room for $70 but only for Sunday. I stopped at a Deli to eat lunch and started talking to a young lady, Christa, who had come from Aspen to stay with mother and sister. She retailed in jewelry and said that money was too important to her for her to be an artist or craftsman. She had left a love affair after 12 years. I told her of Frank Harris's discovery of Shakespeare's 12-year passion for Mary Fitton and that scholars had doubted "passion" could last so long. "Oh yes, it can last for 12 years," she said as testimony to the fact. I drove out Cerillos Road where the cheaper motels are and settled on the Cactus Motel at $30 (plus $3 tax) a night. It is clean and comfortable. Ate at a Chinese restaurant across this wide boulevard. Watched a panel discussion on the media and its new permissiveness after the Clinton-Lewinsky scandal. Matt Drudge, who made his name by breaking the story on the internet, thought that rules can no longer apply. Every rumor can now be reported. The news editors and the news lawyers disagreed. Drudge thought that their [concern for] ethics and morality was intellectualizing and hypocritical. The future is the internet which has no censoring editor in control. [I thought the scandal and its divisive aftermath of investigation, impeachment proceedings and mockery of American moral standards could have been avoided if Lewinsky had not boasted to an underhanded acquaintance-friend, whose political motivations superseded her loyalty and good sense.]

Spoke to Viola. She had good time at the Piries—was watching first Maple Leaf hockey game in the new arena, in which Worringer scored first (and will appear in the record books), Montreal scored, then Matts Sundin scored for the Leafs. She said that no one turned up to show Branagh's "Hamlet" at the video meetings I have once a month. The curator, Rod Demerling, was supposed to have someone show it—one of our rather irresponsible committee members. [I was one of a number of people who promoted the showing of independent films at our local theatre on behalf of the Art Museum. I also showed films at the local museum and conducted discussions afterwards which people attended with interest. But, after this last occasion, when Rod was distracted by his wife giving birth, and no one rented the film to show, disappointing a fair-sized audience, the film evenings at the museum were discontinued.]

Today I shall tour the towns near Santa Fe. Evening: Went to Madrid—a one-street mining town south of Santa Fe on the turquoise trail looking for a place to sell my books. Only Mel Johnson who runs an art gallery showing figurative paintings of New Mexico artists bought a copy of MacAgy and Spohn at 50% discount. He had been a teacher of art and was an administrator at Chicago Institute of Art 19 years ago when he left it all to come west—borrowed $40 to buy his building and start gallery. Took photos of the hills and rocks of the landscape. Walked centre of Santa Fe again—dropping in on two galleries to give them my book brochure and at the Ark bookstore where I left a brochure for the buyer who did not work on weekends. As a "spiritual store" it might take *That Other God*. Had lunch—went to Studio-Cinema 2 at University of New Mexico to see "Alexandria, Why?" by the Egyptian filmmaker Youssef Chahine. The cinema is showing a number of his works. He is unknown in America. The film had traces of French cinema of the 60s as well as Italian cinema in it—but it was Egyptian in content and purpose. Drove back to city—got lost in the dark but eventually found my way. Had steak at a Bistro—which overcharged—but the steak was good. Have gone over 3,400 kms. Taos tomorrow. Must say I am not impressed by Santa Fe. It is a rip-off tourist trap—very flat and extended city. The Santa Fe River runs through the city. The Santa Fe Cat Museum has a poor collection—of little interest—new installations (especially of cocktail glasses under a machine which reflected fingers holding the glasses and drink mixture in them while women's and men's voices were constantly played from the machine as if at a party) were interesting. The Georgia O'Keefe Museum I did not see as I can take very little of that sinewy lady of narcissistic splendour and her rine-clean paintings. I just don't want to see the insides of craft museums and ancient chapels—esp. for $5 a throw. I am struck by the poverty of the culture here. There is a settled complacent feeling reflected in the paintings of scenery and Indian costumes that refuses to consider finer possibilities, as Clay said.

Monday Feb. 22. Dropped by at Clear Light publishers whom I had called from Simcoe and whose secretary, Shirlee, asked me to drop in to see the publisher. I was met at the house door by the publisher's wife, who scrutinized my Spohn book and took me to the back building where her husband was talking on the phone. It seemed that his wife was the boss and not happy that I had visited. I spoke with Shirlee who seemed part American-Indian. (The publisher and his wife were Jewish.) The publisher kindly spoke to me about his publishing, how his books were all Southwest in subject so that his reps did not waste time introducing books to the buyer, who knew the nature of the books. He could not sell the Spohn book but suggested I contact Museums and More in Denver.

The drive through the hills to Taos was scenic—alongside the Rio Grande. The town is smaller and more interesting than Santa Fe. There are plenty of commercial art galleries but a couple of real modern art galleries. I met people who knew Clay or of him. I went to the 3 good bookstores and plenty of galleries with my brochures and to tell them that I would lecture tomorrow night on Spohn. Apparently Earl Stroh, Ted Egri and Agnes Martin are living in Taos. [I recall meeting briefly Ted Egri's son coming from a meeting in New York City near 7th Avenue on West 14th near where he lived; he told me of his father's friendship with Spohn in Taos; he also painted but since I was leaving New York soon I had no time to visit his studio]. I ate lunch and dinner in the Taos Inn—rather quaint in its old style layout. The dining room ceiling was made of sandalwood strips. The chairs had high backs. It had a comfortable, lived-in ambiance. I met Lucy Perera-Adams at the Harwood Museum, who was charming and helpful. David Witt was at a meeting. I returned from walking the town a few seconds after 5 and he had left—so will see him tomorrow morning and get prepared for the talk. [The museum gave me a bedroom with a large front window on the second floor.]

Morning Feb 23 Read Wittgentstein last night after watching the TV news. Went out early to find a McDonald's for breakfast—the only place open. The sun is bright, blue sky is cloudless—the wind is cold. Took photos and finished my film roll but could not find a drugstore to buy more film. Washed my dirty linen. It will soon be nine when I will go down to meet David Witt.

Taos is a valley surrounded by low mountains. The Spanish ruled here in 1615. It was interesting to meet the lady that runs a small museum shop on Bent St., at one time the main street of the town. She came here in 1946 and her husband in 1936. Afternoon: talked with David Witt about Spohn, Taos Moderns, etc. He is just under middle height, enthusiastic about art but otherwise phlegmatic. Is genial and helpful. Went to lunch in the Plaza with him. This morning tried to see Charles Stewart's paintings in the Taos Museum but it was closed again. Sold several copies of my fiction and nonfiction to the Striped Cat bookstore at 50% discount. Gas is $1.16 a gallon here—back in Missouri it was 75¢ a gallon; in Albuquerque and Oklahoma it was 85¢ a gallon. It is another blue, cloudless sky, quite warm, no wind. Witt tells me that this is a mild winter, that the skies are usually cloudless regardless how cold. April is the only cloudy month and the natives complain about it.

Evening—Talk went well. About 30 plus present. Sold 5 Spohn. [Earle Stroh was there and told me where Spohn built his adobe home, which I searched out the next morning.]

Thursday Feb 25. I am in Barstow, CA in the desert. It is evening. I have just eaten. Left Taos just after 6. No place open for breakfast, so drove into the mountains. Wild scenery, snow in some places but roads clear, sky blue. Stopped in Chamas for breakfast. Young lady was owner of small restaurant in an old hotel, talked to me of history of the place, tried to sell me some history magazines. [Since I was hungry I missed the turn for Highway 64 and drove over beautiful mountain scenery to Colorado, found my mistake and drove back to Chamas—wasting 1 1/2 hours. Drove through more high mountains, stands of pines, then mesas, dry, yellow rocks—pushed on into Arizona—rocks, mesas, mounds—fantastic landscape down to Tuba City—it was approaching 6 in the evening—up the southern rim of the Grand Canyon—sunset—stayed only to ask where housing could be found—26 miles to the south on west rim—very tired now—drove to a combination camping and motel resort —$59 per night. Ate in cafeteria—slept soundly. Early in morning drove back along west rim to the end of the road and saw the Canyon. At one of the lookout points, some French and other foreign students asked me to take pictures of them with their camera. One took a picture of me with mine. Left the park with some difficulty in directions. Went to Williams, Arkansas for gas. Owner saw my right rear tyre was flat—I agreed to have it put on lift to see if nail in it—found tyre worn—with air pockets—might explode—had to have 4 new tyres—over $550 U.S. All done in 1/2 hour. [I questioned whether I was being diddled but decided to believe the man and choose safety over doubt.] On to Barstow, Ca—75 mph in Arizona—70 mph in California—desert conditions—mesas gave way to mounds—then flat sands with bushes—mountains in distance. Arrived late afternoon—staying in Best Motel—$29 incl. tax plus continental breakfast. Walked up and down the wide main street—a strip mall. Had dinner—will go to movie at 7—an action movie with Mel Gibson. Plan to leave for Laguna Beach tomorrow.

The Grand Canyon was spectacular but I had seen so much spectacular scenery in the upper northwest of New Mexico that I was not as impressed as I would have been had I landed there fresh.

Have traveled over 5000 klms. Saw movie, Mel Gibson's "Payback" in evening—violent—fantasy.

Feb 26. At By the Sun Inn in Laguna Beach. Two hour drive here via much-trafficked highway and smog out of desert to green hills. Laguna Beach ocean front—many art galleries—Broadway runs east from beach dividing town. Went to Museum about 10.30 am —met Janet Blake and the director—made arrangements for talk tomorrow morning. Walked town—hilly—art in galleries is commercial—glitzy—creating super-bourgeois paintings for the rich and ignorant. One gallery is run by a young woman who worked at San Francisco Museum of Modern Art when I called about Spohn's paintings. She remembered speaking to me—her gallery is affiliated with San Francisco gallery—better than others here. She misses intellectual atmosphere of San Francisco. Here there is a surfer mentality—solipsistic. Evening—watching TV—cowboy with mystic time-travel twist—

then superman—all fantasy. At least here there are many stations whereas Taos had not more than 4. The TV fare says lots about the culture.

In Burbank at a motel on Colorado St. this morning got ready early, read Crewes' book on Henry Miller till it was 10 am when I drove to the Laguna Art Museum—prepared the mike, etc.—about 40 people turned up—seemed to enjoy the lecture very much—sold about 6 copies—left 12 of Spohn and 12 of MacAgy for the bookstore at 50% discount. Janet Blake took me to an excellent lunch—left Laguna Beach about 2.30—reached Huntingdon Library in San Marino about 3.45—it closed at 4.30 so just had time to leave a brochure at the bookstore and one with the library receptionist, who said she would check the library's holdings. Burbank is just a few blocks north. Must find my way to Highway 101 and Santa Barbara tomorrow. Am feeling rather fat because of little exercise and good eating. Had Chinese food tonight. Watching Anaheim Mighty Ducks vs. San Jose Sharks Ice Hockey on TV. Viola said Simcoe had 6 inches of snow 2 days ago but warm weather will soon melt it.

March 1 (Monday). Santa Barbara. It is breakfast time. Got out of Los Angeles by following directions and buzzed along to greener Santa Barbara—a pleasant pretty town with a wide white sand beach and a long wooden wharf with a restaurant and other stores at its furthest point. People walk and cars drive there. The main street, State St., is decorated with flowers. Small buses run up and down it to the waterfront for 25¢ fare. Another bus route is along the waterfront. Stayed at San Roque motel far out State St.—drove back to visit manuscript collection opening at 10 on Sunday, then to Art Museum nearby (rather poor collection—some modern sculpture), had Wyndham Lewis's "The Island" (bathers) and other Lewis' works in storage). A docent took us around a poster exhibit. I spoke to her later about how to find Spohn's posters, and she will ask the lady who collected them how Spohn's WWII War bond posters can be found. Bought tickets for "1776" musical—returned to check into motel at 1.30—returned to downtown at 3 to hear woman talk on maverick American women—a book she wrote in the manuscript library. Lots of outdoor sellers of "picturesque" art on seafront. Men playing soccer. Read Wendell Anderson's book on Judson Crewes, poetry, etc. Saw musical "1776"—good acting and singing but static on staging. John Adams pushed Congress into agreeing to a Declaration of Independence. Came back to hotel to eat bread and cheese—had had a large lunch at a good restaurant (Harry's) near motel. Santa Barbara is socially upscale from other places in Los Angeles. Laguna Beach is rich but lacks the community feeling of Santa Barbara—it is slightly harder in attitude.

Today I go to Cambria—along on Highway 1 some miles south of San Simeon (ca 120 m.).

Cambria 4.30 p.m. Found the Creekside Inn motel in this town by the ocean. Have a room with a small balcony overlooking the creek and green fields. The coast is rocky with black rocks and dark sand beaches. The town wanders about on the nearby hills but the main street, "Main St." runs from west to east village on the level below. This is where the motels, restaurants, art galleries and trinket shops are found. The art is mostly "pretty" Victorian. Bought some rye bread and red wine—enjoying it in the near-summer weather—blue skies and hint of cool breeze in the warm sun. Had lunch—may have dinner early. Cost of motel is about $49 with tax. Have gone over 5,000 kms. Will read Wittgenstein tonight. An older woman checking out groceries in front of me asked me suddenly if I was English because my skin looked so fresh. I said I was from the Great Lakes. "Just like Charlton Heston [the movie actor]" she said. "He came from Minnesota." My politics, however, were very different.

Smoking has been forbidden in any building for the public such as offices, restaurants, public meeting places in California. The gasoline has been oxygenated to reduce pollution—it costs $1.31 a gallon (compared to 75¢ in Missouri). I felt bloated after dinner—too much bread and wine—watched Vicki Carr (who is really Spanish-American) sing old romantic songs for a bit and went to sleep at 8.30. Went out for a walk this morning at 7.15 (March 2)—had orange juice and cinnamon bun, returned 8.15. Will leave for San Simeon at 9.

March 2. Saw San Simeon. A bus took a group of 50 for 5 miles up the mountain to the castle. The sculpture, ornamentation, indoor and outdoor swimming pools, guest houses, palace living and dining rooms with 14th century tapestries and a collection of old art from several cultures—a mishmash of ostentatious wealth—the height of bad taste all done for the grandiosity of one man. Hearst was the quintessential American go-getter and climber. Marion Davies was also part of his collection. Possibly he relied on his acquisitions to give him importance—that was why he went after Orson Welles for demeaning Davies in "Citizen Kane"—he was discrediting Hearst's taste and hence earned his hatred.

The coast highway was up and down over mountain and dale, winding, climbing, dropping —great views of the ocean and rocky headland. Saw Henry Miller Library at Big Sur—quite different with forest of pines, etc.—in a slim valley behind a mountain fronting the sea.

March 3. Afternoon. Found my way to Pacific Inn in this jumble of roads called Santa Clara —stopping to ask directions 3 times. The University of Santa Clara is across the way. Got a call from Viola just after I arrived at 5.30. The weather in Simcoe is still below freezing but brightening up. Another call came from Janet Blake of the Laguna Beach Art Museum. The staff at the museum had found that the "child and parent" painting I attributed to Spohn was by another California artist, Helen Lautenberg, in 1937. Here I have a B/W illustration by another artist in my book. Too late to put in an errata or correction statement. I shall just have to sell the 2000 copies as is and change it for a future printing—if it gets that far. The painting was on a slide with other Spohn paintings, which I thought were from his retrospective—it seems however it may have been a slide of the Smithsonian Institute's show of California artists. I have felt ill, then despondent, then pragmatic. It is hard to sell an art book in any case—even harder to see this if word gets out that I made a mistake. Saw Joanne Northrup at the De Saisset Museum this morning. She is tall, attractive in her twenties. Can't expect large crowd this evening. St. Clara U. is paying for my hotel room for 2 nights and will give me an honorarium. I went to 2 bookstores but found them to be "adult book stores" meaning sellers of pornographic videos. The San Francisco hosts of Mechanics Hall told me that I am booked at the Cow Hollow Motel on Lombard St.

Evening. Had dinner at 5.30 at Family Restaurant, $13.51. Went to the Saisset Museum, large hall, well set up but only 4 people turned up plus the education director and the director. Gave talk. Only the education director bought books, one of Spohn and one of MacAgy. Will send me an honorarium. Since they paid for everything I do not regret low turnout. Monica Lewinsky, President Clinton's scandalous mate, is speaking for the first time in an interview with Barbara Walters but not till 9 p.m.—yet perhaps people stayed home to watch it on TV.

March 4. Morning—I got to San Francisco quickly, dropped off 2 boxes of books at the Mechanics Library, tried to see the book buyer for SFMOMA but had to make an appointment and checked into the Cow Hollow Motel—pleasant place. The Library is paying for 2 nights. Drove to bookstores around the city to interest them in my art books—very little interest and left brochures. Georganne Conley picked me up at 5.20 to take me to Library for talk. The 3rd floor was set up for over 100 people—it was well advertised—but just 20 showed up, including Walt Kuhlman, the painter and another friend of Clay's who had known him quite well. The audience seemed interested in the talk—refreshments afterwards. I sold 3 books. I was sorry for Liz Lauter and the volunteers for the effort they made for poor results—but apparently all the museums had events in the evening—but I guess Spohn is still not a show, nor am I! [Georganne Conley, with whom I spoke from Simcoe and who arranged for the talk, was quite angry about the poor turnout. She asked me to spend a day or two at her home north of the city, but Viola asked me to return as soon as I could; she was very anxious.]

In the afternoon the buyer at SFMOMA got my phone message, looked up the books in BIP, called my home, spoke with Viola who called me, I called the buyer and she agreed to take 5 of each book at 50% discount. I shall drop them off this morning, then go to the De Young and California Palace Museum stores before continuing to Sausalito to have lunch with

Walt Kuhlman. After which I speak to a class of senior students at the SF Institute of Art. (Lunch with Walt Kuhlman at Chinese restaurant in Sausalito. Went to Walt's studio and saw some of his mystic paintings. Someone was writing an article about his art. He said that John Hultberg had called from New York to ask how my talk was received.) Later, about 30 students attended the talk at the Institute of Art—pleasant—no one bought a book save for the library.

March 6 (Sat) Left SF at 6 a.m.—drove through mountains east of Sacramento—the Sierras —through the side valleys surrounded by distant snowcapped mountains east of Reno—through mountain passes—low on gas before Salt Lake City, but finally a town or hamlet with services appeared, and I continued on a detour through Salt Lake City and mountain passes to Coalville (one-time a coal-mining town) where I arrived after 6 p.m. SF time but after 7 Utah time. At Moore Motel, after eating dinner in the only restaurant. A little shaky after such a long drive. Viola said that 11 inches of snow fell in Simcoe but should be cleared when I get there.

March 7 (Sun) Left Coalville at 5.45, still dark. Mountains—snow on roadside. Sun rose at 6.30. Went by buttes, mesas, high elevation—Evanston—a field of lights in a shallow valley —then prairies in Nebraska—after hills of Wyoming. At 75 mph. Stopped by highway patrolman in Wyoming—warned to use my signal lights when changing lanes, but he really wanted to check my load—said it could have been marijuana. Flat prairies—cloudy then sunny and very windy. Getting dark at Lincoln, NB—so stopped at Best Western—6 my driving time, 7 this Lincoln time—well over 8000 klms. Had hoped to reach Omaha, about 60 miles away. Snow expected tonight.

March 8 (Mon) Frustrating day—started from Lincoln at 6.30 in snow—tough driving through Omaha—about 30 miles west of Des Moines my car spun out of control down a bank—nothing damaged—tried to dig out in vain. [The trooper, whose shovel I used, stood by emotionless, watching me dig.] Finally locked car and caught a ride back to Stuart and checked into super 8 motel. Called tow truck, but state troopers would not permit trucks to work in storm until 4 in the afternoon when snow storm dwindled out.—pulled out, $65 cost—back to motel—had dinner nearby, called Viola to relieve her worry. There was 12 inches of snow—1 to 3 inches falls tonight. I must leave tomorrow as a new storm moves in on Wednesday. This storm is moving into Illinois so I must pass through it again tomorrow.

March 10. Yesterday started from Stuart at 6 am. Roads cleared—some danger spots—made good time—stopped only before Detroit for a quick bite of my hastily made cheese sandwich. Snowy nearing Detroit—a number of accidents—traffic delay 4 times but not long. Crossed border about 6 p.m.—plenty of monstrous trucks on road. Arrived home at 8.50 Simcoe time, 7.50 my time—so drove from 6 am to 7.50 p.m. Viola glad to see me. She was worried. Mileage: 11,734 klms.

About the middle of March, when we had relatives visiting, I saw Viola look alarmed over some movement in her stomach, perhaps a sudden pain, but she mentioned nothing. At the end of the month, I drove to Albany, New York, to research in the State Library for a few days. That evening Viola called to say she was worried about swelling in her abdomen and had arranged for a cat-scan. I finished up my research the next morning and returned in the afternoon. The doctors discovered that Viola's cancer was back and growing in her stomach. She had to have her stomach drained every so often by being punctured. She was stoic and hopeful. I was worried because on a visit to an acquaintance in Niagara, I learned that his wife had had the same ailment and died from it.

Viola had made an impression on the community. She gave people, particularly women, a sense of direct interest in their lives. A talk she gave on an anniversary of the Presbyterian Church about her escape from Burma in World War II was spellbinding. I taped her memories of Burma and the war, which later became ingredients in my historical novel *Violet's Flight*.

We passed through the heat of summer; there were only two weeks or so when air conditioning was needed then, and our house with walls of three bricks wide remained fairly cool; we kept the curtains closed to the sun. In September on a visit to her doctor in the Hamilton cancer hospital, we

learned that she had just weeks to live. He replied to my anxious query that there was nothing he could do. I was devastated and waited outside the room while the doctors spoke to her confidentially. A man of about 50 with the weathered demeanour of a worker, standing in a room with the door open, observed my anguish with a sarcastic smile. I knew that he thought that I was fretting over my own expected demise and he was enjoying seeing my misery. When Viola came from the room, and I sat her in a wheelchair to wheel her away, I glimpsed his expression of stunned surprise. Viola was crushed and on the drive back to Simcoe, I watched her trying to come to terms with impending death. She had been faithfully keeping a daily diary of everything she ate, but now relinquished it. The doctor had said she had "weeks" left but then added "or months", but I sensed that was added to try to soften the blow.

Viola called Eustace to fly from London. I picked him up at the airport. One day, when I was away at a craft fair selling my books, they spoke of their affairs, and Viola gave Eustace papers and photographs that were private to the Nicholas family. Eustace stayed about ten days. He took a photo of Viola and me with a cake celebrating our 42nd. year together. After he left, she went downhill quickly. She could not take the stairs and slept in the dining room. I secured appurtenances for her, including a hospital bed, which her Presbyterian minister helped me to get on loan. Viola had rarely spoken about religion to me because she knew my views on the matter, and she agreed with them on the institution, but she needed belief in God. The minister came to our home and consoled her a few days before she died. A former nurse, who had worked for our family doctor, dropped by and they cried together. This nurse recognized that Viola needed intravenous support, and, when the doctor dropped by, suggested to him that she be removed to hospital. Viola, wanting to die in our home, looked at me and I signaled that she should go. Her stay in the hospital, in which she had spent days previously, memorably once when the woman in the next bed died of a heart attack unexpectedly [she had asked me the night before for advice on changing her will regarding her children and was to see her lawyer that day]. Viola disliked her stay there; she found the night nurse indifferent, and, as she grew weaker, the doctor agreed to let her come home. Munro and his wife visited her. Chris Lee, flying in from Vancouver, dropped by. Other friends came by. It was now November, the grey, colder month. She lingered, unable to eat because the cancer was choking off her ability to absorb food. When Viola told me that she was "going", we rubbed noses to say good-bye, but she lingered on. I had looked after her day and night until now, when the health authorities arranged for a woman to relieve me of night duty. I was instructed how to give her morphine and the woman awakened me the first night to administer it. When the nurse apologized for waking me, I expostulated that she should waken me at any time, and Viola seized my hand and kissed it. I was too moved to say anything.

The next day, Viola was quietly suffering. She complained to me just once, that she wanted to be washed. Fortunately, that afternoon, the visiting nurse bathed her. I spoke to her sometimes to let her know that I was with her. I saw in the newspaper an article about a possible new cure for cancer and called the Hamilton doctor. I sensed Viola listening from the next room and felt a surge of hope from her, but the doctor said it was too late for her and moreover the treatment was experimental and in the early stages of testing. He said he was surprised that she had lasted so long; he expected her to die much sooner. One of the nurses, who had come to our home to bathe her in the weeks gone by, dropped by for a few moments about 7 p.m., and Viola, grateful to her, tried to open her eyes. The nurse asked me to give Viola morphine, but, when I did, I sensed that she could not absorb it. The visiting nurse, who was to come at 8 p.m., was late. Shortly after 8, Viola began to cough, I heard a death rattle, she began to throw up black mucus, which was the morphine she had been unable to absorb. I called the nursing office to ask where the nurse was; she was on her way, I was told. I tried to wipe away the mucus, spoke to Viola, smoothed her brow, propped her up. She breathed very hard, her body sucking in air spasmodically. This continued for forty minutes while she struggled to stay alive. Then with one final gasp, she died. I was beside myself, striding about helplessly, when the nurse burst through the back door and, holding Viola's wrist, declared her dead. I broke down. The nurse put her arms about me. I cried that I had been unable to save her. I had lost what was most dear to me. The moment of death was reality—separate from the world of hope and continuation of moments before.

The nurse tidied up while I tried to compose myself. She had difficulty contacting the doctor whose computer tied up the telephone line, but eventually he arrived and signed a death certificate. I called

the funeral home which was to cremate her and two men arrived to take her away over an hour later. I called the Piries, assuming they would want to see her one last time. But, after they walked over, they could not look at the body and waited with me until she was taken away. It was raining.

The next morning, Armistice Day, November 11, I went out the back door to pick up the newspaper and saw three crows fly over me. They cawed, looking back at me, and one alighted on the pinnacle of the roof of the house across the street and stared at me before going on its way. I sensed a connection between their presence and Viola's death.

Several people wrote letters to me in commemoration of her life; one friend wrote a poem that I printed in the front of my next published book, *McKee Rankin and the Heyday of the American Theater*—a verse from which I had engraved on her tombstone. A note from Arthur Langford is representative of the impression she had made on people.

> I am very sorry not to be able to join you in the more public remembrance of your dear wife Violet but I want to express my sympathy with you at this most difficult time, a time such as I have experienced twice at earlier ages.
>
> It was good to have known Violet, to experience her warm hospitality, and to hear stories of her family's past and survival under difficult conditions. I hope that considerable of this interesting story has been recorded.
>
> My last visit with Violet will long be remembered. In spite of her deteriorating condition, when many might just be thinking of survival, there she sat, discussing the world view, which was always a great interest of hers, with her concern for order, decency and fairness. Also, she knew that the rain fell on the just and unjust and that trouble was part of the human condition. She bore it well.
>
> I recall also the communion of spirit between Violet and Marjorie as they faced similar challenges.
>
> David, I wish you well in this new aspect of life that has been thrust upon you and I hope you are able to continue with your writing and political concern.

Arthur died several years later at the age of 96. At his 95th birthday celebration, he said he expected to celebrate a 100th. Like his wife Marjorie, he developed cancer on the forearm.

Viola was cremated and buried in the Beasley plot in the Hamilton Cemetery. Melville Bailey, Presbyterian minister and local historian, volunteered to give the last rites—bareheaded in the cold in his late 80s, having recently lost his own wife. My niece Becky came from Toronto and my brother Alec and nephew Peter were there with several of our friends. Mel and I got to know one another better in the next few years before he died. Viola had not wanted a church service, just a gathering of friends, which I advertised to be held in our home. Numbers of our friends, including those with whom I played tennis, my sister Ann and two of my nephews and my niece and a cousin made an effort to attend, for which I had a caterer prepare sandwiches, etc.

My life seemed bereft of purpose at first. I had a book of novellas to publish, which kept me occupied and began researching locally for a new novel. My art had been my salvation through disappointments and now I depended on it to bring me out of my despondency.

Viola, regretting that we would not grow old together, had said that I would meet someone else. I had met briefly a lady, who was originally from Quebec, at a Christmas party at the local museum, two or three years before. She attracted me and I sensed that she was attracted to me, but I did not know her name.

Top right, My retirement party in the Trustees Room with colleagues Jackie Lavalle and Malada Klatil; top left, with Viola, young Anthony, Warren, Becky and nephew Peter Beasley on our front porch;
2nd row, Viola with Barbara Beasley; a party at our home;
3rd row, left, at a New Years Eve party at the Norfolk Golf Club; right, with Arthur Langford in the Niagara Botanical Gardens;

bottom right, with the Laheys in their retirement home in Blue Bell, Pa. in 1997.

Top left, siblings, Donald, Viola, Eustace, and Rita at Rita's home, Lapford, Devon; top right, with Eustace on the shore of Georgian Bay; right, Viola and me at a book-signing in Cleveland, Ohio.

Left, Viola pretending to garden in our backyard but really too ill to expend the effort in what she would have loved to do.

Right, Barbara and John Munro visiting Viola in her last illness;

below left, Viola reading one of my manuscripts, alert to the end; right, celebrating 42 years together.

THIRTY—TO BE CONTINUED

By luck, I found someone who, from my description, knew of the mysterious lady I had met a couple of times. It was several weeks after Viola's funeral and after Christmas, the dinner of which I spent with a thoughtful cousin, when I called her. She had been widowed about ten years, her husband having been a brilliant engineer from Norway, who managed construction projects from Newfoundland to Vancouver. She had three sons, recently married. She agreed to a date, and I took her to a movie. She asked me to a New Year's party with her friends in formal attire, who, moving among three of their homes, dined in three courses, drank, danced and welcomed the new millennium. I met a new set of persons of great interest and personalities. That night our romance began.

I was certain that we were meant for one another, but she was cautious at first. I heard through her that I had a poor reputation among some people, whom I had not met. The rumor mill in a small town can be vicious. I was blamed for being unkind to Viola, although I heard no particulars. Viola had a way of joking about me that she told me that she had to curb because people were taking her seriously; her jokes may have snowballed into crimes. I was not disconcerted, just puzzled, and in hindsight I remarked the indifference that a former resident of Simcoe showed me when he visited us, as if he were there as Viola's friend, not mine. But this could not be helped, and my new companion soon realized it was ugly gossip without a grain of truth. We saw each other frequently and fell in love. She had a sparkling personality, and, although ten years younger than me, looked much younger than her age; she had been educated not well by French nuns in Quebec but was ready to learn, although somewhat defensive about intellectuals and their impracticality. She came to live with me [her house being taken over by one of her sons, a banker] and being a talented interior decorator began transforming the house into a beautiful home and the gardens into a scene that townspeople commented upon, an ongoing project throughout the years. I wrote my most popular novel, *Sarah's Journey*, about a slave who escaped with three small children to Simcoe in 1820. It won a literary prize and was selected for recognition by an international organization. In the next decade, I researched and wrote more books. At last I was able to write the history of Upper Canada in a novel format from the experience of my ancestor, Richard Beasley, whose great contributions to early Canada had not been known. I reissued *The Canadian Don Quixote* and several of Richardson's early novels, so important for a nation's cultural history and identity.

In February 2000, I received a call from Gerald Lahey; he had tried to reach me earlier, he said, to inform me that Kay had died in January. I arranged to see him when I passed through Blue Bell on my way to West Virginia to research for my slave novel. I came into his apartment sharp at 4 p.m, exactly when I expected to arrive. It had been several years since I had seen him. He was very thin, unable to swallow food and had to take nutriments another way. He had reserved a room for me and insisted on coming to the dining room with me although he had not been there for many months. At dinner, he, frail and wispy-voiced, watched me eat as we discussed his great project, his passion, that is, his research on the disagreement between Cardinal Newman and Charles Kingsley, in which he wished to prove that Newman had contrived to bring Kingsley into conflict with him in order to have cause to write *Apologia Pro Vita Sua* and win sympathy and acclaim for his conversion to Roman Catholicism. Gerald had gathered reams of documents, but, much to the disgust of his wife, had been unable to write on the subject. He was like Causubon in George Eliot's *Middlemarch*, whose scholarly research gave promise but resulted in nothing, Viola said. At one point Gerald asked Viola to take over his project, but, although she consented, she was too ill to spend the energy. I visited him the next morning when he hoped that he would be admitted to one of the infirmaries in the retirement home, and, as I left, I heard him coughing and choking as one of his periodic fits overtook him. Soon afterwards, I heard that he was admitted to nursing care but died within weeks. He was 92. He left me some antique furniture, which his estate shipped to me in Canada.

A different life awaited me with a younger companion and new friendships, the men of whom formed a discussion group which met in one another's homes once a month throughout the year. My three stepsons began having children and I filled the role of grandfather—Papa Dave. I continued to give lectures on my books and sell them at craft fairs, and I carried on writing and publishing, but, with an active companion free from bringing up children, I began to travel. It was consoling to see how well my books were received and their success justified my dedication, despite years of disappointment, to my goal. With rapidly changing technology, self-publishing became more remunerable and acceptable and was soon to dominate the world of books.

In the fall of 2000, I took Michelle to New York City where I had been asked to address a public forum in the Science, Industry and Business Library on my book about the early automobile. The swarming crowds and cacophony seemed greater than I had known. Hannah and John Demaray hosted us to dinner with the Laders, when we disagreed about the capabilities of George Bush, Jr. for president, and Elaine Wrong invited us to her salon where we met old friends, including Braham Norwick, who amazed Michelle with his knowledge and his recitation of a romantic poem in Spanish. Michelle got a taste of intellectual life in New York. Elaine continued her salon until her death by heart failure on a trip to Europe. Her hosting a salon for intellectuals harked back to the salons in nineteenth-century Paris which writers such as Anatole France and Marcel Proust described.

My income from the *Index to Current Municipal Documents* stopped as the company stealthily traded it to another company, which digitalized the documents online and ignored my contract. Would its loss affect my living standard?

I write this at age 82, still young in mind and energetic, traveling far and wide, playing tennis, researching and writing. Friends began passing away, persons I wrote to such as John Montgomery, the retired night editor of the *New York Daily News*, who occasionally had driven in from New Jersey to lunch with me in my last year at work. He came to me once in a great state of excitement; he was enthusiastic about a woman he had fallen in love with. She and her supposedly indifferent husband lived in his apartment complex, and she was being very sweet to him. What did I think? I could see that he was suffering from the early ravages of Parkinson's disease, that he lived alone and was ripe for losing his savings to unscrupulous persons, so I cautioned him. We corresponded after I returned to Canada, but then his letters stopped as did those of others. I mourned the deaths of friends whom I had made in Simcoe—the enterprising biologist Arthur Langford, my tennis and squash partner Bob Howe, who was my age, Chris Lee in Vancouver, and John Munro, my boyhood friend. John and his wife had come to dinner with Morley Clark and his wife and other friends. We reminisced about childhood times. He was attracted to my companion, Michelle, which I think alerted his wife to his unfortunate penchant for philandering, but she should have had no concern in this case. He invited us for dinner to his home on the Mountain brow in Hamilton and repeatedly called Michelle "darling", which amused me but doubtless wounded the pride of his wife, who with oriental gravity remained silent. John's overconfidence blinded him to its consequences. John was paying a journalist to write an exposé on the corruption of Hamilton politicians, and, wanting it out before an upcoming election, asked me to print it from my Davus Publishing. I was reluctant, especially as I thought the writing poor, but he was persuasive, and I agreed to drive with him to see a libel lawyer in Toronto. His wife railed against the project because it was using up too much money. The day before I was to meet him early in the morning in Hamilton to drive to Toronto, he died suddenly. He was said to have made a gurgling sound and expired, possibly from a heart attack, although he seemed to have had no heart problem. Michelle and I visited him in the funeral home—his short body in a pressed suit, unusual for him, frozen to inaction—and went to his well-attended Baptist Church funeral. His widow was not friendly. I spoke to his son-in-law in the crowd outside the Church. He had had a party for John's 65th birthday some years earlier to which Viola and I were invited. He was shocked and deeply bereaved. And so ended a vigorous and productive life.

Yet, through Michelle, I made more friends in Simcoe. And Michelle's relatives in Quebec, whom we visited, were engaging and welcoming—an experience which pressed me to relearn French, for which I never could find the time. Michelle took me through the Gaspè and we visited Quebec City and other parts of la Belle Province.

The election to the U.S. presidency of George Bush, Jr. meant catastrophe to me, worse than the election of Ronald Reagan, the untalented movie actor, whose long tenure ruined the nation's finances and blackened its reputation with wars on small countries and support for right-wing mass murderers. By September 11, 2001, Bush's inattentiveness led to jet liners being hijacked by figures from that part of the world victimized by American foreign policy, to crash into the Trade Towers in Manhattan and the Pentagon in Washington. Bush's advisers were dangerous and shallow, all of them Israeli-firsters, willing to take the U.S. into mid-eastern wars to further Israel's aggrandizement. Canadians were fearful how this born-again crusader would react.

Since Michelle had not been to Europe, in October 2001, I took her to London first, where we stayed a night in Morden with Eustace, but the house was so badly kept, we had to take a hotel room the next day in Bayswater, which although very small was clean. While I researched at the Public Record Office, Michelle explored Kensington Gardens and Palace, then Harrods. We toured all the major sites and saw some theatre. Extract from my diary: "October 6. Play was modern—"Blue Orange"—3 personages—black schizo turns senior psychiatrist against younger one—gains his freedom—problem of insecure professionals—jealousy, etc. Popular today because reflects problem in work situation. London teams with young people—huge crowds of teens, twenties and thirties swarmed Covent Garden, Leicester Square, Tottenham Court Road,—all over for miles—pubs full to choking, loud, obnoxious music beating the eardrums—friends congregating, singles aimless, looking for entertainment—soulless—long lines to see some gay show. During the day on the tube, huge crowds, all looking grave and sombre, rarely a smile. The difference between 1950s and now has been made by the doubling of the population. The play, "Blue/Orange" reflects this futureless, hopeless attitude. A man of 67, giving me directions, said that all is for the rich. Jobs available to trades people at one time are now filled by college educated. "The rest live off the dole or else eke out poor livings—great unemployment."

We went to Hampstead Heath and had tea at Kenwood House in a sudden rain. The underground stopped running. We were soaked trying to reach a station where trains ran and gave up our intention to have dinner with Eustace and his friends in the Beverly pub because the trains could not be relied on. It was October 7 and my diary records: "US and Britain attacked Afghanistan with air and missile attacks, so war on terrorism is really here. This was a calamitous day." A few days later I wrote: "Took art books to Phaidon—left them with Kathy Levy [I left my books with publishers in vain hopes that they would be issued in England]. Then to Hampton Court from Liverpool Station—very impressive. Lunch at bistro across the street. Spoke to guard at the Hampton Court Gardens—seems that people are not in favor of bombing—they know US guilt for past. Dinner at Italian restaurant by Embankment—saw Priestley's "The Inspector Calls" at Playhouse theatre—melodramatic, didactic—apropos at this time of "liberal-minded fundamentalism.""

We drove north to Newstead Abbey to see the wall sculptures which Thomas Moore mentioned and that I thought influenced John Richardson in his writing of *The Monk Knight of St John*. It was closed but the curator showed us the rooms I wished to see, including Lord Byron's bedroom. I used the photographs I took of the sculptures in my second edition of the novel.

We toured Warwick Castle "said to be the best in England—impressive—but some parts very much for tourists such as weekend party in 1898 with wax figures of personages of the day including the young Churchill . . . . Met retired policeman with interest in Lady Fortescue, the writer—setting up a website for her—talked about war on terror—he too thought Bush and Blair wrong—and other things about England such as road tax . . . Went through Stratford—strolled around a large block to see Shakespeare's birthplace, his school and his son-in-law's house (Hall)—drove to the other side of Worcester to find Marnie Caine's 1650 house in Suckley—along narrow country lanes. Marnie well and very hospitable—gave us gammon for dinner." Marnie's husband John, who had run off with his secretary and then returned to her, who nursed him during his fatal illness, had been Viola's good friend, as I related in an earlier chapter. She took us to the book haven in Hay on Wye, where I failed to find Heine's *Journey Through the Harz Mountains* [where also students with huge signs protested the war on Afghanistan] and to Berrington Hall with beautiful 17th century rooms and furniture from the Comte d'Aulney, who brought it to England just before the French Revolution when he was ambassador. We drove to the Birmingham airport to fly to Frankfurt for the International Book Fair, and there I bought a copy of Heine's *Harzreise*. I left copies of my books

with the appropriate publishers but heard nothing from any of them. Our tracing the footsteps of Heine led us to fascinating places.

From my diary:

> Oct 17. Tues—drove out of Frankfurt not without some problems, mistakes, one dead-end, but away by 10.30—reached Gottingen, university town, got hotel through Tourist bureau on Weenderstrasse—walked through old town—students loud gatherings here and there—many buildings from 18th century—town was known as best for mathematics before 1933. Michelle bought T-shirt. Back to hotel for wine, cheese and bread. Rest. Going out for late dinner, U.S. and Brits still bombing Afghanistan. Anthrax scares in U.S. The Red Cross in Afghanistan hit by U.S. bombs—aid sent in is sporadic and not helping the really needy. Many protests in Afghanistan and Indonesia.
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> Oct 17. Wed. For this morning and yesterday morning there has been thick fog—lifts about 10.30. We drive into mountains after 40 klm, so need the sun. Heine in his *Harzreise* said that Gottingen is famous for its University and sausages—but that was 1829—today we would not find sausages. Heine spends much time on students and indeed they are a large part of town—their noisy street-corner groups anger some of the townspeople but not openly. The people are just getting by financially—a barber cut hair in the street in front of the main Church. Our hotel, Berliner Hof, is on Weender St., of which Heine speaks. There's a literature festival here—but all in German which Michelle does not understand (and I am not good at it either). Talked with a pleasant woman who ran a store for old drawings—Hans-Heinrich Hemme. We drove to Northeim (Nordheim according to Heine)—still on the plain—directly north. We parked in a garage and walked the middle of the town—old buildings—went through town museum—old tools for sewing, printing, etc.—plate, etc.—Michelle bought small angels here from store run by blonde woman with a little girl who had the biggest, happiest smile—she gave us cake when we left. On to Osterode—parked by hotel—beautiful old town. Michelle bought slippers here—took photo of me by statue of man and his donkey—lunched in main square—wandered down narrow cobble-stoned streets—drove through mountains to Clausthal-Zellerfeld (2 towns in Heine's day)—drove through village of Lerbach on way—little more than one street with houses on near-by slopes—as uninteresting today as it was to Heine. In Clausthal-Zellerfeld we found museum of replicas of the master paintings, but not very interesting—a mishmash of popular paintings from all ages—sold in limited editions of several hundreds for hundreds of marks—a con game—even Michelle condemned these representations as "awful"—bad colors, etc. Drove through mountains—lovely firs with branches rising at their tips—and down to Gosler, a jewel of a town—stayed at hotel in the centre, der Achtermann—clerk at desk spoke English, gave us the best room at the lower price. We have a large room and large bathroom, a balcony—sat there drinking wine and eating cheese and bread—walked town—old market place—168 buildings constructed before 1550. The Market Church has a very high tower—the rich mine owners of the Rommelsberg silver mine operating for 1000 years worshipped there and ate at the Brusttuch opposite. We ate at the Worthmuhler Gasthaus, very old building near a narrow canal or river near which stands a mill from the 12th century, its wheel turning in the stream—and a building from 1500s. Ate Hacke, Michelle had wurst and sauerkraut. Waitress somewhat abrupt. Patrons seemed not to like English speakers but not openly rude. The town centre is well-lit. Came back to hotel by 9—took photos from balcony—railway station nearby.
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> Oct 18. Had large and good breakfast in our Achtermann Hotel. This is old style hotel built in the late 1800s for the rich, who travelled by train then. It is still feasible because of its sauna, swimming pool, fabulous restaurant in the centuries-old town, from which it was extended out in a semicircle. The trains run behind the hotel. Wrote Marnie Caine a thank-you note. We shall walk the town—see the Imperial Palace, etc.—then head for Ilsenberg.
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> Oct 19. The Imperial Palace sat on a hill from which one could see over the city—some of it dated back to 1100 and Frederick Barbarossa, whose statue on horseback stood with Wilhelm I in front. It looked imposing—one could not enter as it was being reconstructed inside. The chapel from early times stood austerely at the foot of the hill. We drove to

Ilsenberg on a bright day—but fog was in the distance making it impossible to see the mountains, particularly the Brocken, the tallest at 1100 metres. Ilsenberg had a small lake with park on one side and hotel on the other. We walked about to admire the old houses—then drove through town to the Ilsenbergtal—parked and walked one of the trails beside the rushing stream. A sign with Heine drawn upon it and quotations from his book about this place appeared beside the trail. We could have walked to Brocken as he did, but stopped at a bench and ate bread, cheese and red wine—we talked about the artist and his role in society. On our way back through the town, we in our car and an oncoming auto passed too close and smashed our mirrors on the driver's side. An older German couple finally decided that since both cars had some damage, we were equally at fault, we should wish each other well and go on. [The couple came storming out of their car at first, but when they heard my fluent German and my argument that they had had room to move over, they quieted down. Then when they learned we were Canadians, they became apologetic, ready to forgive.] We drove along fine roads over level ground and fields well-cultivated to the edges of the roads with their large piles of turnips or brown vegetables, reached Wernigrode—parked and walked 20 minutes up the hill to the Schloss sitting on top overlooking the town and valley—still misty in the hills. It was 3.30 p.m.—went through the Schloss [castle]—rooms dark—set back, bay windows overlooking the courtyard—Count Otto may have built it in 1700s, at least he refurbished it along with his wife Anna. Lots of silver (from mines in the hills) and porcelain figures and vases, etc. There was an apartment for visiting kings, esp. for Wilhelm I of Deutschland who liked living there—but the stairs are steep stone winding staircases—need to be in good physical condition. The last king to stay was King Fuad of Egypt in 1925. Down again from this gloomy fortress to drive to Helmstedt where I stayed in 1954 when hitchhiking and could not get through the iron curtain to see Berlin. Much changed—could recognize nothing—found hotel in main square, Sonntag's Hotel—very small, old hotel—parked in square free in front of hotel—long windows overlooking square—ate in nearby restaurant after walking the town and finding Marion Cathedral from 1200 and the High Renaissance Universitat—perfectly and colorfully in pink—restored. Thought I saw this in 1954 but it was dark—thought a notice that Goethe attended it—but no recognition of Goethe now. The clay-walled houses with colorful designs are nowhere to be found. Took photo of house where Giordano Bruno lived. Slept well—good breakfast—host leaves tin foil for guests to wrap themselves sandwiches from the breakfast table to take with them. Underway by 9 for Berlin—flat road with countryside of farms and strips of woods—saw poor villages of one-time East Germany—stopped for café in Genthim—bought wine, beer and cheese and crackers, which we ate by a quiet small lake near Glindow before Gettow—which we found after exploring several back roads. There was a rock on which was inscribed the name of an antifascist professor who was shot there in 1943 (Oct 5)—a blue heron flew from nearby reeds and small ducks scooted about quite a distance from shore—took photos of house nestled in the green on the opposite bank. Back to Highway 1—got lost in traffic mess in Potsdam—somehow found ourself back on Highway 1 and found way on 115 to Berlin—tired out by time we were in Charlottenburg district of Berlin—saw Arizona Motel—took refuge—Alfred at desk—pleasant young man—this is 3rd class but clean—high ceilings—building about 100 years old, used to house soldiers in 2nd World War. We checked in for 2 nights—Michelle is resting, fatigued after difficulty of reading map with names she could not pronounce.

Oct 20. We went walking Unten den Linden from Potsdamerplatz to Alexanderplatz—saw Brandenburg Gate being renovated—much of Berlin is under construction, great skyscrapers dominate the skyline—saw Reichstag, mammoth building—went to Alexanderplatz—Germans singing rousing songs with beer and small eatables—sitting at long tables under awning. Berlin well lit at night. Ate at nearby bistro and got back to Kaiserdamm and Hotel Arizona. Breakfast next morning included in room price. Off to get tickets for Argentine Tango for the evening—then an Untergrund to Alexanderplatz—walked to Dom, great baroque Church—magnificent outside and in—Frederick the Great buried there. Walked to Hairzemarkt—tea and cakes. Walked along Spree River—saw passenger cruise boats go up and down river with tourists. Went via Tiergarten to Bahn stop for tickets—home by 5—had wine and cheese—went to theatre—entertaining tango dancers, pretty full house, impressed by lead dancer and female partner—men had hard

faces of experience. Ate at Alexander restaurant on Konigen Elizabethstrasse near our hotel —back before midnight.

Oct 21. Had a big breakfast—day is dull—till now the days have been sunny (except for occasional rain in London) Michelle wants to find laundromat for our dirty clothes but told they are closed on Sunday. Berlin shuts down on Sunday. Must leave them for Paris. Return car to Tegul airport at 3—fly out at 5.15. Have seen the important sites in Berlin. It has wide boulevards—wide sidewalks—streets run straight for long distances. River Spree is much narrower than Thames—many bridges span it. Some Germans speak English but very few. Lucky I can manage it but have forgotten words. Berlin is a friendlier city than was Frankfurt. Here there are many bicyclists speeding along bicycle paths alongside pedestrian walkways on these wide sidewalks. Michelle called her youngest son Michael yesterday—the expected child looks well in the womb. Michael said Premier Harris resigned—unexpected but good news. War on Afghans continues—U.S. says ground troops there—Taliban denies it. No reporters there, so news hard to get. Bombing continues.

Oct 23—On Oct 22 we spent some hours at Schloss Charlottenburg built for Princess Sophia—Charlotte, whose eldest brother by the way was George I of England—portraits of her and him, of her husband, father of Frederick the Great, of Frederick young and old—of Voltaire dressing. Frederick's rooms, including his library, was in newer section. Rooms all aligned in straight lines—large audience rooms, ballrooms, smaller music rooms—an interesting chapel—bought book about the whole. Drove car to Tegel airport, wrote description of accident to driver's side mirror for Avis—Michelle and I had beer and biscuit on platform overlooking the airfield—very obliging guard allowed us entrance. Our flight in small jet—with member of Argentine Tango group aboard—Michelle spoke to one of the women about the troupe [in French; they were all from Chile!]. arrived in Paris but there was no Holiday House van to meet us—waited two hours before KLM van took us to our Hotel Royal Fromentin on Rue Fromentin. Went for walk about 11 p.m.—every store seemed a sex store or front for prostitution. Young men selling drugs on the street. Michelle dismayed by first view of her beloved Paris—Moulin Rouge across the street looked like a brightly lit small barn. Ate at a bar [Buffalo bar]—very little—unclean—waiters indicated we were ordering only one appetizer (salad for Michelle) and one dessert (for me) when we should be having a full meal (we had eaten a snack on the plane). Next morning Oct 22, we had continental breakfast [Bonjour Madame, café, chocolat or thé?], walked to Sacre Coeur at Montmartre, climbed steps, went down into streets north of the mount, took Metro to Cité —walked about, went into Notre Dame Cathedral, looked at bookstalls along Seine, stopped at Shakespeare & Co. Books—all very different from past—very dirty, disordered—many books in German now. Walked to Luxembourg Gardens. Bus to Opera—many people paying to see inside it, but not us. Brittain's "Billy Budd" playing there with a couple of other operas (saw that Tennessee Williams' "The Glass Menagerie" playing at a theatre in Montmartre). Walked through Tuileries and took metro from Place de la Concord to Pigalle, bought wine, bread, cheese and grapes and apples—returned to hotel and ate this food for our dinner, bathed, relaxed, watched TV and the ongoing disasters in Afghanistan, fell asleep by ten. The day was shiny and fairly warm—today it is raining—going to Bibliothéque Nationale today.

I did research on Richardson at the National Library and at the National Archives with varying success. I took Michelle to the Parc Monceau where I spent many spring days reading and watching the ducks, and to 15 Rue de Tocqueville where I lived in a chamber de bonne in 1954-5. The daughter-in-law of my former landlady was just leaving. She told us that the old lady was still living. I remembered meeting her husband and she said she would speak to him about me. We went to a film on Kandihar off the Champs d'Elysées—a realistic look at the terrible poverty, hunger, and suppression in Afghanistan. "The war on that country continues," I wrote, "civilians killed, errant bombs. Meanwhile public offices in European countries guarded with armed men—parcels inspected everywhere. After we left England, a bomb was discovered in a London museum, thus all monuments, etc. closed. In Berlin, precautions taken—though plenty of Arabs or people of Eastern descent there. In Paris the metro stations are filthy because refuse boxes are closed for fear someone might place bombs in them. Walked down Champs d'Elysées arm in arm—brightly lit—thriving at

10 p.m.—businesses open. Michelle thought of armies that marched down this avenue, especially Hitler's troops. Saw Eiffel Tower lit in many colors."

After describing seeing a very original and athletic production of a musical play adapted from Hugo's "Hunchback of Notre Dame", I wrote, "walked through our district to the Louvre, which we found closed due to a strike. Some other places were closed for the same reason. We thought it was an excuse to combat terrorism and keep the public thinking that threats were not so bad. The next morning I picked up a rented car, drove to Versailles and points south to visit the castles of the Loire, all of which my diary records in impressionable detail. Chinon has special significance for me because Henry II of England rebuilt it after 1145, Charles VII of France made it a cornerstone of his residences in the days of glory in the 1400s and Joan of Arc was there, as a small museum records. Its dungeon held Crusader Knights betrayed by the powers that be. Rabelais's home was on the street leading uphill to the chateau. We stopped at the old Church in St Jean de Sauve, from where Michelle's ancestor, René Binet, left for Quebec in 1666 to fight the Iroquois. Fog and traffic prevented us from researching in the archives of Poitiers. Tired and blurry-eyed, we decamped in a hotel associated with a sort of French Aerial Disneyland imbued with the spirt of Antoine de Saint Exupèry, whose novels I read in my Sorbonne days.

"After a good sleep, we awoke to fog which gave me time to reflect: "Generally our trip has been adventurous and varied. We found the Germans friendly when spoken to but sombre otherwise. The French in Paris were quietly dismissive of anyone thought to be American—in the countryside they have been friendly—largely because I am with Michelle, whose accent is easily understood in France, contrary to rumor about the French-Canadians not speaking modern French. The poor are evident in the cities—not much in London, but several street people in Berlin and more in Paris—saw people wrapped in a blanket sleeping outside the Gare du Nord when I went to pick up the car." The sun came out at 10 am, and we drove to tour George Sand's chateau in Nohant, then on to Lyon, with its two great rivers, then on to Avignon, Arles, Aix en Provence—Cezanne and Van Gogh country. "Driving through straight French roads gauntleted by tall trees whose leaves begin near their tops brought back memories of Viola and me driving through the French countryside—her joyfulness and her broad bright smile." We came to our southern goal—Mimi Ponsonby's 18th century farmhouse in Carcès, Provence where we stayed a few days. Mimi had worked hard to reclaim this stone cottage and remake it into a comfortable home, part of which she rented. She used a Roman canal with water coming from a spring behind her house for irrigation. She took us to interesting towns such as Grimald, Entrecastereaux, and so on. No new buildings may be erected in Provence, just the old buildings can be renovated. Mimi, of course, looked older and thinner in the decades since we were in North Bay. She had taught in Finland and had all sorts of amazing adventures, and now she was winding down her activities and staying still long enough to put her impressions of the landscape on canvas. She took us to dine in Les Arcs in a restaurant overlooking the valley, before we left for Nice and the plane to take us to London. "About 20 minutes into the air, the pilot announced he was returning to Nice as the landing gear was malfunctioning. Finding that it could be fixed, the air personnel bused us to another terminal. We checked to see if we could get another Air Canada flight this day as we would miss our 4.15 connection in London—some discussion with airline personnel whether we would have to pay more. We left Nice with British airways—a fine airbus—about 4, after Michelle who was put on standby got a seat but separate from me. We got our baggage at Heathrow in Terminal 1 and walked with it along long corridors to Terminal 3. It turned out that Air Canada had cancelled its 4.15 flight days ago—we worried for nothing—booked to leave at 9—got Gaullois cigs for Steve and Mike—candle holder and snuffer for Eric. Waiting for flight—thousands of Asians in airport. British police with automatic rifles standing about—security tight. Called Eric—he and Steve will meet us in Toronto after midnight. My cold [picked up in Nice] stuffed my ears during the flight so I spoke in a loud voice—which with blood on my shirt from a nosebleed—made me look like a terrorist when a guard held us up until we found our landing card—despite my objections."

Michelle and I traveled every year, twice to the West Coast of Canada by car—on one occasion to reunite with former staff of the Jasper Park Lodge in the Rockies from the late 1940s and early 1950s, a time I capture in my novel *Pagan Summer*. Where were my old friends? The people there were the survivors. The Lodge was larger but the staff cabins were the same. The atmosphere was richer, not so rustic. But that did not matter; we had fun; and the old days lived on in my novel. One

gentleman recalled me to Michelle as “a prince” and divined who was the guest I fashioned one of my women characters after; she had died the year before.

In 2003 I took Michelle from Paris [where I lost much cash and credit cards by pickpocket in the metro, suspected ticket-seller at small French theatre who saw my bills when I was buying the tickets—for a comic performance featuring Bush Jr and Kissinger in the childish style of Jerry Lewis, a frustrating evening] by train and ship to several European countries and stopped off at places I had lived in the 1950s such as Santa Eulalia, Ibiza, totally changed from the small town to a resort centre with seaside hotels filled with English vacationers reddening like bloated lobsters on the beaches. In my diary I mentioned a storekeeper “who came here 35 years ago—saw great changes—he knew the Marquessa—dislikes Ibiza City—‘it smells.’”

About Montrieux, I wrote, “Michelle has fallen in love with this place—the beauty—lake and all varieties of trees and flowers, the good order, the good food, on parle francais, the beautiful stores full of beautiful things.” In Vienna we visited the Albani Kellar where I met Viola, but it seemed closed permanently, and walked the streets where I lived—by Boerseplatz where Abel first sees Cain standing in the rain in the opening chapter of *That Other God*—along the Danube Canal on Rossauerlaende and Schulzstrassnitzkygasse.

In Prague, a daughter of one of Michelle’s friends met us with her husband and took us to a hideaway restaurant, said to be Vaclaf Havel’s favorite—a touch of the mystery of the place—and, of course, the Castle, Kafka’s Castle. Budapest was sad but interesting, especially the castle grounds and churches on the hilltop—the old Lutheran Church harbored the formal mentality of aeons of parishioners. We attended an organ recital by Shotka Gabor in St. Anne’s, one of the oldest churches. “The organ was powerful in this small Baroque Church. Michelle thought of M. Messer, who played the organ in Black Lake when she was a girl. He worked as a shoemaker, had 7 children but still played the organ for 3 masses on Sunday and conducted the choir. I thought of Thomas Beasley, my great grandfather, organist and choirmaster in Hamilton. We heard Purcell, Liszt, Ferenc, 3 J.S. Bach pieces, 5 songs from the Hungarian by Lehotka—most disturbing. Capturing the horror of 20th century in this part of the world was Liszt’s “Bach Prelude and Fugue”. There was a crowd of about 80 as an audience. We ate fish Hungarian style after 9 when the concert ended.”

I was surprised that Michelle did not like Venice. I spoke with an Englishman while on a rapido, who said he loved it so much he had spent many years in it. But the St. Marco Square was not the same, the pigeons too numerous and bold and the old Church damaged from flooding and closed. An adventure novel by a South African novelist—the type I never read but had no choice on the long train trip—I threw in a trash can and saw an old woman fish it out.

Florence was too noisy, too many motorbikes and vespas scooting about and the Pitti Palace seemed bereft of the majesty I had known as did the Rialto bridge where I had bought a lapis lazuli bracelet for a girlfriend in 1955. Bonasola was different.

> Found hotel Felucia overlooking the old rail line and the raging sea—waves splashing big over the breakwater—quite a storm—hailstones for a few minutes. Ate seafood lunch (seafood soup) at small restaurant in town. Walked uphill on walks looking for pension where I stayed in 1955 but all is changed—plenty of villas on the hills—the town on the lower level has expanded to every foot it can use. Market stalls are in the main street. Fishing no longer done here—no fishermen whom I used to know. The road along the waterfront on the old railway tracks also follows the tracks south alongside the mountain. To build the new rail line, the engineers had to blast long tunnels through the hills.
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> October 6. Monday. We awakened to a calmer sea and bright sun at 8 o’clock. Michelle loves this town and although some of the landmarks I knew are gone, I admit that it has kept much of its character that I liked. (My old pension must have been raised to make room for the new rail line.) We ate dinner at the fish restaurant and returned to a good sleep in our room with a balcony overlooking the sea and the sound of tumbling waves. Today we walk to the point where there is a gazebo-like structure, to which I used to walk before dinner everyday while writing my first novel.

Noon—We walked to the point by road and came back by stairway. The day is clear, sunny, beautiful—fresh air, palms, beautiful flowers, morning glories, bougainvillaea. Many houses off the road to the point—all beautiful. The votive hut has been stuccoed but keeps its shape through the years. I envisioned the fishermen returning in their boats at sunset waving to me as I waved to them from this lookout. One of them with blond curly hair was quite friendly—sorry that this life has gone—fishermen and tradesmen were the old town. Now the tourists and villa-builders own it.

Had wine, bread and cheese on our porch in the sun while watching the sea, beach and hills. At 2 went to lie on beach and 3.30 went for swim, tossed about in waves, strong undertow. Read biography of Poe and Browning. Back to hotel, warm shower—wonderful feeling! In the evening some restaurants closed but found one open at the end of town—spoke to German couple, long conversation. She was married to an Italian, lived in Italy for 5 years, spoke Italian. They live in Munich. They have visited the US but not Canada. Returned after 10.30—good, long sleep—good breakfast this morning Oct. 7—more clouds than yesterday and slightly cooler but sun is coming out now—should warm up. Michelle is washing some clothes while I sit on balcony.

Thursday Oct, 8. Yesterday we walked along a hilly trail to a point on the cliffs to the south—beautiful views of sea and coastline. We had lunch on our balcony and spent an hour or so on the beach, but the sun was too weak through the clouds. Took train to Levanto, the town to our south, much larger, where I found paper to write my novel in 1955. Much larger now—greater bay and cove than in Bonasola. Had hot chocolate at a cafe in the old town and read *Le Monde*. Did not find suitable restaurant for dinner, returned to Bonasola at 8 p.m. and ate at a small restaurant on the back street. Just as we were finishing the German couple we met yesterday entered and sat with us. His name is Roland and hers is Petra. We talked about their visit to the Cinqueterra (5 towns to the south). He likes reading English and American literature. Came back to hotel at 11.30. The night sounded stormy. There was a fire on one of the hills but extinguished quickly. But today, 8th, glorious sunshine, cloudless blue sky, bought a tile memento of Barcelona, went on beach at 11—had lunch at cafe on main square, stayed on beach till 3—changed at hotel, walked town, bought wine, bread, cheese, etc. for train dinner. A man from Vancouver said that Bonasola was a non-secret. It is full of tourists, crammed with them in the summer months. Saw Germans again, said good-byes again—they go tomorrow back to Munich. We wait outside hotel for 5 o'clock when we go to station and await train for Genoa at 15.58, catch train for Milan at 21.19, arrive Milan at 23, and leave in couchette for Paris at 23.30—arrive Paris—Berczy at 8.23 and take taxi to Carl Mathiesen's apartment where we divide up luggage. [Carl, cousin to Michelle's late husband and an engineer with an international company, put us up when we began the trip—in a secure, well-locked apartment, always in danger of robbery]. I go to London from Charles de Gaulle airport at 1.15 and Michelle decides to wait until evening to go to friend Annie in Paris. [Annie was girlhood pen pal with whom Michelle stayed for a few days before flying back to Canada.]

I did research in London before returning to Canada. I stayed with Eustace, arriving at the Morden home, a half-hour after his return from hospital where he had a bladder operation. He told me he blacked out while walking outside his house and had to be carried inside by a neighbor. He now rode an electric cart while I walked quickly alongside him to eat at the Beverly pub. He would just drink beer. Once, when returning to Morden after 3 p.m., I found Eustace in bed watching TV and remarked, "He is like Oblomov, the subject of a Russian novel, who never leaves his room." But he did go, mounted on his cart, to his Bowling Club. His good friend Jerry Haggerty, whom he had visited in Ireland, had died. He told me that he had friends whom he met at the Beverly, but a couple of characters, who boasted to be looking after him, were diddling him; one pretended to clean his house once a week, but, from the look of the bedrooms, she did nothing. Eustace preferred to be diddled than to make enemies, I believe.

I left him on October 16, 2003 and telephoned him some months later to see how he was faring. He seemed well. He died in March 2005 of a massive stroke. Rita wrote that the police thought he died on a Friday because he was reading the Friday *Guardian*. "On the Saturday, friends knocked on the door but got no reply. They left. On Sunday neighbors were concerned. On Monday, the Saturday

friends came back and they called the police. They found Eustace on the floor. He died of a perforated ulcer and internal bleeding." In his will, apart from his nephews, he left £5000 to a young girl Eithne, which lay in trust until she reached 18 in 2011. Eustace loved children.

Two years later, Michelle and I returned to Europe. I described this adventure to an artist friend living in Simcoe.

> Nov 22/05, Simcoe.
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> Dear John, It is good to hear from you again. The close call you refer to was, I take it, your heart problem, which the by-pass operation corrected. Now it's bipolar depression! In recent years the pills developed to combat it have been very useful and I am glad that you are getting them. I think it was last summer before we left on our European trip that we met at the Blue Elephant. You were going to get a disability pension—some financial help. I hope that came to pass.
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> Our trip was wonderful. First in London and the south of England—we noticed that the English were struggling economically and feeling their declining situation. Yet it was more expensive than France. We took a ferry from Dover (I wanted to revisit my past with the kind of boat-ferry I used to take in the 50s, but alas, the world moves too fast these days, and we boarded a huge ship and counted at least 300 giant trucks drive aboard). Our car was awaiting us in Calais—a Peugeot, standard shift, which caused me some anxious moments when I had to start it on the steep inclines we encountered throughout our route. Giverny was too touristy but Monet's lily ponds remained as in his day. I tried to get an American museum of art there (dedicated to promoting American painters) to carry Spohn's book in its shop but the manager would not meet with me. It seems they wish to carry only books in French and have very little to do with American artists—being France, you know. We visited Dieppe and understood how the Canadians were caught in a crossfire—then Juno Beach and Arrowmaches where we saw films taken of the landings. Many of the towns in Normandy are medieval in architecture. One of our favorites was Pont Audemar, 12th century, with canals running through and under it—called the Venice of France. Les Andelys on the Seine was a beautiful spot and our hotel overlooked the river. Our meals were wonderful. The best was Le Treport on the sea—it takes three hours to eat a meal and every minute is superb. The second best was in Dinard in Brittany, opposite St Malo, that is in the same cove. The hotel we stayed in there, by the way, was favoured by the English from 1900 to 1920s—its library of books was all from that period, rather a strange experience picking up G. K. Chesterton, Quiller-Couch et al. But we ate dinner in a café on the sidewalk, and watched one of the chefs handle the seafish, lobster, crabs, etc., which was his particular job. We did picnic on occasion—beside rivers usually. The weather was bright and warm. Bretons we discovered spoke the best French. Some of the sea towns were developed by foreigners, for instance Le Touquet by a Yorkshireman; it has great hotels, lavish restaurants, but still the narrow streets filled with shops and activity of an old French town. My favorite stop was in a stone farmhouse, auberge, in a small town by the sea, with one grocery store and one bar, very quiet, a vast green expanse outside our window and the houses of a village in the distance running down the hillsides toward the shore. We walked to see the sand dunes and breathed the air—the freshest Michelle ever breathed—she said it was like bathing her lungs. What a wonderful place to write for a few months! We cut across to Concarneau, a seatown, halfway between Pont Aven, which I wanted to see, and Quimper of the fine pottery and faience that Michelle had to see. Pont Aven was dead at that time of the year; it had many artists' studios but all the stuff seemed derivative; it was living off its reputation of the 1880s and 90s when Gauguin, Denis and others found it. Its mills are still there and the Aven runs through it but tourism has killed it. Quimper is lively and its art museum is good, different—actually we visited several museums and galleries in France with many famous masters but here there was a show of a local artist, Noel, 1850-1910, who painted in detail ships, naval battles, and Normand and Breton scenery—wonderful colors and great drama. We drove through Poitiers to stay a couple of nights in Chatellerault to research an ancestor of mine—Pierre Benoit—who we found was born in 1699 a Catholic, but like many at the time, converted and was known as Huguenot (a gutsy act in those days and a distinct statement); he must have left for America from La Rochelle

as a young man, just as Michelle's ancestor did a century earlier. We stayed in a hotel by the port in La Rochelle with its ancient watchtowers and seawall—across the estuary were tens of thousands of sailing ships moored as if it were 500 hundred years ago. There is an interesting walk through the park and gardens there, past the great old mansions, some deserted now—France has many of these old stone houses ready to be bought up cheaply. In some towns we saw the hand of poverty descending. Le Chatre, dedicated to Georges Sand, was a town we thought was clinging onto gentility by its fingertips. The hotel we stayed at was one of the least expensive—that is in a France very dependent on tourist dollars. A large statue to Sand in a park is flanked by two sequoia trees planted in the 1870s and towering over everything. We saw huge trees in Cambridge, England, but France seemed to delight in towering trees imported from California years ago. We went to the Medoc north of Bordeaux and stayed in a chateau for a couple of nights. At that time of year we had no trouble getting rooms as we traveled; we engaged ahead only at the end of the trip, for instance at the Aeroport De Gaulle. We got some great wines in the Medoc and saw many great chateaux of wine growers such as the Rothschilds. Pauillac, the central and richest town, was about to show Polanski's new movie "Oliver Twist" as the film's debut—tickets were sold out three weeks in advance. While eating lunch by the beach, I thought I saw Polanski and a friend walk out from the narrow streets of the town along the front and back into the old town, no doubt worrying over the reception his film would get. But the Dordogne and Lot River valleys were spectacular—towns cut out of the rock high over the rivers winding below—roads winding by the sharp rock face—we took back roads for the most part—here the French pronounce consonants like moins with a hard s. We visited several gardens along the way but the one we toured, the Jardins d'Eyrignac, in this area was largely trees and bushes shaped delicately and in precise patterns in the French Descartians or mathematical style. The loveliest garden was behind the Palais in Fontainebleau—we sat in the waning sun looking over the great floral gardens, the long pools and vast tree gardens to our left and looked at the long chateau stretched out in its colorful stone, large windows and turrets hiding the town, which, silenced by this barrier to its frenetic activities, awaited us with its sidewalk tables and entertaining clientele and passersby. The chateaus we visited were either fortresses unfurnished but suggestive of the lives once passed there or richly furnished and, admittedly, educational of styles and periods, or meccas for tourists such as Mont Michel. The gloomiest was Chateaubriand's palace in Compere, although the park around it with its paths, open spaces and lovely trees invited contemplation in a Chateaubriand manner. I can understand why he chose the title *Memoirs d'Outre-Tombe*. Limoges, the home of porcelain, was a modern city—we liked it. I read on a bench near a housing complex where a tree was planted to the memory of the assassinated Israeli prime minister while Michelle shopped. Of the books I read on the trip, a life of George Moreland was the most interesting. What a talent but what misfortune! Could not someone have taken control of his life? But then he was obstinate and profligate —and a good time was had by all, on his money. I recall a painter I knew in London in the 50s who admired Moreland for the concentrated solidness of his figures such as a sheep standing in a barnyard. I hope this long letter gives you a flavour of our trip.

Thanks for kind words about prize for *Sarah's Journey*; a reporter from the *Expositor* just interviewed me—she asked my age—74, I said, but that's nominal only, for instance, I played seven sets of tennis one day last week—I have to defend myself somehow. Have been researching and reading widely. Did research in London at the India Office Library. Hope to see you one of these days, that is, if they let you out of the institution. Michelle sends best wishes as do I. Yours,

My diaries record trips about North America, largely to Florida, where we bought a time-share, which we exchanged for vacation in other states and once in Norway's Telemark. Michelle's youngest son, Mike, took his family to Holland for five years, where he taught in elementary school on a NATO base, so we visited him on our trips about Europe. We saw few Americans; some we did meet wore Canadian T-shirts to disguise their Americanness, that is, until we began taking cruises [along the Volga to Moscow, around the Black Sea to Egypt and through the Mediterranean, around South America and around the British Isles] where Americans could feel safer on board. The calamitous actions of their leaders, the Bushes, Cheney, Rumsfeld, and the Jewish claque in

government, who involved the nation in mideast wars and barbaric torture and killing, caused those with money to stay home in decaying neighborhoods and gun-ridden cities to avoid derision when abroad, while those millions, whose savings were lost by the banker-profiteers, prayed to keep life and limb together. These early years of the twenty-first century will mark the disgrace and decline of the United States, whose citizens squandered the democratic ideals of their forbearers by bad judgment, arrogance and triumphalism.

As I write this autobiography, national aggression, genocide, and terrorism has their grip on the world, and global warming, population explosion with the accompanying eradication of wild animals threaten the future of homo sapiens. Books galore warn us, but corporations rule government policies and human greed informs them. My detective novel, *Overworld/Underworld,* the third in the New York Library series, pointed to the "robber baron" elite, whose elicit practices must be stopped if the globe is to survive, and to the genocidal aggressions of Israel which the political leaders of the world support while wringing their hands hypocritically over the mangled families killed indiscriminately by the Israeli war machine—surely the lowest point in the degradation of the human.

At 82 I feel active enough to continue with tennis and old enough but wise enough not to take up golf. I have books to write and hope for the time to finish them. I published Viola's book on *The Role of Memory in the Poetry of Alfred Lord Tennyson* and my creative nonfiction on Upper Canada as told by Richard Beasley, *From Bloody Beginnings*—both works, I believe, of permanence. My sister Ann died just after her 92nd birthday and my brother Alec [still incommunicado] lives well at 92. When I asked him to visit, as if to "bury the Hatchet" as my brother Jim wanted us to do, he replied: "The truth is that you and I have had quite different experiences and interests and are not interested in each other . . . we are much happier away from each other." I understand his reluctance; moreover, since he is almost stone deaf, communication would be difficult.

As in a novel, the protagonists in this story should be accounted for at its close. My historical novel *Violet's Flight* featured Viola and several of her family members at the time of World War II in Burma, a few of whom we heard about in Viola's letters. Rita Innis died of liver failure in September 2010. *Violet's Flight* appeared shortly afterwards. Kim Mellican Gaier, to whom I sent a copy, wrote in January 2011: "You have written a wonderful book and did your research on the Japanese invasion of Burma very thoroughly. I enjoyed reading it very much. My Dad asked Paulette to take me knowing what I faced as a 15-year old if he kept me under the Japs. My Dad was in hiding and so the Japs twirled little Philip (now in Perth and one of my favorite people) on the tip of a sword. I saw the scar. Of course my Dad came out of hiding and was killed . . . . Strange, you ask about Paulette and Bunny. You may have met them as all three of us enjoyed roaming the universe. Paulette has just died and her remains are awaiting cremation as she wished. She was 95 and had a very good life. We left Burma together. I babysat her 3 children who are now in their 70s. She had 6 children and kept a very good figure. Her only operation was 4 months ago—hip replacement surgery—and she came out of that beautifully. One year ago she was admitted into hospital as she was starving herself to death. The doctor refused to return her to her hotel, and she was put in a nursing home till the end. She continued to refuse food so they fed her intravenously. Bunny, who taught English and Latin in High School, has lost his memory. He is 93 and resides, like Paulette did, in Southern California (Burbank). I must have been a menopause baby as I'm 83. Buster came along 7 years later and passed away in Burma about 2 years ago. He wanted to come here but needed aid—in his long-term need—Bunny refused—this was decades ago."

I admitted to Kim that I glorified the roles of Buster and his brother Popey in the book by making them symbols for figures in the resistance. Popey died in Burma years before his siblings. Walter Nicholas, who played a large role in the book, lived to a ripe old age in London. In his last years, he shared digs with another man, remarking humorously that they were not gay, and died before Viola did.

John Parr is a fellow member of the Writers' Union of Canada, and we meet at those annual general conferences that we happen to attend. Brian Robinson cannot be discovered by either of us. Other friends from my young days are either dead or living lives that do not connect with mine. [Dr. Bill Swan's daughter is a novelist but I have not come across her, and the few surviving friends from my youth do not know what became of Dr. Don McGregor.] I heard that Alex Board, unhappy as a

customs officer and still tormented by others as in his youth, died, and his brother Johnnie, who worked for the Canadian Broadcasting Company, was trying to cure his cancer with bee-stings. David M. Gordon, my PhD. advisor, died young waiting for a heart transplant. John Guest, the editor, died aged 100 about the year 2000, so I read somewhere. Angus Wilson, I read in the TLS, lived his last years in poverty, devastated that his former fame had faded away. I took note that perhaps my failure to live by my writing was a blessing in disguise because I was forced to make a living that gave me a pension, which has allowed me to write, publish, and travel comfortably in my senior years.

Ferdinand Lundberg, whose early book, *America's Sixty Families*, predicted the destroying of democracy through the vulgar enrichment of the few, died in 1995, before he could witness the financial collapse of 2008 and the ensuing decline. His book began thus, "The United States of America is owned and controlled by a hierarchy that at its core consists of the 60 richest families of the country, to which at most 90 families of somewhat lesser wealth may be included. These families are the center of the modern industrial oligarchy that controls the United States. They function discretely under a *de jure* democratic form of government, behind which a *de facto* government of absolutistic and plutocratic nature has existed since the Civil War." "This hollowing out of democracy was possible," wrote a commentator in 1937, "only because enormous fortunes developed in the United States that have no parallel in the rest of the world." I am afraid that now they do have parallels in the rest of the world. Thomas Piketty's recent book, *Capital in the Twenty-first Century* is being acclaimed for raising the alarm about its danger because it relies on statistical and historical analyses. Marxist and socialist writings giving the same message for years were studiously ignored by the mainstream.

I had kept faith in my writing; the publication of my manuscripts, some of them many years after they were written, demonstrated its merit and timelessness. The digital revolution justified my belief in self-publication, and, as the publishing world goes through radical evolution, my writings may live owing to it, beyond the local reach of my printed books. Surprisingly I was awarded the Queen's Diamond Jubilee Medal on November 18, 2012: "In recognition of his extensive writings on the arts and politics, as well as his contributions to the documentation of international and local history." When I consider the many rejections by publishers my writings have endured and their restricted distribution, such recognition warms the cockles of my heart.

Top left, Michelle and me with my former colleagues in New York City, 2000; top right, with Joan Lader and Hannah Demaray, after my talk on the auto in NYC; middle, with Michelle in Niagara-on-the Lake; below, on our nostalgic drive through Europe—my favourite idyllic scene in Germany (incongruously, where Nazis killed a professor); Mimi Ponsonby's house in Carces, France.

Far left, in Osterode, Harz Mts. with thoughts of Bobby; left, with Karl and Frederick in Berlin; below left, with reunion of staff at Jasper Lodge, Alberta; right, reading from my books in a Toronto bar; lower left, a walk by the Lynn River, Simcoe, at one with nature, minutes from my home; right, selling my books at a fair; lowest left, at the 50th anniversary of graduation from McMaster University, 2003—across the table are Fraser Hale and his wife, formerly Beverly Strong, who acted with me in G.B. Shaw's "You Never Can Tell" in 1949; right, a newspaper clipping that all authors can hope for.

Renowned author visits Harrow