

***Edward Joseph Collins:
The Letters (1906-1919)***

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1906

Paqueboat "La Lorraine"

A bord, le Paquebot Loraine

[Monday March ?] 1906

Dear Folks —

I just have time for a line. Everybody is writing letters which are taken off by the pilot at Sandy Hook. We just passed the Statue of Liberty and are going into the narrows.

The boat is magnificent and is cutting the waves in fine style, but of course we aren't out to the big ones yet.

I had a nice time in New York. Will tell you all about it when I write again. Jamieson and Arthur Forrest, the actor, (brother in law of Mr. Ganz) were the only ones at the pier that I knew. I don't think I will be sick. Enclosed is a list of the first class passengers —

Ed.

INCOMPLETE

The name of the steamship line is the
'Compagnie Générale Transatlantique.'

Paqueboat "La Lorraine"

~~A-board~~ Tuesday Apr. 17
1906

Dear Folks,

We expect to arrive at Havre Thursday so I think I will write and have this all ready to post from there or from Paris. I have seen so much since I left home that I don't know how to begin to tell about it. I have had some good times and some bad ones and of course I must describe both. Tuesday soon after leaving Chicago my teeth started to ache frightfully and kept me on edge all day and all night. I did not sleep any and so I saw some beautiful scenery along Lake Erie and the Hudson. The train was on the dot at New York and Mr. Ganz and Jamieson met us at the station. We went to a very nice hotel, the Victoria, and had our breakfast. We were looking for Mr. G's press notices of the night before when I spied a notice of Count Rozwadowski's death. Mr. Ganz was stunned and is hardly over it yet. After breakfast we went down to the pier and saw to our baggage, steamer chairs etc.

We met Miss Peterson and another lady down there and the whole crowd of us explored the boat and played on the piano which is a concert grand. Miss Peterson is a wild thing always on the go and always laughing. Miss Burwash is just the opposite, a big mope who doesn't know enough to come in out of the rain and you have to give her a push every once in a while to wake her up. I had quite an experience that afternoon. Went out with Jamieson to Larchmont Manor and my teeth got so bad that I went to a dentist. I was in his chair from about 2:30 to 5:30. He took a nerve out of one tooth and put a rubber filling in to last me temporarily. I did not want to go to one in New York City because they charge about \$25 an hour and this lad was a jewel. He knew his business and only charged me \$2.50. Jamieson lives alone in a little house way out in the country and cooked a meal for he and I which was the most delicious I believe I have ever eaten. I didn't want to stay out there all night as it is eighteen miles from New York, so we came back to the hotel about 8:30. There was a grand piano in the parlor and of course nothing would do me but that I should play on it. There were about one hundred people in the parlor and I played for about two hours. Mr. Ganz and some friends of his who I know must have been critics, sat right near me and it was as good as ten lessons for he had never heard me play more than about one thing at a time and gave me some fine pointers after each piece. I slept fine that night and the next morning at 8:45 we took a carriage for the boat. You must be there not later than nine thirty. There were a big lot of people at the pier and many tears and waving of flags and handkerchiefs as the boat left. I felt in a kind of a trance and when the boat pulled away and they took in the gang plank I didn't care a snap although every one nearly was crying. The city of New York was a fine sight from the ship as was the Statue of Liberty and the thousands of small schooners in the harbor. I wrote that letter and some postals just after getting out of the Narrows and about noon the Pilot was taken off. He was a grand looking old sailor and as he went down the rope ladder and leaped into the row-boat like a cat everybody applauded and said to themselves, "Doesn't he know his business!" It takes a clever hand to bring that big boat between narrow openings in piers and [bigly?] looking rocks. He knows the position of every rock and is an employee of the government. All that day the sea was very smooth and the ship flew along. I had lunch at one, bullion and sandwiches at three ice cream at five and a twelve course dinner at six thirty. Many times I thought of the warning not to eat much the first day but it was no use. I ate right through the dinner and felt grand. We walked around the ship ten times which is about two miles as the promenade is six hundred feet long on both sides. I went to bed about ten thirty with the impression that sea sickness, as Dr. Donavon said, is imagination. Next morning I was awakened by being

nearly thrown from my berth and the roaring of the waves. The sea had become very rough and the wind was blowing a hurricane. I had a horrible taste on my mouth and knew what was coming. I managed to dress my self and crawl up onto the deck and there, helped along by the fierce plunging of the ship and the sight of other people throwing up, I walked up to the bulwarks and fed the fish. Between then and nine o'clock that night I vomited eighteen times. A person feels relieved for a while but as the boat never stops plunging you are soon in line for another spell. Nearly everybody was sick that day and the ringing of the bells for dinner or the sight of a fellow with a tooth-pick or something to eat was a signal for everyone to vomit. Next day was Saturday and as the storm kept up I could not stir out of my berth. Easter Sunday was the same way. In a storm you are not allowed to open anything so from Friday to Sunday evening I did not know whether it was night or day and for the three nights slept with my collar and tie on. Thinking it was Easter Sunday mornin I read that letter that Mary Moody wrote me.

INCOMPLETE

ENVELOPE

Miss May Collins
303 S. Centre St.
Joliet
Illinois
USA

LETTER

Paqueboat "La Lorraine"

A bord, le 19 April
Thursday
1906

Dear Folks,

There is great excitement on board to-day. We land at six o'clock this evening and are in sight of land very often. We have passed about fifty ships this morning and there is a cloud of sea gulls following after us. Since Tuesday I have felt fine. Sea sickness is good in one way. It takes the life almost out of you and puts you in a position to gain but is a hard test to say the least. Mr. Ganz has been sick a couple of times since then and I have had a dizzy head a couple of times but am perfectly hardened now. All day Tuesday the sea was smooth and I ~~staid~~ [stayed] on deck nearly all day. In the evening I had my dinner in the dining room, the first time since Thursday. Wednesday was a little rougher and I had to be careful about eating. I got up at half past eleven so of course didn't have any breakfast. At lunch I ate very thing in sight including some things that I had never tasted before

Last night was the big night and everything was fine. The dinner was a little quiet on account of the small number of people but it was very swell. The captain sat at the head of the largest table but of course we sat at our own little table in the corner. Every body got a little present, first thing, from the captain. I got a match safe, Mr. Ganz got a button box and the girls got pin cushions, pin trays etc. We all had those dunce caps, or whatever you call them, and started in on an eighteen course dinner. There were all kinds of soups, meats, deserts (ice cream, candy nuts and fine French cakes.) Champagne flowed pretty free. It is comical to see Mr. Ganz pass me by when drinking is in order. I don't believe he would give me any if I wanted it. At every meal there has been delicious wines on the table and a person could drink all they wanted. He generally takes some and gives some to the girls but never offers me any. The other day Miss Burwash brought some books out on deck and among them were sermons by Ingersoll, Voltaire and Mangasarius. I picked one up and was looking at it when he jerked it out of my hand.

Mr. Ganz called me for lunch so I will finish this now. I ate a fine lunch. The first course was snails. I don't care very much for them but then we had some fine chicken, French fried potatoes, rice and spaghetti. We always have fine fruit and nuts at the last. I am worried about some things that Mr. Ganz said. He ~~doesn't~~ think we will be settled for some time and we may not be able to find places where they allow pianos together so I will be lucky if I can get a place alone, even, and where I can have a piano all day. The latest report is that we will not get to Havre before 8 tonight. You can write me at "Kleist Strasse 31 Berlin c/o Mrs. Mary Forrest Ganz." I will write from Paris.

Ed.

Enclosed is a map of the voyage.

Berlin Monday Eve.
22? April 1906

Dear Folks,-

At last I am in the Fatherland and am beginning to get settled. From now on I will be perfectly comfortable and can dig in like I want. I think I left off on Thursday just after we had sighted the English coast. That was about eight o'clock in the morning. All day we saw signs of [land's?] fishing boats, birds etc. All this time, of course, we were going over toward the French coast and about four in the afternoon we saw "Les Cascades" a famous group of rocks with a tremendous lighthouse. About five, when I was down packing my trunk, they sighted Cherbourg with the French Fleet lying in the harbor. From that time we were never out of sight of land. About 9 a powerful searchlight was thrown out from Havre and after many signals and light flashings we were let through the big gates into the harbor.

The piers we passed along were magnificent with thousands of lights and crowds of people who cheered as the boat passed. There were all kinds of dogs on the piers too and when they set up a howl there was some noise. The Loraine was sending up sky-rockets all this time. When we came up to the landing place there was a lot more red tape—a doctor coming on to the ship and all kinds of examinations. It was just ten when we went down the gang plank and stepped onto land. Gee! I was glad. Of course the ship was magnificent and the eating and waiting on were immense but I was glad to get on 'terra cotta' as the Irishman said. Any time of the day you could have anything you wanted. At twelve o'clock at night you could have ice cream or turkey or what ever you happened to say. During the day there were tables at intervals along the deck, covered with all kinds of sandwiches, fruit, nuts, ice cream etc and take just what you pleased. The tips were high though each one gave away about ten dollars. Mr. Ganz never touched the piano once during the voyage and the four of us used to walk around it like animals around a piece of poisoned meat. There was no chance to play as the people would flock in and you felt as if you had to entertain them. Edna Peterson played a couple of times and the last night she played a solo. We didn't for the simple reason that we were not asked. Others on the program were the Orchestra and Monsieur ——— "from the Metropolitan House" as it said. The orchestra was bum. It played for about four hours every day and nearly drove Mr. Ganz crazy. He said it sounded better on the outside as you couldn't hear it out there. He is a great story teller but made a poor attempt at telling Irish stories. To come back to Havre most of the people ~~staid~~ [stayed] that night on the boat but we were so impatient to get on land and Mr. Ganz had so many things to do in Paris that we sneaked past the custom officers (which is a very easy thing to do) and went out on the street. There were hundreds of fierce looking fellows who surrounded us yelling in French to let them carry our baggage. They certainly were bad lookers and when Mr. Ganz had to leave us for a while to see about baggage or something else, I was a little scared as Pete could not speak a word of French and Miss Burwash speaks about as much as I do. After much furious talking between Mr. Ganz and the officials at the pier we lit out on the run for a railroad station. It was about a mile a way and the gang of us ran through the street of Havre like mad. When we got to the depot they had just closed the gates; the train had just left. Mr. Ganz was crazy and was going to lick the guide, an old fellow with a cane, but he had skipped as soon as Mr. G. had given him two francs. We got another fellow to take us back to the pier through a horrible district and across levees. There was a train leaving for Paris from there at 11:15 which was the special of the steamship company. We bought a loaf of bread, four oranges, some sausages and two bottles of pop and got into the old train. The outside was worse than one of our box cars but the inside was very nice. Don't speak of that ride from Havre to Paris. The train was terrible. It didn't get started until midnight and finally pulled into Paris at 4 A.M. We didn't sleep any as we got laughing and told stories all the way. Rudolph Ganz, the great Swiss pianist entertained us by imitating cats and dogs. For an encore he imitated the crying of the goats of Switzerland. We went out the door of the "Gare, Saint Lazarre" which was our depot and there the sight took my breath away. There was as much life on the

streets as at 8 o'clock in Chicago. Carriages were flying, restaurants were crowded and the glare of the electric lights was blinding. We passed women, walking along leisurely with paint on an inch thick and outside the restaurants the sidewalks were jammed with tables. Imagine at half past four in the morning! We staid at the Hotel Terminus and I was almost afraid to go to bed. But I bolted my door good and was soon asleep. A fellow woke me pounding on the door and I was so tired that for a few minutes I couldn't think where I was. He just wanted to call me though, as it was 10:30 and Mr. Ganz had sent him. We had our lunch at the hotel and then went again to the custom house. They just took the cover off Miss Burwash's trunk and never noticed any of the rest. In the afternoon we met Louis Campbell-Tipton and he took us around a little. We only had two hours but in that time I saw enough to repay me for the whole trip. We first went to the Credit Lyonnais which is Mr. Tewksbury's bank. He had just left but had also left a letter telling Mr. G. he would be at the "Grand Hotel." That is the best hotel in Paris so you can imagine what it is. On the first floor there is a regular park with fountains, trees and rare plants. There is an orchestra and a great many tables which of course are always filled with gorgeously dressed drinkers. We were ushered up to Mr. Tewksbury's room and there was the old lad with the same spectacles and grin. We were with him for about an hour and talked about happenings of the day before we came down to the fine points. By the way we heard of the San Francisco disaster on the ocean through a wireless message.

(Tuesday A.M.)

He wanted to know what our plans were and seemed ready for business. There was a magnificent balcony outside his window so I just stepped out there for a while and left the two lads alone just as if by accident. The scenery from the balcony was indescribable. Right beneath me was the 'Boulevarde des Italiens' filled with beautiful trees and shrubs. On the side walk just under the trees were tables with people drinking and in the street were streams of beautiful carriages and automobiles. As I was quite high I could see the Notre Dame Cathedral, the Eiffel Tower and the great many famous buildings also the Seine River. In about a half hour I went in again and Mr. Ganz was just ready to go. (Another accident) Mr. Tewksbury had told him that his main objection to me before was my health you know. I was not strong that summer that I ~~staid~~ [stayed] at the Paulists and he was afraid I wouldn't stand the trip and study. But he was better impressed the other day as he said I looked much stronger. He gave Mr. Ganz his different addresses and wanted to know if I wanted any money now. So I guess that part is all right. Mr. T. was born in Mendota and lived most of his life there. Mrs. Judge Snyder formerly of Ottawa is his sister and his mother lives in New York. He is very well acquainted with Joliet. After leaving Mr. T. we met the others and had something to drink on the sidewalk. I had hot chocolate and cake and it was fine. Streams of people passed near enough to touch but people ate away just as if ~~you~~ they were at home. When you go to a restaurant you can eat either inside or out and it is not cold as the summer is much fatter on than in America. After the lunch we went walking for nearly an hour through a beautiful district. Everything was wonderful. Saw the "Place de La Concord" which is a big square filled with arches and statues erected by Napoleon and obelisks brought by him from Egypt. Starting from the square are the two most famous boulevard's in the world. The "Champs Elyssés" and the "Bois du Bologne." Just opposite is the garden of the Tuleries which contains the galleries of the Louvre. The other two sides are taken up by the Trocadero theatre the Notre Dame Cathedral and the Seine River. I could write pages on the beautiful buildings and the trees in front of them even on the business streets. It is a well known fact that half of Paris sleeps days and the other half nights. Theatres are advertised to begin at midnight and others from two to four in the morning. The whole ambition of every one seems to dress and have a gay time. I think I would get sick of Paris in about a week.

The train for Berlin left at ten P.M. and we got there about 9:30. Think of it! We paid 250 francs (\$50) for transferring our baggage. Lucky for me I only had one trunk and paid \$6 for it. You are only allowed 25 lbs. free. Isn't that ridiculous.

Mr. Ganz rode first class but we three rode second. The difference was that he had a berth and we sat up and saved seven dollars. You know every thing is compartments on the European trains and I there were three men besides us in one. They were German though and I guess were more afraid of us than we of them. In the morning we were in Belgium and the country and towns were rich. Everything was French as you know the Belgians are French. At 7 A.M. we crossed the German boundary and stopped a half hour to have our baggage examined again. I went into a little lunch room in the depot and had a piece of meat a roll and glass of hot milk. It tasted fine. Everything was German here where five minutes before everything was French. There were red table cloths and steins. It was quite a change from the olive oil and wine of France. We got to Cologne at 9 and I saw the Cathedral from the train but did not get a chance to get over. All day we passed through rich German territory and famous old towns. About five thirty we went through Potsdam which is the summer home of the Kaiser also through the "Grünwald" his hunting grounds. At 6:03 we landed in Berlin. Mrs. Ganz and Roy were at the depot. Mr. Ganz acted like a kid and had the youngster sing several songs on the spot. The girls were taken to Mrs. McElwee's, which is to be their home, and I went temporarily to Ganz's. We had supper at 8 and it was fine. Roast beef and fried potatoes, milk and fine rolls. I might describe my room etc. now. It is at 7 Kalckreuth Strasse, in the same block as Ganz's but around the corner. I have my breakfast in my room and my dinner and supper at their table. My piano is an upright and good one, as we go to Switzerland in five weeks and it isn't worth while renting a grand. I was over to Spiering's Sunday and yesterday. Nicoline was operated upon last Monday and is getting along fine. We are going to see her Thursday at the hospital. My hand is getting tired so I will stop and write again in a couple of days. I am feeling great and take fine walks every day.

Lovingly

Ed

Berlin
Wed. Apr. 25
1906

Dear Folks,

By the time I got to Berlin in that letter my hand was so tired writing that I had to cut short. Saturday night I slept like a log as I hadn't lain down for two nights. Got up at nine Sunday and went to mass at St. Matthew's church. I was a little late as there was a great deal of confusion on account of confirmation and there were immense crowds so I had to stand. The choir and organist are exactly the same as in all German churches. They had congregational singing and you know the rest. After dinner, which is at 2, we all went over to Spierings which is only four blocks from where I live. They were not at home so we all went walking until supper time. Supper is always at half past seven. Monday we rented pianos (mine is a Seiler) and in the afternoon I moved into my regular room. Yesterday I practiced quite a little and about 9 in the evening went walking. Every few blocks there are beautiful little parks and I staid out until after ten. When I came home the doors were locked and I had to get the door-keeper out of bed and it cost me ten cents. So I learned something. You can't stay out after ten unless you pay this fellow something for opening the door.

Thursday noon.

I forgot to say that Mr. and Mrs. Ganz went to Switzerland Monday to be gone ten days. Mr. Ganz has a few engagements there which will keep him away until the fifth of May. But I have plenty to practice until he comes back. It is impossible to tell all I have learned since I left home. The traveling has even affected my playing and I feel that I have improved a lot already. I would not exchange what I have learned about traveling, hotels etc. for anything. I know so much more about dealing with people and buying things that I feel as if I were ten years older. Such things can only be learned by experience. The Fraulein who takes care of Roy Ganz is very nice. She is Catholic and takes Roy to church with her every Sunday. By the way, Catholic churches are thick as flies here. The one I go to is only two blocks away. It is a great deal like St. Mary's except that it is a little richer and has marble pillars and mosaic floors.

Edna Peterson and I went to Spiering's Monday and were to Mr. Spiering for quite a while. He told us to come Thursday and see Nicoline so we went there this morning. She is in a hospital a little way from her house and we went there. She got terribly excited when she saw us and started asking me questions so fast that we had to leave for fear of tiring her. She looks fine and will be up Sunday. The Spierings are going to Heppenheim soon and she will build up there although it will be some time before she can practice.

Edna Peterson is very cute but has beaux on the brain a little. She was at the Philharmonic concert last Tuesday with Mrs. Cameron. The McElwee's, where she and Miss Burwash, live, are fine people and have lived in Berlin twelve years. Miss McElwee is a piano teacher and knew Spears slightly and Moritz Emery very well. There are twelve students living in their house and when they all get practicing it sounds like the Chicago Musical College. There is a pianist under me who practices all day long and a violinist on the same floor as me. People are very cranky about practicing and every time I hear the bell ring I think it is some one asking me to quit for a while. But lucky for me I am in a place where I can practice any time I want except after nine and then the man in the next room objects. Frau Löblich looks and talks just like old Mrs. Hoffmann and can't speak a word of English. In the morning I have two glasses of milk but the one at my supper I have to pay extra for. My piano is right up to the window and it was great to have a nice breeze flow against my face but today a Dutchman yelled savagely at me from an up stairs window across the street and I guess he said to close the window so now I practice a while and then write or something else with the windows open. The German people are terribly sloppy and simple. After coming from Paris their dress was all the more noticeable. The women all wear those flat straw hats and all carry baskets

while the men are frights with their white shirts and swallow tail coats in the day time.

St. Matthew's church is near a big market place and yesterday I walked all through it. It is where the poor people trade and is a fright. Meat and butterine are sold at the same store as shoes and stockings and when the old women buy they round everything down into a big bag whether it is Limburger cheese or a clothes line. The streets are very clean and the street cleaners all work nights. The kids play on the streets altogether and the noise is frightful. The boys all wear high water pants and the girls skirts are a foot longer in the back than in the front. Right near where I live there is an elevated railroad. It runs on a trestle for a ways and then runs down a grade into a tunnel. The people think that is great and there are crowds around watching the train go into the tunnel. They are certainly rubes. Of course I have not seen any of the artistic side yet as I have not been to any concerts and of course the season is practically over now. Send me a Joliet paper once in a while and give Savory's my address so they will send me those four photographs. If it doesn't cost much to send those two ~~pair~~ summer union suits I wish you would do it as I might as well have them to take to Switzerland, but if it costs much don't as I can buy them cheaply here.

Ed.

☞ Berlin May 1st
1906

Dear folks- I hope by this time that you have my 'Lorraine' letters as they were supposed to leave Haver the 21st. I guess I told you about going to see Nicoline Zedeler. She is getting along very well but has intense pain every once in a while. The Spierings certainly are her good angels. She is in a grand hospital and fine people come to see her every day. I have often thought that it is a good thing she is not home for she would certainly have had a hard time but for the great surgeon and fine care. Just as Mr. Spiering and I were coming out of the hospital he hailed a little fat fellow and gave me an introduction to him. It was Godowsky! I was greatly disappointed in his personality. He reminded me of a little pig but his playing everyone here is wild over. I hope I will get in with some of those people soon. I can't get over how much I have learned since I left home. Traveling in a foreign country is a tremendous education and I would not exchange all I have learned for anything. Then living here in Berlin is a great educator. Every move I make I see something new and I have learned so much about taking care of my clothes and looking decent in front of the rest of the people in the house. Eating in the pension is fine nerve practice too. I have a fierce appetite these days and as everything is passed around it takes nerve to eat enough. But I am doing fine and manage to get enough good meat, vegetables and milk. Often I buy cakes and bread and have a lunch in my room. The bakery goods here is away ahead of the American stuff and about every third store is a bakers shop. They have the grandest cookies that I ever tasted and every thing has so much cream and eggs in it. I had a hard time getting used to the milk which is boiled by order of the health department. My dinner costs about 30 cents and my supper about 20. That is considered very expensive and the pension where I eat is one of the best. I guess I mentioned Mr. Merrill in my last letter. He is a violinist and lives in the same house as I. One meets so many kinds of people that it is interesting to watch them and see how quickly you can find out what they are and what is their history. To begin with he is from Minneapolis and knows every musician there and in St. Paul. It seemed as if I met some one from Joliet. I knew very quickly that he was quite a society chap when he started telling about being so much at Katherine Gordon's. He also talked a great deal about Frank Danz, Arthur Koerner etc, although he didn't know Kate.

Secondly his playing is shameful. I can't compare him to anyone except it would be Annie Wise. He came in a couple of times a day for about a week. Brought music with him and of course I had to play with him. We have murdered the Beethoven symphonies several times and lately it has been so terrible that I would burst out laughing. Lately he comes in occasionally but only for a minute and without his violin. He has coats and hats for every day of the week and his smoking jackets etc. are rich. Sunday I went with him to the Zoological gardens which are right in the neighborhood. I enjoyed it immensely. There was every variety of animal there. Besides seeing all the common animals that I saw at home, lions, tigers, bears, panthers etc, I saw all kinds of strange animals from Asia and Africa. There were yaks and all variety of mountain animals from Tibet and sacred animals from India. Big bulls with horns on several feet long and animals with humps on their backs. There was every kind of camel and every kind Zebra, gazelle, gru etc. The animal that attracted the most attention was an American buffalo. There were many more kinds but as we followed the crowd past the hundreds of pens and cages I didn't get time to look at some of the names. Then the gardens were better than any I ever saw in America. I can't describe the rich beds of roses and tulips or the lagoons filled with swans and all kinds of richly colored water fowl. Then of course it wouldn't be German unless there was music so there were two fine bands. They were far apart so to accommodate the crowds one would play and then the other. That part of the grounds was filled with tables and we had a lunch. The reputation the Germans have for drinking beer is greatly exaggerated I think. Of course a great many drink beer with their meals but Sunday there was as much chocolate and coffee on the tables at the Zoological gardens as there was beer. Mr. and Mrs. Ganz are coming home Friday. He sent we three pupils a postal each from Switzerland and told me to take the girls out walking but I have only seen them twice since we have been here. At McElwee's where they live there are twenty five girls staying. I had seen a lot around there but never imagined there were so many. Of course Mrs. McElwee has a big

responsibility with that mob and she looks me over so and asks me so many questions that I never go there any more.

This is a great neighborhood for celebrated musicians. George Fergusson the vocal teacher lives just around the corner and not far away are Arthur Hartman, Spiering, Godowsky, Mark Hambourg and Geraldine Farrar. About a question of a mile away is the Tier garden which is a famous park.

Everything here is the army. Half the men in Germany are soldiers and you meet all degrees of officers on the streets. I have seen bodies of soldiers march and I tell you they are well trained. It certainly straightens men up and gives them good training in minding their superiors but makes them terribly lazy. They have hardly any thing to do and a great many of them stay in it all their lives and become officers and have people take off their hats to them. Then too they draw fat salaries which are out of the taxes of the working people.

I am having a hard time with the police bureau. Every new comer has to fill out a big blank telling all about him even his religion. I went to the police with mine but the fools of clerks who deal entirely with foreigners can speak only German. So I will have to get some one who can go with me to interpret.

Another thing I must get is a passport I guess I could have got one before I left home but I didn't think I needed any. Neither of the girls have any and we have to go before the American Counsel and pay \$2 for one.

I got Annie's letter this afternoon. I feel sorry for Mr. Schager. I went with Merrill to the Hochschule the other day. There are three departments. Music, painting and technology. The technical school is the largest and is a beautiful big building. The art school is next and looks a great deal like the art institute in Chicago. The music school is principally for violin. Joachim is the head of it so of course most of the students are violinists. They have a most beautiful concert hall with an immense pipe organ. You could tell just by going into the hall that here was a musical centre. I was all through the building and the inside is very costly. I was a little disgusted with the looks of the students. You know violinists are generally long haired fellows and these were frights. Some had shaggy hair down to their shoulders and some looked like wild men. They were pacing up and down the halls moaning and humming and some were making fierce gestures while others were eating meat, bread and everything else and getting inspiration at the same time. They are wholly apart from the outside world and only know music. They are disgusting because precious few of them have talent and fewer amount to anything. The big musicians in Berlin, and in every other place for that matter, are the most ordinary looking men and know how to walk with out letting everyone know they are musicians. Joachim is the most honored musician here more on account of his age and what he has been of course. Then comes D'Albert who is first among the pianists. Busoni, Hambourg and Godowsky are next and are about even. Busoni and Godowsky are the only great ones that accept pupils so there is the Camp Busoni and the Camp Godowsky and the rivalry and hatred of one for the other is intense. Being a pupil of Ganz I belong to the Camp Busoni but as Spiering is in the Camp Godowsky and also Nicoline Zedeler and Sidney Biden, I have friends on both sides. I have to go now to the police bureau and go through a lot of red tape so will quit for the present.

Ed.

Herrn E- C-
Kalckreuth Str. 7
Berlin W.

Per. Ad. Löblich

Berlin. May 5th
1906

Dear Folks-

I have just come from my dinner and will write a little before I start practicing. Mr. Spiering sent me a postal from Weimar telling me to go and see Nicoline today so I went this morning. She is going to leave the hospital Wed. and going to live in a private family for about a month. The Spierings have left for the country and have stopped in Weimar for the Liszt festival. My I would love to see Weimar. Liszt's home was there for a long time and that is where he turned out Lausiz, D'Albert, Rosenthal, Sauer, Reisenauer and nearly all of the other great pianists. Chopin lived there for a long time as did the poets, Goethe and Schiller. I am going to get a hair cut today. I wonder how the barber will cut it? There was a young fellow named Steiner up with Mr. Merrill yesterday. He is from Dubuque and was surprised when I told him I played there (at the Mound). He is a violinist and played for a dance that the pupils of St. [Clara's?] college had a couple of years ago. Maybe Mary Carroll knew him. It is terribly exciting to meet any one from America especially if they are from a place that you know something about.

I am afraid I will be some time learning the German as I don't want to use my eyes only when I have to. It is absolutely necessary to know German French and English over here. I never saw anything like the way people can change from one language to another and talk one as good as the other. Common people who are not counted as being very well educated can nearly always speak several languages. They teach English and French in the public schools. All the people who eat at the pension where I eat can speak English and Frau Löbilich's daughter works for an American dentist and speaks English as well as I do. You know the American dentists are away ahead of the German and so everybody goes to the American dentists. Kaiser William's dentist's name is Davis and he is from Ohio.

I was finally fixed up with the police. Was there for a half hour in the 'sweat-box' Wednesday. I had to tell Pa's name and his business, Ma's name and her name before she was married and everything about my life and what my plans were for years to come. The old Dutch examiner couldn't see how any body's name could be Bridget. He could understand Bertha or Betty but after much arguing, wrote down Bridget just as I spelled it for him. He let me off without a passport principally because it aggravated him to try and make me understand him and because it was just dinner time. But inquire for one for me at home. I don't know where you would get it but I think a letter with any official seal of Joliet or from a post office official would do. They are liable to come after me for one yet and I suppose I will have the same trouble in Switzerland.

I started a letter to Kate yesterday and will finish it today. It is too bad she can't be here for a season as people are after accompanists like wolves. I am very anxious to see the business part of Berlin. You know I live in the outskirts and have not been down town once. Mr. Ganz will not be home until tomorrow. Just think, he had to hire a room across the street from his house, to practice in. People are so cranky about practicing. When a person wants to rent a room he has small chances of finding a good place if he is a music student. Luckily I struck a very good place where most of the people are away during the day and those who are home like it. But then there are several floors with a different family on each and I have to be careful with every one. Last night I went out walking until 9:30 and as the fellow next to me wasn't home the old lady said I could practice. It wasn't long before I heard terrible pounding right underneath me. That is the way they have of telling you to quit. In some places they turn on electric bells and yell fearfully. Enclosed is a card a fellow sent up to me. I didn't know it was against the law to have your window open, but it is and he asked me to close mine one day and I wasn't gong to do it at first but finally did. Have Mr. Schager trans~~l~~ate it. You have got to be very careful here as you are fined for foolish things. There are spies and detectives walking all around and inspectors for railroads and cars. If a conductor misses you and the inspector asks you for your receipt you are fined. For every cent you pay you get a receipt and

when you haven't got one they suppose you have cheated them some way. Everything is owned by the government and in a park especially on Sunday your are nearly always asked for a receipt of your admission and if you happen to drop it or throw it away they suppose you have jumped the fence and fine you.

Have everybody write to me but I won't promise to answer the letters.
Ed.

Kalckreuth Str. 7

Pre. ad. Loblich

Berlin W.

Berlin. Monday May 14.
1906

Dear Folks,-

I have a few minutes to write as it is too early to begin practicing. I suppose your got the Grünewald postal. I wrote it while we were eating. It is a beautiful place and the care ride out to it is through the swellest part of Berlin. The very wealthy people have immense villas and there are any number of them out that way. They are big castles with towers and balconys and have beautiful gardens and big iron fences. One must go up to the fence and ring a bell. Then the gate-keeper comes and lets you onto the grounds. Then there are a few more servants to pass before you get to the door. Of course no one gets to the door but people of the same class.

I have a fine time where I take my meals. The German people are the happiest at their meals and you sit for half hour after every one is through eating. the name of the pension is "Starke-Rettberg." It is run by two old maids, Fräulein Starke and Fraulein Rettberg. Fräulein Starke is very nice but Fraulein R. is one of those kind who don't eat to save money. She sits next to me and can hardly control herself if I take anything twice. On the other side of me is a young Russian girl who is studying music in Berlin. Then come Mr. and Mrs Ganz. Then the rest of the Russian family consisting of the mother and another daughter and a son who is going to school. They are certainly well bred. You can see it in every move of them. Then there are two Jewish women. Up until a week ago there was an English man and his son there but they left and I am glad. Those fellows were the most superior chaps you could imagine.

I am going to have a lesson at 10 this morning. Mr. Ganz has a Bechstein concert grand in his room and it is a whale. The action is terrific and I am like a baby at it.

I is 3 p.m. now. I had to go to my lesson this morning so could not finish. The Bechstein pianos certainly are frights. I can hardly move them. We have nothing like them in America for heavy action. The German players all have big heavy hands and heavy touches and they would not play any other piano. Mr. Ganz was not at dinner he is invited out by the Americans all the time. Dr. Ziegfeld is in town. Mr. Ganz had dinner with him, Emil Paur and H. J. Mason Saturday. Mason is the 'it' in the Mason and Hamlin business. Mr. Ganz got a letter from the Cable company with a check for \$10 for me. They apologized for not sending it sooner explaining that they didn't know my address. Mr. G. also got a letter from Jamieson thanking him for the good time he had in New York. Jamieson thinks I am mad at him. I was but I will write when I get a chance. He said something in New York about priests and I jumped on him.

I am crazy to get to Switserland as Mr. Ganz says the climate is grand. I hope I will get heavy now for that ~~is~~ has a great deal to do with piano playing. I feel as if I don't know anything and am starting over again.

Mr. Merrill plays with me occasionally again and he is certainly a fright. he is very nice fellow though and is one of those dry jokers. He said to me the other day "Are you Irish, Collins?" I said "Yes." "Full blooded?" I said "Yes." He said, "I knew it because you laugh at my jokes." I would love to get in with the American colony. They are the whole thing here. The American club is a block away from here and they often have swell musicals and receptions there. There are no paper boys here. On the street corner there is a big automatic box and you put in two cents and the paper comes out. It is a fright the number of dogs that run the streets. Some are as large as calves but the majority are these long bodied dachshunds.

Busoni is back in Berlin. Mr. Ganz saw him yesterday. I will play for him some time soon. He only teaches in the summer so my chances of taking from him this winter are pretty thin.

I was at an organ concert last night. It was a Bach recital by Straube from Leipsic. I was so glad to hear the organ, am a little lonesome for it and Straube is the best organist in Germany. Mr. Ganz gave me a comp and I was mighty glad I went as it was magnificent. When a fellow can play a big program of Bach and hold your attention and make you enjoy it he is a master. It was very encouraging to hear such playing and I am going to hear the organists this winter. We leave for Switzerland the first of June and will be gone just 100 days.

I have had letters from Mary, Annie and Cele. Do it some more.

Ed.

Kalckreuth Str. 7.

Per. ad Löblich

Berlin
Thursday May 17.
1906

Dear Folks,-

I forgot to put in that card the last time I wrote and I suppose you wondered where it was. I am enjoying myself immensely these days. Of course the practice keeps me busy in the day time, but in the evening I go walking and come to parks etc that are regular fairylands. Last Monday was down to "Unter den Linden." It is the most famous street in Berlin. In the middle is a broad walk for people, lined on both sides with immense linden trees, shrubs and beds of flowers.

Then on both sides of that are the places for vehicles. Nearly all the government buildings of Germany are on this street and they are wonderful. At the end of the street is the royal palace and the Kaiser rides down Unter den Linden every day. He is a god here and on every street in every park and in every street car there is a place where only the Kaiser is allowed. On some streets there are immense gates and there is always one reserved for him and soldiers stand on guard to see that no one else uses that one. In every car there is a seat that no one ever sits down on except him though he never rides on a street car. When he leaves the palace it is known all over Berlin and as he goes down the street the police blow a bugle and every person and every horse must stand still while he is passing. God help you if you are caught walking or with your hat on. You must not talk back to any official because everything is owned by the government and so that is an offense against the Kaiser. If you are caught making fun of his picture you are up the spout.

I am getting to like Berlin more every day but am crazy to hear some music. There to a Wagner festival lasting ten days to begin about the 20th of this month, but there is no such a thing as a ticket left for any performance.

Monday when I went up to my dinner imagine how glad I was to see Mr. and Mrs. Ganz sitting there. They went away the second day we came so I had to handle my own canoe but as I have said I will never get over how much I have learned since I left home. Our Swiss vacation is going to be great. We are going to a small town called Herckenstein on Lake Lucerne. There is a big hotel there which, in summer, is full of American guests so I expect to meet some fine people! The girls are going to stay at the hotel and have a piano between them but as only one piano is allowed to a party, Mr. Ganz and I have rooms in a farm house a little ways down the road. I will have a piano all to myself. We will all eat at the hotel and breakfast is served out doors right on the margin of the lake. I guess that will be rotten.

Yesterday I was at a pink tea at Miss Beren's. She is a pupil of Mrs. Ganz. We had tea in cups that at first sight looked like thimbles, and cookies that would fit easily in the cavities in my teeth. The one that could be the most polite was it but towards the end it got very rough and some even told a funny story. Tomorrow a whole bunch of us are going to Grünwald at Potsdam. It is a great forest fifty miles long and I think we will have a fine time. One of the most beautiful streets I have seen is called "Zieges Allee". It has trees on both sides but no sidewalks. You walk on a beautiful lawn with beds of tulips all along. About every fifty feet on both sides there is a monument to some German emperor and in all there must be two hundred. There are no common monuments, either but are like size and are white marble. The Thiergarten is very beautiful and I often walk down there.

Berlin is laid out very poorly as far as convenience to strangers is concerned. At intervals there are big squares. The Germans call them stars because a great many streets start from there and go in every direction, so there is no such a thing as knowing in what direction you are walking. Streets bend and then suddenly stop in front of a big building but begin again around on the other side.

I will try and write twice a week but if the letters don't come regularly don't worry as they are liable to just mess a boat and have to lay over for several days. I can read the leader at Mrs. Ganz's. I bought the Courier the other day and there was a piece about Nicoline Zedeler in it. She said she got your letter (Annie's). It is getting late so I will go to bed.

Love to All
Ed

Kulckreuth Str. 7
Berlin W
Per. ad. Loblich

Berlin
Monday May 21.
1906

Dear Folks,-

Cele's letter came this morning and I was very glad get my first mail at Löblich's. Don't write here any more but to -

Schloss Hôtel
Hertenstein (bei Luzern)
Schweiz (Schweiz means Switzerland)
Per. ad. Rudolph Ganz

I expect to get to bed at about 3 a.m. as I have to pack my trunk before morning. We are sending the trunks ahead as it will cost very little now. Isn't that silly. Every thing in Europe is so old fashioned. They are so afraid that they will be cheated. Saturday after my lesson I went to the Dresender bank to have my account straightened out. I left 800 marks (\$200) in the bank and am taking 100 to Switzerland. I left Chicago with \$548 (\$248 of my own and \$300 of Mr. Tewksbury's). My expenses to Berlin were about \$175. Since I came to Berlin I have spent about \$50 and will have to spend about \$25 more. This talk about things being so cheap here is hot air. Of course one can live in a garret and have one meal a day for very little but to live respectably costs just as much or more than in America.

The German people certainly are music mad. There are, in the musical season, about a dozen concerts a night and most of them are well attended. It is awfully discouraging to see the immense number of students. In Berlin there are 300,000 music students and 100,000 of them are pianists. These are not like the Chicago Musical College students either but are mostly foreigners who on account of being specially talented, come to Berlin. The Russians are the most successful. Besides having much talent they have tremendous physiques and practice and play like demons. I do hope I will get some weight now as it is absolutely necessary.

I am going to a concert Wednesday night by a Swiss choral society. Mr. Ganz says it will be great. Thursday I am going to Busoni's. He has a reception day twice a month and people go there to meet him. You go into the house and out again and there are always crowds. I was out to see Nicoline Zedeler yesterday. She left the hospital about a week ago and is staying at Zehlendorf which is about like Minooka from Joliet. She is getting along very well but wait until I describe the place where she is staying. It is exactly like Uncle Frank's farm, you can't see the house until you get onto the porch and the shrubs and vines are so thick that is almost as dark as night. She must keep perfectly quiet and not hear much noise so they picked this place out for her. If a bird chirps it sounds like a gun shot and to walk through the woods and over the dry twigs reminds you of the streets in Chicago. Everything is so still that every little noise is heard all over the grounds.

The worst is yet to come. It is a home for old ladies and there are ten of them there all about 75 years old. They smoke pipes and play chess all day and never speak so the whole place is like the grave. Can you imagine anything more lonely. To add to the solitude there is a monastery right near and the people have prayers every little while and the bells ring every time. They ring all night too and at midnight when everything is like a cemetery they ring out and she says it reminds her of death. She is certainly going through an awful ordeal out there with no one to speak to. At night she gets so home sick that she is afraid she is going to die.

I was glad I went for I played all the pieces I used to play on the trips and all our trios for her. There was an old piano out there which is played on about every ten years and I played for about two hours. It certainly revived her. I would love to live out there for a summer and practice but she can't practice a note so the time

drags on and she worries over the lost practice all the time. She is only going to be there a week longer, though, and when she goes to the Spierings it will not be so awful.

We are going to have a great time in Switzerland. There are going to be ten people in the party and if I don't weight 150 pounds by the end of the summer I'll eat my shirt.

I could write pages on the beautiful country and the funny customs of the people but it would be useless. Try and save some money and see Paris and Berlin especially and you will never regret it. Mary, Annie and Cele ought to start studying French and German because you simply are not tolerated over here unless you can speak several languages. The priests nearly all speak English and a Dr. Moser at St. Matthew's church speaks perfectly seven languages.

Tuesday A.M.

I had a lot of fun packing my trunk last night. Mr. Merrill helped me and I never laughed so much in my life. He is kind of slow and apparently dull and I had him working on the fly. He was tying bundles of music at a pretty fast clip and when I would send him out of the room after anything he would bark and say, "The little puppy dog is pretty busy." When I would give him some thing to do he would say, "Gee but you're a spoiled kid."

The Swiss are mostly Catholics and in Lucerne everybody is a catholic. There are only three houses in Hertenstein but it is famous summer resort.

Tell Rich Burke he will always have something coming. You must call up those people because I don't want to spend the money for stamps. I don't need to be grouchy but as my meals cost me so much I don't want to spend any more that I have to. I paid ten cents on Cele's letter.

Will write soon again.

Lovingly
Ed.

Berlin May 25.
1906

Dear Folks-

I got a letter from Spears yesterday but none from home so I was quite disappointed. Cele's is the only one that has come to Löblich's so far. Joliet is certainly getting very musical. It will soon be like Berlin (?).

The concert Wed. evening by the Swiss singing society was fine especially the soloists. There are two hundred voices in it and of course they are drilled very correctly. They sang immensely difficult songs by Schubert, Richard Strauss and Liszt but could learn a few points from the Madrigal[elry?]. The tenors yelled frightfully and not always on the key.

The soloists were Mme. Welty-Herzog, who has a voice like a flute, and Anna Hegner violinist. Mme. Herzog ranks next to Sembrich here and Fräulein Hegner has a great technique. I sat in the cheapest place in the house. It was back of the boxes and when you wanted to see the performance you had to get up and go to the edge. It was filled with long haired geniuses who have more hair than money. After the concert Mr. and Mrs. Ganz and those Russian people went to a restaurant but I went home with Miss Burwash and Miss Peterson.

Miss B. is having a hard time of it. She has always had all her mother's and father's attention and it kills her to be neglected at times. She was so mad at the Ganzs for not walking home with her that she raked them over the coals pretty hard. I felt mighty uncomfortable when she kept telling me what her mother would say if she knew her daughter was walking home at ten o'clock at night with out a chaperon. The distance was three blocks but she was scandalized. Miss Peterson is just the opposite. She has had to drill a little for herself and is right at home among strangers.

Yesterday (Ascension Thursday) was a big day here. The stores were all closed and nobody worked. The masses were the same as on Sunday and the pianos didn't work hard either. Mr. Ganz told me he got a letter from Moses yesterday. I haven't received Dr. Moody's letter so far and we go to Switzerland Wednesday so it will have to hurry. Mr. G. is going to bring over about ten pupils with him ~~yesterday~~ next year. He will certainly have a time with them.

Mrs. Ganz will certainly have a time too. She is one of the most highly educated people I know of and she certainly makes us three step around. She is kind of touchy and feels it if you don't kind of respect her highly. The other day I opened their parlor door in a hurry and said, "Say, is Mr. Ganz in there." She said, "Mrs. Ganz, is Mr. Ganz in there." Another day I was walking through the hall fast and said "Hello." She said, "A-a-a-a Good morning." She and I are very good friends though and she is going down town with me Monday to help me buy some clothes for the summer. I suppose Mrs. Collins will live in the garden this summer. Get Tim clipped if you can. All the dogs are clipped except their heads and tails. There are so many dogs here that you have to walk carefully to avoid stepping on them. Their muzzles make them very nervous and they always go for you but is nice to make a kick at them and know that they can't bite. Annie's letter with the jokes was fine. Mr. Merrill is making copies of the Dutchman and the bicycle.

Did I tell you that there are three Chicago people at the pension, Mrs [Field?] and two daughters. They are going home in a few days. They live on the north side and the old lady belongs to the Germania Club.

It is terrible all the money I will have to spend for clothes. I must have six union suits at \$2.50 apiece, and at least a dozen pair of socks, a light suit, some soft shirts, ties collars, etc and 4 nightgowns. Then when I get to Switzerland I will

have to buy tennis shoes, duck trousers straw hat etc. Aint that a fright. But the people I am with have clothes by the barrel~~+~~ so I have to blow myself.

Spears told me to go and see [Sievelsing?]. He lives only four blocks from me so I will go tomorrow.

There are no mosquitoes here in summer and most of the people eat their meals out on the balconies. It looks fine at night to see them lit up. I did not go to Busoni's. He has an attack of nervous prostration. Will write Wed. just before I leave.
Ed.

Berlin May 30.
Wed. A. M.
1906

Dear Folks-

Mary's letter just came. Too bad about Tim and Mr. Carey. Also that I will not see the chap from Porter's brewery. My piano was taken away yesterday and I have had all kinds of time to kill since. It would be terrible if I couldn't practice. Yesterday I went to Sieveking's but he had gone to Paris the day before. Mr. Spears said he would go the 10th of June and yesterday's being the 29th of May. I thought sure I would see him. I will write Spears from Hertenstein and get Sieveking's address for next fall.

]It is 9 o'clock now and our train goes at 3:25 this afternoon. We will get to Lucerne tomorrow morning. I am crazy to see Switzerland but will have a hard time with the language as I can't speak a word. It is a dialect between the French and German and is awfully hard.

When I was looking through my overcoat pocket yesterday I found this five dollar bill. It is as valuable as waste paper over here so you might as well have it. The check was not accepted either and Mr. Ryder would have to send a money order and I would lose money to get it cashed.

I was out to Nicoline's again Monday. She goes away today with Mrs. Spiering's parents. There was an old Russian lady out there who used to be a pianist and she knew everything I played. The German people certainly appreciate music. One of the servants out there was tickled to death when I was playing and she listened outside the door for a long time and understood it too.

Traveling here is very hard for a foreigner. When you go on the elevated you buy your ticket from a slot machine. I always travel third class going a short distance and it costs two cents. There are guards on the stairs who punch your ticket and give it back to you. When the train comes along there is no one to tell you anything and you must open the door which always sticks, and go into an apartment according as your ticket is first second or third class. Isn't that foolish to ride in a compartment for a few blocks. There is no conductor so you must guess when you come to your station. Then get up and open your door and give your ticket to a fellow outside. You are fined \$25 if you make a mistake. The doors of the cars open just like the hack doors in America and a passenger coach looks just like a long back with a great many big handles sticking out. There is a long plank stretching the entire length of the car like on our open street cars. The engine looks like one of those steam rollers on the streets and goes about as fast and the whole train jolts like a State Street car. One of the American Pullman cars would crush the tracks.

This such an old country that everything has been planned to last for centuries. You see parks and gardens that look like stage scenery and are kept in perfect order. Nothing is made of wood. A wooden house is unknown even in the outskirts of the city. I have seen all the royal palaces and royal theaters etc. They are awful looking old barns and would not be tolerated in America. We certainly don't appreciate our own country. The Joliet courthouse would make the palaces and government houses here look like a million dollars all spent (as Merrill says). But they have more grass trees and flowers in Berlin than there is in Illinois. I **can't** get over the way beer drinking is exaggerated. There are twelve people at our pension and there have not been two bottles of beer drank since I came. The students of the universities drink but in a funny way. They take their books after school hours and go to a restaurant and order a glass of beer. They study any write for hours and in that time drink a glass of beer. The restaurants are beautiful. Tables outside with beautiful ferns and flowers all around you and the students must order something to sit there and they seldom drink more than one glass. Of course the back men and street have beer and bread for their meals but a Dutchman can waste more time drinking one glass a beer than an American could

drinking seventy five. Let me know Fr. O'Brein's address in Ireland and I will write him from Switzerland. Write immediately and tell me if you get this.
Ed.

Hôtel Schloss
Hertenstein (bei Luzern)
Switzerland
Per. ad. Rudolph Ganz.

I have received 6 letters, 5 from home and one from Spears.

I

Hertenstein Switzerland
Friday - June 1st
1906

Dear Folks,-

I have seen so much in the last two days that I can just mention the principal things. We left Berlin at three fifteen Wednesday after much worrying and scrapping over baggage tickets etc. I never enjoyed anything quite so much as that ride. There were eight of us (Miss Shorey and a few others are coming later. Our first stop was Halle, Handel's birthplace. The trains stop a long time at stations and lots of people get off and walk up and down the station platform. The next stop was Weimar. I near went crazy when I saw Weimar written on the depot. I could almost see Liszt and all his pupils walking around the streets. Chopin lived there for a long time as did Wagner and of course it is the birthplace of Goethe and Schiller. When we left the town we went up a big grade and could look back and see the town down in the valley. It looked gorgeous with the sun shining on it. There are only about ten thousand people there but it is the most aristocratic town in Germany and forty years ago was the music and art centre of the world.

II.

The next stop was Eisenach (Bach's birthplace). Fugues were standing at every corner and some got on the train. At Eisenach there is a big Catholic University and at the depot we saw about two hundred students for the priesthood and their professors. Just after leaving Eisenach we passed near the Wartburg Castle. It is on the top of a mountain and so we could just see the towers of it from the train. That is where Wagner wrote Tannhäuser and the story is laid there. Liszt lived there top for a short time and that is where Liszt taught his first pupil Tausig when he (Tausig) was fourteen years old.

We had our supper on the diner that evening and it was certainly swell eating. The car was full of Americans and they talk much louder than the Germans so there was a loud time. Some from New York and some from San Francisco who are going to do the whole of Europe this summer. We had a sleeper and went to bed about ten-fifteen. The ~~sleep~~ berths are like those of a boat and you have to sit in the other car until you are ready to go to bed and there is no room to sit down except on the beds which are a foot wide. I slept in the upper birth and Mr. Ganz in the lower. We passed through some fine towns in the night, Frankfort and Strassberg among them but there is no place to look out, only a hole in the top for air and you sleep the cross way and not the long way of the car. Speaking of Frankfort reminds me of Hugo Hermann. He lives there. Do you know that he is going to teach at the Chicago Musical College next year. The whole family is going including six kids. Dr. Ziegfeld is in Berlin and is making desperate efforts to bring the College out of its crisis.

We all got up a 5:30 in the morning and the first Swiss town we saw was St. Ludwig. At 6 we got to Basel and had our breakfast in the depot. When we were eating, Mr. Ganz's brother Paul came in. He lives there and is the editor of a paper. He is one of those quiet awkward looking fellows who can make or break a many reputation through his paper. We left Basel at 7:15 and passed through tunnels and over precipices and could look down and see little towns in the valleys every one with their big church steeple sticking up in the middle. At 9:30 we arrived at Lucerne. It is a fine town and the buildings are away ahead of any of those in America (in towns of 30,000 people). We went to a piano store and rented pianos and then walked around the town a little. We went over a bridge that was built in the fourteenth century and it is covered with a wooden roof that has never been repaired. On the ceiling there are paintings of Swiss battles. Some of them have worn off but some are quite plain. Think of them being there for six hundred years. From Luzern you can see Mt. Pilatus, Mt. Rigi and a great many others most of them with their heads above the clouds and snow capped. I forgot to say that there is as much English

spoken in Lucerne as Swiss. The American express Co. has an office there and advertisements in the store windows are mostly in English. We saw all kinds of Americans and all of them talking as loud as Jennie Crowe. At every corner in Lucerne there are big telescopes and it costs to look through them. It must be fine to see the hotels and rail roads on the mountains which look about a quarter of a mile away but are from 25 to fifty. There are excursions every day and the docks at Lucerne are crowded with tourists. Boats leave for the foot of the mountains every half hour and we took one at eleven. Lake Lucerne is like an immense river. It is very long but in some places very narrow. We passed beautiful villas and chateaus on the way to Hertenstein and of course had the mountains on both sides. It only takes twenty minutes to go to Hertenstein. I sent you the picture of the landing. You would have to see these things though to know what they looked like. We had lunch at twelve-thirty. I must tell you something about the hotel and the ground though, before I get any farther. It is certainly the swellest outfit I ever saw in my life. The entrance and furniture in the lobby are immense and on the first floor there are fine writing rooms, billiard rooms and the grandest parlors I ever saw in my life. There is a brand new Bechstein grand there and every little detail is up to the same standard. They have an elevator (which is a very rare thing) and the elevator boy, porters etc are dressed to kill. On the second floor is the dining room and it is certainly exquisite. The side that faces the lake is all glass and you can look out on the mountains, water or woods as you please. It is tinted in pink and blue and the gas fixtures are beautiful. The chairs are little blue seats and the table linen dishes etc are the real thing. Last but not lest comes the eating and it makes you happy. For breakfast this morning I had a pitcher of milk, about a pound of butter (Swiss butter) honey, raspberries and a dish of rolls (Swiss rolls). Then lunch is six courses and dinner in the evening twelve courses, served by the waiters in their dress suits.

There are not many people there yet as it is a little early but in a couple of weeks it will be filled. They certainly treat you fine. Today I told the waiter I didn't want any meat and without saying another word he brought me some of the finest eggs I ever ate. Everybody is a Catholic here and he guessed why right away. There is a little chapel right near the hotel. I forgot to say that in Lucerne there are big crucifixes hanging up on the streets and along the lake on both sides there are shrines. I thought I would describe the grounds but I can't. I simply held my breath at every step I took. Of course I don't sleep at the hotel as they allow only one piano to a party of people. I live about a quarter of a mile from there. It is a beautiful walk lined on both sides with woods and plants in tubs and at night there are electric lights.

Last night I ~~staid~~ [stayed] up at the hotel until nearly ten and I certainly enjoyed that walk home over the hills and across little bridges. The post office is in the same house with me and so I am right in the centre of the town which consists of three houses. I have a room right on the lake and to look out of the window and see the storms going on in the mountains and drink in the fresh air is great. There are cows all over and the air always smells of them and I love it. We are expecting our pianos today and so I am looking around at everything while I am idle. Am going to Lucerne tomorrow. It costs ten cents and the ride is worth ten dollars. It is very tiresome to write so I will quit for this time. Write often. Every body is getting mail by the barrel but me. I got Savory's pictures from Berlin yesterday.

Lovingly Ed.

Schloss Hotel
Hertenstein (bei Luzern)
Switzerland

Per. ad. R.Ganz

The Germans spell Lucerne Luzern.

Sunday
June 3.
1906

Dear Folks,-

Cele's letter just arrived forwarded from Berlin. It was funny about the priest's knowing Miss Neff. Be sure and send me the names of the medal winners at the college this year. Annie can get a list of them with the program for the commencement concert by going to the college.

I am enjoying myself immensely. I get up at half past six and go over the hills to the hotel for my breakfast. The fine meals continue. Six courses at lunch and ten at dinner. At lunch we have two kinds of meat all kinds of vegetable and fruit. Then at dinner everything you can think of, winding up with ice cream and nuts. I don't see how they can give such fine meals for so little money. I forgot to tell you about the two other ladies, Mrs. Brooks and Mrs. Wentworth, both pupils of Mrs. Ganz. Mrs. B. was sick every minute of the sea trip and got sick on the train from Berlin so there was a hot time. They are both very nice particularly about their practicing. They rent a room right next to mine and it is impossible for both pianos to go at the same time. Miss Burwash, I think, looks desperate. She is a great big soft thing and doesn't eat a thing. Mrs. Peterson eats quite a little but Mrs. Ganz has stomach trouble and picks things out. Mr. Ganz has a huge appetite and the things never come too fast for him. Mrs. Ganz is disgusted with the appetites men have and is trying to persuade us that half the courses would be enough. I told her to let the good work go on and she started off on a lecture. She said, "Why Mr. Ganz never refuses a thing and Collins too enjoys it immensely-the two men." She gets so mad to see us eat everything and talks about men just like Mary does. She says they are in it for themselves etc. The people at the hotel are dead swell and every thing is ahead of the finest summer resorts in America.

I didn't buy my summer clothes in Berlin but in Lucerne last Sat. Mrs. Ganz went with me and she is a terror to store-keepers, waiters etc. She fights for a cent so I got everything at the lowest possible price. Two suits one blue and a gray for \$9 apiece. They are stunning. I had to get a white tennis hat, tennis shoes and two pair of duck trousers. I got some line colored shirts too. In the store I would go in a little room and put each pair of trousers on and then come out until she would see if they were all right.

Sunday I went to the "Hof Kirche" in Lucerne to Mass. The little gasoline launch goes very Sunday for those who want to go to church. The ride was immense. The Hof Kirche is the finest church I was ever in my life. They have about ten altars and the stations are big oil paintings. There are any number of magnificent statues. It was a pontifical high mass and everything went off fine. The organ and organist are fine and the choir was good. They sang a fine mass and the soprano soloist was great. It was a relief to hear something besides congregational singing long drawn out and the women's voices sounded like America. There was a choir of monks up in front and sang the responses. The church was packed and there were a great many strangers principally Americans, who gawks at the altars and turned around to see what was going on up in the gallery. Any time Sunday morning you can go to the church and be in for five masses all going on at the same time. Mass was over about eleven thirty and I had an hour to walk around the town. There is an Episcopal church there too and the Americans and English rushed to it at a rate that would scare you to death. There were some English chaps who came into church on the same launch that I did from Hertenstein.

It is comical to go into a store in Lucerne and ask for what you want in English and have the clerks speak English. Every building in Lucerne is a hotel except a few houses up on the bluffs and a few stores and the depot down town. It is called the city of hotels. The hotels have a reputation for being the swellest in Europe and rooms costing \$50 a day are nothing. I got back to Hertenstein at 1:15.

Yesterday and today are the first fine days we have had since we came. There has not been such rain here in 20 years and it is unusually cold. There are hotels along the lake every few rods and the proprietors are losing heavily as the people haven't started to come out yet. We expect to have a hard time when the season is well on. People are complaining already about our practicing. Miss Burwash and Miss Peterson practice four hours apiece so the piano in the hotel goes light hours a day. The guests are principally people of brains who come here to rest in the summer and they are in agony. Mr. Ganz has a room in a house a little ways from there so he is all right. I am all right, too, except for the two who yell two hrs. apiece next door to me. When they practice I must quit.

I had to quit this letter several times and it took me about four days to finish it. If you do not write oftener I will stop a little. I get a letter about every two weeks. I sent a circular of the hotel this morning.

Lovingly
Ed.

INCOMPLETE LETTER

Hertenstein
June 14 1906.

Dear Folks,-

Annie's letter came last night and I was very glad to get my first mail direct. Always write the address just as I have written it and it will not be delayed. "Bei Luzern" means near the city of Lucerne. The word meaning Switzerland is Schweiz. Since I last wrote not much of importance has happened. We have got over the first excitement and are settled well for the summer. The eating at the hotel is even getting better. Mr. and Mrs. Ganz said they never saw anything like it. The meat melts in your mouth and they pass everything twice and if you don't take much they look at you as if you were crazy. There are two things I don't like about the place. One is that you can get everything you want by speaking English and the other is that the place is so swell that collars that don't touch your ears are scandalous. There are so many visitors each year in Switzerland that storekeepers and businessmen must speak English. It makes me feel small to see hotel porters and oarsmen speaking three or four languages. It will be hard for me to make any progress with German and French this summer. Everything is dead swell. The whole country is a park and all over there are benches and tables where one can rest or eat. There is no such a thing as the country. Fields of grain are unknown. The principal work is in dairy products. The cows roam all over the mountains and very often there is a carcass of one that went too near the edge for some grass. Every foot of ground is used for something and you come across the finest gardens of vegetable on hillsides so steep that you have to crawl to climb them. Yesterday noon we took our lunch out in the woods. It was great. The cook at the hotel fixed it up and we had everything you could think of. After lunch we went wading in the lake. That evening there was a magician at the hotel. there are crowds of those kinds of fellows roaming through Switzerland giving performances and taking up collections. This fellow was a sleight of hand performer and he was fine. The entertainment was in the dining room. He was a Frenchman and could speak nothing else. He ate newspapers and spit them out as ribbons and flags. Once he shook his hands and a pigeon flew out. He asked me to come up in front and the crazy son-of-a-gun started taking eggs out of my mouth, handkerchiefs out of my ears and sausages from under my coat while the crowd howled laughing. After that he asked me to let him take a handkerchief and thank heaven I had one. I shiver when I think of how I would have felt in case I didn't have one. The room was full of swell people and to show them that there was no fake about the trick he was going to do, he opened the handkerchief and showed them both sides of it. Thank heavens again it was white as snow. Everybody gave a franc (20 cents). We have had musicians too who play at dinner time. You have to give them something too.

Today was a legal holiday all the stores in Lucerne were closed. I intended to go to church there in the motor boat at 8:30 but when I went down to the hotel the motor boat was out of order and the whole crowd had gone on the regular passenger boat which I could have taken with ease had I known about the other. then I made up my mind to go to church at Weggis. At 8:40 a boat came to Hertenstein going toward Lucerne and I got on it. I was told that the next boat to Lucerne after 8:30 was 12:15 but I got on this one anyway and of course didn't go to Lucerne but to Kehrsiten a little town across the lake. I tried to go to Lucerne from there but would not be in time for mass so I took the next boat back to Weggis and got there just in time for every thing to be over. I was mad that I didn't get to Lucerne because all our party went to see the procession. They all intended to go on the motor boat but on account of living at the hotel were told in time to run over and get the other one. I live right near

INCOMPLETE LETTER

Hertenstein June 19.

I 1906

Dear Folks--

Mrs Ganz is giving Mrs Brooks a lesson next door so I am requested to quit and will write while Mrs Brooks is breaking her neck trying to sing a scale. Annie's letter came last night with the news of the ending of Mrs. Farley's strenuous career.

I was at Lucerne Sunday and yesterday. It is so funny to meet crowds of Americans going along and talking so fast and loud. Sunday I saw the famous lion of Lucerne. It is only a statue of a lion but I stood and looked at it about an hour. If I can buy a picture of it at the hotel I will send it in this letter. I see hundreds of new and strange things every day but it is impossible to write about them.

It seems as if Mr. Ganz waited to get me over here to show me how little I know. If I play some

II

of the Rubinstein concerto and he thinks I am pleased with myself he will say, "you see when Rubinstein came down on those chords he made the orchestra look like thirty cents." Then he shows me orchestra scores that are Greek to me and not long ago topped everything off by giving me ten works by Brahms that are killers. He is going to give three concerts in Berlin with orchestra this fall and he has certainly arranged things cleverly. Busoni is going to conduct the first, Emil Paur the second and D'Indy the third.

I read the Courier and the Leader yesterday and saw the medal winners. Poor Miss Neff she must feel terrible. Last night at dinner Mr. Ganz talked about some of his experiences at concerts last year and we near split our sides laughing. He told too of the tremendous pull some artists have and of the scheming and fighting that is going on in the Chicago Orchestra. Dunstan Collins (who is the agent for the Courier) and Florence French stop at nothing to knock each other and the way the piano companies are running things is terrible. Rosenthal will be in America this winter and be sure and hear him. Mr. Ganz says he will make a show of the Weber Piano company by breaking their pianos in public. Lhevinne is going to play the Steinway and between he and Rosenthal space will be limited for Mr. Ganz. I have learned one thing lately and that is that I can't talk about anything but music. The majority of musicians never talk music when they are together. It is awfully hard not to especially when we are eating and things are kind of quiet. If we start talking music Mrs. Ganz gets mad as a hatter and you can't imagine how hard it is for musicians to talk anything else.

(June 20)

The poor Irish get knocked terribly by Mrs. Brooks and Miss Burwash but I don't say a word any more. At first I used to lay them out but it is talk wasted. Miss Burwash isn't so bad but after Mrs. Brooks tells about her Irish servants getting drunk Saturday nights and going to church Sunday mornings she winds up by saying before the whole crowd, "you know Edward I have no prejudice for I am Irish, my name was Conlon before I was married." It kills me when she says that for she eats like a rube and says the roughest things at times. Her favorite expression is, "I haven't been so hot since Hek was a pup."

On Sundays at the Hof Kirche in Lucerne there are a great many English speaking people and some of these days I expect to meet some Knights of Columbus. I sent the picture of the Lion last night.

I have not sent any postals to any of those people so I suppose I am in for it

Lovingly
Ed.

July 4 1906

Dear Folks,-

It is three thirty. We had our lunch in the woods today in honor of the 4th and I just arrived so will write for a few minutes. It has been quite cool for the last few days. The weather changes every week or so. My practice has been interfered with sadly the last few days. More people are arriving and we have so much fun that I can't leave and go practicing though I am miserable when I am not practicing. It is by no means time wasted though for one must learn in a swell crowd how to say something and not sit as if you imagined everybody were staring at you. I suppose I told you about a week ago Sunday. The whole Ganz family was here. Four boys, Paul, Rudolph, Emil and Hans and about forty cousins. Old Mrs. Ganz has been here for two weeks. She and the old man left yesterday.

There is a swell French family at the hotel. The kind that have had their money for generations. They are these terribly polite French and have new outfits every day.

Sunday I went to church at Weggis. When I was walking up the road I saw a white parasol way ahead of me. It was Miss Burwash. She is one of those kind that would just as soon go to any church. She seemed quite impressed knelt down and stood up with every one else. In the middle of mass the French family came in. They had come in the motor boat and invited us to ride home. We accepted and had a fine time on the way home. Miss Burwash speaks perfect French but poor me had to grin and point to things. In the afternoon Edna Peterson and two of the French girls went rowing to Weggis with a Mr. Noble and I. He is from New York and is one of those dangerous guys - here with his mother and sister. There was a band concert at 4 p.m. In the evening we had a hot time. Everybody was feeling foolish so we jumped the rope and played blind man's buff until ten. The Frenchman had been in Lucerne that day and brought home a bunch of fire works. We went out in the launch to several little towns shooting the fire works off from the boat and yelling like mad. We got back to the hotel at 11:15 and a rich guy Monday afternoon Edna Peterson and I were invited to tea at a Miss Stocker's in Lucerne. We got home at seven. In the evening things were quiet so I went to bed early. Tuesday all day was quiet. I got this letter from Mr. Tewksbury about 11 a.m. It certainly made me feel good. If you notice the address he has written 'Hotel and Pension Hertenstein.' I told him they don't like the looks of pianists at the Hotel Schloss so I had to rent a room five minutes walk from there. The Hotel Hertenstein is five minutes walk from the Schloss Hotel and as he knows the neighborhood perfectly he supposed I practiced and slept there but my house is right back of it. Tuesday at dinner we had two Swiss singers. They sang those Alpine songs beautifully and gave all kinds of calls for cows etc. It was certainly interesting.

After dinner we had a dance. There were about twenty couple and I had a swell time. It was boiling hot in the evening so everybody was soaked in a few minutes. The Europeans dance so fast that you almost get dizzy. It only lasted until 10:30 as we have one often. This morning it was beautiful not a cloud in the sky.

I lay down nearly all morning and at noon we took a lunch up into the hills. We were right in the midst of a bunch of cherry trees and we could pick big black ones by just standing on the ground. We expect to have a fine time tonight, will write about it next time.

Lovingly
Ed.

Hertenstein
July 8 1906.

Dear Folks,-

I will write before I go to bed. It is ten p.m. and I have just come from the hotel. Nearly every night we play games but some nights every body is tired and goes to bed early. Here is a big billiard room in the hotel and there are a great many other games there so you can always interest yourself even if no one is around. I guess I didn't tell you about the evening of the Fourth. The Frenchman (his name is Poulot) steered our party into a little dining room and had arranged a beautiful dinner. There was a big American flag for a table cloth and every one had a small flag. He had bunches of beautiful flowers for everybody and we had soup a la Roosevelt, roast beef a la Chicago etc. After dinner he gave each one a horn. You sang into it and made a noise much like singing into a comb but forty times as loud. The whole crowd paraded all around the country singing everything and bringing the natives out in terror. The proprietor of the hotel had some red lights and a lot of skyrockets and he shot them off about 10 p.m. We went out in the motor boat (Mr. Poulot's invitation) and shot off a big lot of roman candles and red lights that float on the water and look hideous. Every place there was shooting and illumination. We could see the display at Lucerne and all around the lake there was a ring of fire. It is the American money that keeps Switzerland going so the hotel keepers knew what they had to do. About ten thirty it began to pour rain and the Japanese lanterns that we had on the boat began to droop so we went back to the hotel. I went home to bed right after that.

Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Ganz went to Zurich and got back Friday night. Mrs. Ganz is not well and was in bed Saturday and Sunday. This morning I went to an organ recital at the Hof Kirche in Lucerne. Miss Burwash and Miss Peterson went too. There are concerts every morning at eleven and every Monday and Thursday evenings. There was a pretty good crowd there mostly Americans and as it costs a franc to get in the organist makes quite a haul. He is fine though and plays this class of music all the time. The organ is very big and is all hand carved on the front. If you can read the French on the back of the program you will see that it was built in the year 1651.

Friday was Mr. Eschmann's birthday. He is Mr. Ganz's uncle and the author of that technical book that I studied last year. We sent him a postal and he sent each ~~one~~ one back. He says, "to the three E's (Elvira, Edna, Edward) from the fourth (Eschmann) with thanks etc."

Mary's papers came yesterday. I devoured the account of Gaffney's getting the bicycle.

Lovingly
Ed

Hertenstein
July 16 1906

Dear Folks,-

How the time flies! It is a week all but one day since I wrote and I intended to write twice a week. But I always have plenty to write about so will write oftener after this. Mrs. Ganz's brother, Arthur Forrest the actor arrived last Wednesday. He is a rather pompous chap and so I am rather in his way. He is Mansfield's right hand man but wasn't in Joliet. He is a bright fellow and likes music immensely. I have to play Arthur Koerner's piece for him every little while. We had two more arrivals Saturday. Mrs. Wolff, Mrs. Ganz's sister, and a friend of hers from New York. They came over on the Loraine and were at Aix le Buins for two weeks. Mrs. Wolff is a widow and ~~has~~ is a very prim piece.

We had a swell dance Wednesday. The dining room of the hotel is a regular ball room and we had an orchestra of three pieces and all kinds of refreshments free.

Saturday was the big French holiday. It is the same as our Fourth of July. We all chipped in and bought the Poulot's each a gift. After dinner there was a great illumination in front of the hotel. There were over five hundred Japanese lanterns around the little Schloss Bay and all kinds of those railroad lights. We went out in the launch for about an hour to look at the lights in the other towns and it was certainly fine. We had a dance after, until eleven. I was the orchestra. "Rag time Jimmy" took immensely and the "Waltz of the Flowers" was encored.

Yesterday I went to church at Weggis. It is such a beautiful walk along the shore of the lake and the road is one of these big white ones and is crowded with tourists walking along. There is every nationality on the globe and I know the sound of all the languages. There was fine music at mass. An orchestra, horns 'cellos and all the rest, and a fellow played a cello solo at the offertory. Yesterday there was the International Regatta at Lucerne and the Poulots and our crowd went in the launch. The races were terribly exciting and the rowers worked so hard and yelled to each other so much that we were all nervous wrecks when it was over. There were thousands of people watching from land and thousands in launches and row boats. At the finish there was a big kind of a grand stand jammed with people. We went up along side of it and I heard Mr. Ganz say "Oh hello" to some people. It was Mme. Bloomfield Zeisler and her husband. The Ganz's went this morning to call on them.

It is noon and I want this to go at twelve fifteen so will stop. Received Cele's postal yesterday but don't send me any more of them. I know very well what the Joliet post office looks like and a letter is much better.

Lovingly
Ed.

Friday July 20 1906.

Schloss-Hôtel et Pension
Hertenstein
Lac des Quatre-Cantons

Dear Folks,-

It is nine P.M. and I will write at the hotel, for a change, before I go home. We have had some awfully hot weather the last couple of days and last night had the worst storm I have ever seen in my life. It came about ten o'clock. The edge of the lake is only about twenty feet from my window and the waves almost came up to me. The lighting was awful and it lit up the mountains and lake with an uncanny light. The wind though was easily the winner. My old house rocked back and forth and the noise was deafening.

This morning Miss Peterson, Miss Burwash and I went up Mt. Bürgenstock. We left Hertenstein at 8:40 and went across the lake to a little village called Kehrsiten. We took the railroad from there and went to the top where there are several fine hotels. Joining Mt. Bürgen stock is a much higher mountain called the Hammetschwand. There was a beautiful path to the top of it and so we walked. The path was built in 1903 and is hewn out along the side of the mountain. You walk along and look down thousands of feet into terrible chasms and most of the way the side of the mountain was as perpendicular as a wall. After we had walked about an hour we came to a stop and had to go to the top in an elevator. It is the most famous in the world and thousands of tourists go up in it. It goes up through the rock for a long ways and suddenly you come out into the light. When I looked out of the window I was certainly scared. The land was directly under us so far that we could hardly see it and here we were going up in this dinky little box pulled up by a little cable. It that cable broke we would be falling yet. The elevator runs inside a little frame about five times as tall as the Masonic Temple in Chicago. The [owner?] certainly make a fortune as it costs fifteen cents to go up, and it is generally full. If I can get a picture of it I will send one. We walked down to the Bürgenstock in about an hour and took the train down about 1:30. The train is nearly as terrifying as the lift because the cable that holds it does not look strong and there is no hope if it breaks. I sent a picture of it from Kehrsiten. I forgot to say that on the Hammetschwand we heard a real Alpine Horn. It is about eight feet long and made of wood. The old peasant who played it was a typical old Swiss and stays there to play for people. You are supposed to give him a couple of cents. We left Kehrsiten at 2 and arrived at Hertenstein at 2:30.

I intended finishing this at the hotel but you can do nothing if you stay around there. There is so much laughing and yelling that if I want to study or write I must come to my room as the temptation to get up and kick things around with the rest is too great.

Mr. Ganz has been giving me some lectures on personality lately. A personality must be built up just like anything else and to have one you must be able to make an impression with everything you do and say. I am in with a bunch of great personalities so of course I am the smallest one in the crowd. For instance Mr. and Mrs. Ganz have seen and been with nearly every great person living. Then Mrs. Wolff who is a widow, by the way, has been in every country, speaks several languages and knows how to do everything. Then of course Mr. Forrest is well on in years and has been on the stage for twenty years.

It is getting late so I will go to bed. Received Annie's 4th of July letter Wed.

Lovingly
Ed.

6:30 p.m. Florence Italy
July 28 1906.

Dear Folks,-

Here I am in the land of lemons and stilettos and will write before I go to supper. I have so much to say that I don't know where to begin. Ruth (Frank's wife) wrote me about two weeks ago telling about his being sick but seemed hopeful. Last Tuesday I got a telegram saying he was very low. That night I got ready intending to go next day but backed out when Mr. Ganz explained how I couldn't afford it and how dangerous it was to go not knowing a word of Italian. Frank died Tuesday night but I didn't know it until Thursday morning. Mr. Ganz met me on the way to my breakfast and told me to get ready. I left Hertenstein at 12 and Lucerne at four. All the scenery I have seen in and around Lucerne is nothing compared to the ride from Lucerne to Milan. I saw the whole business as far as mountains are concerned. All the Alps and the Apennines. The southern Alps are tremendous and the precipices and cataracts are only equalled by the shaky bridges and tunnels.

It took exactly sixteen minutes to go through the St. Gothard tunnel and there were others almost as long. I saw in a Joliet paper about Munroe's trip over the same line and the tunnels are mentioned. I saw everything connected with William Tell's life and old monasteries and castles built in the 5th century. At Chiasso the first town on the Italian frontier I had to get off with my satchel and go to the custom officers. They generally come on to the train but in Italy you have to go out to them. Then I had to go back and find my place in the train. We arrived at Milan at 10:35 and I had to change trains. I must tell you about my worry about making connections. I was supposed to leave Lucerne at 3:59 but the train left at 4:20. It is due at Milan at 10:30 and the train for Florence leaves at 10:40 so you can imagine how I felt with the train a half hour late nearly the whole way and ten minutes difference between the trains at Milan. I pictured myself going out to a bum hotel in Milan and taking a train for Florence next day mean while telegraphing Mr. Ganz that I was stranded and Ruth that I would be late. There is a big exposition at Milan and the place is jammed with the worst characters on earth. But the Italian engineer saved the day by flying along and getting into Milan only five minutes late. He had made up twenty five minutes and that gave me five minutes to get the other train. I jumped out and shot off my Italian vocabulary to a porter who took me on the run through underground passages and up winding stairs to another part of the immense depot and there stood the train just ready to leave. I gave the fellow a franc which is a monstrous tip over here but I would just as soon have given him 50. I told you about the compartments I guess. They have doors just like hacks and you find yours and open it and go in. No sign of conductors or any one to tell you if it is the right train and as I was traveling a 2nd class I dare not make the mistake of going into any other.

I got in with four other fellows and when I was setting down my things I stepped on one's foot. He glared at me and said "Gratsi" (thanks) and so I was reminded that I was in Italy and not with Germans whom you can step all over with out their saying anything. I sat up all night and so didn't sleep any. At 6:30 a.m. I got to Florence and took a cab to the Hotel Chapman. Ruth was not there but had gone to a convent. I went to the convent and am here now. I intend going back to Lucerne tomorrow but may have to stay as she is sick in bed her self and may not be able to leave on the steamer Thursday. I do hope she will be better for I simply must go back to my work and of course I have to pay for my room at Hertenstein too while I am here. I have seen as much in Florence in the last few days that I can't tell about it this time but will write soon again.

Lovingly
Ed.

Hertenstein
Friday Aug. 3.
1906

Dear Folks,-

It is Sunday since I wrote so I must hurry with this to get it off in decent time. I hope you got my letter from Florence. The hired man at the convent posted it. My four days at Florence were very exciting. When I went to the convent the sisters (who are from Ireland) had a room all ready for me. Ruth was not up as it was not yet seven but she came in when I was eating my breakfast. After breakfast we went down town. She had to go to Cook's on business and then we went out to the morgue where Frank's body was. Cooks are famous agents. They sell excursion tickets to all parts of the world and are a boon to American travelers. They have offices in nearly all large cities and during the summer they are overrun with business. They have charge of the sending of Frank's body and it is no small job as there is a great deal of red tape about getting a body out of Italy. All kinds of signatures and seals must be had. They are charging \$600 to send it. It is put inside of several boxes and labeled 'mantel piece' as the sailors would throw it overboard if they found out what it was - they are so superstitious. I did not see Frank as the coffin was sealed. That morning I was all through Dante's house. Sat in his chair, was in the room where he was born and saw all kinds of relics of his life including the first edition of the Inferno. At dinner that day I met two young priests from Chicago who studied in Rome, colleagues of Dennis Dunne, and who know everybody I know. Fr. Rogers is a class mate of Mark McEvoy and Fr. O'Heron knows all the Joliet priests. There were four nuns there too and I certainly had an interesting time. Two of them are teachers in St. Gabriel's parish and the others are Dominicans from Sinainawa. When I played at the mound they told me about two of their nuns who were studying in Europe and here they were in Florence. They have studied there all winter. One is a singer and the other is a pianist. Every evening I played for them and for the other nuns. Sunday I went to some of the picture galleries and to the Duomo or Cathedral. I can't describe the galleries except to say that I saw the great works of Raphael, Michaelangelo, Correggio, da Vinci and others. Just think of that! When I studied those Perry pictures in school a few years ago I never dreamed that I would see the originals. Everything is centuries old in Florence and the buildings are falling to pieces but these pictures are as fresh as though they were done yesterday. I liked "The Madonna of the Goldfinch" by Raphael best of all but I was disappointed in "The Adoration of the Magi" by da Vinci.

The Duomo is fine. It covers about an acre of ground and is made of different colored stones. The some is several hundred feet high. I was to the very top - walked up 463 steps - those narrow winding stairs with a little light now and then. It would certainly be a fine place for ghosts as there are graves in the walls. If you get a chance read 'Romola' by George Eliot and bear in mind that I have seen every thing she mentions. I read it a couple of years ago and it was certainly fine to see the things.

Saturday. Ruth was a little sick and went to bed. Sunday she had a fever of 104 and Monday the doctor told me to leave town. It is not regular typhoid but is called Roman fever. It always attacks strangers who aren't used to the water and heat. The sisters are all nurses and had a great many patients in the house. There was a young fellow from Pennsylvania there and he wanted me to come in and see him every day and I had to. Then I was in and out of Ruth's room all day and as the fever is contagious everyone told me to pack up. She asked me to stay longer as there is no one who can do any business down town for her. Monday morning, though, I went to Cook's twice and saw that everything was fixed about the body. When I left Monday afternoon I did not say good bye to her as she was asleep and I was just as glad as she will have a dreary time of it there in the boiling heat and of course there is a chance of her not recovering she is so run down.

I arrived at Lucerne at 6:30 and took the first boat to Hertenstein arriving thereat 8:20. Mrs. Brooks and Mrs. Wentworth have left and Mr. Forrest goes Tuesday. We leave the seventeenth so don't write here any more but wait until I can send you my address in Berlin.

I just received a postal from Fr. O'Brein at Paris. He and F. A. are coming to Lucerne to-night and I am going to meet them at the depot. Will write again tomorrow.

Lovingly
Ed.

The picture of Annie and Tim is fine - also perfect of Ma's hand.

INCOMPLETE

Berlin
Aug 21 1906.

Dear Folks-

I intended to write before leaving Hertenstein but we left suddenly and all my time was taken up with packing. We intended to leave Monday (yesterday) but instead left Saturday. Mrs. Ganz came to Berlin last Thursday and found a place the next day and as Roy wasn't well Mr. Ganz decided to go Saturday. I left Hertenstein Saturday morning at 8:25.

I am shocked at the money I spent this summer, 1200 francs (\$240). How is that for two months and a half. Mr. and Mrs. Ganz were surprised too and told me to go slower this winter. Of course I can because I can live as well and cheaper here. My meals at the Schloss hotel cost me a dollar a day and my room 20 cents a day. My piano bill was \$15. Clothes were about \$75 and the rest was taken up in traveling - to Lucerne and back and my trip to Florence. I spent very little that wasn't necessary but the money just flew. I got very economical from the moment I left the hotel - traveled second class into Lucerne and third class to Berlin. The third class isn't bad and I saved about six dollars. The rest traveled second class and sat in a plush seat while I sat in a wooden one. I enjoyed the trip very much. Had to change trains at Basel and intended to leave enough time to see that doctor (Stalhle's friend) but my train left at two o'clock instead of at five as I had thought so I didn't go out of the depot. I passed through many fine towns notably Karlsruhe and Heidelberg. The train arrived Frankfurt at 9 and I had to change again. Slept Quite a little during the night because I lay down and used my overcoat for a pillow.

Arrived in Berlin at 7:40. I took a cab for the pension where I used to eat and in front of the house I met Edna Peterson, just getting out of a cab. It seemed funny to meet her in front of the house after coming on different trains and into different depots. I went to high mass Sunday and arrived home at 12. We have dinner at 2 and supper at 7. After dinner I went out to hunt a room for myself. Edna Peterson came with me and we soon found one that suited me immensely. The Ganz's live at 121 Potsdamer Str., and Miss Burwash lives with them. You cannot imagine how glad I am to be able to find a place for myself and get along without their having to do everything for me. Mrs. Ganz doesn't like Miss Burwash a bit simply because she will not do anything for herself. Last spring in Berlin she cried nearly all the time because she thought she was being neglected and this summer at Hertenstein hung around and butted in until Mrs. Ganz had to say she could live with them. But it is not as nice as it sounds for as they only allow one pianist on each floor. She has her room (a dark dirty little place) on the floor below and only sees them at their meals.

I live about two miles from them and Edna Peterson about a mile. That young lady doesn't hang around and wait until everything is done for her. She is fixing everything herself and the Ganz's admire her for getting out and doing it alone.

I must tell you about my place. It is on the fourth floor and is a Garten-haus room. That is, it looks into the court instead of onto the street but I like it better because it is quiet and not so public as the front rooms. I have a beautiful little balcony and am sitting out on it now. I have beautiful plants all around

INCOMPLETE

Berlin
Sept 18.
1906

Dear Folks-

The last letter I wrote hasn't been posted yet so you will probably get both together. It seems terrible that it should take four days to write it and post it. I had to quit a couple of times and then it lay finished for two days and I forgot to mail it. I go out to my dinner and supper and often think of things when I am at the bottom of the stairs and it is impossible to go back, for to get to my room one has ninety six steps to climb. Spiering's have ninety-two and the Ganz's an even hundred. Often I forget to take an umbrella and when I get out on the street and see that is raining I walk down to my meals and have it pour on me rather than go back. All the musicians live on the top floor and it very rare that they are allowed any place else.

I had my lesson yesterday and as usual felt like giving up after it. I look at things a little differently now though. It is both an encouraging and discouraging way. It is that I will simply have to keep going and wait. The fellows that I am contending with are all men most of them close to thirty and of course they have the experience that only comes with years. I have not met any as young as I am. Every season there are a couple of concerts given by young artists twenty-two and twenty-three years old and it is a sensation on account of their youth. It is wonderful to what perfection piano playing is brought to here. There are fellows who would make any of the American pianists look sick and still are hardly known here. A young fellow is not endured at all. No matter how gifted he is he hasn't years back of him and so he has to get out of the way of the old fellows. Pianists like Josef Hoffmann, Lütschg, Ganz etc., give their recitals but run along until they are ready to buy another. Concerts are bought here with very few exceptions. We often hear of such and such a person coming to Berlin to buy 10,000 marks worth of concerts. They are all given under the direction of the Hermann Wolff bureau. A person goes to him and names the hall, orchestra etc that he wants and after figuring a while Wolff tells him how much it will cost. Then the ambitious one worries about getting the people to come and the night of the performance plays or sings to empty seats and next day the critics cut him up in small pieces. Wolff doesn't care. The hall and other expenses have been paid for by the poor person who has been scraping up his pennies for several years. There are 1200 concerts this season and they are nearly all paid for. Imagine swell visitors that thing are all right but in Berlin!! The I have spent so much money that i might save a little if for nothing else than to make a good showing to Mr. Tewksbury. Mr. Ganz gave me some ties the other day. They are some of his old ones he doesn't wear them any more but they satisfy me perfectly. Mrs. Ganz gave Edna Peterson a lot of stuff too. I guess I told you that Mr. Ganz offered me a dress suit that is a little too small for him. Of course it is my luck not to need it. It is impossible to describe the greediness and closeness of the German landladys [landladies]. They are frights. They do such sneaky things. Frau Miller is kind of nice but has the usual traits. She noses into every thing and if she hears me moving anything around she will knock at the door and ask me a foolish question at the same time trying to look past me. But I fill up as much of the door as I open and she is disappointed. Then the way she tries to find out begun and posters are beginning to fill the window. There are so many absurd things done fore policy. The cousin of Hermann Wolff is Hugo Wolff the song writer. All the singers sing Hugo Wolff songs because it pleases the manager. Then when a person gives a concert they must keep out enough money for a dinner for the critics and presents for them. The way to touch the Berlin critics first to play well but just as important have an expensive banquet after and give them all they want to eat and drink. One of the critics telephoned Mr. Ganz to come out and see him and Mr. G. was delighted. There has not been a word about his concerts and the first one is very near, the 1st of October.

Spiering on account of playing here last year got this magnificent notice in one of the papers last Sunday— "Herr Theodore Spiering will give a recital at the Singacademie Oct. 8th."

I am going to buy some concert tickets this week. That is another item that the music students have to think of. D'Albert is going to give five concerts this winter and at the first he is going to play seven Beethoven sonates. Isn't that a fright? It doesn't bother that old guy though. Risler is going to play the thirty two Beethoven sonates in eight concerts **four sonates** every fourth evening. There is a memory for your. The night of Mr. Ganz's first concert, Godowsky gives a recital and Weingartner gives an orchestra concert. It is impossible to find an open night. In regard to sending me socks or anything like that it would strike me as being pretty fine. It is simply impossible to buy any thing nice over here. In Lucerne there are so many swell visitors that thing are all right but in Berlin!! The I have spent so much money that I might save a little if for nothing else than to make a good showing to Mr. Tewksbury. Mr. Ganz gave me some ties the other day. They are some of his old ones he doesn't wear them any more but they satisfy me perfectly. Mrs. Ganz gave Edna Peterson a lot of stuff too. I guess I told you that Mr. Ganz offered me a dress suit that is a little too small for him. Of course it is my luck not to need it. It is impossible to describe the greediness and closeness of the German landladies. They are frights. They do such sneaky things. Frau Miller is kind of nice but has the usual traits. She noses into every thing and if she hears me moving anything around she will knock at the door and ask me a foolish question at the same time trying to look past me. But I fill up as much of the door as I open and she is disappointed. Then the way she tries to find out everything about me, how much money I have etc.

Berlin is certainly a beautiful city the pity of it is that the people are so ugly looking. I thought that only the poor class went to America but to walk down the streets of Berlin is like going upon N. Hickory St. in Joliet. The real fine Germans never show themselves except in carriages or automobiles. The Jews in Berlin are a fine crowd and are the only people who buy ~~the~~ the good seats at concerts. It is funny the way every one is so grouchy here. Free if possible is the motto of the students and they about run the place. The music students are only a part of them. There are thousands of medical students and many other kinds.

The other night I met some Americans at a little party at Mr. Moore's. One of them a Miss Lawrence studied at the American conservatory in Chicago and I have often read about her in the Leader. There was a Ayril Graham there of whom I have also heard. He is a harmony teacher at the American conservatory. Miss Lawrence is studying with Lütschg and goes to Dresden for her lessons. Lütschg is going to be in Dresden this year I am awfully sorry for if Busoni don't like me I was counting on taking from him while Mr. Ganz is away. Our visit to Busoni's has been postponed until next Monday the 24th. Mr. Ganz got that message from one of the critics and had to go Monday afternoon. I could have gone alone but I would sooner wait until he can be there. It is no great thing to go. Any body can come in off the street and sit down while the pupils are dying of fright. Cele's letter came this morning.

Lovingly
Ed

I don't know the number of my socks but there are only a few sizes and you can about guess.

Berlin
Oct 15 1906

Dear Folks,

Perhaps by the time you get this you will have seen Ruth McIntyre and her brother. I have written several times to Florence and she has answered. She sent me two postals too, one from Lucerne, which made me feel lonesome for beautiful Switzerland, and the other from Holland. She sailed the day before yesterday (13th) and if the boat that this letter gets is fast I can tell you to expect her. It will be interesting to see which gets there first.

Friday I had my German lesson at four, rehearsed with Nicoline at five and went to Risler's concert in the evening. Risler is French you know and has that sparkling technic and lighting speed that every Frenchman has. But it takes some other nationality to play Beethoven and it is a mystery to me why he is playing only Beethoven. Of course he is the only one living who can play the thirty two sonatas from memory so of course it is a big ad for him.

Saturday I went down to Wertheims with Mr. Buell. It is about a two mile walk from Charlottenberg (the part of the city where all the students live) and we went through the Tiergarten on the way. It was beautiful. The Tiergarten is an immense park with little streams running through it and imagine the walk through the dead leaves and over little bridges about five in the afternoon. There is a box office at Wertheims and I bought some concert tickets. Then we went looking around and it is certainly wonderful. About like Field's but not so much ladies stuff more ornaments, pictures, books etc. Sunday morning at twelve I went to the first public rehearsal of the Philharmonic orchestra and heard Nikisch conduct and Saint Saens play. Nikisch must be great or he wouldn't be in his place but Weingartner eats him alive. The orchestra was beautiful in some places but very seldom filled the place. I was glad to get a look at Saint Saens. He is a big fat Frenchman seventy one years old but very vigorous looking. These fellows who can take things easy like he has done don't get old. He played wonderfully but Frenchy. Has the usual fresh fingers and played scales like flutes. There are no regular seats there but you get a chair and plant yourself where you please. Of course there is a lot of confusion and lots of scolding but there is a policeman there and he keeps order. There is such a difference between the halls in America and in Europe. The Singakademie has grass and trees around it and if the concert is in the day time no electric lights are used at all. At the concert Sunday in the midst of a soft movement a little dog barked furiously outside and spoiled that whole part. I just thought of the Auditorium where you take elevators and climb winding stairs and if the world was coming to an end outside those inside wouldn't know it. I had my lesson this afternoon and my French lesson this evening. I like the French immensely but I don't have time to study much. Will quit and post this now.

Lovingly Ed.

Berlin
Monday Oct 29, 19'06

Dear Folks,-

Another month gone. It terrifies me when I think how quickly the days go by and that by the time you get this I will be twenty years old. I am away about seven months now and it won't be long before it will be a year. This game of music is fearful. So few win and they after giving so much for it. Yesterday afternoon I was over to Spiering's. Nicoline had about ten people over there and we had a lot of music.

It is only when you play for people that you realize what it means to be a public performer and that is why playing in public is the greatest experience in the world. There was four or five German people there, Mr. Buell, Miss Burwash, Miss Peterson and I. We had a dandy tea at five o'clock. That is all the go over here. On the restaurant windows you see written "five o'clock tea." It is getting just as popular here as in England. Mr. Spiering is awfully nice and certainly entertained us. We always sit around a big table and have tea, cake and sandwiches and everybody talks at the top of his voice. Sometimes when music students have a tea there are probably seven different languages being talked at once and everybody must understand three at least. After the tea Nicoline and I played two sonates for violin and piano - one by Tartini and one by Beethoven. Miss Burwash was asked to play and to the great surprise of Pete and I she did. We were the only ones there who know how nervous the poor thing gets and I knew that she just did it to try and conquer her self. Of course the inevitable came her hands froze stiff and she broke down a couple of times but managed to get to the end. Of course when anybody strikes a wrong note in Berlin everybody knows it. It was up to me next and I played a Brahms Rhapsody and a Listz polonaise only half decently. If I could have played some more I would have done much better because it took me those two pieces to get myself settled. That is what is so discouraging. I don't fear to play a bit but when your audience is your colleagues it requires more effort because they are anxious to play too and you feel as if you are taking their time. Then the great experience it takes to make it interesting to them because they are fidgeting around and thinking how differently they would play this part or that. Of course they have studied it (the piano students) and are familiar with every note besides having heard all the good works played by the best artists. Miss Peterson played fine as she always does. She hasn't reached the stage where she is the least bit self conscious and plays with all the freedom of a kid. Mr. Buell wouldn't play at all. He says "no" right in the beginning because he says it isn't worth the worry. He is right in a way because none of us are finished players so we always are dissatisfied with ourselves. He gives a recital in February in Beethovens Saal and I feel sorry for him. He is scared to death.

Yesterday I went to the second Philharmonic concert. There is a public rehearsal Sunday mornings at twelve and the concert on Monday evening. The orchestra played a new symphony by Brückner. It is immense. I love to hear new things now because I am beginning to grasp them quicker. Mischa Elman was the soloist. He is very big in Europe and deserves to be. He is about eighteen years old and wears ordinary clothes so that only his face tells his age. He played the Tschaikowsky concerto, the one I played with young Hermann in Chicago.

The Philharmonic is very big and so the violinist who fills the place must be a corker. Elman's tone is rich but a bit small - a great deal owing to his age - and so the orchestra had to play the tuttis, which are immense, very small so as to keep things in proportion. The last number was the Oberon overture by Weber. The concert wasn't over until two thirty so I had my dinner after everyone was through. Sauer played again Saturday night and is the man of the hour. Mr. Buell was there and says he is the greatest. Risenauer gives a recital Thursday and I am going.

Be sure and hear Rosenthal and Lhevinne this winter and get your tickets early.

I saw Busoni walking on the street the other evening but I didn't have the courage to speak to him although I could have just as well. Every day that I live I realize what a great man he is. Even when you look at him you see he is something out of the ordinary. He is of magnificent build and has that iron gray hair and it makes him look like a king. I guess I didn't tell you about his library. The day I was up there (that day he gave the last lesson of the season) I looked around the house a little and couldn't help seeing the books as they are in the same room as the piano. The walls are filled just like in a public library and he has everything worth mentioning in four languages. He has read everything and reads English as well as Italian and German as well as French. He is working all the time and has finished some magnificent compositions lately. He was a tremendous worker when he was young and Mr. Ganz said he had to be as he hasn't an extra good hand. He likes students who aren't lazy and stirs the lazy ones up by playing for them. You have of course heard of those concerts he gives every year. They are orchestra concerts with soloists and are devoted to works seldom heard and those of new composers. Many young composers who haven't a cent get recognition in this way and Busoni goes down into his pocket and pays for orchestra, hall, soloists, etc. The first one is the eight of November. Ganz and D'Indy are going to assist and I suppose it will be great. D'Indy is going to assist at Mr. Ganz's next concert which takes place the third of November. I butted in on rehearsal and expect to learn a lot from it.

When I first came I had an insane desire to meet a lot of musicians but lately I have changed in that line. It does you no good to know them unless you are one of them and for students to try and get in with artists is foolish; better wait until you can have something to show. So now I seldom follow the crowd to the back of the stage after a concert for your face becomes familiar and you are known as a 'congratulating student.'

I answered Carl Fallberg's letter and he wrote me again says he is coming to Berlin about New Years. Since I wrote, letters from Cele and Mary have come so I guess none are lost.

Lovingly
Ed.

Berlin Nov 6, 1906.

Dear Folks--,

It is eleven P. M. so I will only start this and finish it tomorrow. I am just home from Risler's concert (his last). He played the last for sonates and I near died of weariness. Each of them are slow and about fifty pages long and he dragged them out to the fullest extent.

I sat next to two American fellows whom I met before and they had the music. Some of the sonates had variations and Risler of course repeated each one as indicated. We got laughing and I had a bad time trying to keep from bursting out although I was shaking for an hour. One of them is a big sleepy fellow and he had to pinch himself to keep awake while the other fellow was laughing and getting the fierce glares of the Germans. I guess I was the worst though for a lady said to me after, "Sie müssen in der Kinderstube Bleiben" which means that I must stay in the children's room. I had her say it in several languages though to try and rattle her but she was game and when I said I didn't understand one language she gave me another. It is a bum crowd that goes to Risler's concerts especially the last ones which were pretty weary. They are mostly German students who will sit through anything and forget that they have the power to move. The Americans give their nationality away though by doing just as they please and if they don't like a thing they say so.

Ganz's concert Saturday was a magnificent success. The people went wild and he played three encores at the end. I had my lesson Monday afternoon and as usual felt like a whipped cur after it. Mr. Ganz never says a word and sometimes it is a bit trying but I am old enough to know how much I have to learn and praise isn't worth anything.

Monday night I went to a concert by Zadora a Busoni pupil. He has tremendous technic but it is the old story of no personality or magnetism which is the thing I fear most. Ganz was there but he left early to hear part of Alberto Jonas' concert. Zadora's program was arranged awfully heavy and wasn't over until ten thirty. Not many people were there at the finish. I saw Mrs. Busoni there. She ~~staid~~ [stayed] until the finish as he must congratulate the performer. She looked very bored and as usual was alone - catch Busoni going to those concerts, he would as soon get into a mad house. The pupils beg him to go but he says, "nay, nay" and Mrs. Busoni goes to try and cheer the student up. It is the same way at the lessons, when Busoni tells the girls to go and get married and the men to become street car conductors, she consoles them.

Wed. A.M.

These are beautiful. At the morning early it is quite cold but the sun soon comes out and it looks like September. It is quite unusual for us to have so little rain and the German people love the sun so that everybody that can stay out doors most of the time. They say that on Sundays the Grunewald is so crowded that it is hard to walk but I don't go on Sunday as it is much nicer during the week when you only have the big pine trees to look at.

I suppose the choir has started practicing for Christmas very likely Dubois' Mass. The singing must be pretty fierce some days but it can't equal the singing here. It is awful. Once in a while they have a quartet, (without organ of course) sing the whole mass. You can't imagine what it is like. The singers get inspired and not one has the pitch but they stick it out singing those dinky little masses with the runs and fugues. At the offertory or any convenient place the congregation sings a choral and it is maddening. To do them credit, everybody sings and it is loud enough but they are away behind the organ and you couldn't hurry them if you yelled "fire."

I am going over to Sydney Biden's this afternoon. He asked me to call so I hope he will be home.

Christmas is coming soon but as usual I will not bear in mind 'tis more blessed to give than to receive." This time, of course it is absolutely necessary that I shouldn't spend any money for I must keep within a limit if only for appearances to Mr. Tewksbury. I suppose all of you are breaking your backs trying to make ends meet, but some time this winter I wish you could send me a gray suit of clothes. I don't need anything else and if you all chip in maybe it wouldn't break the bank. I mean a common, ready made dark gray suit for a guy five feet eight inches tall and weighing 130 pounds. It oughtn't to cost more than fifteen or eighteen dollars. That is provided you are perfectly willing to get it. If not just say so and I will buy it here. My reasons for asking it are that the ready made clothes here are awful and then I will spend some money moving. Don't send me anything for Christmas because there is nothing that is of use to me except clothes and a suit is the only thing I need. What ever altering would have to be done I could get done here. I can't think of any thing else to write now so will close and try and mail this in ~~descent~~ decent time.

Lovingly
Ed

INCOMPLETE

Berlin
Nov. 11- 1906

Dear Folks-

Sunday Evening 9 P.M.

I will write for a while before I go to bed. The last concert I went to was Busoni's popular concert last Thursday. It was immense. This paper that I am sending is the program but it is not the regular kind that they have at concerts. The programs are generally books explaining every thing and costing ten cents. The program for this concert was changed suddenly so they printed it on this paper and stuck it in the book. Mr. Ganz was sick [for] two days [preparing] the concert and the rehearsal. Busoni played so everything was ready in case Ganz couldn't be there. But [he] got [there?] and although he felt [fine?] [he?] came out looking dreadfully [he played fine] better [even than?] at [other] concerts. Busoni conducted the accompaniment for him but that was all he did on the program. D'Indy conducted his own compositions and the ones by Fauré. His own works are magnificent and he conducts like a master. He got a great ovation at the end. Unlike D'Indy's conducting was that of Busoni. He came out looking [daggers] on every side of him and bowed as if the audience ought to be glad to [have] [???]. Of course he is fright-[fully?] [erratic?] and can do anything he pleases. He looks awful when he conducts. He has these [???] shoulders and [skinny?] legs and when he starts beating time his coat tails fly out as though he were running. I sat on the side balcony right near the stage and he scolded during the whole concerto. He is so nervous [???] his strokes are fast and jerky and sometimes he would yell ["flute"?] [???] or whichever ones he [thought?] [???][???] course he was immensely [???] pupils [???] shook his hand warmly at [???.] I went back stage after and [was talking to?] Mr. Ganz. D'Indy was giving his autograph away and I got one. This autograph giving is silly. He just wrote his name for us and not even hearing our names for a minute and not understanding [them from the?] beginning. It was the same way when I shook [hands with] Busoni. I don't think he saw me. He shakes hands with thousands of people in a week and goes through it [like] a machine. These men are certainly way above ordinary men in knowledge and [???] and they simply don't pay any [attention to most people]. Spiering was back of [??? and when he held out his hand to say something] to Busoni, he (Busoni) never saw [him?]. It wasn't that he wanted to snub Spiering [but he?] simply didn't see him. The big musicians [???] absolutely [??? such like] and there [their] looks seem [to say] "hands off."

Biden was home the day I went to see him but I only ~~staid~~ [stayed] a few minutes as he had to go to rehearsal. His mother was there- I guess she is living in Berlin. Biden seems to be having fine success and says he [he has all] he can do. He is going to give two recitals here his winter. He has been all over Europe and has been to South [America?] with Gerardy the cellist.

I was at the [Philharmonic?] concert this morning. It was not as good as usual. The orchestra played two little numbers and the rest [of the?] program went to the

INCOMPLETE

INCOMPLETE

Berlin
Nov. 16
1906

Dear folks,-

It is now over seven months since I left home. When I think of my music it seems that I have been in Europe about two weeks but when I think of all the things and cities I have seen it seems about seven years. Mr. Ganz will leave in about two weeks and I think he will get to Chicago shortly before Christmas. It will seem kind of funny when he leaves but will manage to find some people to take his place. I think I will study with Da Motta. My chances for Busoni are lost - he simply won't let a person play for him in winter he is so busy composing and playing. In the opinion of many Da Motta is greater than Busoni but that is impossible - however he is the next best.

I am going to pay for them too. Five dollars a lesson. That is very cheap for him as he gets eight and ten dollars from many of his pupils. Mr. Ganz went and saw him and told him how things stood. I don't know what Mr. Tewksbury will say to it but it won't cost much for the short time that Mr. Ganz will be gone. To pay for them is the only way out of it because I can't put a poor face on me to [some ?] man and have him give me a free lesson once in a while and then when Ganz would come back say "good bye" and go back to Ganz. If I pay for them I will not be under any obligation. They say Da Motta is grand and I am sure the little change from the Busoni Camp will do me good. Da Motta plays several times this winter in Berlin and I am anxious to hear him.

Wednesday I went to Godowsky's concert. I was a little disappointed [though sometimes he did great?].

To begin with he is handicapped fearfully. He is quite a bit smaller than John Spears and hasn't much more strength. He looks ugly when he plays because he is all 'gathered up'. It is in the little pieces by Chopin that he does things that are marvelous. His scales are like whistles and he never strikes a wrong note. The audience was composed mostly of American for the German people don't like Godowsky very well. Some of his numbers were bum for instance a Beethoven Sonate and the Symphonic Etudes by Schumann are too big for him. He played four encores at the end among them 'Campanella.' After the concert when I was putting on my things I met Miss Lacey and Miss Cable. I guess I have spoken of them before but will speak of them again. [You ???]

When I left home he gave me letters of introduction to [???] and one day last May I called there. Miss Cable [???] but Miss Lacey wasn't. We went to Switzerland soon after so I lost track of them. When Jamieson came to Berlin I went again with him and met Miss Lacey. She gave me a pressing invitation to come again but I haven't heard from Jamieson since he arrived. I guess he is mad at me for the night before he left he came up to my room and we got talking about philosophy (his favorite subject) and the clock struck twelve. I showed visible signs of weariness and during a grand ode to Plato I said I really had to go to bed. I was a fool to say it because he was telling me things - that precious few know and although he acted very nice I know it hurt him for these fellows don't think of time and he has told me that in Chicago young artists used to come up to his studio and talk ethics philosophy and things like that until five o'clock in the morning.

I am awfully glad I met them again because they are the really swell kind. Miss Lacey is about forty five years old but she is so handsome that she looks about thirty. She is one of those people who knows everything. She speaks every language a going, has been all over the world and knows all bout art, music literature etc. Miss Cable is much younger and while of curse, she is very highly educated she isn't the queen that Miss lacey is. They said the other night that I was related to them on account of the Cable Co. which Miss cable's father owns. They were very glad when

I told them who my patron was. Miss Lacey is a kind of Charlotte Rogan style but a little taller and her hair is gray. She is perfectly handsome and you are aware of that she knows the minute she opens her mouth. Miss Cable is a dandy looking girl too. She is studying in the University here just for fun. During the summer they travel and last summer were in Lucerne but of course I didn't know it or they didn't know we were there. I am certainly going to keep in with them for they are both millionaires and if I can get to know a few, just a few, educated people of their type I will feel quite at home this winter. I am sure that we will be good friends because you feel that they are the rare kind and as they both study vocal it will be a picnic to play for them. I wrote to Dr. Moody yesterday and will write to some of my other friends this week.

My landlady is sweet as possible to me these days. I think she wants me to stay and if she asks me to I will but I would just as soon change because there are lots of fine places.

It is hard to get along with such people because they expect you to tip them a lot because you are an American. Of course the Americans all have money or else they couldn't come here and so you must tip for everything. In every house there is a man called a porter. When you come to the front door you pull a knob and the door opens itself. He is always right near the door and if you don't live there he asks you whom you want to see and what's your business. I couldn't quite get used to that at first and used to ask them what did they want to know for. It seems horrible too for in every house from twelve to sixteen family live and he is a kind of valet for the whole bunch. The portier for this building is a cobbler as are most of them and he does his work in a little room right inside the door. You are supposed to pay him a little now and then but I don't and he thinks I am a miser. But it isn't right to do it because these fellows get good salaries to do nothing. Nicoline Zedeler told me that for a long time no one ever came to their house. They couldn't imagine what was the matter because they had always had callers. They found out that the portier had stopped their friends in the hall and told them that the Spierings weren't home when half the time they were. It was simply that Spiering hadn't been tipping the portier. Tips here are called "Trinkgeld" which means "drinkmoney." When you get any information

INCOMPLETE

Berlin

Monday November 26. 1906

Dear Folks,-

I intended to write Friday or Saturday but Monday has come around before I realize it. To begin with this will be my address for the winter. I knew the old lady wanted me to stay and when I suggested staying she was delighted. We fixed things up this morning in regard to fire, practicing etc. The fire is the last of my troubles so far because I haven't any. It is not a bit cold now and I don't think the German winter is very bad at any time. However it was much colder during October and it may get brisk any time. I like this room very much and although a few people have been here to see the landlady about my practicing they can't do anything as I keep with in certain hours. Then I hate the [trouble?] of packing my music etc. The main reason why the landlady is pleased is because she may not get anybody all winter. The students all have their room by this time and there are still many signs in the windows of rooms to rent. She has had a sign down in the front door (the front doors are always glass) for the last month saying this room was for rent but I suppose it is down now.

Last Wednesday was a "Busstag." That means a day of prayer and penance. It is only in Germany that they have these days and in the Protestant churches especially they are observed. I think the Kaiser gets them up for all business is stopped and he goes publicly to church. Thursday evening I played for Da Motta. He lives right near [???]. It was at seven in the evening. [???] a pupil there - a young [???] and I arrived just as the lesson was finished. I played the Liszt Polonaise [and when?] I was through he waited for about five minutes and said "yes" in that patronizing way that these men talk. He gave me complimentary tickets for his concerts though and that is something. People say he is a wonder but he can't equal Busoni for the simple reason that you aren't so afraid in his presence and that shows that he hasn't such a powerful personality. My first lesson will be the 12th of December (Wednesday at 5 p.m.).

Saturday night I went up to Schmidt's with Mr. Buell. The Geists were there Ketchan Geist and her mother. They are quite nice. Mrs. is kind of hale and hearty but not overly well trained and the girl has a good voice. Of course we talked about Kate and I was afraid I would burst out laughing at the things they said. "Mrs. Hoffmann was sure she could come over here with them up until quite lately - and she is having such trouble with her servants and every thing like that bothers her and she don't get time to practice much as she would like to." What do you think of that. Then Ketchan is going to hear from her regularly because Mrs. Hoffmann said so and when I told them she hadn't written me since I've been here they started out on a tirade against the main service in Germany which is perfect, and swore that at least a dozen letters [were lost?]. Ketchan also sang in Kate's choir for practice [???] though except in a high place where the [??? singers?] couldn't take the note "Mrs. Hoffmann would nod to Ketchan and she would take it" said Mrs. Geist proudly. "Kate's German is perfect too. She can tell you the meaning of any word in a song." Heavens I know for a fact that Kate doesn't know more than a dozen words in German. The whole outline of the conversation was that Kate is terribly neglected and not appreciated.

Contrary to their description of her is the way Spiering talks about her. I was over there the other day and he called her down fearfully. Along time ago he sent her copies of his song with his compliments and she never acknowledged them.

Sunday morning at twelve I went to the Philharmonic concert. I seldom go to high mass as I can't stand the music, but I went last Sunday and as I am getting to understand the sermons [it is?] interesting. High mass is at 9:30 and over at eleven. At the concert [???]mester, the violinist, played. He had quite a big success but his tone is small and in that big barn of a hall his playing was insignificant. Sunday evening Mr. Buell and I went over to Miss Peterson's for supper. Miss Burwash and Miss Rief, Mr. Ganz's cousin, are also there. Miss Burwash

goes next Sunday with the Ganz's so it was a farewell supper. We had a fine time viz ice cream etc.

It is pouring rain and in fact it drizzles some every day. The streets are terribly sloppy and they are sprinkled all the time which instead of cleaning them makes them worse. Down town in Berlin is much like in Chicago and at the big squares where a great many streets branch out there is always a terrible jam. The stores are decorated even now for Christmas. which is a much bigger day here than in America.

Everybody gives everybody else a present and there is a great feasting. They have two days - the 25th and the 26th. Buell says they get sober on the 26th. Did I tell you I am going to take a trip to Dresden around Christmas time? I am going to walk it with Merrill. It is 90 miles from Berlin and we count on doing it in three days. Merrill is a long winded walker but I am sure I will distance him as we wrestled last week and I threw him easily. Every Sunday there are a bunch of students who walk to Potsdam. It is thirty miles from here and makes a fine walk in brisk weather. I was trying to get Buell to walk with us but when he asked what would he do for his night gown and tooth brush on the way, Merrill and I exchanged a look and advised him to go on the train. I think it will be a grand trip.

We will spend three days on the way and two days in Dresden and come back on the train. It is a three hour ride. We will see the city and all the pictures including the 'Sistine Madonna' and then in the evening we will go to the opera. I will only lose three days from my practice as I can practice some at Dresden.

Don't send me anything for Christmas

Calmbacher 14

Lovingly Ed.

Berlin
Nov. 29 1906.

Dear Folks,-

It is a shame I have to change the writing paper this time. It is a long time since I have written on anything but that thin white paper which after all is the best and lightest. I didn't notice there wasn't any until I was ready to write so this blue paper is passable. Today is Thanksgiving day but it is no holiday in Germany so everything looks just the same. The Americans however are going to have a banquet and ball at the "Kaiserhof". It will be fine and I would love to go but for two reasons, first it costs seven marks and secondly I have a ticket for Risenauer's concert which is this evening. It is raining today that cold chilling rain with a piercing wind that makes you shudder to look out. Last Wednesday was my organ - practice day and I enjoyed it immensely

I pay the pumper about ten cents an hour. Like all those fellows he is as lazy as possible and the minute the time is up he is around with his watch showing it to me. Mr. Ganz is going to let me take some organ music of his but I will have to buy some of the Bach works.

Friday Nov. 30.

I thought I could finish this yesterday but I went down town and didn't get back until it was time to go to Risenauer's concert. He played beautifully much better than last time for the reason that this time he was sober. I guess I told you something about his other recital - he bowed at the wrong time and several times almost tripped over his chair. Last night he was very nervous, as usual, and forgot himself six or eight times but he is a born improviser and found his way back every time. After the concert Buell and I met the Geists and Schmidts and we went to a restaurant. I have probably told you about the Schmidts before this. Mrs. Schmidt and Henry. He is about twenty five years old and takes his lessons from Krause with Buell. They are fine and I am mighty glad to know them. They went to a circus and it wasn't over until after eleven. Risenauer's concert was over about a quarter after ten so Buell and I went to the restaurant expecting them to come about ten thirty. When eleven came ~~th~~ and we were still waiting I decided to get busy and had goose etc (a la Thanksgiving dinner). I was through at eleven thirty and about that time Mrs. Geist and Ketchan and Mrs. Schmidt and Henry came in hungry as wolves. Of course they wanted goose too and when it came at ten minutes to twelve you should have seen them working to finish it before twelve as after that it would be Friday.* We didn't get home until two o'clock and I got up this morning at ten. How is that for dissipation?

It is pouring rain again today and the winds is fierce. The days in winter are very short in Germany principally because it is very far north. In the morning at eight it is pitch dark and at half past three in the afternoon it is too dark to read without a light. They say here that it is always dark right after dinner which is true although it sounds funny, because we have dinner at 2 o'clock. We were to have a little party at Mr. Ganz's tonight in honor of their going but he suddenly made arrangements by telegraph for an engagement at Cassel Germany so everything is called off. Ysaye and Da Motta are going to play together tonight and I bought a ticket for it several days ago. When Mrs. Ganz invited us down for tonight I sold the ticket to Buell and now when the party is called off I would love to go to the concert. Sydney Biden's recital takes place the tenth of December and he has given me two comps for it. Received a letter from Mr. Tewksbury about a week ago. I guess he will write to me every time I write to him which shows how nice he is. Mr. Ganz is quite pleased at the way I have taken care of my money lately. I have more now than he expected me to have and I can pay for my lessons from Da Motta with the money I have saved and not say anything about it to Mr. Tewksbury.

The Chicago stores must be beautiful now. I can imagine how Field's is decorated. Wertheirn's is fine and it is even more interesting because there are so many little novelties to buy. That store is the only big one in Berlin and around Christmas time no one is allowed inside except they know just what they are going to buy - no rubbering around. Then there are doors used only for those coming in and vice versa. My paper is getting filled so enough for this time.

Lovingly Ed.

*Editor: At the time this letter was written, Roman Catholics were not supposed to eat meat on Fridays.

Berlin
Dec 4 1906.

Dear Folks,--

I am still without my white paper so will have to use this again. Last Friday I went to the Ysaye - Da Motta concert, it was great. Ysaye is immense and the audience went wild. Da Motta just played the accompaniments and two sonates for piano and violin. He played fine but of course Ysaye just covered him up. Saturday night I went to Da Motta's own concert. He played mighty well but lacks personality. He is so modest and laughs like a boy when the people applaud him. To show his modesty - at the Ysaye concert at the last encore the music rack wasn't on the piano. Da Motta got right up and bringing it from the back of the stage he put it on himself while Ysaye looked at him as much as to say, "Hurry and put it on." Of course Da Motta got nervous and couldn't find the grooves to slid it on. The audience laughed but Ysaye stood there very calmly while Da Motta was shaking all over and the perspiration dropping off him from work. He is very popular and Saturday night got a warm reception from a big audience.

Miss Burwash left Sunday morning. I didn't see her when she was going because she decided to leave one day ahead of the Ganzes and of course I didn't know anything about it. She and I were very good friends [???] before she left. At first we fought terribly but lately we have got along famously. She has German ways about her because her mother was born in Germany and trained Elvira to always have a body guard. That is very well when you have some one to trot around with you but Mr. and Mrs. Ganz have other things to do so Miss Burwash was often obliged do her own affairs without their aid. Lately she has changed in that line and last Sunday morning she trotted off to Paris alone to wait there for the Ganz's until the twentieth of December. She is pretty brave to go to Paris alone but it is the only way out of it as the Ganz's went to Switzerland.

Sunday night we went down to their house for a farewell time. There were quite a few people there and we ~~staid~~ [stayed] until one A. M. Mr. Ganz had a silly streak which made everybody howl. As there weren't enough chairs to go around he brought in a little table to sit on and of course went crashing through it. They left Monday morning at seven fifteen. I intended to go to the depot which would mean for me to get up at six and as I didn't get to sleep until about two, I didn't wake up in time. I felt terrible as Miss Peterson was at the depot - the only one of their friends to see them off. I had no way of being called so I really couldn't help it. Mr. Ganz left me a lot of errands to do and this morning I did one of them. It was to go out to Lessman's house. He is the biggest critic in Berlin.

Before I go further I must tell you something about Mr. Ganz's affairs in Court. You remember that technical book, written by Mr. Ganz's uncle, that I studied last year? Well a fellow named Wiehmayer from Leipsic has written a book just like it and calling it brand new. Of course this nearly killed Mr. Eschmann (Mr. Ganz's uncle) so Mr. Ganz is bringing suit against Wiehmayer to prove that he is a plagiarist. It is getting quite interesting and both are collecting sides. Public letters in the musical journals have been written by both and it will be fiercely fought. the trial will take place soon in Leipsic, Lessmann has a musical journal and it was through his paper that some of the letters were published so this morning I went out there for some books connected with the affair. Lessmann is a wise old guy. He lives in Gross Lichterfelde. It is like going from Chicago to Tinley Park and the house is terribly hard to find. If he lived in Berlin he wouldn't have a minutes peace because everybody wants to be in with him.

It has raining day and night for about four weeks and everything is sloppy. I am going to several concerts next week - The Bohemian String quartet, Liza Lehmann, song recital, Sydney Biden (on the tenth), a Richard Strauss concert and an orchestral concert by Weingartner this coming Friday. I thought I would get seats for the opening performance of Salome but it is impossible.

Got a letter from Ann the other day. Heavens don't send me any money - I am making \$10 a month giving English lessons.

Lovingly
Ed.

Berlin
Dec. 14 1906.

Dear Folks,-

The end of the week has crept around before I know it so my letter this time will be a little late. Just the same it won't be as late as my letters from home. I get quite a few letters but those from home are pretty few and far between now. I heard from Carl yesterday and from Spears this morning. Carl will be in Berlin just after Christmas. Spears says his school is booming.

Last Monday I went to Sydney Biden's recital. He gave me some comps but my French lesson was the same night and I was bound to go to that first. So at nine o'clock I tore down on the subway getting to the hall at nine twenty and hearing the last four songs. I don't think his voice is as good as formerly and his range is pretty small. Of course it is the same beautiful voice but he never was [much?] of a musicians generally speaking so it gets monotonous. I went into the artists room after and was talking to him Spamlin was there too and I shook hands with him. It was a vivid reminder of the night the two sang in Joliet.

Tuesday was a terrible day. It snowed all day and melted when it touched the ground. The streets were frightful and the slush was up to your knees.

Wednesday I practiced the organ from three to four and had my lesson from six to seven. I enjoyed the lesson immensely and am sure I will learn a lot from him this winter. He pays attention to details much more than Mr. Ganz and it will be very good for me as I see I was beginning to get careless. When I took my lesson from Mr. Ganz I played something through without stopping and at the end he told me some things about it. Da Motta stops me every few measures and covers the music with pencil marks. I think Mr. Ganz's way is the best in the long run but I need a kind of 'professor' for a little change.

In the evening I went to Salome. It was immense. Strauss conducted and there was a fine cast.

Thursday afternoon I had my German lesson, and after the lesson Miss Peterson and I went to a tea at Lingen's. I think I have spoken of them before. They are Russians and old friends of the Ganz's. Going there showed me how green I was. It is art only fierce to think of what a person has to go through before they know anything. To begin with they are immensely wealthy and have a magnificent home in Staglitz a suburb of Berlin. Frau Lingen is a poetess and was one of the biggest figures in St. Petersburg. Mr. Ganz has written music to some of her poems.

Imagine the presence she has. There are three daughters and a son and of course they all know a few things. It wasn't really a tea for there were only two other fellows besides me, but heavens they were both kings along side of me. One of them is a Russian and the other a German (although his name is Leonard and he speaks perfect English). The Russian's name is Ebell and he is one of the finest pianist I ever heard in my life. He is a pupil of Loffmann who has only this one. He played a whole lot and of course shook the place with his Russian hands and physique. Leonard is a painter and an all around clever fellow. He is twenty nine years old but is as bright as these American fellows at forty. Ebell is only nineteen but looks much older and is a regular full grown man. Leonard has a studio in Berlin and has invited us to go and see it. He has been all over the world and told us his [career in?] Paris was pretty strenuous. One time he made his living as a boxer but now is having some success as an artist. He is a splendid linguist and also plays the

violin quite well. He knows all the musical literature and sings classical songs and dances a clog in the same breath.

We had tea about six and Miss Peterson suggested going but they made us stay for supper and I was tickled to death. At the table there were just we six young people and we had a fine time. Just think there were five of six languages spoken there and they changed from one to the other as easily as anything. Of course much of it was German and I was quite at home. I understood some of the French too but when they would shoot off Russian or Italian I was a lost baby. After supper we has some dancing and music. The Lingen girls can do anything like that. One of them studies with Ganz and plays fine. She also composes and sings beautifully. The other one is an artist. I have seen some of her work and it is fine. The two sing duets and do fancy dances together etc.

We ~~staid~~ [stayed] until eleven. Going home on the car. Leonard made a sketch of Miss Peterson. It was with a lead pencil in a little book he always carries around. I wish you could have seen it.

This is just the kind of people one meets in Berlin and it shows what smart people there are in the world. Both of these fellows are of course bigger personalities than I as that day showed but I am consoled with the fact that I learn from them every time I am with them. I got Ann's letter yesterday. Don't send gloves as I have some. I can't send anything as you realize for any money I make on the side I spend for organ practice and for extra lunches etc.

Lovingly

Ed.

Berlin
Dec 31 1906.

INCOMPLETE

Dear Folks,-

I guess I will write on the last day of the year and get this letter finished before '1907.'

I forget whether I told you about being at Kreisler's concert. It was last Friday. He is immense - I don't think I ever enjoyed a violin concert so much in my life. ~~Saturd~~ He played to a poor house, though, and it seemed awful. Of course nothing else could be expected two days after Christmas. Saturday night I went to a concert in the Singakademie. It was an orchestra concert with [the?] assistance of Spiering and Miss Maurina - pianist. Spiering played the Bruch concert and variations by Joachim. Miss Maurina played a new concerto by Hugo Kaun.

The Americans have been coming to the front steadily and now about half of the concerts have Americans on the program. Yesterday I was over to Spiering's rehearsing with Nicoline.

Tonight I am going to Geists and Spierings too. Am in the same fix that I was in Christmas. That night up at Schmidts Mrs. Geist invited us all for tonight. She asked Buell if he could come and he said "no" that he had another engagement. Then she asked me and I said "yes" afterwards I asked Buell what his engagement was and he said "Spierings." I was [a bit?] surprised and wondered if I was 'out' at their house for they hadn't as yet invited me. They had written Buell as he never goes there, but waited to tell me sometime when I would come over for a rehearsal. Of course I was glad to be invited and said yes forgetting that Geists would be a 'twelve o'clock affair' too. You know if you go calling in the evening you must leave before ten or the doors are locked at that time and you can't even get out. Of course the people themselves can come down and open the doors with their keys but when they live on the top floor and have to go back up again and every thing pitch dark it isn't very nice. So I intended to go to Geists until 9:45 and then go to Spierings before their doors would be closed. That was the tale I told Mrs. Geist and it worked she inviting Buell and I for supper at 7:30. This door locking business is crazy. I think there ought to be a catch on the inside so that it couldn't be opened by any body on the outside, but to carry bundles of keys around so that you can get out is the limit. If you come to a house after ten and have no keys you must at most places be let through the gates and the gatekeeper must be paid. Then if it is very late the portiere gets out of bed and opens

INCOMPLETE

1907

Berlin
Jan 9 - 1907.

Dear Folks,-

This is an ideal day for writing letters. It is snowing and raining together and to stir out is impossible. You can't imagine this kind of weather because you don't have it. Up until yesterday it was very cold and I went skating twice last week but now I expect we will have a siege of dark days and cold rain.

I had a pupil today. Mr. Da Motta got him for me. In other words, Mr. Da Motta is tired of him so he gives him to me. His name is Campbell and he is from Kansas City. About forty years old and plays wretchedly. I hope I can keep him though and wish I had about five like him. Da Motta's first concert took place last Friday. It was magnificent and the critics praised him to the skies. Of course some people said his playing was dry because they couldn't understand the big things on the program.

Tuesday was my lesson day. In the evening I went to a concert given by a French girl (pupil of Da Motta). She has one of those natural techniques, plays the hardest things with the greatest ease. His lordship Busoni was there applauding vigorously. Busoni gave an orchestral concert last week which was a big success.

There is no sign of the suit up to date. I think it ought to be here.

The Davidsons left for home last Monday. There was quite a crowd at the depot to see them off. Their train left at 10:40 P.M. I had an engagement that same night way at the other end of town and had to take the train to be at the depot in time. On the way a chap started talking to me who said he was born near Chicago. He soon showed he was by cursing fearfully at the conductor (in English). Among other things he told him to 'shut his _____ mouth.' I have laughed ever since. You know I haven't heard one curse since coming to Europe and for that fellow to break out in English with typical Chicago oaths and accent was like meeting an old friend.

Sauer plays with Nikisch next Sunday and I am going. Haven't heard an orchestra for about two months. I am going to accompany Spiering in his next Berlin concert the 8th of February. That will be great.

The forty marks from Kate came. I don't know her address so some one of you write to her and thank her. No news. This must be chopped off.

Lovingly Ed.

Berlin - Jan 15.
1907

Dear Folks -

Just a few lines before I go to bed. The suit is here - at least in Berlin. I received a card from the Hamburg American line Sunday (the 12th) saying it is at the custom house. Also received Delia's letter this week. It was certainly a long time since any of you had written. My but you have been busy. Such rushing would put me on the bum in no time. It was interesting to read about Francis. He is a wonder. I remember him the last time I was in St. Paul. Kate seems to be full of business too. She must be doing fine. It will be great if her European trip doesn't fall through.

My cheque for January came today. It should come the first of the month but they are always late. But I am glad that they think of me at all in the rush of correspondence that they have.

I have been thinking a good deal about the future lately and often fear for next year. The maturity it takes to play in public won't come to me until I am 25 at least. Some people are ready much younger but I am terribly slow. I was much more confident a year ago. Of course I am always sure of the final outcome but as the time flies and I realize that the next musical season begins in eight months and I will be thrown out on my own *hook?* at that time, there comes a dizzy feeling. Perhaps being in Europe has something to do with it for I see how utterly hopeless it would be to try for anything here where there are thousands struggling. Thank heavens, in America there is more room and if the Chicago light is too strong next year I can fade away and play in small towns. Every week sees an improvement in me. At least I see it - perhaps not so much in my playing as in general experience and of course that has its effect on everything. I will play 100 per cent better in two years than I will next year but it will be too bad if the beginning is childish.

Miss Peterson will stay in Europe until April of 1909 making her stay exactly three years, while mine will be two and a half. If I play in Berlin I won't be until about November otherwise in August. There is not much chance of my giving a concert as a simple piano concert costs about \$175 with orchestra \$300. I would love to play though as it would help me in America.

I have been skating twice this week (with band accompaniment of course). When you are reading about the people being drowned in the Pois Du Bologna don't imagine Berlin is like it. The skating rinks are flooded fields - water two inches deep.

Spiering has gone to London for a week. Nicoline Zedeler is not well at all - this time her lungs.

Get busy and write

Lovingly Ed.

Saturday Jan. 25.
1907

Dear Folks,-

The last letter I wrote was probably a long time arriving. I thought I had posted it but instead had stuck it into a book. The suit arrived - it is a dandy but has cost me something. In the first place the duty was nearly five dollars. That is a robbery on the part of Hamburg line. You must have sent the others differently. Just think I paid about forty cents duty for the last package and that was for the socks and shift. the blue suit didn't cost a cent. The custom officers are blockheads and don't understand their business. Then it was too large. The first time I have ever had anything altered. It was disappointing as you probably got this one larger thinking I had grown and I haven't. (My growing days are over). But I will get it from the tailors Monday and will sport it immediately. The goods is magnificent and the cut swell, especially the sleeves.

This has been a dull week. I went to one concert - a popular orchestra concert in the Philharmonic. There was no skating either which I missed. Last week I went afternoons from 3 to five. the rink is a five minutes walk so there wasn't much time lost.

Tuesday was my lesson. Da Motta is as nice as ever but a little blasé after his concerts. Spiering plays two weeks from tonight. I will send you a poster.

Heard from Carl this week. He is in Stockholm having a hard time of it. He didn't have any money from America for three months. Now he gets a little but must hustle to keep alive. He is studying with a chap by the name of Anderson. Poor fellow.

I see Mrs. Ganz quite often now. Am accompanying Mrs. Brooks at her lesson. Mrs. B. and I get along very well this year. I went to a concert with her last week. She lends me her books.

The number of young musicians in Berlin now is tremendous. I meet new ones every day. They all have long hair and such thin faces. Some of them haven't a thing to look forward to but are working away like demons. They all compose and are all around clever fellows.

I met a young Frenchman this week who is a dandy. We talked about boxing and prize fighting and he knows all the fighters. To hear a musician talk about the ring and know all about it was a novelty to me. So after that rehearsal I can talk about prize fighting in French.

Busoni continues to be the lion. He is a tremendous personality and all the young musicians are crazy about him. I must tell you a funny thing. About two weeks ago at a concert a man was talking behind me during the playing. I turned around and gave him an awful scowl and it was Busoni. I near fainted. But I didn't look in time to see who it was. Haven't had a letter for ten days.

Lovingly
Ed.

[This letter clearly was written in 1907;
EJC wrote "06" in error. ~ JEC]

Berlin
Jan 26 06

1907

Dear Folks,-

Sat. Eve ten P.M.

Just got home from confession. I have lost track of the First Fridays and go to communion on Sundays about twice a month. I always [go to High Mass because he speaks English but he is a little ashamed of his English and lately?] he has sounded me as to how much German I know. Tonight while he had me there he asked me in German all about Da Motta and if I was still practicing the organ, for it was he who got me the permission. I could hardly keep from laughing as the German words came right into my mouth and I answered him much to his amusement.

I have just been to one concert since I wrote last. It was Busoni's Thursday evening. A grand inspiration is the only way I can describe it. Both the hall and the stage were jammed. No matter how great the performer is you feel a little [???] is full but people are packed on the stage having room only for him and the piano.

The appearance of Busoni though, drove away every thought of anxiety for his is a personality that knows no fear. I never heard such playing in my life. Why his scales were so clear and crisp that the people just roared laughing. The program was terribly heavy as you will probably see in the 'Leader' as I saw Miss Kerr sitting on the stage. The last number wasn't over until ten thirty and of course Busoni wouldn't play an encore. He sent a stage hand out to close the piano and you ought to hear the people yelling at [???] guy to get off the [stage?] when he put the lid [down?]. Then I got up all my nerve and went into the artists room to congratulate his lordship. Imagine, all by my lonesome without a friend around. When I got inside I wished I was out but there was no retreat. All the big musicians were standing around and the long haired pianists, Busoni's pupils were all there. Then there were society people and a big Italian delegation. I presume the ambassador etc. Just think what a place that room was, like going into a lion's den. Well these people were waiting to shake hands with Busoni when I butts in. When it came my turn he turned his back and went away. I got terribly cold for there were people standing around who were tickled to see him show these pupils their place. He moved away a little and started [talking] to another group of people. Mechanically I went too and when he was shaking hands with another person I took the left hand. He wheeled around giving me the right and said, "Well how was it." Now that was a great compliment for he was speaking six or seven different languages to different people and for him to speak English to me showed that he recognized me. He gave me a fine handshake and I rushed out, luckily through [the right door for I was excited?]

It was quite nervy of me to [even?] speak to him but there were a couple of good reasons why I should. In the first place I was at his house the last day he played for his pupils and I knew he would think it kind of grateful if I kept after him. Then again he is very fond of young players and likes to see them come after him. He will not go to them of course so they must follow him so it pleased him to have me come after him in the artists room and he just tried me by turning his back and walking away. Another important reason is that these men never [forget?] once ~~you~~ ~~once~~ you take the trouble to get to them and thank them for their playing. It is queer what memories they have. Busoni knows every person he has ever met and knows just how he met them. An example of it was shown to me not long ago. The night he gave a concert with Ganz and very fond of young players and likes to see them come after him. He will not go to them of course so they must follow him so it pleased him to have me come after him in the artists room and he just tried me by turning his back and walking away. Another important reason is that these men never [forget?]

once ~~you once~~ you take the trouble to get to them and thank them for their playing. It is queer what memories they have. Busoni knows every person he has ever met and knows just how he met them. An example of it was shown to me not long ago. The night he gave a concert with Ganz and very fond of young players and likes to see them come after him. He will not go to them of course so they must follow him so it pleased him to have me come after him in the artists room and he just tried me by turning his back and walking away. Another important reason is that these men never [forget?] once ~~you once~~ you take the trouble to get to them and thank them for their playing. It is queer what memories they have. Busoni knows every person he has ever met and knows just how he met them. An example of it was shown to me not long ago. The night he gave a concert with Ganz and D'Indy. I was [in the?] artist room for a minute and in line were? [???] people he shook hands without looking at them. I held his hand for a second until he turned around. Not long after I was up to his house on an errand for Mr. Ganz. When I was going he shook hands exactly the same as the night of the D'Indy concert, holding mine for a second to show that he remembered it. These men meet [so many?] people that they get a little tired of it and snub a tremendous lot of people, but they never forget a little favor towards them. Of course they remember other things too – for instance Busoni never forgets a pupil's performance at his house and no matter how many there are or how long it is since he has heard them play he picks out the talented ones and asks them to play as if he had them labeled.

I am getting my teeth fixed. I haven't had any trouble but I went and the dentist he said it was none to soon.

Last night I went over to see Carl. The landlord said he had been over that day but I was at the dentists. He hadn't been over since Sunday and I didn't go to see him but when I saw him I felt mean on account of not going sooner. He is like a fish out of water and when I saw him that night I felt terrible sorry for him. He was sitting at a desk writing a letter home and looked a little [bummed?] I have laughed often at what he [said?] when I was going. He said that Berlin was a bum town and he was going alone to Glasgow in a short while. I persuaded him to stay [until the first of March ??? hear ??? hesr much for doesn't ???].

He condescended to ask me [go on the ???] day, when I told him I was go[ing?] down town to buy a ticket for Busoni's next concert to bring one for him. I'll bet he won't go to another concert while he is here.

Sunday Evening

I quit writing last night at eleven and will finish this now. Went to the Philharmonic concert this [morning?] Carl Flesch a violin[ist?] was the soloist. The orchestra [was?] magnificent. In the afternoon I went skating with Carl Fallberg and another fellow. Albert's next concert [is on the thirteenth of March ??? ask them to play on the eleventh ??? His picture was in an announcement and I was in the paper?] Got Anne's and Cele's letter yesterday. Am glad you heard Rosenthal.

Lovingly
Ed.

[This is a letter from Rudolf/Rudolph Ganz to Anna Collins, sister of EJC.]

Postmark:
Chicago, ILL
JAN 29 1907 8 PM

Miss Anna Collins
303 S. Center Street
Joliet
Ill.

Chicago, Jan. 29. 1907

My Dear Miss Collins:

I wish you could come to the city on the coming Friday during the morning, any time between 10 -12. I am busy myself, but Mrs. Ganz will see you at her room in the Auditorium Hotel (360).

Have had a long talk with Mr. Tewksbury in New York and some complications have come up which I never expected. He will give no further money unless it be done on a business base (!). Please do not write anything to Edward. By the time you get here I will have looked after some one else, should Mr. T. proposition seems unacceptable. I am sure everything will come out all right. So, do not worry.

Please let me know if you can come.

With best regards
Sincerely yours
Rudolph Ganz

[NOTE: This letter was dated 1906 but actually had to be written in 1907 because EJC didn't leave for Europe until April of 1906. JEC]

Berlin
Feb. 3, 1907

Dear Folks,-

Sunday evening. It is a cold damp night and everything is quiet. It has snowed every day for a week and there is a terrible time going on for the street cars, trains etc. The cars [don't start?] [???] snowing all night and there is a pile to clean off the tracks every morning. The street cars here don't run on the same kind of tracks as trains in America. The track is a groove instead of half a one and after the big sweeper goes over it the snow must be taken out as from an eave trough. In the middle of the streets the snow is so heavy that twice the

[???

I went to 'Carmen'

[???] It was done beaut-

[ifully? ???] as I have heard some Wag-

[ner? ???] Winter I am spoiled for

[???] else Thursday night

[??? D'Al?] bert's [???] As usual

[???] was [???] and

D'Albert played like a lion. [This?] wasn't a bit like his other concerts for Thursday he played pretty cleanly and seemed to care a little for he had the audience near standing up most of the time. Friday there was a concert by Thibaud, the violinist, in the Singakademie and I went not much [fire?] and is miles below Ysaye and Kreisler.

Last night I went to [???] at the comic opera finishing up the week of nights out. Tosca is [a ??? work?] and leaves a powerful impression on a person. It is terribly tragic and shows the difference between the Italian and German opera.

Karl seems to be getting on pretty well. He goes skating quite often and quite chummy with Hans Ebell. He is that Russian pianist, pupil of Hoffmann of whom I told you and is probably going to America next year. He is of course learning English and as ~~he~~ ^{can't} Carl can't speak anything else Ebell goes up there just to talk to him for practice. I haven't heard [from?] Mr. Ganz at all [so I don't?] suppose [that he?] will write until he [is?] ready to [communicate.?

Mr. Da Motta is [better?] and [I had?] a lesson Wednesday only [the?] Mr. Ganz left. It is very [sudden? Welch?] I suppose [???] next.

There isn't [???

so I might [???

[Can't read the remainder of the letter due to deterioration ~ JEC]

Berlin
Feb. 9, 1907

Dear Folks,-

Saturday again! It means that Saturday comes every second day and it is like a month since I was in Switzerland. Every day I think of [???] vacation I had last [???]. It would be appreciated. [??? new and ??? concert mainly young ??? these sometime]. Mr. Ganz has not said when or where he will take his vacation of whether he will have us come with him. There will probably be about eight pupils back with him and most likely he will be a wise guy and take them with him so they will study during the summer. They will all be paying pupils though for Miss Peterson and I are the last free lesson pupils he will take. The 'Bogus' case had kind of made him bitter. Mrs. Ganz is also furious about Miss [Shorey?]. The latter landed in Berlin about a year ago without a cent. Mrs. Ganz [gave?] her two lessons a week free [for a year besides?] lending her money and getting her a position in the American [church?].

During Mrs. Ganz's absence in Switzerland the lassie skipped to another teacher who charges ten dollars an hour. His name is Gallaway and he is a farce. She calmly told Mrs. Ganz the second day after we came from Switzerland.

Where she is getting the money is a mystery to everyone. I see her once in a while and she is as gay as a lark.

I have been to [but one?] concerts since I wrote last, a violin and piano evening by Stavenhager and Berber. They played, among other things a [sonate?] by Busoni. It is a grand work but [??? equal to it?] to it especially Stavenhager [???] plays like an old woman. [???] eating his program during [???].

Thursday night was my French lesson. It is going [???] slow because I don't study [???] often miss the lessons on account of concerts. But I will keep on as it has to be [learned] some way.

Carl was over last night. He hasn't had any money from home since [???] and I guess his landlady had been [???] him for he is wondering on what [???] the German boats arrive. Now that was a great condescension for him to ask that. The other night down at Ebell's he did something that never happened before as far as I know. It showed that he hasn't quite so much confidence as of old.

I had been playing a little and got up for a second. He was right near and of course jumped onto the stool - he loves to play after me to show the difference. Of course he started practicing and playing hard parts of different things over and over again. Ebell finally suggested that he play something and he started in with a flourish. Something happened for it was not going (can't read) well and he got red (can't read) got right up. The first time in my life that I have not seen him sit there until he was ready to go home. Mr. Buell plays Monday night. I haven't seen him for quite a while but he is most likely laying awake nights. Busoni plays on the thirteenth and Risenauer tomorrow.

The principal news this time is that I am going to move the first of March. This time it is no trouble with the landlady but simply that she is going to move. It is only coming one month earlier for me as I would have to go the first of April. You know the renting year begins then and it is only at that time that people who pay their rent can be turned out. The landladies must have some other reason and with me it is of course the practicing. There are certain pensions, most in fact, where they take music students but I don't want to go there as they are full of Americans and with pianos going all around you, you can't do much work. So this house where I am living now is known as a 'respectable' house in that there are no [pianos?] in the building and I am the only music student. The buildings are all [large?] one holding about thirty families. My going out for my meals is of course the only difference

from living in a pension. Well the people won't stand me any more and if I don't fade away soon [I?] will be pinched. One man has been to the police twice. It is of course disagreeable at the same time that it is [picnic?].

It is two days since I started this so I want to post it now.

Lovingly
Ed.

You can write here until I send you my new address. I will give notice at the post office.

[Letter from Rudolph/Rudolf Ganz to Ann Collins, sister of EJC.]

CONGRESS HOTEL CO.
R.H. SOUTHGATE
PRESIDENT

OPERATING
THE AUDITORIUM
THE ANNEX
APARTMENT BUILDING

Chicago Feb. 10 1907

Dear Miss Collins:

Mrs. G just showed me your letter and I feel that you worry where there is no need for it. Mr Shaw was so very nice about the plan for Edward that I can believe everything will be all right. Please do not worry. I will stand to him. He has my friendship. In a few days I shall let you know more about it, as I expect to hear from the gentlemen.

With best regards
yours sincerely

R Ganz

Berlin
Feb. 15 [19]'07.

Dear Folks,-

It is a few minutes after one. I have just quit practicing and can write for a half hour. The weather is quite cold with no sign of a change. This has been the coldest winter in years and there has been [???] be mighty glad when the Spring comes along and sends the snow flying.

Have been to a concert every night this week and am enjoying it hugely. Now to go to a concert every night in Berlin is a great deal different from going to a concert every night in Chicago. Although both cities have about the same population, Chicago is about three times the size in area. Not a foot of ground is wasted in Berlin, no such a thing as an alley or field and the apartment houses are like a single big block of stone. So, although the concert halls are down town, it is much easier and quicker to get there and back that [than it?] would be living way out [???]. I generally walk but some times if I start out late there is the subway which takes you down in six or seven minutes.

Monday night was Mr. Buell's concert. He was frightfully nervous at first and several times I expected to see him break down. He hasn't an extra good memory, and of course that hangs over a person like a cloud. Toward the end though he was quite at home and the audience was very enthusiastic. There were mostly Americans at the didn't tell me the result of his visit with Mr. Tewksbury so, although I haven't much money now the next few days will bring me some or won't. I wrote to Mr. Tewksbury about two weeks ago and will soon get an answer.

I am glad that Ann had an interview with Mrs. Ganz. I can just hear her telling how I need (can't read) brushing up. (with that patronizing tone) Well between you and me and the gate post perhaps you will see some day which one of us needs the brushing up. She is certainly nice and can make a tremendous front. The difference between Mr. and Mrs. is astounding.

I will write to all those people (Dr. Moody, Mr. Schager etc.) when I get a chance. Just send my mail here and I will get it any way. I am going to live right in the neighborhood.

Lovingly
Ed.

Congratulations to Delia on her 30th (isn't it?) birthday. Americans there because the Americans go as a matter of course as they are music students. They are out for free tickets with all their might, too, which is disgusting. Then [a different?] crowd comes nearly every year so if you stay more than a year you lose those who go. Sydney Biden is not a bit popular with the Americans. He never sings an English song and never gives free tickets to Americans and in fact doesn't know them. But every time he sings he has a good audience of Germans who have bought their tickets and who will stay with him while [???] Berlin. George Hamlin is just the opposite. He isn't settled here and so gives his concerts and runs along. The Americans all [go?] to hear him but very few Germans.

Of course Mr. Buell's career in Berlin is ended. He is going to America next year because he will never be among the big ones and could just go on buying a concert every year without making a cent. Tuesday night I went to an orchestra concert in the Philharmonic. It was called a 'popular concert' as are all the concerts on Tuesday, Wednesday and Sunday evening. The concerts are given by the Berlin orchestra and are immense. They play the best music so the only reason for calling it popular is that people sit at tables and are served beer. It is absolutely quiet during the numbers but there is a rest of five minutes between so that the waiters can get around with the booze. The admission is 75 penning (about 20 cents). Wednesday night was Busoni. He played even better than at the last concert and the people went wild. After the concert I saw Miss Peterson who said she had been in to see Busoni so I decided to go in too. Carl was there and came in too. He had met Busoni in Glasgow

and thought it would be nice to tell him about that time but strange (?) Busoni didn't remember him and Carl did[n't] have time to say anything so thick was the crowd.

Thursday I went to a concert of Richard Strauss compositions. Tonight I am going [to hear Miss?] Elvyn an American girl (from Chicago by the way). She is a pupil of Godowsky and plays mighty well, so they say.

Received several letters yesterday and today. There must be something up or you wouldn't be sending that check. Mr. Ganz didn't tell me the result of his visit with Mr. Tewksbury so, although I haven't much money now the next few days will bring me some or won't. I wrote to Mr. Tewksbury about two weeks ago and will soon get an answer.

I am glad that Ann had an interview with Mrs. Ganz. I can just hear her telling how I need [a?] brushing up. (with that patronizing tone) Well between you and me and the gate post perhaps you will see some day which one of us needs the brushing up. She is certainly nice and can make a tremendous front. The difference between Mr. and Mrs. is astounding.

I will write to all those people (Dr. Moody, Mr. Schager etc.) when I get a chance. Just send my mail here and I will get it any way. I am going to live right in the neighborhood.

Lovingly

Ed.

Congratulations to Delia on her 30th (isn't it?) birthday.

Berlin
Feb 19, 1907.

Dear Folks,-

It is ten days since I wrote last. That is a terrible long time but I simply couldn't find the time. It seems I am busier than ever and still doing nothing. The day goes and I ask myself what has been done and the answer is "nothing." Received a card from Mr. Ganz yesterday. He spoke of seeing you all at Schumann Heink's concert. He told me to 'work hard.'

It will be too bad if Kate doesn't come to Europe. I have told so many that she was to be here.

Last summer when Mr. Ganz read about Kate and told Mrs., the latter had her doubts as to Kate's ability to do it. So lately when I hinted to her that Kate was not getting along so well she said "I thought she wouldn't." Of course I set her right as to why things weren't going smoothly but I imagine she has her doubts.

Mr. Spiering plays again in March. I hope I will accompany better than at the last one.

Mary's five dollars was great. This is the nineteenth and my cheque for February hasn't showed up so far. I had to take one hundred marks of Mr. Tewksbury's money which I am trying to make up. And here's where I butt in a little. I wish Celia could give up the idea of having showers etc. It probably doesn't cost much but you must save more or we will never get out of the hole. I don't bank on myself in the least and as I told you before you still have me on your hands and probably will have for a while. That business with the Mason and Hamlin Co. won't amount to much I imagine and altogether good things look farther off than ever.

Don't let this complaining of mine bother you for things could be much worse. I am simply being taken down from my high horse and pulling in my ambitions a little. But no one knows - perhaps things may turn out well. What I lack now is to be able to compose. If that were there my piano playing would grow in leaps. In other words, my piano playing is at a stand still because I am one sided and need to compose and get a bigger musical knowledge.

Tuesday was my lesson day. Tried to play some things by Liszt. Am going to a party Saturday - all Germans. Have been going to art exhibitions the last week. Will write again this week.

Lovingly
Ed.

Berlin
Feb 21 1907.

Dear Folks,-

The last two letters I wrote were a week apart and if I want to write twice a week it seems as though I must write one letter right after the other. The way the time flies is something terrible and I keep putting things off from day to day and can not find time for half the things I am supposed to do. The cold weather is at last disappearing and we are having snow storms, showers and sunshine all on the same day. (A sure sign of Spring)

The musical season has reached the turning point too and from now on the concerts will gradually get fewer. Of course that doesn't mean that there will only be a few but in comparison to a month ago they will not come so fast.

I missed a concert last night - that was a mistake. It was Glenn Hall's recital. Nikisch accompanied him mind you. Hall is a kind of protégé of Nikisch's. A few days ago I saw the announcement of it but forgot to look at the date not thinking that it would be so soon. Last night about ten-thirty when I was out walking with Carl, I saw a bill-board ad about it and could have kicked myself. I would have spoken to him after the concert for I think he knows me. D'Albert plays again to-morrow night. I am very anxious to go as he will likely play fine. The program is all Chopin and Liszt.

Thursday

Could not finish this to day. I am just home from a French lesson. It is a shame the way the French is going. I could learn it in no time if I could study but I must first get the German which is beginning also to get hard. When a person has been studying a language for eight or ten months they get to a point where they can talk fairly well enough to get along. Then they come to a point where it is necessary to go down deeper and that is where the language becomes hard. I am just at that point now. From now on so many new things will pop out that it will seem to be getting harder every day.

Glenn Hall did not make such a success last night according to the reports of several people who were there and who told me about it this afternoon. There was a big reception for him this afternoon. I would liked to have been in on it but wasn't invited.

I have not heard from Mr. Tewksbury so far. I wonder what the old chap is going to do. I have money enough to last me for two weeks and then will borrow some from Miss Peterson or the Spierings.

Mr. Spiering plays in Cologne to-morrow night. Every time he plays any place he practices his things over with me so I have been over there two or three times this week.

My lesson was yesterday. Da Motta is fine and tells me great things at every lesson. Only for his physique he would show most of them where to back in.

Since starting this letter I have received one from Mrs. Ganz sending me ten dollars and telling me about Mr. Tewksbury. You are a great pack of faint hearted people to leave it to her to tell me about it. What do you suppose I am a weakling not to be able to stand such a thing.

Why in no time I will be able to manage. I hope all the people in Joliet won't know about it. I was at lunch at Spiering's today. Mr. Spiering wasn't home but when he knows it I am sure he will do everything he can for me.

Was at the Philharmonic concert yesterday. Busoni was the soloist and played like a king.

Yesterday afternoon I was over to Edgar S. Kelly's house. He is the principal theory teacher in Berlin and has a tremendous following. There was quite a crowd, there, of young musicians and I played. He has a magnificent Bechstein so it went fine. I was mighty glad. Saw the piece in the Leader about the musical at Mrs. Langfeld's (fudge). Nicoline is going to play again tomorrow night and I will get ten marks for the accompaniment.

New developments in the moving business. In fact I'm not going to move. The crazy Portier has suddenly decided that somebody worse might come in my place and so told my landlady to try and keep me. Of course I was glad to stay as it takes time and money to move. Miss Peterson is furious at Mr. Tewksbury and predicts that he will die a bad death.

Heavens don't do any signing business. That is nonsense. If matters came to that point I could come home and earn six hundred dollars pretty quick and pay him back. What I have learned this year will stay with me and can't be taken away. I wonder what Dr. Simon thinks? I will write to him tomorrow.

Lovingly

Ed.

Berlin
Feb 28. 1907.

Dear Folks,-

This is the first evening I have been home in a long time. It is generally a concert or some kind of a musical that keeps me out in the evening but I think there will be a rest now as most of the concerts are over.

Cele's was the last letter I got which was about a week ago. Sometimes I get a lot in a bunch but this week I haven't had a single one. Perhaps I didn't tell you I got a letter from Mrs. Boguslavski. It was a long letter filled with apologies for not writing ~~writing~~ sooner etc. with no word about Bogus - not even saying he was on earth. She hopes I'll answer and she promises not to be so negligent again. (The young scamp). She sent the letter to Miss Peterson's address however she found that out. It is a shame I haven't written to Dr. Moody, Mr. Schager or any of those people but I will very soon. I haven't thought much of my finances lately. I answered Mrs. Ganz's letter in glowing terms saying that things weren't as bad as they looked. Once you get started things run easy but getting started is the hard part. Of course when I had no thought of money I didn't bother trying to get in with people so don't know very many. Mrs. Ganz spoke of Mr. Ganz's talking with Mrs Shaw. It would be fine if he took an interest in me but I will never be satisfied until I am earning my living. It is great to depend only on yourself for a living.

The musical Nicoline played at Tuesday night was quite nice but typically German. It was a dinner followed by a musicale. Nicoline was at the dinner as she knows the people but I was ordered for ten o'clock. There were about forty people there. The women were quite nice but the men were like pigs - great big fellows who puffed when they breathed and talked fearfully when the music was going on. The hostess was Frau Regierungsrat Seebold. The R----- is a title and every time you speak to her you must say it out in full. There were numerous barons and baronesses there but none of them very distinguished looking. They all acted quite ordinarily which was very nice and when we were ready to begin the hostess asked me if I could see the notes well I said "pretty well" and before you could say two words she gave the piano a push that sent it spinning into the light. It was a Steinway grand but didn't phase her.

I was talking to Spiering the other night about my affairs and he gave me a lot of suggestions. I am going to go after the organ in the American church. Spiering says when I begin to worry I can start and worry them. I think he can help me a lot. If I can earn my living for a while it will be the grandest thing imaginable. I have answered ads for English lessons, accompanists etc. and have received a new English pupil today.

I would like to play for a German singing teacher for a while. They know a pile and one of the things I would learn would be some more German. I will cut this short now and write in a day or two again.

Lovingly
Ed.

Berlin
April 1 1907.

Dear folks,- (April fool)

It is six thirty A.M. I am starting this morning with getting up early. All winter I had been going to bed very late four or five nights in the week so it was useless to try and get up early. But now the concerts are few and far between and I am going to get up at six. Next Friday Busoni plays which I think is the last concert of the season.

Easter Sunday this year was quieter than usual. Of course last time I was very quiet (in my berth) but there was no organ playing or even waves yesterday. Carl went to church [most likely as he was?] very dressy - fancy vest, silk hat, Prince Albert coat etc. He was always very neat and now has the British ideas that this 'waist coat' must be worn with these trousers and knows all the proprieties.

The weather is still beautiful and this whole week has been ideal. I forgot to tell about Good Friday in Germany. It is the biggest day in the year and is a little funny. The stores are of course closed and everybody goes to church, but it is more like the fourth of July in America. The people don't buy new clothes for Easter Sunday but for Good Friday and everyone is on parade on that day. I had a spat with the landlady about practicing. She won though so I didn't play any. Yesterday too I was not supposed to practice. But you can play a little. They seem to see a difference between practicing and playing. So in the afternoon I played some but as the landlady was going out for the afternoon she suggested to me that I better quit soon, reminding me of the holiday. But I had a good 'play' while she was out.

There are a great many Irish in Berlin. Two thirds of the 'Americans' are Irish and some of them with fierce names. It is no disgrace here but you don't know people are Irish unless you ask them. This race is ashamed of itself. But one Irishman can spot another so I can generally pick them out. My best pals now are Hendricks and O'Brien who would be known from their names alone. One night about two weeks ago I was at a little party at a Mr. Furlong's. He is an artist and by the way, whenever any of you get a chance to go into the Wellington Hotel in Chicago and look at a picture of two lions. He has painted it. He asked me if I had noticed it and was awfully sorry that I had to say "no."

Well at this party there were quite a few Irish people. One girl, Miss Hannett, was direct from Ireland. Hendricks and his chum Vickery were there besides a few others. Then there were of course, quite a few Americans and English. I came late and upon arrival saw a chap standing up telling stories to the whole crowd. One glance was enough to tell he was Irish. He had an awful mug. Dr. Donavon's or Ed Lennon's wouldn't compare with it. It was Vickery. Now these two fellows told stories until the crowd shrieked. Why they never heard anything like it. But the two lobsters when they would tell Irish stories would leave off the brogue as they were most likely ashamed of it. I just thought, if the Irish only had a chance. Only for these chaps the party would have been a flat failure and neither Vickery nor Hendricks were more entertaining than the average Irishman but the Americans and English never heard anything like them.

In my last letter I talked about Carl and his doings. Of course that will never get out of our house but I don't want even you people to think any the worse of him. He is only a big lobster, hardly anybody takes him seriously. He is going back to Scotland for a month and then to Sweden. It won't be so long now until he gets home and he will have a hard enough time of it then.

Mr. and Mrs. Fallberg are terribly anxious to have him do something and expect him to do a whole lot when he comes back. But they have a mighty limited view of things and are deathly afraid I will do something without Carl's knowing it. In their last letter they told him that I was going to play with an orchestra this winter and to be

sure and go. They were informing him on the quiet in case I hadn't told him. They said my sister told Spears. They probably meant Celia. Look out for that chap he is a powerful talker.

I am invited to a swell little party at Hendrick's next Thursday. Among the guests will be Xaver Scharwenka and I am practicing his variations on the quiet in case I should be asked to play.

It would be fine if I could send all those people cards, Charlie, Mrs. Dalton etc, but just now I can't. Wish I knew where we were going this summer. This beautiful weather makes one feel like skipping to Switzerland.

Lovingly
Ed.

NOTE: Though dated 1906, this letter had to have been written in 1907, since EJC didn't go to Europe until mid-April 1906. JEC.

Berlin
Apr. 8 06.
1907

Dear Folks,-

Monday noon. It is almost a week since I wrote last although I promised to write oftener. I don't know what's the matter these days, the day seem about an hour long and a week is gone in no time. It will soon be a year since I arrived [and it's terrible?] to think what a [short time?] a year is. It is just as [Carl said to?] me last night. When [I got to Europe] I thought I would be an artist with two years practice. When he goes home next December he will have finished his three years stay with apparently no better prospects than when he left America. He goes back to Glasgow next Monday. Poor chap! he says he will play in London twice before he goes to America, but he kind of forgets that it costs more to play in London than anyplace and he could never get the money. Then he would have nobody at the concerts on account of being unknown.

I have been to three concerts this week. Two by Busoni and an orchestral concert. Busoni's principal concert was in the Philharmonic and was called a 'popular evening.' He was out of form in some things and didn't seem so at home in that tremendous hall which is also a dance hall and much like a big barn.

The weather is beautiful and although the nights are very cold the sun comes out every day and we will soon have [flooding?].

The Germans love [plants and?] the balconies are beginning to look like [gardens?]. I will soon have the plants on my balcony for the landlady has been fussing with them for a week. Received a letter from Mr. Ganz this week. I get fifty dollars monthly which is quite enough but doesn't do [more?] than pay my expenses. We are going directing to Switzerland. I am crazy with joy. You can't imagine the feeling of going back to Switzerland when you have once been there. I certainly will have a glorious time roaming over the hills with no responsibilities. It is so glorious to get up high and stop reading every once in a while to look down on a few lakes and cities. Then to practice on the edge of the lake and look up at the Alps. Switzerland is different from other summer resorts because you have country and city right together. For instance, at Hertenstein everything was quiet and country like but we could take a beautiful ride across the lake and in a half hour come to Lucerne which is a regular carnival in the Summer.

Paris doesn't compare with it. When I used to go to Minnesota there was no city in sight and it was terrible to stick there without meeting anyone worth talking to. It makes one cosmopolitan to go to Switzerland in summer for then the cream of every nationality is there and no one is there who hasn't some right to be whether it's wealth or brains.

Tuesday

Yesterday afternoon there was a musical at Mr. and Mrs. Thackara's. He is the U.S. consul and she is quite a society and club woman. Nicoline played and I accompanied her. There was quite a fine crowd and I had a good time. There was a Miss Potter, there a former pupil of Zeisler and friend of Miss Pace who heard of me in Chicago and introduced herself. She is going to study with Busoni next winter. Busoni is not going to be in Berlin anymore but in Vienna.

Musha! great doings in Joliet, with cantatas and Mamie Brennan's wedding. Berlin wants to look out.

I have no more news as indeed there is nothing to write about. Am studying Shakespeare and Byron.

Lovingly
Ed.

Berlin
Apr 13 1907.

Dear Folks,--

I can write for a few minutes now and finish this some other time. There is less news for me to write about every time. The concerts are not only getting seldom but I get tired describing them. Then again there are such fine concerts in America that you hear almost everything that's good. The Ganzes leave New York the 2nd of June on the Lorraine. That makes the fourth trip they have taken on the same boat. We may not see Mr. Ganz in Germany at all. Two years ago they went from Paris to Zürich and will, most likely, do that this time. Mrs. Ganz told Miss Peterson that we couldn't go to Switzerland before the 15th of June and may be not before the first of July. I am a little disappointed as after the first of June Berlin is dreadful. Most of the people are gone and it is fearfully hot and dusty. Now it is beautiful. Of course it is fine all over now but particularly in a big city. I will never forget our day in Paris last year. We had a lunch on the sidewalk on the 'Boulevard des Italiens,' and to sit and watch what was going by was wonderful. There is a great difference in Europe and America after all. America is so young it has no experience but here everything has been finished and the people have more time for their comfort. That idle hands business is certainly true. The people live much cleaner in America than here. The leisure class in Europe is tremendous so they are worse morally but brighter intellectually as they spend more time 'learning things.'

People here are more independent some way. They are not a bit self conscious and do what they please without caring two cents for anybody else's opinion.

This is a fright. I started this Saturday and now it is Monday. Two things of importance have happened since then, first, I played yesterday at a musical at Da Motta's and secondly, Carl left this morning.

The musical was given by Da Motta's pupils and was fine. About twelve of them played and some were great. I was fearfully nervous principally because I played last and sat there listening to the others from 4:30 to 7 and waiting for my turn. Another thing that made me nervous was the fact that I made the assertion to a chap that I could play better than a certain other fellow and what did he do but tell a lot of others and they gave me the laugh saying that I would have a chance to show up today and they would tell me afterwards if I made good. So I was down to play three Paginini etudes, beastly things, and it was in the middle of the first one that I began to see the keys. But on the whole I played better than usual and was given quite an ovation.

Da Motta goes to South America on a tour the first of May to be gone until October. I am awfully sorry and will have to practice alone until Mr. Ganz comes. Da Motta is great and certainly tells me [where to] back in at every lesson. He is a fiery little fellow and I catch it if I do the same thing wrong twice. He can play about every piece written and next Sunday is going to play for the pupils. They will request things and he will play them (by memory of course). He asked Busoni if I couldn't study with him this summer and Busoni said 'yes' if I went to Vienna. Da Motta had quite forgotten about Ganz until I told him that I would study in Switzerland this summer.

Well Carl is off and quite happy at leaving Berlin. I staid [stayed] at his house last night and went down to the depot with him this morning. He looked like a soldier of fortune going off and admitted that he was much wiser than when he came. We got along fine, anybody can get along with him, and I was sorry to see him go.

If you really can afford to send me a suit why I won't refuse it. It is number 35 I think; however you can guess it just like the last one.

Lovingly

Ed.

Berlin
Apr 20 1907.

Dear Folks,-

I really must finish this letter today so I can start on my twice a week writing again. For the last month or so I haven't written as often as during the winter but am sure I can write twice a week from now on.

Since Carl left I have been in nights reading or studying my German. We used to go to a café or for a walk every evening but there was a terrible lot of time wasted and I have noticed an improvement in the German just this week. Of course we always spoke English together.

The only important thing in the theatrical line this month was a two weeks run of Shakespearean plays by a company from London headed by Beerbohm Tree. He has a big reputation but according to those who went he fell flat. At any rate the whole company was fearfully roasted in the German papers. I intended to go but delayed getting my seats until too late.

There is no other news interesting. The weather has suddenly become cold during the last couple of days and every one is frozen.

I had my lesson yesterday. My last one is next Saturday. You know Da Motta is going on a tour to South America. Of course one cannot have an inspiration always and during the last week I have been kind of in the dumps. Time is flying faster than it ought and this last year was in a terrible hurry. If we only lived some place besides Joliet I wouldn't care but to have to go there unless I have something to show will be terrible. Heavens! if I can only get some good engagements the first year I am there. But they must come. Gee Whiz! I can't fail.

I am thinking every day about Switzerland. My but it will be great to come out of the depot at Lucerne and see the beautiful city and the lake and the mountains. Then to take the boat across the lake to Hertenstein and get into my little room over the post office and go through the woods and along the lake every morning early on the way to the hotel for my breakfast. I tell you that's living. I am sure I wouldn't know what to do if we were going to stay in Berlin all summer. My vacation last year spoiled me and its me for the country every summer after this if I have to foot it (which is easy enough). I haven't heard from Jamieson for a long time but last summer we planned some walking trips for this year. I hope they will mature.

Are you people going to have a vacation this summer? I suppose Mrs. Collins will take a street car ride now and then to West Park.

Lovingly Ed.

Berlin
Apr 23, 1907.

Dear Folks,-

Tuesday evening. Just came in from a walk. It has rained fearfully the whole day and has only cleared up a few minutes ago. It was a fine little walk I had from the Kaiser Allee to [No?]llendorff Platz and home through Wittenberg Platz. These platzen are little squares with trees and flowers and set off the city so beautifully. That is one thing that the American cities haven't. It is fine to come into one of these little parks. Most of [???] round and the big [???] to fence them in like [???]. [Got a letter from ?] Carroll this morning. She didn't say anything about technic though even though Annie and Celia call her Mary Technic. She is pretty clever just the same and knows as much as the next one. She sent a program of a concert Mr. Ganz played at the mound.

There is going to be a musical at Spiering's next Tuesday. I am going to play the Prelude Choral and Fugue by César Franck and play the accompaniment for Nicoline. There will be a fine crowd there critics [even?] so I am delighted to play [but it] will be kind of hard with the critics sitting around and your colleagues, who are also your [???] leaning all over the piano [??? staring?] you in the face.

A year ago Sunday we arrived in Berlin. I was [???] Sunday and someone happened to ask me how long I had been in Berlin. It was half past five so I said in a half hour I would have been here a year. You know we arrived at six P.M. on the 21st of April. At six o'clock I was playing for them and the thought came as to whether there was a year's improvement or not. At times there doesn't seem to be much.

There are hardly any more concerts ~~and~~ and I don't see any more ahead for me. Mascagni [gave a concert] last Saturday and played the [Intermezzo] from 'Cavalleria' among other things. He also directed the fifth Symphony of Beethoven 'a la Italienne' that is conducted the orchestra with his hands and head and the audience with the tails of his coat. Imagine Beethoven getting [that]! a sacrilege!!

The coal wagons are not filling the streets so much. It may sound funny to say the coal wagons 'fill' the streets but they do. A coal wagon is a little dray and is pulled by a man and a dog. The bricks of coal are [loaded?] on it very neatly and isn't much of a load for [the man?] when his dog is big. These dogs are grand [and?] bear this fierce insult of being harnessed with very [little?] objection. But once in awhile one sees that they are too wise and weren't made for it. For instance I have seen a big brute standing in his harness in front of a saloon barking furiously for the man to come out. They can't stand waiting and pull desperately just as if they were drowning their troubles in work. As a whole, though, hey are treated decently. In winter when they are waiting out side they have a board to lie down on and a blanket over them but there is a sad expression in their big eyes as they see other curs running the streets and feel the harness.

Wednesday Noon.

Didn't have time to finish [???] at once. I was over to [???] this morning and played? [???]with Mr. Spiering. It was supposed to be a rehearsal with Nicoline but she was sick. She has a sick spell every once in a while and is anemic. After all I am not going to play a solo Tuesday only the accompaniments. Mr. Spiering explained to me, and he is quite right, that as the [reception?] is for Nicoline and really her debut, the whole interest must be centered on her. When he asked me to play the other day I thought of that and would even have felt a little guilty to play.

I guess I will cut this off and post it. There will be no excitement until Mr. Ganz comes [???].

Lovingly

Ed.

Berlin
April 30 1907.

Dear Folks,—

Here it is a week ago today since I wrote last. It is terrible how short the day is in Berlin. Things start moving so late in the morning that nothing begins before ten. Then there is no afternoon because dinner isn't over until nearly four and no evening because supper isn't over until eight thirty and everything is locked up at ten including their pianos. I am even worse *fixed?* I can't play after nine.

The weather is getting warm now. This morning is beautiful and there surely can be no more cold weather. This has been a very late spring in Germany which has caused the country restaurant keepers to lose a lot of money. The minute spring comes with warm weather the people take trips out in the country and drink beer. All around Berlin there are these big parks with restaurants which only run in the summer. The chairs and tables are under the trees and there are crowds every day.

Of course lately on account of the cold weather the people have eaten in town. It has also been a loss to the restaurants in Berlin. The proprietors have their chairs and tables on the sidewalk and it makes one shiver to think of sitting out there. The German people as a whole aren't ambitious and cannot resist idling time away in the cafés.

They will sit for several hours over a pile of newspapers and one glass of beer. I think that is how the Germans get a reputation for drinking beer. AS a rule they drink continually but don't get much down. I have seen American chaps stay in a cafe ten minutes and then get out. But during that ten minutes they can drink as much as it takes a German to do in ten days.

Of course Germans never drink water. That is a fact. When they are thirsty they take beer. Once in a while you see a waiter rushing with a glass of water. Follow him with your eye and you will see an American sitting at the table where the water was set down.

(Tuesday P.M.)

This afternoon is the musicale at Spiering's. There are going to be about seventy five people there including a number of critics so if I play the accompaniments well it will be something.

I see Mrs. Geist and Ketchan quite often. Mrs. Geist writes to Kate quite often but doesn't tell that she gets an answer.

It is four thirty and the musicale begins at five so I will have to go.

Lovingly
Ed.

INCOMPLETE

Berlin
May 18, 1907.

Dear Folks,-

Eleven P.M. Must be in bed at twelve so here goes for a half hour. There isn't much to write about. I have been having a very regular existence of late - doing the same things every day and still no excitement in sight - at least until we go to Switzerland. Then I will have lots to tell about!

I guess Monday was the last day I wrote. Tuesday and Wednesday I read a little and practiced less. Thursday came the German lesson. After the lesson I went down to Mr. Lesser's for a few minutes. You know to keep German friends you must go and call on them at least once a week if it is only for a few minutes. I ~~staid~~ [stayed] but five minutes but through going got an invitation for his birthday party which came off today. I had a very slow but interesting time. All his friends brought flowers except yours truly.

Most of the people were musicians among them Wirth of the Joachim quartet. He is a great old patriarch about seventy years old and fine appearing. The musicians stood around him as though he were some rare flower. Along with the others I was introduced to him and was quite proud to meet him. He is almost blind and the young men scrapped to decide which one could lead him out of the door. Of course there was music - trios etc read at sight by these fine musicians- most of the things played being compositions of persons present. A lady also tried to sing some songs by Grieg. It didn't break up until eight o'clock. A German crowd gets a little heavy sometimes and the way they can sit for hours listening to classical music is the wonder of the Americans.

The Germans don't like the Americans as a rule and I seldom meet an American at any of these affairs. The Americans are a little out of place here as you can judge from a little experience I had this afternoon. To make a long story short, I sat on the sofa. Now in Germany it is terrible for a young person to sit on the sofa. Even if there are no other seats in the room you must stand although the sofa might be empty. This afternoon I had stood for two movements of a long sonate for piano and violin and just at that moment feeling how good it must be to have a seat and seeing the sofa partly free I walked over to it and planted myself. I didn't realize what I was doing until an English girl ordered me off and told me my crime with some embellishments. She said I sat down so heavily that an old lady at the other end was near upset and almost fell on me.

INCOMPLETE

INCOMPLETE

Berlin
May 24, '07.

Dear Folks,-

This week was marked by my having lunch with Mr. and Mrs. J.C. McKeon, the latter a sister of Mr. Tewksbury. He sent me a letter last week telling me something about them. (I enclose his letter).

To begin with do not pronounce that name 'Mc yon' but Ma - ke - own.

They are fine especially Mrs. who is a beauty. He is very nice but a typical American banker and that means a man with no feelings for any kind of art. He must be very bright in his line, but excuse me from his 'line.'

They sent me word to come about five or between five and six and I went at 5:45 fearing I was going to run into a prig in Mrs. but I am sorry now I didn't go earlier as she was just beginning to tell me about Mr. Tewksbury when it was time for them to go to the opera. It seems that Mr. T., in the beginning, agreed to keep me in Europe only a year and if I wasn't able to do anything at the end of that time he was to have security to go farther. But it is over now at least the disagreeable part of it and seeing that Mr. Tewksbury thinks as much of me as ever, I kind of expect him to do more for me.

May 25

As usual it takes me two or three days to write a letter. The Spierings have gone - I received a card from Nicoline from South Germany this morning. Mr, however, is still in London where I hear his concerts were a great success. Everybody is playing in London now as this is the best part of the season.

Berlin is a little deserted just now - people are leaving and it is beginning to be a hot and dusty. There are beautiful gardens and parks, though, that redeem everything and so I won't die before we leave although last year we were in Switzerland by the last of May.

I haven't written to anyone in Joliet and I feel pretty guilty but I don't see any change in sight. The fact is, letters take up a tremendous amount of time and must be cut out.

My French is going along merrily. Mlle. Garcia, my teacher, is fine and what is better wants me to hurry up and be able to go to concerts and talk French with friends of her who are coming for next winter. French is hard at first but being a Latin language I will learn it quicker than I did German.

Have heard from Jamieson quite often lately. He is a fine chap. Last winter, that time I had no money, I had written him a letter asking for some but just when it was ready to go, the cheque from the Cable Co. came. You know he has lots of money and cares about as much for it as a

INCOMPLETE

Berlin
June 14, 1907.

Dear Folks,-

Friday noon.

I haven't had a letter from home for about two weeks. What is the matter? I suppose they will all come tomorrow, though, including Mr. Ganz's which I am anxiously waiting. My cheque is later this month than ever and I am afraid there is some more trouble at head - quarters. As soon as I see Mr. Ganz there will have to be an understanding for although I can get along on fifty dollars a month, I must have enough to get out of my debts contracted that time when Mr. T. left me. There was a month and a half then that I borrowed and each cheque was only enough to cover my debts so after paying them I had to make new ones to pay my living expenses. Just now I am in debt sixty dollars with no chance of getting out unless I get a special sum for that purpose. I have not a cent in the bank or anywhere to fall back on and any little expense that comes up for instance my washing or buying a book or some music compels me to run around and scrape up the money. I have borrowed from Jamieson and from Miss Peterson lately and although Jamieson doesn't need the money Miss Peterson does and I feel guilty keeping her waiting.

For the last week I have been angry with Mr. Ganz for although he is very busy he should let the Cable Co. send the cheque regularly as he knows what it means to not get it. He sends the cheque himself which seems to me foolish. I don't even know where we are going this summer and that is very disagreeable because I want to start now with Jamieson (who is also going to Switzerland) and travel by easy stages stopping at points of interest. That wouldn't cost any more than the regular trip and would be so much more enjoyable.

After I see Mr. Ganz things will be explained- if not I am afraid you will have to send me ten dollars a month until I get straightened out.

Last Sunday I was at a musicale at Spanuth's. Miss Peterson played. Among the guests were Mr. Blass and conductor Hertz of the Met. Opera Co., Mme Sembrich and Mr. Kreisler.

Had dinner with Mr. Loughran and Anna last Monday. Will probably see them in Switzerland this summer.

Maybe, though, we won't go to Switzerland at all. From the looks of things Mr. Ganz is going to stay only a short time in Europe.

Don't be disgusted with this complaining letter. I am perfectly well but have had the blues lately and have been kind of savage toward everybody.

Have also been almost idle as far practicing is concerned. Not having a teacher on top of being a little tired from last winter will keep me away from the piano for a couple of weeks.

You can continue to write here and I will have letters sent after me.

Lovingly
Ed.

[Postcard from Rudolph Ganz to EJC]

[Spring / Summer 1907]

Mr Edward Collins
Bei Fraü Kastner
Fürtherstrasse 12
W. Berlin
Allemagne.

Many thanks for the card. Wrote to Fraü Schiller. Good luck for the coming season
and kindest regards.
Yours as ever,
R Ganz

48. PARIS – Notre-Dame
face latérale C.M.

[photo image of Notre Dame Cathedral]

HOTEL HARRER

Theodor Wolter

HEIDELBERG, Den 24 Juni 1907

TELEPHON NO. 126.
ELECTRISCHES LICHT

Dear Folks,-

Monday evening. We have just finished supper and I will write for a few minutes. This is the fourth day here and we expect to stay three more. Heidelberg is worth staying several days to see so there has been something to interest us all the time.

You were probably surprised to hear of my leaving Berlin. We decided on the trip quite suddenly and packed and arranged everything in two days. Jamieson was in Berlin consulting about his eyes which are all right except for being overworked. So he jumped at the suggestion to make this trip. He ~~staid~~ [stayed] in Berlin several days and we had dinner together at his hotel every evening. A week ago Saturday we left Berlin, J. at 8 a.m. and I at 1 p.m. He arrived at Cassel at 3 p.m. but I didn't until 1 a.m. He thought I would come at 8 p.m. and of course wasn't at the train to meet me. That is how we became separated. At last, after going to the hotels and the police station I located him. That afternoon we went out to 'Wilhelm's Höhe.' I sent you cards from there. In the evening went to the opera. Left Cassel Monday at 10 a.m. and arrived Coblenz 4 p.m. That was where we first sighted the Rhine and there we started walking. The country is glorious and I will never forget those three days from Coblenz to Nackenheim. It is the wine producing country and the vine yards are all on the sides of the hills.

Every bit of the land is historic and we will appreciate Wagner's operas more for having made this trip. In the three days and a half we walked sixty miles. The second night at Bingen I was pretty foot-sore but the next day was as good as ever. Mayence (German 'Mainz') is very interesting.

I got some mail there including the cheque from Mr. Ganz which I was disappointed in not getting at Berlin. There is a magnificent cathedral at Mayence. We arrived at Heidelberg Friday evening at 7:30. That same evening the students had a torch procession which was fine. Went to high mass Sunday to a church about seven times as big as St. Mary's. At 11:28 took a train for Heppenheim and spent the rest of the day with the Spiering's. They are very well also Nicoline who is fat. Left there at 9:09 and got to Heidelberg at 10.

Our walking may end here as Jamieson has received word to meet some people in Paris in a week. If he goes I will stay a few days at Spiering's as Mr. Ganz doesn't expect me in Zürich until July 11.

What do you think! Mr. Shaw never got my letter acknowledging the first cheque. Mr. Ganz seemed quite angry as well he might be. Of course I wrote immediately to both Mr. Ganz and Mr. Shaw to Mr. G. at Paris trusting he will go to the same hotel as last year.

J. and I get along famously. He is very proper and at meals serves me and then himself. It sometimes taxes me to keep a straight face. He has a very expensive look especially going through the country with his knickerbockers, camera and nose glasses. He also has an advantage over me in having special walking shoes while I am walking in common ones. He has a tremendous knowledge of everything including chemistry, biology, psychology, philology and lot of other her 'ologys' that I don't even know what the names mean. He has also read every book or poem worth reading.

I will be sorry to have him leave. Gave my next address Strassburg but if we don't go on will write there and have letters sent back to Heppenheim.

Heard from Dr. Simon and Dr. Moody lately. Will answer tomorrow.

Lovingly
Ed.

[This letter is from Rudolph/Rudolf Ganz to EJC,
who likely was in Berlin or en route from there to Zurich.]

Rudolf Ganz
ZÜRICH
Bahnhofstrasse 40

Wednesday
July 3rd 1907

My dear Edward:

Received your letter and enjoyed hearing from you. Would have liked to give you a better welcome than I can give you just now. Things seem to go wrong some way. Mr. T. had written to me that he would be glad to see me for luncheon at the Waldorf on my passing through N.Y. I did all I could, wrote and telephoned 4 times, went there myself a number of times. He had left notice that he could not see anybody. I was Told by the clerk that my missives reached him all right. My last effort to get an answer out of him when I was leaving, failed. I cannot account for this in the least. And should the misunderstanding not be cleared in a short time, I will challenge him for the insult given me. I cannot tell you how I feel in the matter. Addressed a letter to Mr. Shaw from the steamer, as he had seen Mr. T. the week before I reached N.Y. I hope or better I know that I will get an answer from him, but perhaps it will not do us any good at all. Will write a few lines again today. I first intended writing to you to Berlin to be ready to go back to America, as you are on your way here it changes everything. You will have to await future happenings in Zurich. Do not feel discouraged as yet, everything may come out all right. But I assure you that I am disappointed in these rich men. They have another caprice for each new dollar.

We had a fine trip and found our whole family in good health. Roy has grown and is very clever little man, loving, speaks French, german, italien, etc.

It is too bad Mr. S. did not get your letter.

Give my best regards to Mr. Jamieson and accept our kindest greetings.

Your friend
Rudolph Ganz

Heppenheim
July 9/1907

Dear Folks,-

This is rather slow coming principally on account of being rather roughly used by my patrons. The enclosed letter will explain itself. I will probably be home this summer unless things take a change. I don't understand things in the least and probably won't see Mr. Ganz as he said in a later letter, 'it is no use of my spending more money by coming to Zürich - I might as well start for America from here'. It was quite a shock but I am kind of used to those things now. It seemed that things were going along fine when the Cable Company evidently decided to quit. It will be a great disappointment to change everything before my time has come. It is a fine experience with rich men though. Fool I was not to see that the talent for making money includes, too, the talent for keeping it.

There is not much news to write from here. You got the postal, no doubt, from the crowd on the fourth. We were up to Spiering's that night and had fire works and ice cream. I play with the violinists (there are six of them?) often.

Can you send me that ten dollars this month? If so send it here as I will not leave until Mr. Ganz hears from America.

Lovingly
Ed.

Zürich
July 13/1907

Dear Folks,-

Am writing this in the post office. Mary's cheque came this morning but it is enclosed. My hard luck struck me particularly hard this morning - perhaps because it is the 13th. I was up to Ganz's talking to the two Mrs. when three letters came to me from Heppenheim - one of them the cheque.

Well Mr. Robert Kelly cashier spoke a good word for his ability and the city of Joliet when he wrote ten marks on the cheque in one place and forty in another. Of course I jumped on the cheque- it was a sure case of getting money from home and didn't notice the mistake right away.

Mr. Ganz Sr. noticed it though and among other things I apologized for the town from where I came. Kelly is certainly a rube- one of the first things to look at is if the figures in the two places agree and he couldn't even see his mistake then.

It is a great disappointment as it will be so long coming back but don't cable the money as it isn't worth it. Mrs. Ganz gave me twenty francs this morning and I guess I won't starve until it comes.

When Kelly changes the cheque tell him to put his initials near the figures in the corner. If he wants any more information tell him to write to New Lenox. Mr. Ganz has gone on a mountain trip so I didn't see him. Mrs. [Rudolph Ganz?] is very angry with Mr. T. and says she can't understand him. She has had a fierce time looking for pianos and places to practice and is very much worked up over everything. Mrs. Brooks arrived yesterday but ??? left right away for Lungern where we will be this summer. It is not far from Lucerne.

I had a fine trip from Heppenheim - stayed over night in Basel. Zurich was a great sight with decorations. On the way to Mr. Ganz's I ran into Mr. Forrest who was strolling around looking at the market.

Mrs. Rudolph and the other Mrs. were both home. Mrs R. was a little angry that I came which was a magnificent reception. But the trip from Heppenheim cost only \$1.50 and I am living cheaper here than I did there. Then the temptation to see Mr. Ganz and find out every thing ??? was too strong so I came. Of course I haven't seen Mr. Ganz and probably won't as I must wait here and see what happens. Had quite a time yesterday finding a room. The hotels are all full and I finally had to hunt in the paper. Am now in a pension which is all right.

I forgot to tell about another piece of cussed hard luck in connection with the cheque. Mary had written saying she was sending ten dollars but then added some thing about Mr. Ganz that had better have been left out. I might have had the cheque cashed on the strength of the letter and Mr. Ganz's reputation but of course I couldn't show it. They asked for it and I said I threw it away. Mrs. Ganz Sr. wanted the stamps (she has a foreign collection) and I had saved them for her. They thought it awfully funny that I saved the envelope and not the letter and it was only fifteen minutes from the time I received it.

Mrs. Ganz was right near when I read it and took the cheque out of my hand - she could have seen the letter at a glance but luckily I saw it first and stuck it in my pocket. So you see how safe you are writing anything like that.

I may be here three days or three weeks - it depends on when I hear from America. Mrs. Ganz expects the Cable Co. to send me the money to come home so my chances of staying are slim.

The funny part of the affair is that I received a card from Mr. T., saying "Sorry not to have seen Mr. Ganz when he passed through."

I wrote to Mr. T. about a week ago and expect an answer next week.

Miss Peterson comes tomorrow night and the whole crowd leave Zürich Monday. I am going to live with Mr. Ganz Sr. after they go. He is a fine old chap and bright as a dollar. Mrs. Ganz Sr. is also fine. Mrs. Rudolph has a good heart but traveling or any kind of excitement works on her nerves and she loses her head. Roy is big and healthy— speaks about six languages.

Don't do anything rash - borrowing money or the like and for Ann in particular - no cablegrams. Things must come to a crisis pretty soon and the worst thing that ~~could~~ can happen is that I ~~would~~ will simply have to go home.

Lovingly
Ed.

40 Bahnhof str.

Kaiserstuhl
Aug. 3 1907.

Dear Folks,-

This is the first time for about two weeks that I have had a chance to write a letter. Suppose you got the postal cards including the one from Lucerne. The trip to Lungern was beautiful; from Lucerne the train scarcely moves as it is a cog wheel track and very steep. I had my dinner here and in the afternoon went up to the hotel. Mr. Ganz looks fine - is fat and is as much of a cut up as he always was.

Kaiserstuhl is a village of three houses about a mile from Lungern. I always walk when I go to see the others. It is the most beautiful walk you can imagine. This whole part of the country is too beautiful for words. We are right in the heart of the mountains - not like at Lucerne seeing them miles away. Why right in front of my door a steep cliff shoots up, it seems, almost to the sky. Back of the house there is another one so this is in a deep valley. You can't imagine the view especially early in the morning. On two sides are these big cliffs.

Then I can look down the valley and see all the big fellows (Eiger, Yungfrau etc.). They are all snow and glisten in the sun like diamonds. Of course there is a beautiful little lake within a stone-throw of the house and the mountains are reflected in it. You can imagine how high these hills near the house are when you know that the sun doesn't get over the top of them until nearly noon.

But it is the snow mountains that are the sight although there are generally banks of clouds around them.

The hill (it is really a mountain) back of the house goes up gradually and is dotted with little villages and patches of woods. I can just hear the cowbells tinkling but the cloister bells are pretty loud and come across the lake every few minutes. Of course everything is Catholic here.

This morning out walking I passed the priest going on a sick call. He had a whole procession of altar boys with candles also a chap in front who rang the bell all the time. The peasants prostrate themselves right at their work.

At night when the farmers call the cows it is wonderful. They have a peculiar kind of call which is the weirdest thing I ever heard. Some times three or four men call together ~~one~~ taking different parts and it is a regular quartette. They do it in perfect tune and hold on to the last note until it dies away. Then there are the echoes. But the thunder makes the interesting echoes. You can hear it running along the ridges and it ?? almost seems calling over to others which answer back.

No use saying anything more about it as it must be seen. It surpasses anything that one can ever expect from it. Switzerland is certainly sublime. I am living in the post-office same as last summer. It seems funny doesn't it? Have two rooms. One for practicing.

There is a little inn next door and that is where I eat. The meals aren't elaborate but are pure stuff.

The piano hasn't come yet but will probably be here today. It is from Lucerne.

Mr. Ganz doesn't know any more about Mr. Tewksbury than I do. He is a mystery. Wrote him from Zürich Wednesday but am afraid he will not be in Paris for a couple of weeks. Mr. Ganz will give me what money I need. Will probably be here for two months even if T. doesn't answer.

The cheque arrived Wednesday. What struck you to send it to Heppenheim? I have not had a letter from ~~fe~~ home for about three weeks now - not since the twelfth of July.

Lovingly Ed.

Bürgeln - Obwalden
Schweiz

(is enough address)

Kaiserstuhl
Wed eve. - Aug 7.
1907

Dear Folks,-

Received my first mail from home (at Kaiserstuhl yesterday).

For heaven's sake don't worry about not knowing my address. One of the things a person does on leaving a town is to give their new address so you can write to any place I have been since coming to Europe and the letter will be forwarded. The postal authorities in Europe are especially clever and nothing is lost.

Since coming to Switzerland I have received forty dollars of which the first cheque of ten was sent back. The twenty came with a crash. Don't send any more until I let you know.

Big news! Heard from Mr. Tewksbury yesterday. A very angry letter in which he scolds Mr. Ganz very much and also takes a few falls out of me. He says the agreement was only for the first eight months so I should have gone home with Mr. Ganz last December. He tells me, "I didn't back out as you think." So the ranks are thinning out and only the Cable Co. is left. What they will say decides everything. Mr. Ganz wrote to them again yesterday asking them to cable either 'continue' or 'voyage'.

It is certainly the funniest state of affairs I ever saw in my life.

I have been enjoying myself immensely the past week. If I have to leave Kaiserstuhl soon it will be a pity and I will be mighty lonesome for it. The piano came Monday. It was a big event here. The farmers came from miles around to see it. It will be the subject of conversation in this part of the country for a month. Mr. Ganz's brother heard some fellows in a restaurant talking about it very excitedly.

Have been to see the Ganz's twice this week, Monday and today when I had my lesson. It is the first lesson in five months. Mr. G. showed me some new exercises.

It is a beautiful walk from here to Lungern along the margin of the of the lake. I have walked home from here at 11 p.m. every night and it is dark as a dungeon. I just revel in a thing like that. For instance the other night when I had to wait every once in a while for a flash of lightning to show me the road. There are big trees on both sides so you can imagine how dark it is. The distance is almost two miles but I walk it in forty minutes easily.

Mr. and Mrs. Ganz Sr. are still at Lungern. They are the real thing. The old chap and I are thick.

My landlady is a typical Swiss woman. I must be eating something all the time or she is insulted. And just think I don't take my meals here. Just the same she gives me a lunch morning and afternoon. She must fix my room ten times a day and is always brushing or pressing my clothes.

About half a mile from here (where you see the little chapel on the card) is the town Burgelu. The post office in Kaiserstuhl goes by that name while the railroad station is called Kaiserstuhl. You can address either place just so you get in 'Obwalden'

Lovingly Ed.

Kaiserstuhl
Aug. 9. 07.

Dear Folks,--

Just a few lines to keep things moving. The fixed cheque arrived yesterday. That makes forty dollars since I came to Switzerland. That's pretty brave but you can't keep that going especially since you will all be out of your jobs for a while, so don't send any more until we see what happens. I was up at the hotel today. Mr. Ganz showed me Annie's letter. It was very nice and I am especially glad Ann 'withheld criticism.' You can't think a person grand one minute and because something disagreeable comes up think him horrid. Mr. Ganz says he will answer as soon as he hears from Mr. Shaw. I am fixed fine as far as bed and board go so there is no immediate trouble. I will come home any day sooner than have you trying to keep me here. Fifty dollars a month is a pile in some cases.

I am practicing only four hours a day (mornings from 8 to 12) but am working furiously on German. Everybody says it is the most difficult language and it certainly is. It breaks your head to read a classic German book but three months more will give me a boost.

Mr. and Mrs. Ganz leave tomorrow morning. They pass through here and I will see them. Mrs. is very excitable and has been packing her trunk for about a week. She always has something for me grapes, chocolate or cookies. It reminds me of Mrs. Daly's giving me the candy buttons.

I guess she has had a hard time with those four Ganz boys. They have the reputation in Zürich of having put more than one school teacher out of the business.

It started to blow this evening and is certainly terrifying. They don't have storms like in America. About once a week a storm comes that generally lasts about forty eight hours. All that time the wind is breaking the trees like matches. Kaiserstuhl is in a big valley and the wind comes tearing up with fierce power. These wind storms do a lot of damage and the people just stop work and wait for the finish.

My landlady is certainly funny. She is one of those people who can't use up ~~there~~ [their] time and are bored unless they are talking to someone. They haven't enough brains to entertain themselves. So she comes in every few minutes with some foolish excuse wanting to tell me something and is delighted to give me something to eat. Mr. Ganz thinks I have struck a soft place.

They are the most pious people I ever saw. To cook an egg soft they say five Our Fathers but if they want the egg hard keep it in until they say ten.

Lungern is a beastly little town. Something on the style of Eden Valley and I am glad to be here in the country. Mr. Lennon's death was quite a shock.

Lovingly Ed.

Aug 13.
1907

You see I wrote this letter about four days ago. In the meantime Mr. Tewksbury has sent me a thousand francs to go home.

I was sure of moving him someway with my letters from Zürich. His angry letter was in answer to my letter from Heppenheim in which I told him he backed out. Of course when I got his letter explaining his situation I wrote immediately, from Kaiserstuhl, apologizing and saying that Mr. Ganz hadn't told me of the arrangements made. The cheque came from London.

So the chances are ten to one that I will leave here the first of September. Of course there is a possibility of their continuing and I earnestly hope they will as I don't want to leave Europe this year. It would be so much better to take it out in one stay than to leave home again after a couple of years.

Why the Cable Co. backed [down?] is the next mystery, in this mixed up affair, to be solved and I am anxiously waiting for their 'yes' or 'no' which will come either Saturday or the first of next week.

Had a lesson yesterday. I am fearfully lonesome for Berlin mind you. That city takes a hold of a person with iron claws. I must quit as the mail train will come in a few minutes.

Lovingly Ed.

Kaiserstuhl
Aug. 29 19'07.

Dear Folks,-

Have received quite a few letters from home lately so must pay a few back and write oftener. It is 7 A.M. I get up every morning at six and as I am perfectly free the whole day there is time for a lot of things. I practice about seven hours a day and the rest of the time go walking, read or study German. This is a good place for my German. The landlady speaks fine which is a rarity in Switzerland. Then of course no one speaks English like in Berlin. That is a bad place to learn German.

One naturally gets in first with the Americans and as nearly every German speaks English and is dying to keep in practice you are used as a tool. The Americans are very poor linguists and have that reputation. They haven't much talent and don't care about any language but their own. The Russians are the ones though. I guess it is because their own language is so hard that every other one seems easy.

Another year in Berlin will fix me fine as I intend to read a lot. After that I can give my whole attention to French.

Heard from Nicoline yesterday. The whole crowd has been in Berlin since the 21st of August because of a whooping cough epidemic in Heppenheim. The Spierings were afraid of their kids' getting it. Nicoline plays in Berlin the 31st of October. She will do fine and is delighted with herself.

The Davidsons (pupils of Spiering) must be glad to be out of Heppenheim. It is a place like Rockdale and is a night-mare to me. I will never forget my stay there. The whole crowd gave a concert at the 'Halber Mond' hotel. Kirk Towns was there - sang and treated the whole crowd to a champagne supper after. I went on a great mountain trip but won't tell about it as you would write and tell me I am a fool. But never mind I was never so strong as this summer and it's the mountains that have done it. Yesterday the Ganz's passed through Kaiserstuhl on their way home from a trip. Mr. Sigrist and I are going on the Rigi before I go to Berlin.

There is a beautiful woods right in front of the house. It covers the whole cliff and is a great place to go walking. You ought to see the scenery there. Big boulders have rolled down and are covered with moss. The trees are so thick that you can't see any sky. I go into it nearly every day with my music paper - just like a real composer. About fifteen minutes walk up the hillside is an open place (no trees) and such a view. Night before last I went up there to see the sunset and staid [stayed] until it was dark. Of course I got lost and crawled home feeling for a friendly tree or stone. You can imagine how dark it was. I could feel a tree but not see it.

About one hundred automobiles pass the house a day. They are always filled with the swellest tourists which often are Americans and they take their hats off to an American flag that I have stuck on the roof.

Heard from Dr. Moody and Fr. O'Callaghan this week.

No more time or news so will quit.

Lovingly
Ed.

Bürglen
Obwalden

Bürglen (not Bürgeln)
Sept, 6 19'07.

Dear Folks,-

The days fly so fast that I never remember the last time I wrote but hope it isn't over a week.

Last Saturday night Mr. Sigrist and I went on the Rigi. It was a fine trip principally on account of doing it last year. Every thing was familiar. We first went to Lucerne and from there to Weggis by boat. The Schloss Hotel looked just the same as last year so did the post office where I used to practice. It was so fine to see familiar faces. I saw people from the hotel and the family that runs the post office in Hertenstein and when we got off the boat at Weggis there were many last summer faces. We ~~staid~~ [stayed] in Weggis until 10:30. Mr. Sigrist had never been on the Rigi and I got my dates mixed a little in trusting to memory with the results that we lost an hour before getting on the road. It was glorious walking. Although we had no moon the path is very broad so we didn't need to stop. I remembered every stone tree or shed from last year. Of course we had a lunch for about six with us and took a fall out of it at 'Rigi Kaltbad' at 2 a.m. Reached the 'Kulm' (top) at 3 where we intended waiting until 4:30 for the sun rise but had to go down on account of the cold. Arrived in Weggis at 7, took the boat for Lucerne at 8. Left Lucerne at ten and arrived Kaiserstuhl 11:45.

So Francis Macmillan is in the Alps. Tell Ann a stenographer in Zurich caught a cold last week. Ann better take care.

The weather is very cold. You know this whole district is 2500 feet above sea level and the first of October brings snow. It is beautiful though cool brisk wind and winter clouds driving over the peaks. The Ganz's leave Monday. Mrs. Ganz can't stand cold and must go down to Lucerne where it is much warmer. I will stay a week longer then back to dear old Berlin.

There are going to be a lot of new Americans in Berlin this winter and many that I know. It is a beautiful city and the ideal of the musician. No wonder they all flock there. Mr. Ganz has been telling me about the fighting among the musicians in Chicago. Mr. G. had a fight with Mrs. French not long ago so I suppose he is getting it in the Leader. It is disgusting the way graft and pull are ruling musicians now a days. The mean little scheming that goes on is impossible to believe.

The train will be here in a few minutes and anyway there is no news

Lovingly
Ed.

Thursday Sept 12.
1907

Dear Folks,-

Must write in ten minutes. Got two letters yesterday from Mary and Annie. I was waiting a long time for them and was beginning to think the news hadn't reached you. The postal card is pretty good. Delia is the best looking of the three but I hope she will lose the dreamy eyes soon. Mary Carroll looks like an automobile tourist. Those veils are swell. Poor Mercedes has a bad face. She looks like the women that are on the streets of Berlin nights. She will surely look like her mother in a couple of year

I don't know what Mary means not taking Charlie Collins into the choir. That is the way we always were, though - giving everything good away, strangers before ourselves.

Mrs. Ganz, Mrs. Brooks and Miss Peterson left Monday but Mr. Ganz staid until this morning.

You will probably be glad to hear that I made my last mountain trip (for this summer) Tuesday. It was with Mr. Ganz and we went to the top of three peaks. Left at 5 A.M. and back at 4 P.M. It was a hard trip and we did the amateur's trick of drinking at every spring. Of course, you know, that stiffens you and makes you lazy. We had glorious views on every side which made the trip one of the best I have made. It was no ladies' trip though.

The mountains I have been on this summer have not been dangerous in the least. The fact that we never once took ice picks or ropes explains everything. As for going out in storms I don't quite understand you. When it is raining of course we didn't go and if you mean snow storms, those happen only on the highest mountains and people go prepared. The accidents happen to fools (always foreigners) who go on the most dangerous mountains without guides. This has been a terrible summer for deaths. Every day a couple fell, mostly on the Jungfrau. That is a terrible mountains and an amateur can't tell the solid ice from the glacier and so he suddenly goes under. Last week three bravos laughed at a guide when he warned them of a dangerous path they intended taking and their bodies will probably never be found. I saw Mr. Ganz at the train for a second this morning and he said there were two dead boys (14 and 16 yrs) in the baggage car who fell yesterday. There is also danger in walking near cliffs. Last week a boulder rolled down and killed a girl right near here. She was walking along the road with a parasol and didn't see it coming. Very often there is a roaring sound in the mountains which means that the land is sliding. It is an offence against the law to cut a pine tree on the mountains side because it keeps the rocks in place.

I was up to the Hotel last night. Mr. Ganz told me some of his traveling experiences and read me some he is writing for a Swiss magazine. Nothing as funny as traveling experiences. Mr. G. wrote Mr. Shaw that I would not only face the public but the critics as well next year. Will have to hustle to make good.

I leave Saturday and am going to Ganz's for dinner in Zurich. You can write to 14 Culmbacher str. My old room is taken but I think Fräulein Müller can find another one in the neighborhood.

Will write from Zürich.

Lovingly

Postcard picture

Kaiserstuhl Switzerland?

14 September 1907

Left Kaiserstuhle this morning at seven.
This town seems changed but I guess it
is that I feel differently than last
time. It is a fine place— typical
American town.

Leave at five thirty this afternoon and
must change cars a couple of times so I
suppose will be about two days going to
Berlin.

Connections are generally seven hours
apart.

Saturday Sept 14— 11AM

E.

Zurich 3
14.IX.07.—9
FILBAHNHOF

Sept. 14, 07

Miss Mary Collins
303 S. Centre St.
Joliet Ill.
U.S.A.

Joliet
SEP 25
9-PM
ILL.

Berlin
Sept 18 1907.

Dear Folks,-

You see by the old time envelope and paper that I am back in Berlin. This is my third day here but the first that I have become really settled. The trip from Zurich was fine - that is I enjoyed it more than most twenty hour trips. Left Zürich at 6:40 p.m., Basel at 11:40, changed again at Frankfurt at 5:30 a.m. and arrived in Berlin 2:40 p.m. That was the climax to a lot of bumming and tramping around this summer. I have covered a lot of ground since Jamieson and I left Berlin last June.

Had a nice time in Zurich Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Ganz Sr are grand. Mrs. nearly foundered me so I would stand the trip well and the old chap came to the depot with me. Rudolph leaves for America the 28th. I hated to say good bye to him but he will be back in April.

~~Staid~~ [stayed] Sunday and Monday at the Starke-Rettberg Pension as my old room was gone. But Fräulein Müller had hustled around and I had a number to pick from. This is the best of them so here is my address. Fürther Str. 12 (bei Frau Kastner).

The room is even better than the last one and I don't expect to have so much trouble about practicing. The only thing so far is hardly worth mentioning the family overhead have a music-box and they keep it going all day as revenge on me. It bothers sometimes but there is consolation in the fact that the thing won't last long at the rate it is going now.

Miss Peterson arrived at the pension yesterday and had no luck (at first) finding a place. It is particularly hard for a girl to rush around and trust to getting into a respectable house. Luckily a German lady went around with her and succeeded finally.

You walk along the streets and read the cards hanging out on the iron fences until you find something to suit. Klavierspieler (pianists) are seldom allowed. Fräulein Müller looked at 12 different rooms but a piano player could have peace in but 2 of them.

Saw Nicoline and Mr. Spiering last night. N. looks fine and is getting ready for her concert the 31 of October. Poor Nicolai is having hard times. Did you read about that boy who caught fire and ran up to Nicolai for help but burned to death and dropped on Nick's beautiful cello smashing it. Isn't that fate? He and his mother are moving about three times a month and are having terrible experiences.

Am going to call on Mr. Lesser this afternoon. The first concert is the 3rd of October and the first Philharmonic concert the 15. I am going to have a great winter if this music-box croaks.

Lovingly
Ed.

Fürther str 12.

Got Mary's letter this morning.
Poor Joe Ochs!

Berlin
Tuesday Sept. 24.
1907

Dear Folks,-

I find it is a week since writing last so there is the old complaint of the time's slipping away. Of course there is nothing to take up time but my own work so the day is not as short as it will be when the concerts come. The first of October will see the first ones and by the tenth they will be in full swing.

Received Anne's letter from Dubuque yesterday and a postal from Mr. Ganz. He sails Saturday on 'La Provence' of the French line. Mrs. Ganz comes to Berlin tomorrow. Since writing last, I have been to Mr. Lesser's three times. The first was Wednesday. He seemed glad to see me and says I have grown this summer. There was great excitement at his house that day. Several young men came to say 'good - bye' who are engaged for the Boston Symphony orchestra this season and are already gone. All the young men in Berlin are crazy to go to America so this is quite an event for these. One of them is quite a friend of me and is going to speak to Mr. Ganz who is the soloist at the first concert. Two days after I was there again and accompanied a Russian in the Mendelssohn concerto.

It is fine the way these young fellows come to Mr. Lesser's. He is very wealthy and interests himself for young musicians and as he is a man of leisure he has them there every afternoon.

Being quite a fine violinist he is a good critic and so they are very glad to come. He has a magnificent violin and a viola besides (as I think I told you) a library containing all the good chamber music written.

Sunday night I was there for supper with two violinists. One of them was sub concertmeister of the Philadelphia orchestra and the other was a pupil of Joachim. We played together and the way those fellows read at sight is wonderful. That's the German style - they believe in not only having a technique but everything else to boot. It is certainly fine for me as they are all older, by several years, than I.

Since Joachim's death they are studying with Wirth. Mr. Lesser was talking to Wirth this week and gave him my name. I am going to accompany the Russian at his lesson next week. Isn't that a cinch? The students are glad when they can be near these men. Wirth is about seventy and has played second violin in the Joachim quartet for forty years so I will take his word for anything he says.

Berlin is more beautiful than ever. I have been walking in the public gardens and they are divine. The people with whom I am living are ideal and I am sure we will get along fine this winter.

Lovingly
Ed.

Fürther Strasse 12 (bei Kastner)
(don't forget the dots)

Sept 28 1907.

Dear Folks,-

It is 11 p.m. I am just home from a concert - the second one of the season. The first was last night. It seemed good to go to a concert after such a long rest but I was disappointed by hearing a bum pianist- one Günzburg a Russian and pupil of Busoni.

I ~~staid~~ [stayed] for only part of the program. The one to night was given by the Hekking trio. The violinist (Siegel) and the pianist (Adler) are American chaps and of course you know of Hekking. It is a fine chance for those fellows to play with him and of course he stands all expenses.

The hall wasn't half full so the poor fellow is going to lose money. They are to give six concerts so there is a chance that he may make expenses. They played so well tonight that the people may turn out. Hekking is a wonder! He had training the lads to perfection and the Mendelssohn trio was great. But Brahms is pretty deep for young players and Hekking with his fifty years put the others out of the business. The bass was good and the soprano had a good voice but no arias especially Italian and French things should be on a program with Brahms. These arias always remind me of Mareschalchi's concerts. Luckily I had a book with me.

Here is the program just to show you how they are made up. You see it cost 20 pfenning (5 cents). Have a ticket for Kreisler's concert next week and am anxious for the time to come. He is the greatest thing out and you must hear him this winter. I haven't heard or seen any thing of the Spiering's for the last two weeks. Mr. is so darn funny with his moods worse than Frank Hoffmann that I don't intend to go around there at all. Nicoline's concert is in October and I am wondering if I will be asked to accompany. Spiering's concert takes place the 10th. His posters are already out.

Only today my trunk arrived. I was rushing around the custom house all morning and that means a disagreeable time as the Germans there are so bull headed that you are treated like a dog and of course if you say anything you are pinched. I have been writing out things for the police stating my religion, my mother's name before she was married etc. The first two weeks for a stranger in Berlin are terrible. German red tape is miles long and sets you against the people right at the start.

Heard from Dr. Moody and Dr. Simon this week. Dr. S. is apparently booming.

The mule barometer is not bad either.

I must go to bed. Will write soon again.

Lovingly
Ed.

Fürther str 12
bei Kastner
Berlin W.

Berlin
Thursday Oct 3.
1907

Dear Folks,-

Am just home from a concert. It was given by a pianist named Wad from New York. He is the limit. Such playing ought not to be allowed. Maybe he has a 'wad' of money though so he can buy concerts. The critics will eat him without salt tomorrow so at least his career in Berlin is ended. These are just the preliminary concerts. The big fellows haven't as yet made their appearance. However next Monday Kreisler will kill some violin concerts and the first Philharmonic concert is the fifteenth so we will soon be having something good.

In my last letter I forgot to tell about being at Wirth's.

It was a typical German studio scene. The students sat around and listened to each other play much like at Busoni's except that no fooling or laughing at bum playing is allowed. I accompanied only the Mendelssohn concerto and Wirth seemed pleased as he made arrangements to have me play often. The only excitement was his taking me by the collar twice and giving a fearful jerk to show a violinist how to go after a certain note.

They giggled at me as it is the beginner's mistake to get in his way. They give him free play and keep to the walls with a chair in front of them. Before drawing the bow he spits on his hand just like a fellow who was going to swing a sledge would do.

The musicians are certainly dying lately. Reisenauer is the latest. He is a tremendous loss as his talent has no equal. The last years he has abused himself terribly never practiced and drank all the time. So it got him and he is not fifty years old. He was just at the height of his power.

I went to see Mrs. Ganz today. She had a tooth pulled and was pretty much bummed up after her trip. She brought with her one hundred dollars for me. (The first two cheques from Mr. Shaw) It is only today that I feel sure of staying this winter. Since the tenth of August I have lived on Mr. Tewksbury's money which I should be saving in case he should ask for it. So at last things seem to be running smoothly after a very strenuous summer. Mr. Shaw says he expects great things from Mr. Collins! Isn't that the limit? Well they'll have to stand for what comes as long as they've let themselves be caught. Another year to study though - that is a consolation.

The adventures of Willie Wall and Angie Makan are rich.

Lovingly Ed.

Berlin
Oct. 8 1907.

Dear Folks,-

A year ago to night Mr. Ganz made his debut in Berlin. When I wrote the date of this letter I thought of it. It was also my first sight of Berlin musical life and although the time has flown I have learned a pile. Not one day has passed that could be called worthless. That is because there are such a fine crowd of people here and because every one is learning. This makes the great competition and gives an incentive that doesn't let you be idle. This is probably the last year that I will have to study right. The very fact that I don't amount to anything here gives me lief to do just as I please because no one runs after me taking my time or bothers his head with what I am doing.

Last night was Kreisler's concert. But first I must tell about Schelling's. He is from New York a pupil of Paderewski and as he doesn't advertise is not so well known. I thought I would go as Mr. Ganz told often of the trials of Ernest Schelling. I expected to hear a nice player. But lo and behold you he is the greatest thing I ever heard. He is very delicate and they say he won't live long but still he has strength and plays Chopin just like Chopin played it. His right hand plays like a violin and his left like a 'cello. He gives another concert the 18th and I will be there in forty ways.

Kreisler of course played like a giant. But the audience was the fine thing. The Americans turned out en masse and there were lots of new ones. They certainly make the Germans look like scrubs.

After the concert I was talking to several pupils from the Chicago Musical College who have just come over. Also signor Frosolono who played at Siegel Cooper's and often at Mareschalchi's. Last but not least Mr. and Mrs. Sauret. Kreisler must have been proud to have Sauret there. When he (Kreisler) was a young chap he won a medal in a big competition in Paris. The judges were Sarasate and Sauret.

Nicoline's concert is the 17th. I was not asked to accompany. One Fritz Lindemann is going to. He is the limit.

Mr. Ganz arrived in New York Saturday. Da Motta is coming next week.

Haven't had any letters this week.

Lovingly Ed.

Fürther str 12.

Berlin
Dienstag 15 Oct.
1907

Dear Folks,-

Ann's letter this morning reminded me that I haven't written for a week. We are having beautiful weather - the regular Indian summer. It has lasted about two weeks with no sign of a change. I have been walking a pile lately and it feels fine.

Thursday night I went to a concert by Arthur Hartmann. He had a pretty good crowd - mostly Americans - but did not come up to expectations. I expected to hear something extra good but he is nothing extraordinary.

Spiering played Saturday night. He played fine but didn't have much of a crowd.

Nicoline's concert is Thursday. She is not a bit nervous but of course isn't very strong and it is a big strain.

You know I play next year on condition, only, that I make the money. A concert in Bechstein Saal costs \$200. That is of course, a very small hall. Mrs Ganz would have me play in Beethoven Saal but that costs 400. So if I don't scrape up some coin before spring I will not play.

Had to stop for an hour. Mr. Beebe was up to see me.

We are going to play together often. He surprised me by telling me about his mother. Her name is Mrs. Bennet and she keeps a big boarding house. I had often heard of Bennet's pension as it is one of the best in Berlin but I never imagined that Beebe had any connection with it.

He is studying very hard and seems to be very ambitions but I fear for him.

Tonight is Mr. Ganz's first appearance in American with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Da Motta comes tomorrow but will not give any lessons until the first of November. Can't blame him after being on the ocean several weeks. Mrs. Ganz is going to live in the Rettberg pension this winter. She intended having her own apartment but it is no fun finding one especially now when everybody is looking around.

I haven't been working the last couple of days. About once a month there comes a time when I hate the sight of the piano and must wait until I get rested. There is no news in particular. Will write again this week.

Lovingly Ed.

Berlin
Oct 25 1907

Dear Folks,-

11 p.m. Just home from Sauret's concert. He played magnificently. The old fellows, after all, know the most. He had a full house but a great part of it was free tickets. You can get an idea of Berlin when you think of an artist like Sauret with one of the biggest reputations in the world giving free tickets. I think he was afraid of Thibaud (who also played to night) and gave the tickets away to take the crowd from him. Thibaud and Sauret are by no means friends. It seems that Sauret deserted from the army and was expelled from France. When Thibaud was in America he told it all over. That made Sauret furious and he wrote T. a letter telling him 'it was none of his business.'

So Sauret is living in Berlin and teaching. He has a crowd of pupils and is a thorn in the side of the violin teachers.

I have been to no other concerts this week but am going to several more this month.

Tomorrow is the Nikisch concert. In the afternoon there is a reunion of Mr. Da Motta's pupils at his home. He arrived this morning at five a.m. I was asked to go with several others to meet him at the station but not me.

Five o'clock on these foggy mornings is no fun. His poor old aunt, Miss Gemke, has been in bed for three months and will probably be there much longer. I went over to see her last night. She is Da Motta's housekeeper manager and every thing else. It is hard for her to be sick because she is such a busy body. She speaks every language a going and so took charge of the lessons being able to talk to pupils of every nationality. Of course she adores Da Motta and here he is come and she wasn't able to meet him or have things ready for him.

Next week Sauret plays and I have my little ticket which is a prize as tickets to his concerts are scarce. The same evening Bauer plays. That is too bad as I wanted to hear him too.

I have been walking in the country lately and am enjoying it immensely but it takes time. This morning I was out four hours. The suburbs of Berlin are simply beautiful and so few people seem to realize it. Every body goes walking Sunday afternoons but the only time is the morning. Of course the people get up so late that there is no time for anything until afternoon or evening. They go to bed fearfully late. ???

I can't think of anything worth writing so will quit.

Lovingly Ed.

Berlin
Saturday Nov 2.
1907

Dear Folks,-

Only one more week for me to be twenty. It is fierce how old I am getting. Imagine twenty one! That is fierce. It seems, though, I will never be a man. Everybody thinks I am a kid.

It is about a week since I wrote but it seems like a day. Kate's success is great. She is certainly the best in the business in her line. She will have big success in Europe as the accompanist is noticed more. She is throwing me in the shade. I will have to get busy. There have been some fine concerts lately. Franz von Vecsey played with Nikisch last Sunday. He is the little chap who was in America a couple of years ago. He had a divine gift. Kreisler is nothing alongside of him.

Thursday I heard Sauer who is of course the biggest pianist in Europe. He came up to his reputation and showed the students what the real technique is. He plays octaves about as easy as I play single notes. There was another pianist this week - Ansorge who has quite a reputation in Germany but is not for mine.

Have been to some teas lately. They are pretty general in Berlin. To go to a tea here simply means to go and have a cup a tea talk for a while, have some music and go home.

Mrs. Brooks had invited me for tomorrow but in the mean time Mr. Da Motta asked me so I will go there especially as it will also be my first lesson. He is looking fine and expects to be in good health from now on. Some of his pupils were at his house for tea Sunday. He told about his travels and showed us pictures and souvenirs of his trip. He played thirty times in South America and many more in Spain and Portugal (Lisbon is his native town).

Was down to Mr. Lesser's yesterday. He read part of a letter from one of the young fellows who went to Boston last month. This fellow is delighted with America and with the orchestra.

On the way home from Lesser's I called on Mrs. Ganz and ran into a girls' tea. Had to play of course. Went walking with a young fellow to Wansee this morning. It was a fine three hours' sprint through woods and along the edge of a lake. He told me a funny story - a Jew (this young fellow is a Jew himself) who kept a clothing store had a coat and vest stolen from him. Next day he spied a fellow with his property and sicked a policeman after the chap. But when the policeman started out the Jew gave him instructions to shoot the fellow in the pants because the coat and vest belong to me.

Nothing more to say will write soon again. Lovingly
Ed.

Berlin
Saturday Nov. 9, 1907.

Dear Folks,-

I haven't any ink so must write this with pencil. It has just struck ten and I am not allowed to practice a minute over time. Frau Kastner watches the clock like a cat ~~and~~ and startles me with a vicious knock on the door when time is up. It makes me angry sometimes especially when I am in the middle of a very interesting thing. So what practicing is done must be at the same time every day and if something comes up to take your time you can't make up in the morning or the evening so the whole day is gone. I get up at 7:30 which is a monstrosity to most of the Germans. When I told Mr. Lesser he said, "Donner Wetter."

I read the paper every morning. (Nearly all the papers are delivered early in the morning)

I can start practicing at nine but never do until ten because I must take a walk to be able to sit still until 2. Those 4 hours in the morning are great and are about the only practicing I get in. Nearly every afternoon there is some rehearsing with violinists or some errand to do and as the afternoon begins at 4 it isn't very long. The evening is spoiled as supper isn't over until 8:30. Of course nearly everyone stays up late. The cafés are great hang outs. The men, in particular, never stay home evenings but sit in the cafe until 1 or 2 o'clock. Old chaps, too, play cards every night and always in the same café. It is very unusual for Germans to entertain at home. They treat their friends at a café.

Have been to several concerts this week. Sauer played bum at his second concert. I don't believe he ever practices a note. Tuesdays and Wednesdays I go to orchestra concerts in the Philharmonic. You know it is a tremendous dance hall and on these evenings there are nothing but tables. Between each number there is an intermission and rivers of beer are lost track of. But during the numbers it is deathly still.

Tomorrow noon is the Nikisch concert. Gottfried Galston pianist, is going to play. He is playing a great deal in Berlin this winter but the wise ones say he is a loser.

Had a lesson Tuesday. Mr. Da Motta is going to give me a lesson every week and I pay the same as for one every other week. So he is throwing in several extra hours a month, d'ye see? I am tickled to death but haven't told Mrs. Ganz. She may tell me not to take it and that will throw ice-water on Da Motta's interest in me. He is a wonder and will tell me a few things this winter that I didn't know before. I play with all my might at my lesson. He is so full of energy and it is contagious.

The first cheque from the Cable Co. came this week. I mean the first one to this address. There was a little note with it and I guess they will keep me in mind once a month.

The weather is pretty cool, which means that the German stoves will get warm. It seems that the object is not to heat the room but the stove for at no time is the stove other than warm. You can lay your hands on it anytime. There is no real coal but little blocks of stuff like peat. The only way the Germans keep warm is by having double windows and keeping them shut. They are more afraid of a draught than of a gun. It is impossible to have a window open the least bit nights and have any comfort the next day. Over at Fräulein Müller's the principal trouble was that on account of the window being open nights the things in the room became cold including the stove, and it was impossible to thaw them in less than a day. These people are awfully nice though, so I think there won't be any trouble.

Don't send anything for Christmas. You can send me a suit in the spring but there is nothing I need now.

Tomorrow is Luther's and Schiller's birthday. Famous men born on that day.

Lovingly Ed.

Berlin
Nov. 15 1907.

Dear Folks,-

Just a few lines before I go to bed. I forget when I wrote last so you may have the same things told twice.

Sunday I went to the Nikisch concert. Gottfried Galston, pianist, played. His [back?] is cooked. Nikisch directed the Faust Symphony of Liszt magnificently. In the last movement there is a male chorus, tenor solo, organ and orchestra. With Nikisch at the helm you can imagine what it was.

Tuesday and Wednesday were popular concert nights. 'Popular' means only that beer is drank. The programs are strictly classical and Dr. Kunwald, the director, knows his business perfectly.

Was down to Mr. Lesser's yesterday. Mind you Wirth had written to him asking for my address so I went to the Hochschule this morning. He was awfully nice to me and right away made arrangement for me to play a pile of accompaniments at his studio. I ~~staid~~ [stayed] from 10 to 1 today and heard six or seven play. It is a picnic. He says terrible things to the pupils especially the girls. He is terribly witty and I have to yell laughing sometimes. One fellow had a cold this morning and Wirth said 'no wonder it was certainly unhealthy the way that chap played.'

The Hochschule is a government institution and most of the pupils have lessons free. They have the big head terribly - laugh at everything that isn't from the Hochschule. If they knew I wasn't studying there they would tell me to 'git' but Wirth is the only one who knows it.

I was at Mrs. Ganz's Monday night. She and I are great friends now. I stayed the whole evening, played and gossiped. To gossip in Berlin means to call other musicians down. I told her about Mr. Da Motta's giving me the extra lesson and she advised me to be careful and not come under too great obligations to him. So at the lesson Tuesday I told him about it and his answer showed the great man he is. He said "Well if you ever have the money and want to pay for it you can then but the principal thing now is that you have many lessons." I think that is about the finest thing imaginable. Any other artist of his standing would be insulted at my saying that 'I couldn't accept the lessons as I didn't want to be under obligations to him.'

Received a little shock this afternoon through a letter from Mr. Tewksbury. You know after he sent me the cheque last summer I did the grand by writing to Mrs. McKeon, telling her about my luck with the Cable Co. and saying that I didn't need Mr. Tewksbury's cheque. At that time he had left for South Africa and hadn't sent me his address so I asked Mrs. M. to write and tell him about things and to send me his address so I could give back the £40. Mr. Ganz said he wouldn't take it back but this afternoon comes a letter from South Africa from him telling me how pleased he is to hear of my going to stay another year and as long as I am not going to use the money to send it to him in Ceylon. Now the joke of it is that I haven't all the money. Before the first Cable Cheque arrived I had used 200 marks of it and now my assets all told are 600 marks. So I have to plant seed to grow 200 marks somewhere. I think I will borrow it from Mrs. Ganz and can pay her on installments.

So you see I wish you wouldn't send me clothes as I am not off your hands yet for although the Cable Co. will send the monthly cheque I don't see any way of getting home next year especially as I have forgotten how to swim on account of not having had any practice last summer. Of course some thing may turn up ~~that~~ so I will be able to earn it but if ~~ye~~ year from now you had a hundred dollars in the bank and I hadn't any why things could be arranged yet.

The socks arrived this week they are fine - a perfect fit. T[h]anks!

Now don't get excited over this Tewksbury affair as there is a whole year to straighten it out.

Lovingly
Ed.

Berlin
Sunday Nov. 24.
1907

Dear Folks,-

I guess it is a week since I wrote. The last few days have been the busiest I ever had. With playing accompaniments and rehearsing there has been no time to even practice my own things but it won't last long and besides I am learning a pile.

What do you think - even Mr. Spiering is pleased and I am going to accompany him a great deal this winter. Thursday am going to Potsdam and Saturday (7th of December) to Leipsic.

Besides that I have played a great deal at Mr. Lesser's and am going there this afternoon. Yesterday I had three rehearsals and was all this morning at Spiering's. There have not been many good concerts lately - Busoni played last Sunday but I didn't go. They say it was great. Around the holidays people get tired going to theaters and concerts. It is a dull time for the managers.

Today is a big day in Germany. It is called Toten Fest which means dead feast. It is about the same as All Souls Day in America. Everybody goes to the grave yard with candles and lights them on the graves.

We have had snow several times this week and today it is quite deep. The kids are fierce and you get hit pretty much when you go down the street. The people are great for skating and I see the rinks are crowded. They don't skate very gracefully - that would be impossible for a German but old and young go at it with all their might. Mr. Da Motta is fine. You know he wasn't well last year but that South American trip fixed him up fine. I played the Liszt C major at my last lesson and am going to play the Mephisto waltz next time.

It is fierce about Julia Wyman. She isn't known at all in Berlin but there is a Dora Moran who has sung quite often here. I wonder who this Dora Moran is.

I know Myrtle ~~Elly~~ Elvyn. She is very gifted - plays much like Carreño that is, beats the piano up but hasn't much sense. She always makes a hit with her looks as well as her playing.

I am not going to send the money to Mr. Tewksbury so soon. It is awful that I used it but I had to. I told him I had deposited it which at the time was true. But he can wait. I must run to my dinner.

Lovingly
Ed.

Dec. 14, 1907.

Dear Folks,-

Saturday again. It was about this time last Saturday that I wrote from Leipsic. If you got the post card you already know something about the concert. There was a good audience and much applause. Spiering wasn't feeling well and forgot many times but played some things better than ever. Saturday the Courier and Leader chaps were there for lunch. They are both very nice but not extra clever. Sunday Mr. Payne, the man who invented the miniature music scores, invited us for dinner. You have probably seen those little scores of all the great musical literature in books small enough to carry in your pocket.

Frank Hanna is as big and lazy looking as ever. He is the American consul at Magdeburg a place two hours from Leipsic. Mrs. Hanna is singing in the opera and having good success.

The last week has been tiresome for me. I have been out every night and spent the days playing with violinists and cellists. This rehearsing business will have to stop but it is going to take a long time for me to learn to say 'no.' These fellows will use you if you let them so I am going to quit it.

Today is a terrible day. It is snowing and raining alternately and the slush is a foot deep.

The clarinetist under me had just started to practice. Pretty soon the pianist overhead will begin. This pianist must be a woman and must look exactly like Celia for she plays just like her. She only knows the Flower Song and can only play the last part with one hand. The left hand plays before the right just like Delia's.

I sent Mr. Ganz a card from Leipsic.

Too bad you couldn't go to his concert.

Sunday Dec. 15

Couldn't finish this yesterday. There is scarcely any thing to write. Berlin is getting ready for Christmas and the Christmas trees are lining the side walks. The stores are decorated beautifully, more so than ever before. I read a newspaper article lately that spoke of the improvements Germany has made in the last few years. For over a year now Berlin has had messenger boys and that is wonderful. What they have learned from the Americans has changed them immensely. Clothing store dummies have lately been introduced. Last year suits and dresses were hung on iron framework.

It is colder today and not raining. I will cut this out now and write again this week.

Merry Xmas Ed.

1908

Sunday Feb 2.
1908

Dear Folks,-

Since writing I have had letters from Mary, Annie and Kate. Kate said, "I am enclosing you five dollars but it wasn't there which was a disappointment. Perhaps that was it that you sent from her. That was a fierce criticism of Gunn's but that is in the business.

I was a Spiering's all morning. The concert is next Saturday. It will be my first time on a Berlin stage and I suppose the hall will look funny from that position. Was at Mr. Lesser's all afternoon and played a great deal for him. He is a great busy body and loves to criticize. So nothing would do him but that I bring the Chopin preludes and play them for him. He sat over me like a teacher and made me repeat some of them several times. Some of the things he tells me are all right so I enjoy playing for him. This evening I stopped in to see Mrs. Ganz and she invited me to supper. I played for her too and she found fault with much. She was right too. This trying to be a pianist is terrible. My playing is full of the worst faults that should have been thrown out long ago and the worst of it is you never arrive at a point where your playing is without faults. Sometimes I hear Busoni do the most childish things. D'Albert too last year played some pieces like a beginner.

Here is a postal from Da Motta just for you to see his writing and funny English. Every once in a while he invites people to hear me play and at the last moment sends me word to prepare a certain thing. There are twenty five preludes of Chopin and I have been practicing them for three weeks so how I am going to have them 'to the perfection' is more than I know. And O! if you only knew what a delightful thing it is to play for your colleagues (?) They have of course studied the same things and if things become the least bit uninteresting or you do anything that is not very good they yawn and sigh and there is a general shifting of feet so that you feel like yelling out, "For heaven's sake I know it was a mistake without your all telling me."

But there is nothing to do but work and work. There are a thousand disappointments for one success. I'll bet you people haven't a cent and are head over heels in debt. Don't get any more improvements this year.

Lovingly
Ed.

Sunday-Feb. 23
1908

Dear Folks,-

Am just in from Mr. Lesser's and can write ½ before going to bed. I was at his house for supper and played some with a violinist. Lesser is much like Dr. Moody. He can sit there for hours listening to us playing sonatas and sometimes reading them from sight when of course they are most uninteresting. There he sits turning the pages and looking on until all hours of the night. There are at least one hundred young musicians who go to his house and there is eternally music there. He is of course quite wealthy and a figure in the musical life of Berlin.

Last night I was at a party. It was at Dr. Lesser's (a cousin of this one). There were about fifty, mostly young, people there. It was a fancy affair and there were some funny costumes. I wore my dress suit and had only a big blue bow. They danced but I couldn't as only Germans can waltz like they do. Of course there was music but it was funny. A chap with a big wig, supposed to be Sarasate played a piece like a mad man. There was singing and fancy dancing and a string quartette. The house was decorated like a 'Kneipe' or regular German beer restaurant and you could sit down and call a waiter and order what ever you wanted. Got home at three A.M. which is terribly early for a German Saturday night party. Saturday is the favorite night as they sleep Sundays.

Was at Spiering's this morning. Mind you he is going to America next year and expects to have quite a tour. Sometimes I feel sorry for him for it is costing so much to play in Europe and the few pupils he has don't bring in much.

Nicoline has eleven pupils and is making her living easily. But she is doing it at the expense of her own practice. Her technique is not near as good as it was in America.

Have had several letters this week. The coat of arms came. It is fine but it is probably too late for the lady to use it. She goes to America soon.

This has been a terrible day - cold and raining but living in Berlin for almost two years makes one used to that kind of weather.

The account of Delia's shower was terribly exciting. How much have you saved this month? For heaven's sake start now and let's begin over again. I have been busy playing with violinists and have been to only one concert this week - by Ysaye.

No news so one sheet is enough. Lovingly Ed.

Berlin
Friday March 6.
1908

Dear Folks,-

Am just in from a concert by the Bohemian String Quartette - a magnificent organization and easily the best quartette today. this makes the fourth concert for me this week. For the other three I had free tickets which was very agreeable. Mr. Lesser gave me a ticket for a concert Tuesday by Alfred Wittenberg, a violinist.

Wednesday heard Rumschisky a Russian pianist and Thursday a Russian orchestral concert given by Kussewitzsky. I get a streak of wanting to hear concerts and go nearly every night. Then comes a lull and I can't bear them.

I am practicing with Spiering nearly every day so my own practice is suffering. I am going to Holland with him the last of this month - just for one concert in a little town called Deventer. I have never heard of the place. We are probably going to stay a couple of days and take in Amsterdam which is in the neighborhood.

You know S. is going to America next winter and wants to get in with the Mason and Hamlin Co. By the way - they have evidently forgotten that I exist - no money since new years. Luckily I have that money of Mr. Tewksbury's and am using it up. There is enough left for another month so I don't need to worry now. I wrote them but up until now no answer. I will tell Mr. Ganz to write them.

I seldom see Mrs. Ganz now. Used to accompany Mrs. Brooks at her lesson but it was impossible. I told Mrs. G. I had too much to do but the real reason is that I can't bear to be with either of them. They are brilliant society people and are beyond me.

Last Tuesday at my lesson played symphonies for four hands with Mr Da Motta until 8:30 in the evening. He is an angel and I hope my money will come soon to be able to pay him some.

Mrs. Collins is probably wearing out shoes on the flags of north Hickory Street these days. I'm fasting from nothing in particular. Shrove Tuesday is a great day in Germany. There are carnivals mask balls and all sorts of curious customs to usher in lent.

You remember my speaking of the Davidson family. Well the first week they arrived home one of the girls under went an operation for appendicitis and the mother died. She was a great woman. The night we saw them off she was in fine spirits with the prospect of getting home for she hated Germany and just after coming into her grand home which Mr. Davidson had remodeled and prepared she died of kidney trouble.

The trip did it. You know the pitching of an ocean liner is hard enough on strong kidneys and of course the life was just shaken out of her.

It was a tremendous shock to a great many people here who knew her. She invited me to visit them if I ever played in the South.

It is getting late so I must go to bed. Send me a Joliet paper once in a while. The Chicago paper takes too much time to read but the other one would be fine about once every two weeks.

Lovingly.
Ed.

Berlin
March 15, 1908

Dear Folks,-

I have a few minutes before going to dinner. This letter is probably a little late but I will hustle it off this afternoon.

It is a horrible day in fact the whole week has been dreary and wet. Sometimes it snows and often rains so the best thing to do is to stay in.

Well to tell you what I did this week - Monday I went to a party. It was a very fine affair. German of course but cosmopolitan too as there were all nationalities there including a chap from Dublin who was a [purp?]. I left at twelve on account of Spiering's concert the next night. This was quite a success. Spiering never played so well and I never accompanied better. There wasn't such a big crowd but there were many prominent musical people. Wednesday I was at Mr. Lesser's for supper and spent the evening. He often speaks of Léon Marx and the way he has treated him by not writing. Thursday Busoni played like a god. He opens new worlds to pianists and is certainly the greatest. Paderewsky for instance, is a child compared to him. His personality alone is tremendous. He plays again the 27th and of course I will be there.

After the concert I was talking to Mrs. Ganz. You remember what I wrote about accompanying Mrs. Brooks at her lesson. Well for heaven's sake destroy that letter. To think of it makes me quake. Imagine my not having time for the Ganz's and running to Spierings every day. Well Mrs Ganz told me that and was pretty angry. I certainly had remorse for the last couple of days and this morning went down to see her. So everything is beautiful again and I am glad. Friday I ~~staid~~ [stayed] home all day and in the evening. Heaven's it was a relief.

Saturday rehearsed a quintette in the morning and went to Kelly's for supper. That is as awful place for pianists. Last night about a dozen played and it was hard to tell which was the best.

No news from the Cable Co. Nothing can be the matter for Mrs. Ganz told me Mr. saw them. Poor Mr. Ganz he is so enthusiastic about me. But you mustn't bank too much on what he says for really sometimes he reminds me of Kate. I have still enough money for a month so there is no worry or hurry. I wrote to Major Cleland and Mr. Ganz so they must wake up soon.

Lovingly
ßEd.

Berlin
Saturday March 21.
1908

Dear Folks,-

Just got in from an evening of trios. The other two were Wiggers, a German, and Gmiener a Hungarian. They are older than I so it is fine for me to get the chance to play with them. The only trouble is that we play only every two weeks. They are so busy. This morning I rehearsed a quintette and wasted my morning with four lobsters who tuned the whole time. That is a sure sign of an amateurs. They are either tuning or talking and the time is lost. We are going to play this quintette at a musicale soon and it will be fierce. But at the same musicale we are going to play another quintette for clarinet, violin, viola cello and piano and it is fine because the worst one in the other quintette is out of it and his place is taken by the composer himself - a young fellow 23 years old and immensely gifted. It is nice to play a work with the composer.

Am rehearsing now with Herbert Dittler a young American chap who gives a concert Tuesday in Bechstein Hall. I will get only 20 marks for the accompaniment which is not considered nearly so bad as the same five dollars would be in America. My cheque came finally and for two months \$105. Mary's came at the same time so I suddenly became rich. Her \$5 comes in handy as I am going to move and it will cost about that much for the transportation of the piano. The Kastners are going to live way out in a suburb and although they wanted me to come it is too far from everything so I went to my last year's landlady Fräulein Müller and luckily my old room was free. So address Culmbacker Strasse 14 bei Müller after this. I am glad as it is a fine room with a balcony and as long as there is no more heating needed I will get along fine. You remember she was the one who wouldn't make the room warm.

There were only a couple of critics at Spiering's concert - one spoke well of me and the other gave me a curry combing.

Sunday Evening

It was so late last night that I couldn't finish. Just came in from Mr. Lesser's. I tried to play some for him but it didn't go so instead he sang some songs. He has a peculiar voice but is a pretty good musician. Today was a glorious day. About eleven this morning Dittler yelled across the court for me to go walking. He lives in the next street and from the back windows we can talk across to each other. So we started out about 11:30 (he with his camera) and didn't get home until six. We ate dinner at a restaurant in the country and trampled through woods and along the country roads. It was simply magnificent and makes me want to do it every day. Don't worry about my health - it couldn't be better and although as thin as ever I have muscles 'strong as iron bands.'

Am going to five concerts the coming week. Among them are one by Godowsky and one by Busoni. The concerts will soon be over. The last one by the orchestra is next Sunday. Mr. Ganz comes about the first of May. I will then know how much longer I will stay. It would be time to play in Berlin just before going home but that is impossible.

The Holland trip is off. Too bad. I was counting on it as Holland has been a kind of land of dreams to me. Spiering has cut it off until the Fall and then I may not be here. Whenever I write about not getting the cheque don't worry because the worst the Cable Co. can do is to say "come home," and if my money ever runs out I can eat at the pension where Mrs. Ganz is and charge it until something does come. It is almost twelve now so will have to stop.

Lovingly
Ed.

Berlin
Monday March 23.
1908

Dear Folks,-

This will probably be a surprise but I have a streak of writing just now ~~especially~~ which is probably inspired by Ann's and Delia's letters which came this afternoon. Two at once is tremendous and one from Delia is such an event that I must celebrate.

Now Ann, don't be devising ways for raising money. You are inclined to be rash that way. First consult Mary the debt-hater.

And besides don't any of you think of sending money for me to play in Berlin. It is just this way. Supposing I paid \$200 for a concert and happened to play badly on that night. The critics would scold and the criticisms would be worthless. Then again if I got the chance to 'run over' to Berlin for a month any time during the next four or five years it would be just as well to play there. You can't count much on a Berlin concert. The only way to do is to struggle in some other country and play in Berlin, once in awhile for fun. Of course I will be delighted to get the chance this year if the Cable Co. stand the expenses as I think I would do well. Many students about my age have given concerts this season.

Don't think that was anything extraordinary that Ganz said about Spiering. They are enemies and talk about each other continually.

Delia must be terribly proud with her \$11 a week. Heavens that Shepley's livery stable position was awful.

Lent must be terribly exciting. It is very quiet here and the music on Sunday is as bad as ever. ~~So~~

I don't worry half as much as you think I do and I am having a much better time than any of you. Too bad you all can't hear these great concerts. Then as the wise one (alias Mrs. Collins) says as long as we have our health. The Germans all say the same thing. They say, "Die Hauptsache ist dass wir gesund bleiben."

My landlady has the same way reckoning time as Mrs. Collins. She has clever little ways of forgetting that her clock is fast and telling me it is past time for practicing.

Just as Mrs. Collins used to terrify us with her 'after seven' which means that the clock has finished striking. By the way with her going to church every morning and staying until noon there is a prospect of my success.

Are you going to Newport or the Thousand Islands for your vacations?

Lovingly Ed.

Culmbacher str 14

Sunday-April 5.
1908

Dear Folks,-

When I wrote 'April 5' it reminded me of something, but I couldn't think for a minute anything particularly connected with that day. But now I remember that two years ago to night was the night of my concert in Joliet. It seems an age and kind of from another world. I look back upon it as an old man would think of something he had done when he was a boy.

Kate's cheque came. That is magnificent - 200 marks! - why I feel like a millionaire. It will fit fine in several places for instance, I must have a heavy overcoat for the sea trip and might as well buy a good one. Then I have not paid Jam Jamieson all I owed him from last summer but can do it now.

This has been a rather mild week except for the moving. The Kastners were very nice and packed for me which was fine as that same evening I played for Dittler and couldn't get myself out.

Thursday was the quintette evening. There were about forty guests there. I accompanied a violinist and a singer (both very bad) and with the two quintettes the whole evening was taken up. You know this Dr. Lesser (at whose house it was) is a cousin of Martin (my friend). Friday evening I played trios and Saturday went to a string quartet concert with Mr. Lesser.

Today was ideal - almost a summer day so I went walking this afternoon. Next Wednesday Gabrilowitsch gives a recital and I am going.

It may be because I am writing with pencil but I can't think of a thing to say. Sometimes, it takes only a minute to write several pages and again I labor over it.

It is getting harder for me to write because I am in a kind of routine now and am doing the same things all the time. When I first came there were many new things to describe but now nothing seems new. When you come to a foreign country the differences strike you immediately but gradually you begin to notice likenesses and finally you decide that it is much the same all over.

Then I can't bear to write incidents and so the only thing left is the concerts and you are probably tired hearing of them every time.

Mr. Ganz is not coming until the first of June so I will have no lessons during May. (I think I told you Da Motta is leaving the last of this month). Find out and tell me what piano Mr. Ganz plays in May. His contracts with the Mason and Hamlin Co. and Neumann are up and I guess Collins had him.

I am trying to compose some more. It is hard and very doubtful - no driving it. It would be grand if I could compose something good. The songs from last summer are pretty childish which is natural enough for a first effort. That is the ridiculous part of it - as you grow everything you have written seems weak. Thank heaven here is the bottom. I made up my mind to reach it.

Lovingly Ed.

Calmbacher str 14

Berlin
April 20 1908.

Dear Folks,-

I won't write many more times before going to London. Mrs Brooks is already there, Mrs. Ganz and Miss Peterson are going the second of May and I am going the fifteenth Mr. Ganz telegraphed so things were changed quite suddenly. I will, of course, be glad to see England but Switzerland will have to get along without me this year. Mr. Ganz arrives in London the twelfth. It is fine that I am going later than the rest for Mrs. Ganz will have time to look around for rooms. Mrs. Brooks sent me a card this week. She says London is beautiful and the whole country will be especially fine in May.

Easter Sunday was a cold rainy day and prevented the Germans from wearing their new hats. I went to high mass. The choir sang a little Caecelian mass [without organ of course] in a very dinky manner.

In the afternoon Dittler and I went to Kirk Town's for tea and for supper I went to Mr. Lessers. The musical season is of course at an end. That reminds me - you know the season in London is in May and June so I will probably hear a few concerts. It must seem funny to go to a concert and not hear German on all sides.

About this time of year I get tired practicing and don't have any enthusiasm until I am settled for the summer. It was the same last year - Jamieson came soon after Carl Fallberg left and we were tramping around until the tenth of July. Then my three weeks in Zurich were too exciting to let me work right so it wasn't until I went to Kaiserstuhl that I practiced much. Da Motta is gone so until I see Mr. Ganz I will have to drive myself to work.

Went to see Da Motta Saturday not knowing that he had gone but his old aunt Miss Lemke was there. She loves to gossip and as she was in America seven years (from 1866 to '73) she is interested in Americans. She was the piano teacher in Vassar College at that time. I am wondering what I will do in Chicago this winter. If things don't turn out so well an organ position would be fine. Anything to be active. I have grown like an old man here from not having any engagements or any particular excitement.

Kate is getting a great lot of experience this winter she must be a new person. I think though she will cool down for a while after such a strenuous time. Must drop this now.

Lovingly Ed.

Monday Apr. 27.
1908

Dear Folks,-

It is already after eleven but I must get this written before going to bed. It is pouring rain which is a change for the better - all last week we had snow. Sunday was a miserable day - it was freezing cold and snowed all morning I ~~staid~~ [stayed] in all day but went to Mr. Lesser's for supper and ~~staid~~ [stayed] very late. Besides me there were four other young musicians there. After supper we had a piano trio and quartet also two string quartettes. One of the latter was composed by a young American who played the viola part. I will miss Mr. Lesser and his musical evenings. They were experience. But for him I wouldn't have played a bit of chamber music the whole winter.

Friday evening we went calling together. I called for him at the synagogue. He is very pious (like all the jews) and is the leading man in the parish. They have church Friday evenings. I went into the church with my hat off (of course) but an usher rushed up telling me to put it on. It looks so funny to ~~the~~ see the men with their hats. The women are only allowed in the gallery. There is a sanctuary lamp and an altar and the Cantor sings and is answered by the choir much like in our church. You know the Jews don't eat meat Fridays and do they do anything the whole day. I remember not long ago I wrote an address for Mr. Lesser. It seemed queer and I thought he must have a sore hand but I found out that he was not allowed to write because it was Friday.

With regard to my coming home, you know I have \$100 of Mr. Tewksbury's money and I better use that. He won't be home until about Christmas so there will be time to think about it after I come. Of course I will need some more but will wait and see what Mr. Ganz says. If the Cable Co. give me a cheque for August then I will have enough but I am afraid the year ends in July. I will feel like Weary Willie coming home without a cent but this is no place to make money. According to reports America is also pretty close fisted. The pianists (on the whole) had pretty rough sailing last season.

I am wondering if I will play in Chicago next winter. A recital under Neumann would be the only thing worth while and he would probably be ~~scary~~ taking me. It is a great game, this trying to be a public performer but in the meanwhile while I will practice some more. Lovingly Ed.

Berlin May 5, 19'08.

Dear Folks,-

It seems a habit lately for me to write Tuesday instead of Sunday. Lately Sunday has been my busiest day and Monday is gone before I know it so Tuesday is the first chance there is.

Since my last, nothing in particular has happened and Berlin is dead. During the season it is not only the concerts themselves that are interesting but the fact that you see all your friends keeps you from getting stale. Tonight, however, I am going to the opera. This will be the second time this winter. I have been studying Tannhäuser lately which will make it doubly interesting. In two weeks begins the great 'Wagner Fest.' It consists of ten Wagner performances magnificently given. I have sent in my name for a season ticket. The gallery seats cost \$5 which is scandalously cheap. Imagine 50 cents for a Wagner opera with a great cast and still greater orchestra and last but not best Richard Strauss conducting. Isn't it too bad that America can support only two operas. In Germany towns smaller than Joliet have opera the year round. It is in fact the only theatre in these places. One reason for this is that the Germans have no use for 'stars.' The Americans don't go to the opera - they go 'to hear Caruso' and it doesn't make any difference what the rest are like just so a star is in the cast. The Germans work for the ensemble and although the singers may not have sensational voices they know their business and get very little pay. To run an opera in a small town in Germany (orchestra included) doesn't cost more than a dinky stock company in America.

Mr. Ganz leaves New York today. Did I tell you we may not go to London. Miss Palmer must have an operation for kidney trouble and Mrs. Ganz is afraid to go. You know Miss Palmer is a singer and pupil of Mrs. Ganz. So Mr. Ganz will come direct to Bremen instead of getting out at Plymouth. I will be sorry if we don't see England but Berlin suits me any time. Mr. Lesser would like to have me stay and I could often play at his house which is an opportunity that who knows when I will have again. I ~~was to~~ visited him Sunday night and last night. His birthday is the 18 of May and of course there will be a musical. I am going to do the accompanying. He showed me a Sedalia Mo. (!!!!) paper the other day with Leon Marks picture in it. He laughed when I told him what kind of a town it is.

There is a sign of summer in the weather this morning. It is pouring rain - this warm rain that comes straight down in by drops. You can see the grass growing. I love thunder and am enjoying this morning immensely. It is rumbling around so - much like a peevish old man.

You probably had a scare from the storms in the South. They are quite the topic of conversation in Berlin and I read about them ~~in the papers~~. the Germans regard America as uncivilized and always say ['told?'] you so' when anything terrible happens there. They can't quite see how a person can live in a wooden house.

I will write to Kate and send [it?] with this. The tour must be over by this time Kate must be changed wonderfully. I can appreciate what a tour like that means and most likely she had learned more this winter than any other ten years.

With regard to my finances time enough to talk about them after I have seen Mr. Ganz.

I wrote to Dr. Moody last. Why doesn't he answer?

It is brightening up so I must go and look for the rainbow.

With Love

Ted.

[This letter was written to EJC's sister Kate.]

Berlin Tuesday
May 5 1908.

Dear Kate,-

This is rather late but it is one of my habits now to put things off until tomorrow. Of course a thousand thanks for the \$50. It was mighty fine of you and meant an extra month's allowance to me. You know I get \$50 a month which although enough isn't too much when piano rent, concert tickets and a thousand little extras are counted.

I have been watching Schumann Heink's tour and see that you have had a pretty strenuous time of it. There is a little to be learned in the musical line isn't there? Of course this isn't your first tour but it is the biggest and I bet you learned more this year than any other ten together.

Heavens when I think of how my eyes were opened on coming to Europe. I have learned a pile in these last two years principally through playing chamber music. One of my best friends is a Mr. Lesser who is wealthy and has a circle of young musicians around him. A couple of times a week I play quintettes, trios etc., at his house with young men from the Hochschule. These young fellows are marvels. They have had tremendous experience in this land and can show me a few things. Why I can't play a Brahms trio or a Cesar Franck Sonata although I played both (after a fashion) this week. The tremendous technique it takes is nothing. These young men sit down and read at sight like devils. On the whole I am not going to astonish the world right away like I was a few years ago. You can realize that. Nicht Wahr?

True, no?

I was shocked to hear of Mr. Hoffmann's death. Poor old fellow I thought I would get a chance to show off my German to him. Give my love to Frank and Francis and all the Hoffmanns - Gussie especially.

Vielleicht kannst du schon ganz gut Deutsch sprechen weil du so viele Deutsche Lieder vorigen Winter gespielt hast.
Ich gebe nach Hause in August.

Maybe you can speak German quite well because you played so many German songs last winter. I go home in August.

Aufwiedersehn
dien Teddy.

*Goodbye
your Teddy.*

Culmbacher str 14
bei Müller

Berlin
May 11 1908.

Dear Folks,--

It seems a long time since I have written, much longer than a week, probably because I have been out much and have crowded a lot of experience into the last few days.

Starting where I left off in my last - Tuesday I heard 'Tannhäuser.' Principal parts were taken by McLennan and Griswold, two Americans, who are among the stand bys of the Berlin opera. I had the score which was the greatest fun. All the little liberties taken by the singers and the many little mistakes made by the conductor were particularly interesting. The conductor was the poorest they have and accompanied pretty badly at times. But following the score one gets an idea of the great talent it takes to conduct an opera at all. The singers do just as they please and in the recitative especially, the conductor is in a terrible position.

Saturday evening I went again to 'The Flying Dutchman' and through Kirk Towns had the score again. I got in just as the overture was commencing but before looking at the program knew that Blech was conducting from the vim and fire of the ~~of the~~ first notes. Blech is great - quick as a flash and keeps the orchestra on the jump from start to finish. The conductor certainly makes or breaks the performance for the orchestra must play vilely if the conductor is not the best. They play every night, have rehearsal every morning and no one but an energetic personality can rouse them.

I had ordered a season ticket for the Wagner Cycle but received word today that it is not to be had. I am almost sick over it. Dr. Muck who arrives in Berlin this week (from America) is going to conduct. Nothing like this ever happens in America so I will hear no more opera until coming to Europe again (!).

Almost the whole week the piano has grinned at me but I didn't bother it much. I see more and more that to be a pianist I must be a musician. There is nothing that is particularly hard technically for me but there is much that is beyond me musically. The evenings at Mr. Lessers have showed me where I stand in that line. You have no idea of the cleverness of these young Germans. They read anything at sight and as if they had studied it for weeks. Last night I played in a piano trio and some others played two string quartettes.

I started harmony yesterday with Marquardt, whom Mr. Lesser recommended. He is fine. I started at the beginning although I already know quite a little having studied with Brune for about two years.

I might as well get those uninteresting rules into my head now as any time and after the first couple of lessons will just fly along. If I could stay another year I could get into the master school through Mr. Lesser's influence and have free lessons in composition from Max Bruch, Humperdinck or Gernsheim. Sounds pretty fine eh? The principal thing now is that I start composing.

It is really the only way I can improve my piano playing and save myself from being a technical machine or a note factory as the Germans say.

I have not seen Mrs. Ganz for a long time although I called a couple of times. Miss Palmer is better - I saw her yesterday. She will be out of the hospital in fourteen days which will allow Mrs. Ganz to go to London next Friday. I have no idea when Mr. Ganz is coming to Berlin. I probably won't have any lessons at all this summer, as Mr. Ganz goes to visit his parents (in Zürich) in July and returns to Berlin only the 15 of Sept.

By the way, have Dr. Moody influenced Mrs. Stalhle so that Marie will study in Berlin. She is gifted and Mr. Ganz would be delighted with her.

We are having glorious weather. It pours rain in the morning and the sun shines in the afternoon. I call that ideal. The grass is growing and the birds are screaming - but I must try and be a musician first and if there is any time left I can be a poet.

Once in a great while a letter from home sneaks in. Ann's was the last one but what is the matter with Mary. Hasn't she recovered from the concert? The Tannhauser March must have been great and that's a famous aggregation that choir.

So I will probably go to Minneapolis. That is nice and then again it isn't. Chicago would be the best. If Minneapolis is assured ask Kate to try and get me an organ position in either Catholic or protestant church. The principal thing is to get some money. I would enjoy immensely directing a choir and 'twould be great luck if a position as organist and director fell into my hands.

I will soon be able to tell you exactly when I am coming. the cheque for May came yesterday so there is nothing to complain of.

Hope you are all well. Lovingly Ted.

Berlin Sat. May 16.
1908

Dear Folks,-

One of the most disagreeable things about writing a letter to you is this eternal "Dear Folks" at the start. I have tried to think of another word but there is none and Mother, Mary, Annie, Celia is impossible. I have often wondered how other people start a letter which is intended for every one in the family.

Miss Peterson says she must write separate letters to her father, mother and sister and each one is insulted if she happens to do other wise. She writes society news to her sister, about her clothes to her mother and her financial affairs to her father.

She is a great society youngster, by the way, in fact too much so for she has kind of lost sight of her music. However that isn't such a calamity - women have never done anything with music.

Miss Peterson's future is also uncertain for the reason that she hasn't any money. Girls who fail in art can often make a good exit through a lucky marriage but in Europe the dowry is to first thing considered.

The German officers receive very little pay so their only hope is an heiress. They live very fast and of course pile up debts into the millions. Finally their creditors give them a certain time to marry as they know they will not be paid until then. So the officer spots a rich girl and marries her - fortune. The officers are gorgeous peacocks and their work consists in wearing the uniform.

Not a thing has happened this week. I have ~~staid~~ [stayed] in every day and have been invited for supper every evening.

Oh yes - went to a vaudeville theatre with Mr. Lesser Tuesday evening.

His birthday is next Monday the 18th. Of course he is going to have a crowd of visitors in the afternoon with the inevitable musicale. I am going to accompany some Schubert songs for a soprano and a baritone, and some duette with violin. (compositions of Mr. Lesser) We rehearsed them yesterday and the young fellow read them practically at sight. Of course a few little mistakes couldn't be avoided and Mr. Lesser asked him if he didn't wish to take the part home. The chap said "naw" which made me laugh and kind of put Mr. Lesser out to think that the violinist wouldn't bother much with the things. I did the sneaky, two faced thing of borrowing the piano part which pleased him (Mr. L.) very much. You bet I will learn the things perfectly as everyone there will be a musician.

You should hear them play string quartettes. They sit at it like veterans and their whole soul is in it. The most interesting thing about them is their greediness to learn. Needless to say they are all ambitious. This afternoon I went to Mr. Lessers (it is a twenty minutes' walk) but he was out. I took a book and read about a half hour when a young chap came in (violinist) and suggested playing. So in the half hour until Mr. Lesser came we played three sonatas. They live in music and use every minute to learn more about it.

They have certainly inspired me and so I have begun my campaign of becoming a musician by starting harmony in earnest with Marquardt (quite well known in Berlin), orchestrating a Beethoven piano sonata and practicing sight reading. I need the last very much especially in Berlin where it is taken for granted that you read 'vom Blatt.' 'on sight'

Poor little Miss Palmer had her operation Saturday morning. It lasted pretty long but was completely successful. Mr. Ganz is not coming to Berlin right away but will stay a while in London.

Much of my time this week was spent reading. How is this for a mixture for today - Bülow's letters (in German), Dorian Grey by Oscar Wilde and the last part of Dante's Inferno. It is the paradise section and is fearfully difficult. I can read only a part of it every day. Although my eyes are very good they don't stand too much so I must quit when they are tired.

It is a consolation that my practicing doesn't strain them in the least as I know most of my things from memory.

It is getting late so I will stop this which by the way is my longest in a good while.

Good Night
Ted.

Culmbacher str 14

Berlin
Monday May 25, 1908

Dear Folks,-

On account of my writing a little earlier last time ten days are gone between times. I intended writing last week and telling you some important news but have put it off from day to day [It is simply?] this. What I have a chance of staying in Berlin next winter. For a long time Mr. Lesser has been asking me if there was no hope of the Cable Co's keeping me. He seemed to take a great interest in me and finally spoke out. He will furnish the money. Did I ever tell you about this endowment scheme? Well there are a number of rich men in Berlin who have set aside large sums to be given to music students. However there is this condition - that I must be a pupil of the Royal High school. Of course I told Mr. Lesser I wouldn't leave Ganz so I am to pose as a composer and not let them know [I] play piano. The school [starts] in October and in the mean time I would have to work hard to pass the examination in composition. Imagine!

Being a royal institution the lessons don't cost anything but the examination is difficult. Besides the composition lessons I could attend the school for conductors and have a fine opportunity of playing with good musicians.

My patrons besides Mr. Lesser are Levy and Mendelssohn (two wealthy Jews). The latter is either a nephew or second cousin of the composer. Mrs. Ganz was delighted and thinks I will have a chance to play next year. She is in London now with Mr. Ganz and both are coming to Berlin Sept 15. What do you think of the whole thing? The Minn. affair will not amount to much and anyway I would be away from home the whole time just the same as here. In the mean time I could probably find a position in Chicago.

The only uncertainty [about?] staying is my not being ready for the [examination?]. The composition class is called the Master-Schule which means that the pupils must be masters to enter. Of course there is some red tape like at the Chicago Mus. College, which will make things easier than they look. I am working hard on the harmony and will try and write something before the time comes. But if I fail I will pack up and take the ship. Why don't you tell me if Kate is coming to Europe. Many people ask me and I must take back what I said about her last winter.

Was at a musicale at Bollman's yesterday. Mr. Bollman is a well known teacher in Berlin but his piano playing is bad - he played three ~~piano~~ Brahms sonatas with Spiering. S. played fine but couldn't rouse ~~rouse~~ B. very much.

I was talking to Mr. and Mrs. Biden there. They have been in Berlin but I didn't know it and haven't seen them since last year. Mrs. Biden is quite aristocratic looking and very nice but Mr. hasn't much sense. Mrs. must have money for Sydney is going to sing four times in Berlin next winter and he isn't doing anything.

When I told Spiering I would probably stay this winter he was quite shocked. He intended going to America next winter and intended taking me with him. The poor fellow builds air castles - he better get engagements for himself first.

We have been having storms lately too. Last Friday there was a big one. I went to the opera and so missed some of it. That was too bad as I love storms. The opera was 'Pique Dame' by Tschaikowsky given by a Russian company. There is a storm in the first and in the third act but that night the (natural) thunder roared the whole night and made the stage manager curse. The hail broke the glass roof and rained into the theater and besides breaking windows, destroyed the fruit and vegetable crops.

This Russian Troupe is from the Czar's theater in St. Petersburg. Some of the singers were fine but the conductor spoiled a great many things. He conducted in white gloves (which is the custom in Russia).

I must go to my harmony teacher so will quit for this time. Write and tell me what you think of my staying. Is mother well?

Lovingly
Ted.

Berlin
Wed. June 3, 1908.

Dear Folks,-

This one is later than ever. Wednesday - why I never put it off so much.

This week has been especially quiet for me. I haven't heard one concert nor been invited scarcely any place so have had a good chance at my harmony. Did I tell you about the 'wood school' the harmony teacher has every Thursday and Saturday. We take the train a little way into the country and sit down on a fallen tree with, Marquardt in the middle. We take work with as and he corrects it. Last Thursday (which is a national holiday in Germany - Ascension Day) we walked about five miles into the woods and were seated comfortably to begin when it started to rain again. Of course we set up a hot pace for the depot which we reached after being two hours in a heavy down pour. I weighed a ton.

We went again the following Saturday and just missed a cloud burst by arriving at a forester's hut. The old woman was as usual delighted to sell some milk and cakes and we ate until the storm was over. There wasn't much work for me that day. We came to a widening of the river half filled with row boats and steam launches and sitting on the bank looking at them was more interesting than working dry harmony exercises. Sunday afternoon I was with Mr. Lesser also Monday morning when we went to the Hochschule to hear a sextett by a young chap whom I know quite well. Imagine the young fellow writing a sextett for string piano and wind instruments and having it played by some of the best musicians in Berlin.

I have received a letter from Mr. Ganz in which he tells me how delighted he is that I have the chance to stay. And you must realize the circumstances. Mr. Lesser is easily the most prominent figure in the musical life of Berlin and these other men are his backers. If I stay I am not going to go any place - I mean accept no invitations - and am going to see what a winter will do. Mr. Ganz thinks I better stay the whole summer in Berlin. It is terribly hot here even now so it will probably be melting in July and August.

I am going to make a little trip this week from Saturday to the following Tuesday. Look on the map and find Magdeburg. In the neighborhood of the town is a castle owned by a count who plays the violin. Of course he is an amateur but they say, plays pretty well and I have an engagement to play sonatas with him. A friend of mine (also a violinist) recommended me and besides the fine trip I will get 15 and expenses which is quite respectable [here?]. My friend, the violinist, is also going. He showed me some pictures of the place and it is beautiful. I will write from there and send you news of it.

Was at Mr. Da Motta's last evening for supper. He is in Portugal but his aunt is there and invited some of his pupils.

I received Mary's letter yesterday, the first one in a long time. Never wait for my address because letters will always be forwarded.

I think for next year I will buy some new kind of writing paper. Am getting fearfully tired of this. What do you say?

Adieu until Magdeburg.

With love
Ted

Berlin
Monday June 15 1908.

Dear Folks,-

It is a pretty long time since I wrote a letter but if you count the post cards as one everything will be as usual. I arrived in Berlin (from Tangerhütte) last Tuesday evening and immediately started a letter. But I couldn't write a thing I was so tired and so the days have slipped by and the beginning of a new week is here.

No use trying to write the details of my trip - that would fill books.

It is wonderful how much a person can 'live' in a couple of days. I left Berlin Saturday morning and was back the following Tuesday evening and every instance was interesting and new. It seems like a years since I left Berlin that morning I am so green that every experience is new so I am changing continually. Young men of my age regard me as a child and they are right. They are these old but young in years chaps who have roughed it in most of the big cities of Europe and the minute they look at me they know that I am from a small town and have a crowd of sisters.

I intend writing a little about my trip but don't know where to begin. Perhaps I better describe the place first Tangerhütte is a town of 5000 and ~~Hauptmann Arnum~~ ~~has? his castle~~ as dirty and ugly as possible just like all little German places.

The castle is a little outside of town so we had a ride behind a fast team of blacks and two coachman whose livery bore a particular coat of arms. (By 'we' I mean Wiggers and I - he is the violinist who recommended me to these people).

Arriving, we met the family and guests who are all fine people. The owner Hauptmann von Arnum is not a count as I thought but a retired army officer and of very old nobility. The other members of the family are his wife and step son.

I have never met three such fine people. They are all fine musicians especially the Hauptmann who in spite of the fact that he hasn't time to practice much, plays most of the violin literature and well.

His time is taken up with superintending a [steel?] mill with 1500 workmen. As there are no musicians of any account for miles around he has a chance to play only when he engages some one from Berlin or comes here himself. He enjoyed having me there for we played six hours a day and when I was going said "Oh it's past"! He has simply missed his vocation.

Frau von Arnum couldn't be nicer. She plays the piano a little and is well informed musically. She told me a great deal about Liszt, Wagner, Rubinstein and many others all of whom she knew personally. Her son is an interesting young fellow - about 26 years old. He studied violin with Wiggers for about 12 years but didn't learn anything. He also sings but never practices. One of these fellows who do everything cleverly but nothing seriously.

He also plays the pianola and between times that thing was roaring. We had some interesting talks about America. He was surprised at my not knowing Reggy Vanderbilt (!!). He met Reggy at the horse show in Chicago. There were about twenty guests there and most of them ~~staid~~ [stayed] a week. There is room for 260 in the castle and at Pentecost and Easter it is generally full. The grounds are beautiful also the lake which is filled with swans.

I mustn't begin to tell details but cannot forget one old fellow who was there - an old doctor 84 years old. He plays the piano and of course must exhibit his musical ability. So one day he took off his coat and came at me with a volume of Haydn symphonies for four hands. We played one and at the end his arm bothered him a little. Otherwise we had been playing still. The Hauptmann was going around

wringing his hand and crying, "The valuable time (Die schöne Zeit, die schöne Zeit) furious at our being interrupted.

I was, as usual glad to be back in Berlin and at my regular work for I am never well any other time.

The Cable Co. cheque for June has arrived and with it a fine letter from Mr. Draper the sec. and treas. If I stay this winter in Berlin I will certainly be ready to play some for them in 1909. I must find a way to arrange my finances this fall. The last Cable cheque is for August and Mr. Lesser's stipend doesn't begin until October. For the rainy day I have already 100 marks from Tangerhütte. The Hauptmann gave me twice as much as was agreed upon.

Have received two letters from Mary and one from Ann this week.

For the next couple of months I must pitch into my harmony and not read so many books. I took a new card in the library fast week for a year and have been reading a book a day outside of my practice.

Hope Ann will have good luck in Elijah. Have an engagement in a few minutes so must cut this short. Is Mary glad school is out? With Love Ted.

Berlin
June 24 1908.

Dear Folks,-

It seems an age since I wrote last. The fact is I haven't written one letter for over a week. Received two letters from Mary this week and one from Delia.

Ann's success in 'Elijah' is fine news and of course Kate is a wonder.

I have been unusually busy that past week studying harmony and playing at Mr. Lesser's. Sunday was violin and piano sonata day and yesterday was taken up with trios. My chamber music playing has improved greatly in the last month and by the time I am ready to go home I will have played most of the sonatas trios and quintettes.

Now, before I forget it, fix up a fine letter for Mr. Lesser. Tell him 'how delighted you all are because of his interest in me' etc. Send him greetings (German custom) from everyone especially from Mrs. Collins. By the way, Mrs. Collins was toasted at a dinner at Mr. Lesser's Sunday. Of course you would like to see this man of whom I write so much. Well I have some post cards of him and me and you'll get one in the near future. Don't make any comments on his looks. He doesn't pose as a dandy and what he doesn't look he more than makes up with his fine qualities.

It is fearfully hot and my room is an oven. I intend moving the first of July but haven't found a place to suit. I want to live in the neighborhood of Berlin and at the same time in the country. That is not so easy to find as nearly everyone in Berlin wants to do the same thing.

Was at a concert at the Hochschule Saturday evening. It was great. A concert to the memory of Joachim. the orchestra played magnificently in spite of the fact that it consists entirely of pupils. The 'atmosphere' around the Hochschule [is] thoroughly musical and it is especially interesting to me now being the scene of my next year's work. It is not only a musical atmosphere but a German musical which means much more. Although there are many Americans studying there is never a word of English heard. I seldom speak English and must read an English book now and then to keep it up. It seems funny but I go down the street talking German to myself dream in German and could not get along in my harmony any other way.

A year ago this time I was walking on the Rhine. That was a glorious trip spoiled in the beginning by the ugly news I got from Mr. Ganz about the Cable Co. Mr. Draper their secretary and treasurer wrote me a fine letter lately which I will answer immediately. They don't know as yet that I am going to stay.

You must all take things easy this summer. Spare yourselves every trouble you can. It pays. Don't forget the letter to Mr. Martin Lesser, Genthiner Str. 37. Do it as soon as you can. He is expecting it.

With love Ted.

Berlin
Tuesday June 30
1908

Dear Folks,-

Again my good resolution to write twice a week is broken. I really enjoy writing and by writing details have easily enough news for a letter every three or four days. So I will 'turn over a new leaf' as 'Paw' used to say, and see if I can't keep you posted better on my doings here.

Of course you have Spears' card before this telling you of my meeting him. I was coming along the street and suddenly heard some one call me. I couldn't realize it that it was he. You mentioned his coming to Europe but as he didn't ask for my address I didn't suppose he intended coming to Berlin. If I hadn't accidentally met him he wouldn't have troubled himself as to my where abouts - which isn't very flattering. I was with him and his friends Saturday Evening.

We went to see an illuminated waterfall first and afterwards to their (Elliott's) home. They are very nice people. Mrs. is very hearty (from Montana!) and one of the daughters is quit brilliant. Spears admires her especially but I don't think she takes him seriously. She told me how 'the poor little fellow' had been at the dentist's all day. But he is a wise chap and will get through any thing. He is especially interested in Carl who by the way, is coming to Berlin this winter. Spears also intends staying several months. Enough for that. Although it was a reminder of home, hearing the names of Joliet musicians, Mrs. Martin, Mr. Galcott, Miss Shepard et. al. brought me down to earth with a crash. I have been kind of flying around in the clouds here with musicians who are that and being reminded of the above mentioned was a little too much. Thank Heaven! the Collins family is in another world. We have the real talent.

Last Thursday at the request of Mr. Lesser I played at an examination for organist at a Jewish Synagogue and was accepted. The position lasts only a week and for three or four services I will get the nice sum of \$20.

The Jews have several feasts the first week in September and (just like the Italians on Palm Sunday) as they all attend, the churches don't hold them. Extra services are in concert halls and that means extra organists. I play at the children services which means simply hymns and a few responses.

I am not going to move this month as I planned. It is not easy to find a suitable place in the neighborhood and I didn't have enough time to look around. However in August I think I will live in Zeldendorf a suburb about 20 minutes train distance. It is a beautiful place - quiet and cheap. If you remember Nicoline Zedeler was there two summers ago just after her operation. By the way, the Spiering's are already in Heppenheim. Mr. Spiering is angry with Kate and rightly. She cannot ignore a man like that. He had written her several times concerning his trip to America but no sign of an answer.

In a few days Berlin will be deserted. The school vacation begins the first of July and the vacation trains start running right away. It is not to be believed how cheap one can travel just now. These are just big excursion trains to all parts of Europe - especially to summer resorts - Switzerland for example - and are of course, packed - Mr. Lesser leaves the middle of July.

But I am to stay here and it isn't so bad. I will have more time to myself when they all leave. Received a letter from Delia this morning. Bravo! Where is Ann - not a scratch from her. And now that Mary has a vacation she will write every week at least.

Have forgotten to send the picture of Mr. Lesser and myself. I told him mother asked for it and also that my sisters intended writing him. Those kind of lies are necessary in this case.

It is getting late so I must stop. Hope you are all as well as I am.

With love

Ted.

July 8, 1908

Dear Folks,-

After a good day's work I will finish up by writing. It was an unusually good day's work because it rained and prevented me from going out.

You seem a little worried about my finances. They were never in better condition. With \$100 still coming from the Cable Co. I have in all \$200, which will more than keep me until the first of October. The day the school opens Mr. Lesser will give me \$150 and the tuition for the first semester. Mary doesn't seem to understand the way things are arranged. The school doesn't pay anything.

The only connection between the school and the stipend is that to receive the stipend I must be a member of the school. 'Must' in the case means that I study at the most advantageous conservatory in the world. Not a disagreeable condition.

There is quite a difference between the Chicago M.C. and the Royal High School in Berlin. This being supported by the crown is out of the advertising and money making world and has the musical atmosphere only. The tuition is the same for every pupil and you come under a good teacher according as you are advanced. You can study as many branches as you like. Some students are having lessons nearly the whole time. I nearly spoiled the whole thing by refusing to study piano there. I told Mr. Lesser from the beginning that I wouldn't leave Ganz and at first he didn't see how it would be possible for me to escape the piano instruction at the school. Finally he did some scheming where by I am entered as a pupil of a certain pianist to whom I will never go. The pianist has already agreed [never?] to expect me. I probably told you the I shall study organ. It will be interesting to see what an organ lesson is like. I can't imagine what there is to be learned that one can't learn himself.

The musicale at Mr. Lesser's in honor of Prof. Gernsheim takes place Saturday. The program will be made up entirely of Gernsheim works. I am going to play in a trio and accompany a violinist and singer. Had a rehearsal with the singer this morning and transposed the songs at sight. It reminded me of the way Kate used to transpose and made me think it runs in the family. Received letters from Mary, Ann and Delia this week.

The fourth was lately but I didn't know it until the next day. I have either out grown fire crackers or lost my patriotism.

With love Ted.

Zehlendorf
Aug 30 1908.

Dear Folks,-

I will hustle this off tonight for with your excitable natures which are always expecting the worst, it is a crime that I haven't written for ten days. It seems to be the rule now - every ten days to write which is precious little.

Nothing of importance has happened. I work a little harmony, practice some and read a little which takes up the whole day. The day becomes shorter all the time and it seems that I improve slowly. It is fine to have rest and not be running around the town but I am afraid I would become drowsy after a while. I need excitement to keep me awake and know that I am in competition with others. The usual walks in the woods took place - Thursday and Saturday with Marquardt, Wednesday and Friday with Wiggers. Then I went to the Theater in Berlin one evening.

That is very quiet in comparison to my winter routine when I am rushing to rehearsals and being out nearly every night. Don't be frightened - that means out to a concert or at Mr. Lesser's.

So you think I look thin in the picture. I certainly am not fatter as that is not my nature but it is not such a great calamity. I feel strong and have so little to carry.

Tomorrow is my last day here. Tuesday morning bright and early I'll pack my satchel and in half an hour am settled for the winter. It was on the whole a fine month in Zehlendorf. Although I didn't get up very early and go walking, as I planned, nor accomplished as much as I intended, it was not lost time and I will enjoy the musical season more for not hearing any music the whole time.

Mr. Lesser is coming Thursday. I shall visit him then and he will tell me when we are to go to Schwerin. Mr. Ganz comes the 10th I will not be here at that time but will see him about the 15th. I will feel nervous playing for him the first time. He hasn't heard me for a year and of course expects a great deal.

The theatres are all opened for the winter. I am going twice this week, Tuesday to Twelfth Night and Wednesday with Wiggers, to D'Albert's 'Tiefland.' I may also go Saturday to Hamlet.

The second rehearsal for the Jewish feasts took place this morning. The director is impossible. Tony is a wonder in comparison and the singers are off the key the whole time without the knowledge of the director. But it will soon be over and I will earn my little salary without injuring myself. It is rather sudden to close here but I will go to the mail box this minute and in the mean time think up something more interesting for next time.

With love Ted

Berlin
Sept. 4, 1908.

Dear Folks,-

Back in dear old Berlin and everything arranged for the winter. The only things to be arranged, however, was the renting of a piano which I did yesterday. On account of going to the Theatre Tuesday Evening I slept here that night and went to Zehlendorf next morning for my things. My room is just as I left it and every one seems to be exactly where he was last year. It seems funny but is true that it is much quieter here than in Zehlendorf. There the streets are paved with stones and when a wagon passes it sounds like a train. This room looks out on to the court so I never hear a sound from the street. The people have their windows open and when a clock strikes it seems as loud as a church bell and a typewriter echoes across the court like the firing of a gun. The piano must sound pretty loud or would except that I am not allowed to have the windows open.

I was with Mr. Marquardt yesterday afternoon until 5:30 and then went to meet Mr. Lesser at the depot. But as the result of an accident his train didn't arrive until 8:30. I ate supper with him and ~~staid~~ [stayed] until quite late. He looks very well which is an exception as he generally comes home done up.

The Spierings are in Berlin. Tomorrow is Mr's birthday. He is 38. He intends going to America in December. I wonder if he has many engagements. A tour is doubtful even in America now. A few years ago things depended upon the way the artist was advertised but now the Americans are learning to judge for themselves. A good example of this is the decrease of Paderewski's success. He is no longer a sensation and has used up the last country where it is possible for him to do anything.

I am, thank Heaven! quits with harmony and am studying counterpoint. That is much more interesting. It is freer so I will improve more rapidly and I hope by next year to know as much about theory as I do about piano playing.

The college catalogue arrived and was interesting. The college has certainly degenerated - the faculty is laughable. Those young women teachers will always prevent the school from being taken seriously and the men are mediocre outside of Hermann and Consolo.

I ate dinner with Wiggers today and we made arrangements to play together next week. Then in three weeks the concerts begin and I will be up to my neck in music. ? this is going to be a great year for me. Received Mary's letter from the valley and Ann's and Cele's from home. You seem to be well so everything is all right. Try and go to some concerts in Chicago this winter.

With love Ted.

Berlin
October 14 19'08.

Dear Folks,-

I am always at a lost as to how to begin a letter. As soon as the first sentence is written the letter is as good as finished. It is the same way with most people- a great many invariably begin by begging pardon for not having written sooner. My habit used to be telling what I was doing just before as 'just came in from my dinner' or my lesson.

By the time I write next Kate will be here. The 'Blücher' is supposed to be in Hamburg the 20th but it is such a slow boat that a few days late will not be a surprise. 12 days from New York, in these modern times is a scandal

Last Saturday I broke with Spiering - this time for good. He had been treating me like a servant lately telling me when I was to come for rehearsal and where I was to play for him etc. without asking me if I would. One incident is enough to show this.

I was to go to Munchen next Thursday morning and accompany him there the next evening. Between times the lesson schedule of the Hochschule appeared and both my lessons fell on Thursday afternoon. When I told Spiering this he was furious. Do you know why? Because traveling at night one generally takes a sleeper and to do that in Germany one must travel 2nd class. I calmed him by promising to travel 3rd class and sit up. Of course he would take a sleeper. The direct cause of the break was a concert in Leipsic. The pianist whom he had engaged became sick. Spiering was not bluffed - he printed new programs with my name on them and wrote me next day 'come today at 5 - Spiering'. When I went he informed me I was to go to Leipsic.

All would have been well but it happened that the night before Mr. Lesser gave me a raking for playing for Spiering at all for nothing and said if I didn't break with him and give all my attention to my own work he would let me go. So when I left him that night I promised to do it. So Mr. Spiering says 'You go to Leipsic', says I, 'I don't go to Leipsic'. He was stunned and of course furious at Mr. Lesser.

He said I was a scoundrel etc. and he would make it disagreeable for me my whole life! Also that I was doing him no favor to accompany him, he was doing me the favor in allowing me. To this I answered 'I couldn't see it that way! He said 'Go to Hell - get out'. So I jumped down the steps and came out onto the street feeling as if a big load had been lifted from me.

That evening I was at Mr. Lesser's and when I told him he said 'congratulations' and ever since has been telling his friends that 'Collins is loose from Spiering'.

Of course Spiering flew to Ganz and made a rascal of me which he did about once a week. But Ganz is a wise man and gave me just as warm a welcome as ever at my lesson last Tuesday. He says he is glad for now Spiering will not be complaining to him any more.

This whole affair sounds pretty violent but it had no effect on me. I knew it would come and it had to be sharp and quick. Mr. Lesser thinks it is the best thing ever happened to me.

Had my organ and theory lesson this afternoon and enjoyed both immensely.

Received three letters from home this week so things must be all right. From what you say the house needed shingles. I can't remember when it was last shingled. Mrs. Collins has a feast of wood in the old ones. If I were home it would be my job to get them into the cellar. Where are you getting the money? I don't see how you can save any. Don't send me any whatever you do.

Listen to this, - an old chap with 18 million thinks I am all right. His name is Martin Levy. He presented me with a book of poems by Leuthold with the request that I compose some of them. He remarked how much he admired this poet and that the last ~~volume~~ person to whom he presented them was Rubinstein (!!!!!). Mr. Levy was at Mr. Lesser's today and left ten dollars for me for bringing him a program of the Nikisch Concert. In the program notes Mr. Levy was mentioned as having given Bulow many ideas about the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven. ~~Of course~~ He wasn't at the concert Sunday and so was very much pleased that I told him about it.

But all this doesn't make me a better musician so I better quit talking about it. I shall write to the 'Blücher' - you know when the pilot gets on he brings letters to the passengers, Kate can telegraph me what time she is coming. She will probably stay in Hamburg a couple of days as Schumann Heink sings there the 23rd.

Am sending the concert announcements from the last Sunday paper.

Give Father O'Brein my best and have him tell you again about our day in Switzerland and the evening in the boat.

When is Delia's next shower? She must give one for me when I come home - a miscellaneous one, anything ?????? accepted.

????????????????????

Lovingly Ed.

Sunday Oct. 25
1908

Dear Folks,-

I thought Kate would come yesterday and write half of this but she is not coming until tomorrow. Had a letter from her this morning. She seems delighted over the first concert which was Friday.

She hadn't changed a bit as regards letter writing. I asked her to write and let me know when she was coming but in spite of the fact that she was a whole week in that strange city with nothing to do but kill time. I heard nothing until this morning. She was supposed to come yesterday and Mr. Lesser intended having a splurge for her today but I couldn't tell him if she would be here and was ashamed to tell him she didn't write me.

But after the letter this morning. I am sure that she doesn't understand these things and is inconsiderate because she doesn't know what it means.

Nothing worth mentioning has happened this week. My lessons with Mr. Ganz and at the Hochschule were as interesting as usual. I practice on the organ five hours a week which is almost enough and not so much as to injure the piano touch.

Mr. Ganz went to London Thursday and will play two concerts there.

Left this to go to the Nikisch concert. Henri Marteau played pretty well but not in the least exciting. You know he is the director of the violin department at the Hochschule and therefore Joachim's successor.

It has been fearfully cold up until today and reminds me of getting a new over coat. I shall get it this week - perhaps tailor - made. Was at van Rooy's concert with Mr. Lesser Wednesday evening. I was somewhat disappointed, perhaps because I expected him to be everything and that he isn't. When an opera singer suddenly starts to give song recitals he generally forgets the difference between an aria with orchestra and a song with piano. In the opera one can sing off the key a little but when van Rooy sang flat in a Brahms song it sounded like the devil.

Mr. Ganz accompanied rather indifferently. I accompany a violinist next Tuesday. Shall send the program. I meet Kate tomorrow noon.

With love Ted.

Oct. 28 19'08.

Dear Folks,-

This will come as a surprise. I have made hundreds of promises to write twice a week but they have not lasted. This time though on account of Kate's coming there is some news.

Well she has been here three day and seems to be delighted with Berlin. The whole crowd arrived Monday afternoon. I met Kate and she came home with me while the rest went to hotels. 'The rest' are some friends of Schumann Heink. The latter appears to be very nice. She is certainly about the most magnificent looking woman I have ever seen. So many say she is homely but they are crazy - she is a perfect German type.

It was a little strenuous getting Kate's trunks into this little flat and of course the place is filled with her things. We have eaten our dinner here and suppers in a restaurant down town. Last night we sat a long time in a cafe and Kate told me a lot about home and then about me as a baby. This afternoon we went to see Mrs Ganz and Mr. Lesser. Mrs. G. was nice but of course very inquisitive about everything Schumann Heink does. We were at Mr. Lesser's about two hours - had coffee and music. Kate thinks I have improved a great deal in my playing and also that I am taller. Schumann Heink went to Dresden yesterday but is in Berlin again to night. The next concert is Tuesday in Munich. It seems funny that on the same evening I accompany at a concert in Berlin.

Mr. Ganz played in London this week. Mrs. G. said the criticisms were good but that Mr. Ganz was sick when he played. I have a lesson Saturday so he will probably be back tomorrow.

Had a letter from Mary this morning and one from Delia day before yesterday. Kate is out this evening visiting a Mrs. McDaniels who came over on the Blucher. I must go and call for her so good bye for this time.

Lovingly Ed.

[This should be dated 1908. ~ JEC]

Berlin
11-3-09.
1908

Dear Folks,-

It is so long since I wrote that I have lost track of the time. Of course since Kate is here you can't be worried about me and then as I have to write the same things in every letter from a news stand point they must be dry. Then It won't be long until I come home and can tell about everything. I leave about the 25th of July and arrive the first week in August. It is a bad time to come as there will be nothing doing and to come home without a cent and have to sit and fold my hands will be rather trying to my conscience although it will be great to sit home for a while.

I may come back to Europe for a couple of months during the winter as I shall have a chance to play. But there is time enough to talk that over when I come. Too bad I can't come with Kate - she leaves in May - but it is impossible.

Schumann Heink may be able to get me rates which would be a fine thing. Ordinarily one uses \$200 from Berlin to Chicago. The steamer ticket is \$90 to \$100, tips on the boat \$15 to \$20, railroad ~~fare~~ **fare** \$50, cabs and transfer of baggage \$10 etc. I intend going ~~going~~ home first class as I am sick the whole time and the service in second class is poor.

The snow is a foot deep and unheard of thing for Berlin. I am sick of it and shall certainly be glad to see the sun.

Was at a tea at Prof Gernsheim's Tuesday. There were many noted people there among them Sinding to whom I was talking.

Was at a concert with Mr. Lesser and a Goldberg family tonight. We went to a restaurant after and wrote Ann a card. You will probably get it with this letter. Kate goes away tomorrow for a couple of days. She is always glad to have a concert as doing nothing is hard one. Schumann-Heink cancels engagements with as much unconcern as you would go across the street.

Have had a couple of letters from Mary lately and one from Annie. Am writing this very late - Kate is already gone to bed.

Lovingly
Ted.

(This letter was sent to the Collins family in Joliet
by Katherine "Kate" Collins, sister of EJC.)

INCOMPLETE?

GRAND HOTEL EXCELSIOR
TELEPHON AMT VI,
2496, 2497, 5042, 5064, 5065

BERLIN S.W. 11, DEN
KÖNIGGRATZERSTRASSE 112-113
GEGEN ÜBER DEM AHNHALTER BAHNHOF

Isn't it great about Taft? I heard
it in Munich the day after election
and I fairly shouted – Europe was
terribly excited over the election of Taft.

Thursday – Nov. 12 '08
1908

Dear Folks–

I know you are disgusted with me for not writing soon as I landed. I know too you must believe that I haven't had a chance to sit down and get my nits together long enough to tell you what I know you want to hear. I was really miserable for two weeks after I landed. **Bilious** I guess. I am all right now however – I was so **disappointed** not to see Eddie soon as I arrived. He thought we would go direct to Berlin – instead we stayed in Hamburg ten days – Madame is changeable

We intended to go to Berlin the day after the concert Saturday and instead we didn't arrive in Berlin until Monday. Ed met me and we went direct to his house. He lives in a fine – the finest part of Berlin and he has a fine room – not large but comfortable. He has a grand piano, a palm on top of it – a couch, a desk and a table in it – He has a little balcony about 1/2 the size of the back porch but it is just what he wants. He is very well – has a fine appetite – hungry all the time – and sleeps like a log. He begins his work at 8:30 and works about twelve hours a day – Organ – piano

[MISSING PAGE?]

over Carl Fallberg – Madame is as ever to Eddie. He played for her and she is crazy about him. Thursday eve his birthday he called at the hotel for me – Madame made him take off his coat and she ordered a grand course dinner in her apartment for him. She has a parlor as large as our parlors (two) at home – wonderfully furnished – and enormous bed room and beautiful bath. Her manager is here talking now so I am taking advantage of this time to write. I write to Lamb and Frank of course. Frank says Francis

Strauss himself – and the conductors of the Dresden Royal opera house and of the Berlin opera house (Strauss) are here every day. I had wonderful success and wonderful criticisms in Hamburg and Munich. Our Berlin recital is Dec-1. Pray. On November 29 Madam sings for the Kaiser and Kaiserin – Good evening! Ed says I don't realize what that means in Europe. I ought to put that in the papers – not! We just screamed

[MISSING PAGE?]

[This closing text is written

at the top of the page and
perpendicular to the rest of the letter]

Now be sure to tell Ma that Ed is as happy as a lark and as well as he can be. We have lots of fun talking about old times. By the way Ed's manners are simply okay. He must have had some hard rubs ha ha ha. Ganz is not here now but I called at Mrs. G with Ed and she was delighted and very nice. Well this is all for this time – Give my love to Charlotte Rogan and Mrs. Pierce the Lenins? and all– Kate

INCOMPLETE?

Berlin
Dec 7, 19'08.

Dear Folks,-

I'll not promise again to write oftener - I'll simply do it after this without talking. It is a mystery to me where the past week had gone to. It seems like yesterday since I wrote and it is over a week. It becomes harder for me to write a letter. When I first came everything seemed interesting and things that happened were events. Now nothing seems worth writing about. Magnificent concerts are every day affairs and I am so busy that I never look to see how things are moving along in the world.

Kate's coming has, of course, made things a little more interesting. We often go to concerts and afterwards to restaurants so we have lots of time to gossip. Of course you will be anxious to know about Schumann Heink's concert in Berlin. It was a big success artistically and financially. Kate played splendidly and looked fine and bold. After the concert we were together with Mr. Lesser. Kate ~~staid~~ stayed at the Hotel that week but is staying with me these last couple of days and intends to until the 18th of December.

Mr. Ganz has been away for several days but arrived in Berlin last night. I have a lesson tomorrow. My other lessons are also taking up time as well as the chamber music evenings at Mr. Lesser's which go on as usual. I am going there this evening while Kate is going to a concert. She is playing while I am writing this. (Can't you hear her?)

There remains nothing for me to tell you of except the weather. It is very cold and dry which is ideal. I take cold baths mornings and generally a good walk. Thank Heavens! that quartett is finished. The old chap gave me \$40 for the 26 hours which is a great deal in Germany. I was there for dinner and played it for him much to his satisfaction as there were only three notes wrong.

Received Mary's letter with the program of her concert. I have a fine picture of the Hochschule which I shall send this week. You must have it framed.

Kate sends her love. Lovingly Ed.

Berlin
Dec. 11, 19'08.

Dear Folks,-

Kate had reminded me that I must hustle off a letter to have it arrive at Christmas time. I say she reminded me simply because I had almost forgotten that Christmas will soon be here. That will seem hard for you to understand on account of the excitement which you have months ahead. But you must remember I have no organ to play or rehearsals to attend and I can't get into the German Christmas spirit. Not that they don't celebrate- on the contrary, it is the biggest day in the year- but that they are so blasé. With us it is such a pretty time with Christmas bells, Santa Claus and cribs in the churches. However they have Christmas trees and enough of them. The streets will soon be lined and they will be all sold- every family has one.

I suppose Mary's choir is in fine trim and ready to delight the ears of St. Patrick's musical congregation. Celia is, of course, chief soprano and nightingale of the parish.

Kate intends staying with me until the 19th and has been here about two weeks. We have a fine time together working like whiteheads and going out for our meals. Kate's work consists in writing Christmas Cards of which she sent about forty today. She has certainly written more this week than living the rest of her life.

Mrs Collins is most likely praying the whole time. Too bad I didn't say my Hail Mary's but I will be home next year and she can remind me of it.

Monday A.M.

It became so late when I was writing this last night that I couldn't keep my eyes open any longer. Practiced an hour on the organ this morning and have just arrived home. Kate received a letter from Frank today and I received Mary's and Annie's. There appears to be a terrible lot doing in Joliet. These society affairs must keep the town in a state of excitement. I'm sorry Ann went to so much trouble over that little thing for Mr. Lesser. If it looks valuable Mr. Lesser will have to pay big duty on it. On first class matter there is an especially heavy duty. It will also be foolish to send anything to Kate or me. We don't need a thing and you can't afford it. Kate is playing so it is impossible for me to think of anything. Maybe next time I will be in a mood to write more interesting things.

Merry Xmas and love from Ed and Kate.

No Date
Year 1908

Dear Folks,-

Good news!

Yesterday Mr. Ganz came down with the telegram from the Cable Co. It read 'continue'. So I am not coming home this winter. It is a great relief to feel that things are settled. It is a guarantee of fifty dollars a month for this year. They are pretty generous. I don't think Mr. Tewksbury will take back his cheque. Hope Mary has turned from a Socialist.

Mr. Ganz leaves the twenty of September to play a tour in Switzerland. I am going to stay until about the fifteenth. Everything is fine. I am going to make several mountain tours this month with Mr. Ligrist (who owns this house). The train is coming down the hill now so I must run out with this.

Lovingly

Ed.

1908

DATE UNKNOWN Sunday A.M.

Dear Folks,-

I have time to write before going to mass. The last is at 11:15. That seems pretty late but as dinner is at 2 there is plenty of time. This is a beautiful day. The sun is glorious and I must go walking all afternoon. These sunny days are a great temptation especially now when one is tired of winter. Sometimes the sun and piano fight as to which shall have me and the sun often wins. Berlin is really very small in area. The people all live in flats and so things are much more compact than in Chicago. So I am in the country with almost as little walking as from Joliet. Of course living in the West End is living on the edge of Berlin proper but then come the suburbs to go through before you are really on a country road.

I have been very busy this week and seem to have accomplished more than usual. Started the week by going Monday to piano recital by Ignaz Friedmann. He plays much worse than he did last year and looks as though he had been bumming. Tuesday was my lesson. For a change I played rather decently. The same evening I played with a violinist at his home. Wednesday afternoon there was a musical at Spiering's.

In the evening was at Mr. Lesser's - first to supper and then played for him until about eleven. Thursday afternoon I played piano in a quintette at his house and in the evening played sonates with a violinist.

Friday I practiced all day but went out to supper and ~~staid~~ [stayed] until eleven. There was also music there.

Yesterday morning I played with Spiering, practiced in the afternoon and played trios with two chaps. So you see the time was filled. It is through playing these sonatas, trios and quintettes that I feel that the time has not been lost. These Germans are sharks for chamber music and it is fun to play with them.

Spiering's next concert is the 10th of March. I evidently didn't impress the critics with the last accompanying for only one mentioned me. That was a bad week for me. It was one of those times that come every couple of months and I am tired of music and lose interest in everything for several days.

Busoni plays next week and the week after. His concerts are very late this year. There are already signs of the end of the season.

Will try to write more next time. Lovingly Ed.

1909

[Though dated 1908 by EJC, this letter was written in 1909; he often wrote the wrong year during the first few months of a new year. ~ JEC]

Berlin
Jan. 2. '08
1909

Dear Folks,-

Although it is over a week since I wrote you mustn't think me lazy. I could not do a thing until the holidays were over. It was an exciting time and it will be a few days until I am fully recovered.

We had a fine time at Schumann Heink's on Christmas eve. She had a tree and presents for us all. We ~~staid~~ [stayed] until two and as it would have been pretty tough to come out to my room, I ~~staid~~ [stayed] at the hotel. We went to late mass next morning and to a magnificent dinner in the evening. The next day (26) is also a holiday. I was at Mr. Lesser's to dinner and with him to the Theater in the evening. The next day was Sunday with the usual excitement of music and late supper in a restaurant.

During the next couple of days I recovered to a certain extent when along came New Year's Eve. That is the biggest night in Germany. Everyone is intoxicated and the scenes on the streets are shocking to a new comer. I was invited to supper in a German family and ~~staid~~ [stayed] until one. Kate was at home all evening so I called for her and after visiting several cafés we arrived home at 4 A.M. It was rather exciting especially for Kate. New Year's day (yesterday) was at Mr. Lesser's for dinner, called on Marquardt about four (the first time I had seen him since October) and at six went with Kate to the American Ambassador's. He receives the Americans on New Years. We ~~staid~~ [stayed] about an hour, met the Ambassador and his wife besides seeing a great many acquaintances, and looked on at the dancing. We ate supper in a restaurant and went to bed about eleven pretty well worn out. This morning I had a rehearsal with a 'cellist and played at a musical at Ganz's this afternoon. It went very well at least Kate thought I played fine. We left Ganz's at six and I went to a tea until eight. At 8:30 we had supper and are now home for a couple of days rest, I hope.

At the musicale this afternoon I talked along time with Mrs. Jessie Gaynor, principally about Dr. Simon. It is a shame I haven't written him for so long but I intend doing it this week. I wish Annie would go and see him for a few minutes and tell him about me.

Has Father McNamee mentioned the organ position in Evanston lately? For the first year I am home it would be fine to have a sure income especially as the concert playing will be pretty uncertain until I have some kind of a reputation.

Get the Musical Courier of Dec. 23 for the account of Schumann-Heink's Berlin concert. We are going to the Nikisch concert tomorrow when the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven will be played. Kate and I shall eat dinner down town, then I go to Lesser's and she goes to another concert.

The **Hochschule** opens Monday so I shall not have much time to loaf from now on. It is getting very late so I stop until next time.

Lovingly Ed.

Ann's gift for Mr. Lesser arrived yesterday. The cards are beautiful. As I haven't yet given it to him, more about it next time.

[Though dated 1908 by EJC, this letter was written in 1909; he often wrote the wrong year during the first few months of a new year. ~ JEC]

Sunday. Jan. 17, 08.
1909

Dear Folks,-

A letter which I started last week was lost, somehow, and between this and the last one I posted, the unheard of period of two weeks has elapsed. I hope you will have imagined that storms on the sea have delayed the mail and not have decided that anything has happened to me.

The past two weeks have been unusually quiet which means that I have studied more and not been out nights. Kate has been in Dresden all week which also helps to make less excitement.

Heard from Mary and Annie this week. The account of Mary's exam was funny. I suppose she is terribly put out.

The first term at the high school saw me fail in algebra. I had played the whole time in school but was furious because I had always received good marks without any trouble. It took me a long time to recover from the shock but you bet I had the best marks at the high school for the next two years.

Does Mary want to teach in Chicago? I should think it would be horrible.

Well, I have given the book plates (is that what you call them?) to Mr. Lesser. He is delighted with them and well he might be for they are certainly neat. Last night he showed me one belonging to a friend of him who thinks his own are so beautiful but Mr. Lesser sees that they don't compare in taste to the ones Ann sent.

Was at Rosenthal's concert last week. He is the limit. I despise both him and his playing. Not a spark of feeling and about as much sense as a chicken. Heard Godwosky the night before who is also not a very serious musician but who has his redeeming qualities. His technique is uncanny. He played etudes for the left hand alone which no other pianist could have played with his two. But such display becomes tiresome and the last half of his program is always very tiresome.

Then I heard Busoni the same week. He goes one step farther and plays like a musician- at least he can but is so eccentric that his playing is often amateurish. Too bad d'Albert isn't playing to complete the quartette. When he is in form, his playing has everything.

Then last but no least - Ganz. He played with orchestra Thursday night and did wonderfully. The hall was not full on account of the many big concerts that took place on the same evening, but he had a big success and has established himself in Berlin.

Then I heard the great Max Reger play with a string quartette besides several young musicians. So I had something to do every evening although I don't call it being out. The concerts are over at 9:30 and as supper is at 7:30 or 8 you are home for the evening.

I have had some trouble at the Hochschule this week. You know every pupil must take piano lessons which means that although I am supposed to be an organist I can not escape a piano teacher. I didn't want to be untrue to Ganz so for the last four months I haven't showed up in the piano class and in fact never knew what my teacher looked like until this week. The directors got after me and I spent much time at the office making up excuses with out letting on that I have a piano teacher outside of the school. It finally ended by my promising to go regularly and Friday I went for the first time.

The teacher's name is Heyman. He is a very old man and not a bad musician. Of course I shall tell Ganz who will very likely laugh over it. I will manage somehow [to] get out of these piano lessons.

Was at a concert at the Hochschule with Mr. Lesser last evening. We ate supper together afterward and gossiped until quite late. The picture of the Hochschule is still here. I shall surely send it this week. You might have it framed.

Kate will probably come to Berlin today on account of S.[chumann]-H[eink]'s cancelling several concerts of this week. Must go to mass so adieu.

Lovingly Ed

Sunday Eve.

Here is an example of a bookplate. It looks rather inartistic in comparison to Anne's. This Dr. Hochfeld is a Jewish theologian so you see the inside of a synagogue on the card. I didn't find it very nice that the name of the man is right under Ex Libris. Kate is just arrived and is quite enthusiastic over Dresden. I have been at Mr. Lesser's all afternoon.
E.

1-27-'09.
1909

Dear Folks,-

I cannot let the Kaiser's fiftieth birthday pass without writing, especially as it is ten days since my last.

Today is a great holiday - business is stopped flags are out and the Kaiser's picture is in every window.

Celia's letter was the event of the week. I suppose she is not yet recovered from the effort. Are you really thinking seriously of moving to Chicago? I think for the present, it were the silliest thing imaginable. Of course it is pretty hard on Annie going up and down, but that may change soon. Annie is the only one whom it would help. Mother and Mary would detest it and I am sure I would too.

Kate has been in Dresden for a week but I haven't heard from her. She probably heard the premiere of Strauss' 'Elektra' which took place last Monday. According to the critics, Schumann Heink sang very badly. It is a shame the way she is being criticized and most of it because she is such a great American. I am going to Dresden Sunday and stay two days. It is only two hours from Berlin. Kate has invited me for the trip and hotel bill so I shall see the pictures and probably go to the opera.

Last Sunday I heard the great actor Kainz in Julius Caesar. He is in Berlin for a few weeks and the people are beating each other over the heads with canes in the effort to get to the box office. Of course Kainz is a wonder. The slightest movement takes your attention and his voice thrills you. I was invited which made it twice as good.

You have very likely noticed in the papers that Robert Hausmann the cellist is dead. He was found in a Vienna hotel dead from heart failure caused, to a great extent, by nervousness over a concert which he was to give that evening. I knew him well on account of his teaching at the Hochschule. He was a fine man and comparatively young. It was a great shock to Berlin and the musical world which includes America as many of the cellists in the Boston and Chicago orchestras are his pupils. I was at the funeral which was very sad and attended by most of the Berlin musicians.

Had my lesson with Ganz yesterday. We are as good friends as ever but I see him only at the lessons as he is so busy. He is writing an opera which seems very interesting. I haven't told him about my piano lessons at the Hochschule as I think I can get out of them soon.

Are you still frozen up? It is pretty cold here and snow on the ground but my room is warm which is an improvement on last winter.

Shall write again from Dresden and send a picture of the Sistine Madonna.

Lovingly Ed.

Berlin. Feb. 9, 09.
1909

Dear Folks,-

I intended writing in time to congratulate Delia on her 28th birthday but am a few days late as you see. Of course St. Valentine's day is unknown in Germany but they know that it is Delia's birthday. It is surprising to note the high opinion the Germans have of Lincoln. There are editorials in all the papers that praise him as one of the greatest men we have seen.

I don't remember if we got any mail from you in the last ten days at least. You must all be very busy and I suppose there isn't much to write about. When a person does anything several times it becomes common no matter how unusual it seemed at first. I am sure if you were here you would have much to write about for a short time but then suddenly nothing would be new.

I have been at home much this week. Kate was here and we used to go out early for our supper and come home right after. Kate is at the hotel today and goes to Vienna tomorrow. She is glad to have something to do as sitting around away from home is pretty bad.

Sunday I accompanied a violinist at a very fine party. It was at Frau Richter's, who is the daughter of Meyerbeer, and the principal society woman of Berlin.

There was a great crowd of princes, ambassadors etc. We went there about 10 p.m. - after the dinner - and we're supposed to do our turn and run home. I accompanied the same chap last night at another affair which however was not as gorgeous. But we were paid for [it?] so it is all right.

I have spent the whole evening at Mr. Lesser's. First played for him then he sang - not much of a voice but he knows everything.

Mr. Ganz is away for ten days playing several concerts in southern Germany. I have my next lesson the 16th.

Have been to very few concerts these last two weeks. One gets a streak of going every night then you can't bear to hear a concert for some time.

The king and queen of England arrived in Berlin today. There was great excitement but I didn't have time to go down town and see it.

We read in the papers that you are having blizzards. We have fine weather now and as spring is a month earlier here, it will be warm in about two weeks.

It is getting late so I must finish this here. Kate sends love. How is Tim?

Lovingly
Ed.

[This is a letter to the Collins family in Joliet
from Katherine "Kate" Collins Hoffmann, EJC's sister.]

Hotel Bristol
Wien

[This is written upside down at the top of the page.]

For heaven's sakes don't tell my description of the Queen – for fear the paper would get hold of it. You can say what I said about the Kaiser and the Kaiserin.

Vienna – Feb. 16 – '09 –
1909

My dears.–

I rec'd Mary's letter last week– Your letters are always so newsy – I sent Dale a pair of gloves for her birthday. I hope they are all right 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ is the size but it may be different in Germany from our 5 $\frac{3}{4}$. If they are too big she can wear them to work – I just rec'd a letter from Ed. He is fine and working hard as usual – I played for the Kaiser and Kaiserin – the King and Queen of England Princess Henry (the Kaiser's sister in law) Princess ~~Char~~ Victoria Louise (the Kaiser's daughter) Prince Joachim (his son) and the members ladies of the Queen's and Kaiserin's family – (the ladies in waiting). You know the King and Queen of England are visiting the Kaiser and Kaiserin and all Berlin is decorated and everybody is making merry. When the message came to us Mad[ame] jumped about a foot with joy. It is a wonderful honor. Ed could hardly speak when I told him – He knows what it means. After we finished _ the Kaiserin walked way across the enormous music room to the piano and she said to me "Madame you play a wonderful accompaniment." Well I nearly fainted but I made my "curtsey" and muttered something in reply. Isn't that great? She speaks perfect English – Soon as I get back to Berlin I will send you their pictures. Why don't you put that in the paper? Tell [them?] What a wonderful honor it was to Madame Schumann-Heink – an American – and I an American to be chosen to entertain the Royal family and their Royal Guests. Or you can just ~~say~~ tell it around town if you think best – The Queen of England is almost as big as Celia – and weighs about 90 lbs. She is terribly deaf and is quite lame – I will tell you all about when I see you. I am afraid of letters. The Empress is magnificent looking and the Kaiser is grand. – every inch a monarch – We are having a fierce blizzard since Sunday – and I have taken a fierce cold.

[Mdm?] belongs to a press clipping bureau that sends her [???] that is written about her in any part of the world so if you [???] anything in the paper praise her to the skies. I think she [would be?] very much pleased and you can send me a copy– Ed has written another fine song and I think maybe Madam will sing it but keep this a secret – she is changeable and the disappointment would be fierce. I will do what I can – If it were not for Ma I wish he could stay another year – I want him to come home now but the Hochschule doesn't close until the first of August. Mr. Lesser is so grand to him – and he relies so on Ed for so many things. I sail for Amer May 14th in the Victoria Louise – Hamburg American line. Pray that she won't change her mind again – we leave from Paris – (not Germany)– sail from Cherbourg – Madame warned Ed not to [go on?] on any boat but the Hamburg-American – The German boats are wonderfully careful Wasn't that a fierce accident on the ocean? A very dear friend of mine Mrs. Severance of St. Paul was a passenger on the Florida. Give this Austrian stamp to some child who is saving stamps. You would die to hear me talking to the custom officials when I had to have my baggage examined as we crossed the border line Germany and [Austria?]. Madam went to sing in opera and I came here alone – These German trains now drive you crazy. They are like Charlie's side door Puillman's. It is about the distance from Berlin to Vienna as from Chicago to St. Paul – from 8 A.M. – to 10 P.M. [???] p[assed] into 4th grade and he is very happy – Aren't his pictures cute? Well, I['ve?] no news so goodbye – I sent Charlotte Roman a New Year's card. Didn't she get it? [Tell all the ??? – ??? Ryan and everyone who sent me a boat letter or card ???]

Berlin Feb. 18 '09.
1909

Dear Folks,-

While my landlady is sweeping my room I have time to write a little. She is very clean and spends at least an hour every morning fixing things just right. Of course I eat my breakfast in another room and generally read the morning papers. The German paper is very interesting but very hard to read. It is only this year that I am able to read it well.

The past week has been much the same as many others. Kate is in Vienna which means that things are quieter. Schumann-Heink's hotel is a great rendezvous for gossipers and as Kate is down there every day, I hear much of it. Everybody gets knocked and scandals are discussed the whole time.

Mr. Ganz is home after a tour in Switzerland and South Germany. I had a lesson Tuesday. Am invited to Ganz's for tea this afternoon but cannot go on account of my lessons at the Hochschule. There will be about 100 people there, among them Dr. Muck and Sinding. So many students are anxious to meet these great musicians but it has no attraction for me simply because they never remember you. Nine times out of ten they shake hands with you because it would look bad not to, but otherwise don't notice you. And why crowd yourself up to them when they are trying to get away from people. Was at Mr.

Lesser's for supper Sunday and played trios with two young men the whole evening. I don't see Mr. Lesser so often now on account of my many lessons at the Hochschule. I am there nearly every day trying to get the best of the great opportunities it offers.

Am studying something new now; partitur reading it is called which means orchestral scores. It is of course a tremendous study and the climax of musical knowledge. You must be able to transpose anything at sight and be able to hear the instruments in your mind. That means that you must hear a great deal of orchestral music and so I play the tympani in the school orchestra. Many of the students are anxious to do it but through Mr. Lesser I have the job all to myself.

It is not so easy as you think. To make this rumbling noise requires a loose wrist and the tuning is also difficult. Often you must change the pitch of the drums in the middle of the piece and must do it without being heard. Then the counting is hard. You may have fifty measures rest and it sounds like the devil when you come in wrong. I enjoy it immensely and learn a pile. The only way to know the orchestra is to play in it. The pupils conduct and next term I am going to have a chance. That is why I am starting in with the score reading now and by Easter hope to be ready.

Had a card from Kate this morning. She did not say how she likes Vienna but she must as they say it is a beautiful city. Schumann Heink told her she would sing one of my songs which rather made me dizzy. But singers promise many things they don't do so we'll wait and see.

The plate for Mr. Lesser has arrived. He has intended writing to Annie for a long time but wants me to write on the card to which I forget to do every time I am there. Mary's letter with Otto Smith's epistle also came this week.

I am going to fast as much as usual this lent. (You know how much that is)

Although there is snow on the ground, the air smells of spring and it will not be long until we can have the windows open. Then it will be doubtful about my doing much work. The woods around Berlin are too beautiful to resist.

It is getting so late that I must run and practice a little before the whole forenoon is gone.

With love
Ted.

Monday March 1, '09.
1909

Dear Folks,-

As you see I have the habit of writing only every ten days since Kate came. At home she never writes but here she keeps the post office clerks busy selling her stamps. Of course the new comer there is lots to write about and as she hasn't anything to do she writes to keep from boring herself. She arrived from Vienna Friday and is living with me. It is much cheaper that at the Hotel and she likes to listen to my practice.

This has been a terrible week - nothing but snow. It must be a foot deep today which is an unheard of thing in Berlin. There are always signs of spring before the first of March.

Have had my lessons as usual both from Ganz and at the Hochschule. The lessons at the Hochschule are the most valuable just now as I need them more than piano lessons. In fact I need no more piano lessons as I have enough technique, but must work hard at composition. It is the thing to make me grow.

Was at a couple of concerts last week but they were of no importance. I seldom go since I have started playing in the school orchestra. You can hear a certain amount of music and not any more.

Saturday evening I heard Katherine Ruth Heyman play. She is an American so the American colony turned out. I like her playing very much - she can do more than most women.

Some way I have drifted away from the Americans in the last year. When I first came they were the only people I met and I seemed to know them all but the stay nine months or a year and you lose them and you must meet the new ones. Then so few of them study seriously. They think by practicing piano the whole day they are doing the right thing with the result that they have no idea of music in general. Then from music students, no matter how talented they are, there is not much for me to learn. I can't talk music the whole time.

Then again they are not the best Americans. Most of them are poor students from the west who have saved enough to keep them here a while and are probably away from home for the first time. Consequently they distinguish themselves at concerts and in street cars by their ignorance. It is much better to be in with Germans who live here and know more about the country.

Received Anne's letter this morning. Kate and I aren't coming home together. The Hochschule doesn't close until the first of August and I can't leave until that time. Better to do things right while I am here then I will be ready to go home and stay. It is good I didn't go home last summer as the musical season has been unusually bad in America and I wouldn't have had anything to do.

The pictures from Delia are cute. My you are all getting terribly fast!

Lovingly
Ted.

Berlin
March 19, '09.
1909

Dear Folks,-

One of the things conducive to writing is sudden quiet after excitement. That means that Kate went to Vienna this morning to be gone a week. When she is here we are on the go most of the time and the excitement reaches the climax when she is packing to go. Then comes an absolute calm and it seems perfectly natural to write letters.

Schumann-Heink's second recital took place last evening and was a big success. Kate played magnificently and I am sure will get good criticisms. On account of leaving at 6:20 this a.m. she stayed at the hotel last night. We had a lunch after the concert.

Wednesday was St. Patrick's day but we forgot it because it isn't known in Germany. I am afraid I have forgotten a few Emberdays etc., since I have been in Europe but Mrs Collins can start reminding me the first of August.

Outside of Schumann-Heink's I haven't been at a concert this week. The musical season is on the wane as was proven by the fact that her concert was not so well attended as usual.

The first semester at the Hochschule ends this week. There is a two weeks vacation.

Spring has come with a rush just as I expected. Although the snow is still quite deep it was quite warm today and the streets were rivers of water. The German winter climate is so nasty. There is this dampness in the air that makes you shiver even when it is not freezing.

Mr. Ganz has been in Berlin for the last month so I have had lessons regularly. I don't think he plays any more this year so he gives the whole time to the pupils. He goes to Switzerland, with most of his pupils, the last of May.

They are going to live right in Lucerne for the three summer months. Of course they will have a fine time but Lucerne is fearfully hot and one has to be careful of eating too much. The first summer I was in Europe we were at Hertenstein, which is a half hour's walk from Lucerne, and the whole party was sick, this one today and the next one tomorrow.

There is a fascination about Switzerland which makes you wish to spend every summer there but although Joliet is not renowned as a summer resort I shall enjoy my summer there more than any place.

Kate sails in May and has begun counting the days. I think she has enough of Europe. Let this crazy letter do for this time.

Lovingly
Ed.

April 1, '09.
1909

Dear Folks,-

I should feel very guilty writing every ten days after making such a magnificent record for about two years except for the fact that I am coming home soon which is a better opportunity for telling the wonderful happenings of the past three years. It is a mutual neglect as a letter from home now-a-days is quite an event. Received a letter from Mary this morning which was really a shock.

From the present outlook I leave from Hamburg the 18 of July on the President Grant. I haven't as yet arranged for passage because there was a chance of Schumann-Heink's getting me a cheap rate, but I guess that isn't to be counted on so I shall go to the Hamburg American company this week.

Kate is getting ready for a concert at the American Embassy which promises to be a fine affair. I am going to an orchestra concert. About two weeks ago we had some pictures taken.

Kate was very disappointed in hers as women are always, but I consider mine as good looking as the original. They are to be finished soon and you will get them right away.

The enclosed is finished badly but gives you an idea of what the rest will be. The other poses are cabinet sizes. I have one sitting and two with Kate. She wouldn't accept hers and warns you to not show the ones with me. I have no lessons at the Hochschule for the next two weeks but have plenty to do working for Ganz. He had a class lesson Tuesday at which I played.

Mary's concert must have been fine. I can see her rushing to get everything ready and then accompanying every number.

About a month ago I suggested very gently that I was coming to Europe next winter. I hope you won't think I am selfish but everything has just fallen into my hands and I haven't to worry about a thing. Kate will see you in May and tell you about it - Mr. Lesser is backing me. Perhaps you are against it but I shall never have the chance again. But we can talk it all over when I get home. What does mother think of it? The next time I come we shall all come together.

Lovingly
Ed.

Good Friday Apr. 9 '09.
1909

Dear Folks,-

Just home from church. Kate found that many things we done differently here, for instance, the Blessed Sacrament is exposed today and kissing the Cross on Good Friday is unknown. Another difference is that business is stopped. Kate wanted to buy something but nothing is open.

Received Mary's and Annie's letters this week. The [Steind-Gunn?] incident is quite exciting. I am glad the back-room will be ready for me. I shall get up at 5 and take a walk to Rockdale or West park every morning. When do you have your vacations? If Mary goes to the country she must go early and be back for August. Ann must also take hers the first two weeks in August. You bet I don't stir out one evening - if anyone invites us I have the excuse that I have been out every night for over three years and want to stay home for a while. By the way, I left 3 years ago today. It sounds long but when one looks back on it the time has flown. I am wondering if you will find me changed much. I am just as thin as ever as you can see on the pictures I am sending. I may be a little taller but a precious little. However I don't worry about it like I used to, and think now that very tall men are at a disadvantage.

Kate will be leaving soon - in fact next Saturday so she is quite excited. I would like to be going with her as we would have a fine time on board. I sail on the President Grant which arrives in New York about July 28. I am hoping it will be a good trip otherwise I shall be sick the whole time. Of course this is a fine time and the sea ought to be calm which it wasn't in March 3 years ago. I am going first class, of course, but don't think of sending me any money. I have the money for the trip right now and enough to tide me over the summer when money is scarce.

I am sending one picture of me - the ones with Kate are not yet finished. When Kate goes she will take several of each kind and you can give one to Miss Rogan, Fr. O'Brien et. al.

Lovingly
Ted.

Berlin
April 25, 1909.
1909

Dear Folks,-

Just arrived from my supper. I ate with Mr. Lesser at a restaurant not far from his house and we sat talking until 10 o'clock. The café and restaurant life in Berlin is so entirely different from ours that you can't imagine what it is like. For instance- Yesterday I ate my dinner in the garden of a restaurant. Tables were out as far as the side walk and on the fence were vines and pot-flowers. It was a beautiful warm day and there I sat, with elevated trains whizzing past, and ate my dinner as in the finest dining room. That is typically European. It would be impossible in America first on account of the dust and then on account of the people. The Americans are so stiff and self conscious; when they are eating they are looking at each other and afraid to talk loud for fear of being heard. The Germans laugh and yell at the table and every one seems at home.

Kate sailed this morning. She wrote me yesterday from Hamburg that she expects to be in Joliet about the sixth of May. So her European trip is at an end hardly before anything was done. Too bad she missed Paris. The Hochschule is again in full swing and I have my hands full trying to satisfy all my teachers.

Went to an orchestra concert with Mr. Lesser last night. It was conducted by Mottl of Munich and was the greatest thing I have ever heard. He is a wonder and the magnetism of his personality keeps you strained the whole time. I am going to one more concert on May 3rd - a performance of 'The Seasons' in commemoration of Haydn's death.

Did I tell you I had a postal from Mr. Tewksbury from Jamaica lately. I wrote him at New Years and he answered telling me how glad he is to know I am getting along so well. So I sent him a picture of me. You probably have both of mine by this time. Every one thinks the one sitting down is fine.

I am writing a string quartette which is going ahead very slowly on account of the many things I have to do and which take the composing fever out of one. I never know when I am able to write some until the moment is there and then I often have to do something else. When I come back to it after awhile my brain is a blank and I can't write one note. An idea comes like a flash of lighting and if you can't catch hold of it long enough to write it down it is gone forever.

I am wondering what Kate will say about me. She knows about everything I have done in the last three years. I have begun a systematic study of Germany and I am sure when I come home I shall speak it as well as English. If I use funny grammar don't laugh.

Lovingly Ted.

[from end of letter]

again tomorrow.

Lovingly
Ted

Berlin
May 10 '09.
1909

Dear Folks,-

I hope you will have thought the mail was delayed this week and so account for not hearing from me. As you see I haven't written for two weeks - which I don't think has happened since I left home.

Of course in the meantime Kate has arrived and told you more than I can write in fifty letters so there is no lack of Berlin news. I saw in the paper last Wednesday, Blücher arrived in New York today so Kate saw you the 6th as she had planned. She intended originally to stay several days in Joliet but I suppose she couldn't wait that long to see Lammie.

There must have been a great scene when she arrived so unexpectedly.

Schumann-Heink must be glad to get home too. That is a funny woman. She is a mixture of roughness and fineness with perhaps a little more of the first. But that is no wonder - for years she has not gone into society, if she ever went, and has come in contact only with bell boys, waiters, cabmen and train porters so she is pretty coarse and a match for any man. Of course she has her good points, is very generous and will go through fire for any one she likes. She was terribly nice to me so I shouldn't complain.

I have been transferred to the big orchestra at the Hochschule and must play the kettle drums Tuesday and Fridays from four to six. The usual player, who is from the royal opera house, has no more time so the conductor of the little orchestra recommended me. This orchestra is made up of the most advanced players in the school and a new conductor, who is quite well known in Germany, took hold last week. I start tomorrow and am hoping the beginning will be all right as that is the hardest.

Had a lesson with Mr. Ganz last Friday. My next one is on Saturday.

The composition teacher (Robert Kahn) is often sick which compels me to miss my lessons so I have started again with Marquardt on the side and as he expects so much I am busier than ever. But don't think I am over worked - you know I always looked out for myself and now I sleep every day after dinner. This is rather sudden but I shall send this now and write [from top of first page: again tomorrow.

Lovingly Ted]

Hotel Monopol;
Breslau
v
Direktor M. Stegmann
Hoftraiteur

Berlin Thursday.
May 20 '09.
1909

Dear Folks,-

When I wrote ten days ago and said I would write again 'tomorrow,' my intention was good but you see the result.

I heard from Kate this week and was very glad to know that she wasn't sick. Hers is the ideal nature for traveling. She could not be sea sick if she wanted to be I am sure if I crossed the ocean twenty times a year I would be sick every time. I am sure Mary would be too. Annie might stand it - Celia certainly would.

I am very anxious to see how the German liners compare with the French. The latter are not very comfortable and anyway I don't like the French people. I nearly froze to death coming over - there wasn't any heating in the boat.

Today (Ascension Day) is a legal holiday in Germany. I am going to Mr. Lesser's for dinner.

Was out in the country yesterday. Marquardt intended coming but somehow we missed each other. I was sitting in a Restaurant in the woods when Mr. Lesser drove up in a carriage. It was such a beautiful day he couldn't stay home - you know he is a man of leisure.

There are no more concerts but I hear enough music at the Hochschule. The orchestra plays magnificently and the conductor is fine but I haven't, as yet, much routine and am having a hard time with the kettle-drums.

Friday A.M.

Had to leave this yesterday to go to Mr. Lesser's. Received the family letter this morning. It must have been terribly exciting with Frank and Francis there and then Kate's arrival. I can imagine Kate had much to tell- too bad she had to leave so quickly.

The news about Carl Fallberg and Lois Davidson was also very exciting. Carl's bringing home a woman is not a surprise 'Still water flows etc.' I did not think he would get out of Germany alone when he was here two years ago.

Had a harmony lesson this morning at Marquardt's. We are going to continue our walks in the woods which is fine for me. The fine walk and fresh air in themselves are just what I need and then the afternoon with him is as good as 10 lessons.

Mr. Ganz leaves for Switzerland next Tuesday. I have one more lesson. It is too bad to see him go but I hope to be with him again next year. There are twelve pupils going with him from Berlin and several will come from Chicago for the summer. They will all live around Lucerne and ought to enjoy themselves.

There is vacation at the Hochschule for five days at Pentecost. I shall soon start packing my trunk.

Lovingly Ted

Berlin. June 15 '09
1909

Dear Folks,-

This is the newest stationery. It is terribly expensive and is only to be used on grand occasions viz. when you haven't any other. When you live on the fourth floor you often make the best of what you have as it is no fun to run out and buy some.

I suppose my letters won't be so interesting now that I will soon be on the heels of them. I haven't been to the Hamburg Amerika Line for a long time. Must go this week to see if everything is in order for the 18th. I ordered my berth about two months ago and deposited \$25 (which is necessary) and since then haven't been there to find which one I can have. However, the agent told me there was plenty of time. It is fine that I am going in July. The high season begins August 1 on this side when the fares are much more. The steamer ticket is to cost \$15 which is about the cheapest first class [obtainable].

Although Mr. Ganz is gone I am as busy as ever. Am at the Hochschule nearly every day and it seems as if I spend more time at my lessons than at home. For instance - tomorrow I have three lessons; in the morning history of music and in the afternoon chamber music at Kahn's and theory lesson with Marquardt. In the evening I must go to see Mr. Lesser and so the whole day is gone. Mr. Lesser is very insulted when people don't visit him often. As he hadn't much to do he often gets tired of himself and, of course, is relieved when he has visitors.

I have had a very busy day. This morning at 10 I had a lesson in partitur reading, at eleven played with a violinist at a birthday celebration, and at twelve was back at the Hochschule playing Bach Sonates with another violinist. We practiced until two and after my dinner I had to be back for the orchestra lesson at 4. That lasted until six, from there I went to Mr. Lesser's Synagogue and practiced on the organ until 8:30.

So I am just in from my supper although it is 10 P.M. Meals are two hours later here than at home.

The orchestra lesson was very interesting. Max Bruch conducted, an oratorio of his own composition. It sounds big for me to be able to say I played the tympani under Bruch's directing. However it was through an accident that I played today. The regular timpani player came late. I have lost my position until after next week. The opera house is closed for the summer so the other fellow has time to come to the Hochschule and will stay until Saturday. Then I will play until I go home. It is a great education for me to play in the orchestra.

Pianists as a rule haven't the faintest idea about the orchestra and it was a lucky chance that let me play the drums which is the only position the pianist can fill.

Received Ann's letter this morning and yesterday one from Kate. She has been sick which accounts for her not having written. It is a torture to write on this paper and as it will probably be a bigger one for you to read it. I better save you more trouble.

Lovingly
Ed.

Berlin
July 7 - 09.
1909

Dear Folks,-

I have just read in the paper that 45 were killed and 1500 wounded by fireworks in the United States Monday. When the Germans read those things they just shake their heads and say the Americans are insane. It is really typical of America and in fact could only happen there. I remember about 8 years ago the 4th fell on Sunday and was supposed to be celebrated Monday, but there was more shooting on the first day than on the second. It seemed peculiar to wake up Sunday and hear no noise but of course, in Germany the 4th is the same as any other day in spite of the fact that there are many Americans here who could make themselves heard. The American Colony generally celebrates with lemonade, foot racing etc. [terribly exciting(?)] outside of town but this time I heard nothing about it on account of knowing none of my countrymen.

Sunday I was with Mr. Lesser the whole day - there to dinner and the afternoon and evening at two band concerts.

Monday evening I went to the opera.

There is a special season of 6 weeks during the summer when the roles are sung by out of town artists. Almost every night there is a new cast and conductor.

Monday the 'Meistersinger' was performed. The great Mottl conducted. You remember I heard him conduct once last winter and wrote you about it. He is a marvel. I watched him closely and noticed how he gave every musician in the orchestra and on the stage his cue. He watched the singers especially and actually directed their acting. All the while he managed to follow the notes and turn the pages. Every movement meant something. At the end he was given a great ovation - the people cheered and the trumpets gave three salvos.

Tuesday is orchestra day at the Hochschule which means that I played the kettle drums yesterday. It is great sport especially now as I have some routine and am not so worried. The old timpani player is delighted to get out of it. He has played for forty years so you can understand why he is a little blasé. He gets paid for it even when I play and on orchestra days either goes fishing or comes to the school and sits in the cantine [bar].

I love to do it, it is so different from anything I have ever done, so I tell him to stay away and he is glad to oblige me.

I have excused myself from the last two composition and organ lessons. The school doesn't close until Aug. 1st and I leave Berlin the 17th of July.

Today (Wed.) I play chamber music at Kahn's. Did you know I accompany his wife? She sings a little and cannot play so I earn 5 marks an hour. I have so little time I can go only once a week so that doesn't mean much money, but they are fine people and I am glad to be on such fine terms with them. Kahn is of a fine wealthy family and his wife is the daughter ~~is the daughter~~ of Prof. Hertel, one of the best known painters in Germany.

It is awful that Kate hasn't written. I shall write her before I leave.

Must go to practice now.

Lovingly
Ted

Received Ann's fine letter this A.M.

New York;
Sept. 17, 09.
1909

Dear Folks,-

This letter is probably too slow in coming to suit your worrying natures but I could not find anytime to write yesterday. Both Mr. Tewksbury and Kate met me at the train. Everything is O.K. so I shall be able to send you a few tomorrow when I am sure not to have any more expenses here.

Everything has been fine since I left. Father O'Callaghan forgot his breviary, though, and I was afraid he would worry about it. However the stenographer on the train wrapped it up beautifully and sent it back at Elkhart, the first station. So Fr. O'Callaghan had it that same evening. The train ride was magnificent although as usual, I didn't sleep any.

We arrived in New York on the dot - saw Kate first and in about a minute. Mr. T. came up hardly knowing me on account of my having grown so much! He took Kate and me around in his car while I did a few errands for Mr. Ganz. Then Kate and I went on the ferry over to the Jersey side to meet Schumann-Heink who was on the way to Philadelphia to sing for a gramophone company. She seemed glad to see me and we had a fine talk coming back to New York on the ferry. She advised me to see the captain and ask him for even a better cabin than I have and if he does it 'she will send him her picture.' Kate and I had lunch together and about 2 I went up to Mr. Tewksbury's, she going back to Singac. After a short talk Mr. T. ordered his car and we donned cap, coat and goggles and took a spin along Broadway, Fifth Ave. and Riverside Drive as far as High Bridge. After supper we went to the opera.

This morning Mr. T. had several purchases to make and I went around with him. He bought a magnificent box of fruit and sent it to the ship for me. By the way, I saw the 'Deutschland' lying in dock all polished up ready for tomorrow. Then we went out to Mrs. McKeon's, Mr. T's sister for lunch. She lives at Hemstead on Long Island which must be 30 miles from here and we went out in an hour. It is a fine road covered with autos but you bet we took nobody's dust.

We are back only a few minutes now and there is nothing on the program for an hour or so. Kate will be here in a few minutes and will probably stay for supper. Mr. Tewksbury just gave me two seats for the Metropolitan tonight, (we were at the Manhattan last night) one for Kate so we shall most likely enjoy ourselves. Mr. T. will take up to the boat tomorrow morning and then the excitement will be over and I shall get a rest - if the sea is calm. Otherwise----

Hope you have written me to the steamer. I'll write again tomorrow if the pilot will take it off at Sandy Hook.

Now please try and stop worrying a little. Nothing is gained by it and much is lost. I'll surely write once a week and tell you everything I do. Don't sent me any money what ever you do.

Lovingly
Ed.

Monday Sept. 27, '09.
1909

Dear Folks,-

It is only today that I am able to catch my breath a little and write. From the moment I left home I traveled via fast trains and fast boats and that shakes one up. Yesterday everything trembled and I was sure that the earth was vibrating just like the ship, but today everything is solid.

There is not much to tell you about New York outside of what I wrote from there. It was a beautiful visit and I saw a great deal of New York. Mr. Tewksbury is a little old fashioned and would bore me in the long run but for a few days he couldn't be nicer. We never mentioned my former affairs nor did he say anything about helping me. But that is nothing - his help would be only a burden, in fact I wouldn't want any one to do anything for me just now.

I hope you received the postal I wrote on board. One worries for the safety of the mail when the pilot takes down the little packages and rows off to his steamer. The voyage was very quiet and for that reason very good. The first couple of days were very cold but we soon came into the gulf stream and it became warmer each day. I introduced myself to the Captain and brought him Schumann-Heink's greetings. He was very nice to me and introduced me to a great German actor who also knows S. H. The last day we three wrote a card to her. There were very few passengers for Hamburg, most of them got off at Plymouth and Cherbourg. We arrived at Cuxhaven at 2:30 p.m. (Saturday the 25th.) four hours late on account of a fog at Plymouth the morning before. The last night I ~~staid~~ [stayed] on deck very late watching the lights on both the English and French shores. You know when the weather is clear one can see across the channel.

The examining of the trunks at Cuxhaven was very tiresome - it took at least an hour. The train arrived in Hamburg at 5:30 and there was a train for Berlin at 6:18 so I had to hustle to get my baggage transferred. Arrived in Berlin at 11:30 and got into my room just at 12. My landlady was of course, in bed but got up and seemed glad to see me. Yesterday I was pretty tired but managed to visit Mr. Ganz and Mr. Lesser and get some of my things unpacked. I did not tell Mr. Lesser I had the picture as I was afraid it might be injured.

But I took it out of the trunk today and it is as good as when you put it in. I am going to him this evening and can bring it with me. This morning I was a Goldberg's for a moment. I didn't tell them, either, about their presents because one of them has a birthday Thursday and I'll bring them then. Fräulein Müller was delighted with the doily.

Berlin is as beautiful as ever and the air is so pure and fresh it is a pleasure to walk. It must be the burning of soft coal that makes Chicago so dirty. In New York hard coal is burned and the air is perfectly clear.

I have not seen Edna Peterson yet but probably shall tomorrow. Mr. Ganz said she improved wonderfully this summer. He was very enthusiastic about this vacation but missed me the last couple of weeks, especially, as there was no one there to make mountain trips with him. He had twenty pupils most of the time and looks well in spite of it. Mrs. Ganz also looks very well - in fact she gets younger looking every year but is also becoming fatter which is a bad sign. Roy has grown much bigger and is even cleverer and bolder than he used to be. He plays the piano like a chap of 15 and makes remarks that would stun you. He used to lisp but has overcome that. He will soon be 7.

Mr. Lesser had a fine vacation and is looking very well. It is so interesting to hear him tell about the king of England. Edward VII goes to Marienbad ~~and~~ without

any train or court pomp. Mr. Lesser used to see him sitting on a bench every morning drinking his bottle of mineral water and looking at the passers by.

I ordered a piano this morning - the same make as I had last winter. Was also at Kahn's hoping to arrange private lessons in composition but he wasn't back from his vacation. It is very wise of these musicians to stay away until their work begins so as not to be bothered by visits like mine.

The contest for the Mendelssohn prize begins the day after tomorrow but the Hochschule doesn't begin until Monday. There were two pages of concert announcements in the paper yesterday. Nicoline gives a concert soon. I intend to go. Mr. Ganz plays the 4th and there are any number of orchestra concerts in October which I can not miss.

Of course you received my postal from Cuxhaven. I think I can arrange to write at least once a week.

Lovingly
Ed.

Monday Oct 11 '09,
1909

Dear Folks,-

Now that I am settled and am having my lessons regularly the time will start running and Monday will come around every few minutes.

First of all did you see my criticism in the 'Courier'? If not read it immediately or if you can't get it (the issue about the 20th of Sept) I can send it to you. It is the worst roasting any musician ever got and is a taste of what I shall have to fight to ever amount to anything in America. It has certainly injured me not only there but here where it is read extensively. Mr. Ganz wants me to write to Mr. Ryder telling him to get after that woman but I'll not make it that strong. Don't talk about it to a soul nor don't think of talking about the writer of it. Such things must happen and they must die out and be forgotten. I never see the Courier but Mr. Ganz showed this to me at my lesson last week. It is the first blow of that kind I have received and it will probably not be the last for you know if you are in the swim you must expect to get soaked. It is really so flattering that she went into detail and tore me into little pieces - she might have done as much harm in a few lines or simply by knocking my head off. Tell me if there was anything in the Leader.

Have been to only one concert worth mentioning this week - the first Philharmonic concert - it was great. Sunday afternoon I sang in the chorus at Kahn's. (Celia is expected not to laugh) Of course I know that there are better voices than mine but in a chorus of forty it doesn't sound bad and anyway the principal thing is that you are able to read by sight. The singers are mostly amateurs and friends of Kahn. They are very fine people and the rehearsal becomes a social affair with tea etc.

In the evening I was at Mr. Lesser's. He sang (a voice much like mine) the whole evening.

This morning I was at the Hochschule for a few minutes. It all looked perfectly natural - the same pupils, teachers and door-keepers as were there last year. But it is a fearfully dry place - the students are thick-headed and lazy and on account of its being a royal institution there is no fear of competition. This makes the teachers indifferent and the pupils conceited but on the other hand there is no sign of business or money making on the premises, it is purely artistic.

Nicoline Zedeler plays tomorrow evening and but that I must go to a concert of one of Mr. Lesser's proteges I should surely go and hear her. The poor youngster - I feel so sorry for young musicians giving a concert in Berlin, it is much a thankless task and they must give out so much hard earned money. They seldom sell any tickets as indeed, they are delighted if a few people will condescend to come on free tickets. There were at least one hundred concerts announced in the papers last Sunday and there are that many new ones every couple of weeks. The concert management is compelled to hire men to take in the money. The poor musicians who make such a brave face and haven't a sou!

Received two letters this week - one from Mary Saturday and one from Ann this morning. It is great that Miss Brady is getting along so fine - Ann had her share in that. I shall surely write [and] to Mr. Schager and very soon. Is Dr. Moody still in Chicago? I guess it will be all right if I write him c/o Collins - you can forward it.

It is beginning to get very cool in Berlin. I must start having fire tomorrow. I have to think of Kate [when] I think of fire; she never could get used to a German stove, which really doesn't deserve the name, and was always furious at the landlady because it was so cold. But I don't notice it, just like I didn't notice the heat at home, and can't see why it shouldn't be healthier to sit in a cool room in preference

to becoming chilled by the little fresh air because it was so hot in the house. It would be nice if I could go walking in the woods once in a while but it is impossible, I have so much to do.

I suppose Delia is as voluble as ever about Wing, Claude, Harry, Edith, slides etc.

Give my best regards to Father O'Brein

Lovingly

Ed

INCOMPLETE LETTER

Berlin Oct 26 '09.
1909

Dear Kate,-

Mr. Lesser and I were delighted to get your cards. It was nice that you thought of him and of course he isn't through talking about it yet. I have still a couple of addresses which you must learn from memory and be polite and send them cards right away. The first one is Frau Professor Robert Kahn and be sure and ~~not~~ write the 'Frau Professor.' You know Kahn gives me composition lessons at his house for nothing which is a tremendous favor.

It will be nice if you write the card to Mrs. Kahn - she remembers you well and only the other day introduced me to some one as 'your brother.' They live at Kaiserin Augustastr 57. Then the next is Herrn Martin Levy, Rauchstr 17. Please write this one right away. He sent greetings to you when I was going to America but of course I forgot to tell you. He is terribly nice to me and you now gives something to my allowance.

Then Mr. Ganz, Lutherstr 26. He is nicer than ever to me and you know what that means. No need to tell you to advertise him as much as possible (he is going to America next year) for you have always done that but it would be a fine thing to send him a card once in a while and tell him if his songs have success.

Then one more - send Mr. Lesser something for Christmas. A little calendar, a silver lead pencil or anything to let him know you remembered him. You cannot imagine how the Germans appreciate little attentions like that. Just before leaving last summer I wrote to two of my teachers at the Hochschule saying 'good bye?' They received me terribly cordially this fall and I am sure will be nice to me the whole winter just because I did that. You will have to do these things for me because you are the only one in the family these people know and it is the only way I have of showing them that we appreciate what they are doing for me. You know you made a big hit with them and then too they are happy as children when they get a picture of a skyscraper or something which doesn't exist in Germany.

Of course they think the Americans are crazy but are mighty interested in the country.

INCOMPLETE LETTER

Berlin Nov. 16 '09
1909

Dear Folks,-

Of course you are anxious to know if I am completely recovered from my sick spell so I must tell you right in the beginning that things are going on as usual and I am able to start my lessons feeling much better than ever. A sick spell has its good sides; as I lay in bed feeling miserable and thinking of the time that was being lost, my nerves relaxed and my mind had a rest from the usual strain of my many lessons. Lying in bed weakens one but one gets up with a tremendous appetite and gains a couple of pounds a day. I spent several days in my room after being able to be up as the air is very raw and I was afraid of catching cold.

The day after my birthday Mr. Lesser called for me in an automobile. I put two overcoats and several mufflers on and went to his house for dinner. He brought me home that evening and I felt none the worse for the first excursion. He came the day before that and wanted me to come as it was originally planned to have me spend my birthday there, but it snowed and I was afraid to stir out.

I felt stronger every day and went to a concert last night. It was a performance of the b minor mass of Bach by the Philharmonic chorus. I left after the Credo as I did not wish to be out late the first night. The chorus was immense and was supported by the orchestra and organ.

It seemed queer to hear the Gloria at night and to see the people sit up at the Et Incarnatus and then a storm of applause after the Credo. But the mass is so difficult it could not be sung by a church choir and is too long. The Kyrie lasts at least a half hour.

Mr. Ganz has been in Switzerland for two weeks. I received a card from him from Zurich this morning. It must be fine to make such a concert tour and visit Switzerland. In America you are jarred to pieces by the fast trains and travel sometimes a couple of days without a rest but ~~th~~ here the trains take their time and the distances are not very long.

It has suddenly become winter here. Every morning there is ice on the street and the youngsters are having a great time sliding. It all happened while I was sick and was a big surprise. It never becomes as cold as at home and seldom snows.

Received Mary's letter yesterday. It is too bad about St. Mary's choir and a scandal that that beautiful organ is unused so seldom. What ever you do don't have anything to do with it - let Father McNamee get Nellie Sexton or Bessie Lennon. Anyone will suit him provided it doesn't cost much. It will look as though you schemed to get Tony out who really has little tact but who could be waked up by a good talk from Fr. McNamee.

I received an announcement of Loretto Lennon's wedding. It was nice of them to send it and I'll write them immediately. Does Annie see Miss Peterson often? I have not seen Edna for a long time. She is taking good care of herself so as to be in trim for her concert. I shall not play in Berlin this winter although it seems every one is giving a concert. Most of them are unwise in doing it for they will not be noticed and must give their good money out just the same.

Mrs Ganz's concert is postponed indefinitely. It was given out that she is sick but the poor thing was really so frightened that her voice left her. She has not sung for years and is fearfully nervous anyway so she probably did right in refusing to sing. Of course it is a big loss - Mr. Ganz told me there was a fine house and of course the hall and other expenses were paid in advance.

I wrote to Carl yesterday. I feel sorry for him and Miss Sjostet. They will have a hard time making a living. It is really tremendous how America has changed in a musical way. A few years ago a musician made piles of money and it was no trick to get engagements. Now it is almost as difficult to get along there as in Europe. I am sure I would have scarcely anything to do if I tried to make my way there now. All the well known musicians in Europe are flocking there and are crowding the young ones off the earth. I tell you I would like to get a good position at the Chicago Musical College. They pay well and advertise their people to perfection. The last day I was in Chicago I went to see the Ziegfelds and was talking to the Doctor and one of his sons. They have engaged a pianist from Berlin, Anton Foerster, but I am afraid he will not make a big success. Mr. Lesser told me he doesn't amount to much.

Mr. Ganz has his first class lesson next Thursday. I would like to play but can not on account of not having practiced any for two weeks. He arrived in town this morning and I intend going to see him tomorrow.

As a matter of course I have nothing important to write about on account of not being anyplace. I am invited to several parties next week and will tell you about them next time I write. Be sure and write Mr. Lesser a Christmas letter.

Lovingly
Ed.

Berlin
Nov. 25 '09.
1909

Dear Folks,-

I generally write on Monday but this time it is Thursday. It seems when Monday is gone the whole week is lost and as I am again up to the ears in work I haven't time to count the days and from Monday to Monday seems like one day. It is the old story of how the time flies and with no outlook of arriving at anything.

I had a piano lesson this morning - the first one since I have been sick. Mr. Ganz teaches from 9 to 2 everyday and I have my lesson generally at 9. With his 33 pupils and his own work he has nearly enough to do. Yesterday I visited Mrs. Ganz and played for her. It seems in the last year I have drifted away from them completely.

Of course the first year in Europe I was completely green and Mr. Ganz had to take care of me and so I saw him almost everyday. But now it is different; I have a circle of friends among the Germans and as I speak the language and know the country, I am able to do everything myself. Then he is very busy and I don't dare run up and see him anytime I feel like it.

Of course Mrs. Ganz is not so busy and so I go any see her once in a while. It would be terrible to have Mr. Ganz think I was indifferent in the face of his giving me lessons for nothing; the other pupils pay their good 30 marks an hour. Mrs. Ganz is a keen critic and I can learn a lot by playing for her often.

I have not seen Mr. Lesser for several days. I seldom go to a concert with him as indeed I don't go alone either. I find that it is much better to stay home evenings; I sleep better than when I come out of a magnificent concert so excited that I think of it the whole night. It is too bad to cut out all the beautiful concerts but it will pay in the end. I can go to the Philharmonic concerts which take place every two weeks and are on Sundays at 12, and to the concerts in the opera house which are at noon on week days.

I was at two parties this week - Tuesday and Wednesday and enjoyed myself immensely both evenings. Wednesday was an engagement - I accompanied a violinist and was paid for it besides having a good time. I am a little tired today and shall be glad to go to bed early tonight. I had a letter from Mr. Tewksbury this morning. He is grand to me of course, and I am mighty glad.

Kate did me a good turn in giving him two tickets for Schumann-Heink's concert in Brooklyn. He was there with a friend and was delighted. He is going to the Philippines next month to be gone about a year and says he will send me some post cards. Of course he reads the Courier and saw my criticism which however didn't make any effect on him; he tried to explain to me how it was overdone etc., hoping to cheer me up - as if I thought twice about the thing. Mr. Ganz informed me this morning that the said lady is not with the Courier any more.

Mr. Hubbard wrote me c/o Mr. Ganz saying how sorry he was not to have heard my recital; at the time he was in the Orient and my letter was forwarded to him at Yokohama. He was in Berlin for a day about three weeks ago but missed seeing Mr. Ganz.

Received Ann's letter a couple of days ago. The account of Charlie's doings was great. The fellow isn't bad but hasn't horse sense. He could be much worse if he were sly. Don't worry about his humiliating you. Every family has some trouble and for that reason no one can say anything. No one can be accountable for another's doings and as you all can look any one straight in the face, you have nothing to worry about.

I played in the orchestra at the Hochschule Tuesday for the first time since I have been sick. It seemed fine to be back in old time form and beat the drums so as to nearly burst the skin on them. There is a new director at the Hochschule - a man of great energy and almost American enterprise. He has a concert every week and has everyone in the neighborhood of the school flying.

Kahn is too nice to me, he has me for an extra private lesson every Monday afternoon and when I come Mrs Kahn must run and get a lunch for me.

I have just come from my organ lesson; my old teacher is very nice but an old fashioned professor and he rather bores me at times. I don't have much time to practice the organ so my lessons aren't extra well prepared.

I was interrupted by my pupil - a young chap who has a lesson with Ganz every two weeks and one with me. I am what you would call preparatory teacher for Mr. G.

I must hustle and get this off so you won't worry your heads off.
Lovingly Ed.

Berlin
Dec. 1 '09.
1909

Dear Folks,-

It is wonderful when I think that today is the first of December. It seems like last week that I stepped off the 'Deutschland' at Cuxhaven and started a new year of work. Why Christmas will be here before we know it and then spring and summer.

Received a letter from Mary this week. I read about the mine catastrophe at Spring Valley and then how 70 of the miners saved themselves by building a wall under the earth and living there 8 days with nothing to eat but chewing tobacco. There were long articles about it in the German papers; the Germans say that the way these men saved themselves was typical American and it could only happen in America.

It will be nice if Kate can be home for Thanksgiving. Mr. Lesser and I wrote her a card last week c/o Wolfsohn. Traveling like she is must be interesting for a while but frightful in the long run. One hasn't time to collect himself until one is in another part of the country seeing new things. Of course I suppose Kate is so blasé that ~~any~~ every town is the same to her and as she is a powerful eater and can fall asleep at anytime and under any conditions, it is not so hard on her as it would be one one of us. A year ago tonight Schumann Heink gave a concert in Berlin; I remember it perfectly - Mr. Lesser and I were there and we were quite pleased with Kate's appearance. After the concert we all had supper together.

I was at Mr. Lesser's Sunday. There was an old violinist there who was concertmeister at the opera house for 30 years. He is about 70 now and deaf as a post. In spite of that he would play a sonata with me and I had a time of it. In the first place he tuned the violin much too high and then as he could hear neither himself nor the piano I had to do some jumping. There were quite a few people there and of course they were amused.

Went to a concert at the Hochschule a few nights ago. It was the first concert I have heard for a long time; I mean an Evening concert - Sunday noon I was at the philharmonic and heard Busoni as Soloist. Some way I have lost my respect for him. A few years ago I thought he was a god and could not think of any pianist who could compare with him, but now I think he is silly. Of course he is still Busoni and knows as much as any of them but he has become so eccentric and does the most amateurish things. He is a fearful poser and in this line makes a typical Italian impression.

Yesterday was the orchestra lesson at the Hochschule. I have quite a little routine now and feel quite at home demolishing the kettle drums.

We have had awful weather the whole month of November. It has snowed or rained nearly every day and snow in Berlin is most disagreeable thing you can imagine. Snow at home is beautiful; it is cold and dry and the fresh air makes one lively, but here the snow is always mixed with cold rain and the snow may be a foot deep and it is still warm enough to make everything wet. That was the kind of weather we had when I got out of bed after my sick spell. Had it been fine I could have gone out the first day but I had to hang around in my room for several days which is much worse than being in bed, especially as I couldn't study.

I haven't received the socks yet but about two weeks ago had a letter from the post office authorities in Washington telling me to send fifteen cents for postage. The package was at the dead letter office and will be here this week. It appears funny there should not be enough postage on it for you would surely not ship a package without asking a post office official if it were all right.

I wrote to Karl lately and to Mr. Schager. If you see Carl tell him to write me I intend to write to Dr. Moody and to Dr. Simon this week.

Lovingly Ed.

Berlin
Dec. 16 '09
1909

Dear Folks,-

You are to be envied with your spring weather. We have had winter since the first of November with frozen windows every morning and heavy black clouds the whole day. When a stray ray of sunlight does happen to break through for a moment everyone runs to the window to see it. The gas is lit at 3:30 in the afternoon and put out about 8:30 in the morning. But the weather cannot be of any account to anyone living in a big city. Even if a beautiful day should come I haven't time to enjoy it - that is to go walking in the country you must go so far before you really are in the country that the whole day is taken up. But in the country it is fine when you can go out of the house and step into a woods or open field.

Too bad I haven't anything exciting to tell you; for instance like last time when I conducted the orchestra. But such big events take place very seldom; this really was a big event for when I conduct at any future time I shall have to think about that first time. I am anxious to see how it will be the next time - if I shall feel more at home or be just as excited. There is a two weeks vacation at the Hochschule at Christmas time but I think I'll have a chance soon after.

Dec. 17.

Yesterday afternoon was class lesson at Ganz's. Only three pupils played - two young men besides myself. I played some pieces by Brahms and the others played Beethoven Sonaten. Mr. Ganz was quite pleased and said it was a red letter day for me.

In the evening I went to a party which lasted until 2 a.m. I didn't have such a good time as there were many older people there, and the principal amusement was dancing which I cannot do.

This morning I went to the symphony concert in the Opera House. Strauss was in fine form and conducted magnificently. A new symphony by Count Hochberg was performed. He is one of the principal figures in Berlin society and composes on the side. I have my doubts when a society man composes and they increase to fears when he is a noble. The symphony was of no account and was hissed. Strauss was furious as Hochberg is a friend of his and formerly manager of the opera. I don't think it was right of the people to hiss for Hochberg did so much for the opera in Berlin - spent the best years of his life working for it, and then in his old age to receive such a nasty reception was cruel.

This afternoon was the last orchestra lesson until Jan 4. The next two weeks will be a great relief and I shall have a chance to recover from the overdose of lessons and be fresh when the school opens again. I have lesson every day and hardly time to prepare them not to speak of time to digest all I hear.

Jamieson is probably coming to Berlin soon. I have misused the poor fellow worse than ever lately. He wrote about two weeks ago asking me to advertise for a studio and find a use for him as he wants to live here for a couple of weeks, but I never moved to do it and never answered his letter. So tonight he telegraphs me from Nurenberg begging me to telegraph him why I don't write and if I have found the studio. His plans are all upset just through my negligence. Of course I have been terribly busy lately and didn't have the time to run around, and had so much on my mind without that, that I let it drop purposely. He has some friends here for which I am glad for I haven't the time to entertain him. He may not come at all after my ignoring him so.

I hope you won't spend much money on Christmas presents. It is a foolish custom.
Above all I hope you have it sent me anything.

Lovingly Ed.

INCOMPLETE

[No date but fits in with 1909- JEC]

DEC. 1909

Dear Folks,-

It is over a week since I wrote but the Christmas holidays are not to be counted. On those days it is impossible to do anything and it is terribly tiresome here because they celebrate three days. The feast begins at six o'clock in the evening on the day before Christmas. Promptly at six all the Christmas trees are lighted, the family assembles around it, sings 'Holy Night' and distributes the presents. The Germans stick the tree in front of a big window so when you walk down the street you have a row on either side. It is pretty and gives a Christmas spirit to things. Of course every family has a tree according to their means: that is a rich family has a big tree and a poor one a tree sometimes a foot high and with two candles on it. If an old man lives alone he has a little tree all for himself. 'Every family' means every Christian family; the Jews are fearfully against it. They had a big feast about a week ago and there was great lighting of candles and singing of responses at Mr. Lesser's and in all Jewish families. They wouldn't allow their children to have a tree even if the youngsters were dying for it.

Jamieson arrived suddenly last Sunday; I didn't expect him as he telegraphed me from Jena 'what was the matter' and I was still too lazy to go to the telegraph office. In spite of the fact that I hadn't advertised for the studio he was bound to paint my portrait so the following day we walked around and after much trouble found exactly what he wanted. We are in the middle of it now, I have sat five times - 2 hours every morning - and shall sit a week longer. It is fearfully tiresome and I'll see that I never get into such a thing again but this time I shall stick to the finish. A friend of Jamieson, Mr. Poole, arrived a few days ago and intends copying in the National Gallery for a few weeks. We all went to Opera last night - 'Faust' was given.

All the presents arrived and a great array they made. The cuff-buttons are beauties - plain and heavy, which means a great deal. Mary gave me a pair about [?] years ago and I have them still but it is great to have two pair to be able to change off once in a while. It was a great idea of Ann's to send me the pocket book - every man should have one for visiting cards etc., so I feel quite manly. Delia's ties also arrived in perfect condition. I suppose she worries

INCOMPLETE

1910

Berlin

Jan 8, '10
1910

Dear Folks,-

Just got in from Mr. Ganz's recital. It was his first recital this year and was a big success. I never heard him in better form so you can imagine how well he played. I did not go into the artist's room after the concert because there was such a crowd of society people in there and where they are I cannot go, much as I would have enjoyed congratulating Mr. Ganz. It is a bad habit of mine, I know; one needs only to shake hands with him and say I enjoyed it and it is over. But somehow I can't stand it and am delighted when I am out of the hall. Of course all of Mr. Ganz's pupils were talking to him after and he probably missed me. I have a lesson tomorrow morning and can see him then to tell him how fine it was.

The socks arrived yesterday in a sorry looking plight. They were not torn but looked all tangled up and sticking out of the wrapper on all sides. It took long enough for them to arrive but I appreciate them more just for that reason. Of course I don't need them (?). Mr. Lesser's present has not arrived but I am hoping it will be here soon. He is so appreciative - even the post card delighted him. It was a bright idea of Ann's to think of Mr. Ganz too and Fräulein Müller.

I sent no post cards at New Years which is a terrible thing. I bought the cards but simply didn't have the character to sit down and write them.

I got some nice presents for Christmas besides the ones you sent. Mr. Lesser gave me a beautiful stick pin, Mrs. Ganz gave me 10 marks (!) and an Italian countess whom I met on the Deutschland sent me a picture from Rome. Another lady gave me a sofa pillow and the people at whose home I was Christmas eve gave me a bottle of wine (the usual Christmas present in Germany), a tie and a cake.

New Years Eve I was with Mr. Lesser at a little party. It was rather tiresome as the principal pleasure consisted in waiting until the clock struck twelve and then congratulating every one on the New Year. It was terribly exciting. We left soon after twelve and I went home to bed. That was rather unusual for me on New Years for every other year I have been down town all night. Last year Kate and I were together and went around visiting cafes until 4 A.M. It is terribly rough in the down town district; nearly every one is intoxicated and the police have no control. I thought I would show it to Kate last year other wise I should not have gone. I had been there twice before that and when you have seen it once there is nothing new to be seen.

Absolutely nothing of importance has happened this week. the Hochschule is in the usual running order and I am there nearly every day. It is a wonder I don't arrive at something with all my studying. But that is the way with art- you study for years with out reaching anything when suddenly your work seems to come together and you find yourself an artist.

That is the way it will be with me. I shall find what I am looking for all of a sudden. Of course that is the way it appears; I am improving every day and my success will be the result of a fearfully slow development which is so slow that I can scarcely notice it. But better slow and sure than quick and not lasting. So many young musicians make a sensation on their first appearance and then sink into oblivion after the second. A young pianist played here this week who last year was heralded as the coming one. After his performance the other night the critics and public were disgusted and he got such bad criticisms that he will scarcely be able to live them down.

Jamieson's portrait of me is finished and I am delighted with it. He left last Sunday for Munich and as it wasn't dry, couldn't take it with him so I sent it to him today. He was disgusted with his stay in Berlin as well he might have been. I saw

him only in the morning when I went to sit and was either invited out in the evening or had work to do at him so that he had to amuse himself as best he could.

The German papers give long accounts of the cold and snow in America. It must be fierce. We have fine weather now; once in a while there comes a cold day but it is generally dry and oh joy! the days are becoming brighter.

I am trying to compose a little but it is not succeeding very well.

Mary must surely go to the Central School. Even going through town is a little change every day.

Lovingly Ed.

Berlin
Jan. 18, '10
1910

Dear Folks,-

It was quite a shock yesterday to get two newsy letters from home. Mary hadn't written in a long time [???] Delia made her debut in that line this year. The announcement of Carl's marriage is no surprise - to the contrary, he had a pile of nerve to wait so long in Joliet where every inhabitant is a gossip by profession. I feel sorry for him in a way. The girl is, of course, much above him and will certainly have a good effect upon him but he'll get tired of her.

I have done no studying, to speak of, during the last week. It has been one of those slacking up periods which come over me once in a while. I feel perfectly well at these times but have no pleasure from my work. Then suddenly I go to a great concert and get an incentive to start out again.

There was a concert at the Hochschule last night in honor of Prof. [Rudo?] [one?] of the patriarchs in Berlin musical circles. I played the tympani for the first time in public. It was rather exciting and I was very nervous in the beginning for fear of coming in at the wrong time. I received my baptism of fire, as the Germans say about any first experience. After the concert (which began at 6 p.m.) I ate supper with Mr. Lesser. He has received nothing from you although I have told him Annie sent a little remembrance. I asked Kate to send him something at Christmas [???] she didn't do it. You must have had a fine time [???] and her family. I can't understand how she [???] keep up this traveling; to go over the same ground several times must be fearful. Frank is [mighty easy to stand?] it. I wish Kate would get tired of it sometime and have Schumann Heink take me for a year or two. It would be a fine beginning in America for me and I would have the delicious feeling of earning something and being independent.

I went to 'Madame Butterfly' at the Opera Friday evening. It was well given and was especially interesting as the principal parts were sung by Americans. That is very appropriate as most of the characters in the play are Americans. It is the first [opera?] of any account which mentions America in the [text?] and is for that reason a novelty. But Puccini owes America a great deal and is doing right in showing it. I am sure from now on the scenes of many plays will be laid in the United States. It would give the country an artistic reputation which at present, it lacks.

I have heard about the troubles the Chicago Orchestra is having. It seems too bad that things which have stood for years can be thrown over in a moment. Kramer certainly deserved something better [than?] dismissal after the many years he has slaved there.

A young man in Berlin, Harry Weisbach, has been offered the position of second concertmeister. He is quite a friend of mine - we have played together. It does not seem [exactly?] right that he is going in over the heads of [???] and other older players (the chap is 22) but he has influential friends and [plays?] better.

You should hear Busoni and see him - for to see him is almost as much as to hear him. I think he is the most striking looking man I have ever seen. Mr. Ganz is regretting that he is not in America this year; Carrenus and Busoni [being?] the only ones there? have too much to do and so he would have had a fine season.

I was at his home this afternoon. It was class lesson day and the scene of much vicious playing on the part of the pupils.

According to the German papers you are all freezing. It makes me shiver to think of the wind that comes down from the direction of Chicago and goes to the very marrow. [I can?] almost feel that stiff breeze that cuts your face [???] when you go toward Michigan Ave. It seldom becomes very cold in Berlin, which is a blessing for nearly

every one. There is steam heat in the new houses but a German stove is no good in zero weather. I think I have described it to you several times. When I say to my landlady that my room isn't warm enough she puts [her?] hand on the stove and says '[???' stove is warm'.

It has poured rain for several days and has been quite warm so it will not be long until we have grass. You see I have to talk about the weather to fill up a couple of pages.

The criticism of St. Mary's Christmas music was magnificent - particularly the account of how the director 'switched his choir on in the finale.' It was quite a surprise to hear of Delia's being at a ball. Nothing of the kind has happened in our family for years.

Don't let Mrs. Collins tear down the house when she is tearing down the wall paper.
Lovingly Ed.

INCOMPLETE

Berlin Jan. 31 '10
1910

Dear Folks,—

I really can't remember when I wrote last, it may be two weeks, in which case I hope you aren't worried. I don't keep track of the days any more.

There has been no letter from you for quite a while — not since the one describing the charity ball. I manage to write to Dr. Simon and Florence Peterson last week and am congratulating myself on the achievement. I don't think I have written ten letters this year outside of those to Joliet. Kate is doing great work in that line this year. She has sent cards to all my friends and they are delighted. Mrs. Kahn sent for her address to day— she wishes to thank her for two cards Kate sent lately.

The Kaiser's 51st birthday was last week and among the many celebrations was a concert in the Hochschule in which I played the tympani for the second time in public. Of course I am now terribly blasé now that I have played twice; it has lost its coolness and I am as cool as a veteran.

I saw a marionette play to night for the first time in my life. Mr. Lesser was with and also saw one for the first time although he is 52 years old. I enjoyed it immensely; the first part was an operetta by Pergolesi and was most interesting. Pergolesi lived in the first half of the 18th century so the music reminds one of Haydn or Mozart. The dolls on the stage were manipulated perfectly and it was often hard to believe that they were not doing the singing and speaking. There was something so old fashioned about the whole affair— the men dolls wore powdered wigs and the women hoops and the little orchestra played so quaintly. On such an occasion one sees how the times have changed and how the past faded away without leaving any impression.

Tuesday Evening

Today was rather busy for me; I had a lesson in score reading this morning at the Hochschule. Rushed back to a rehearsal at 3, played the timpani at a 'Lohengrin' rehearsal from 4 to 5 and then went to a tea at Ganz's. This last was very nice because there were very few people there and we had a nice chat and a little music. I went over to Gaynor's this Evening for the first time this year, but ~~staid~~ [stayed] only a few minutes as they were going out. Mrs. Gaynor is a good soul and I would go over often but for lack of time. She seems to be doing a land office business with her songs for the three (two daughters) are going on a trip which

INCOMPLETE

INCOMPLETE

Berlin Feb. 8 '10
1910

Dear Folks,-

I suppose you are all ready for Lent; have decided what you will fast from etc. In our family Lent always meant more on account of the church music to be prepared. It is a strenuous time for organists. Today is the climax of the carnival in Germany. In most towns it lasts for a couple of weeks and during that time the people go crazy. Berlin is of course too big for such a thing it would be very dangerous here but for instance, in Munich it is the big event of the year. Jamieson told me all about it when he was here. The people [go out on the?] the streets with the most outlandish costumes and try to do freakish things. Houses are all open and a stranger may make a visit anyplace. Fancy receiving a stranger in a hideous costume and having to entertain and feed him. It would be a great thing for the tramps in America. There are dances, street parades and confetti battles tonight and the whole town will be wild. The Germans don't give in to Lent without a struggle. I am invited to Mr. Lesser's to a musicale tonight. Of course it will be very indecent (?) there listening to Beethoven and Mozart.

I accompanied at a concert in the Hochschule and last Sunday evening and earned 25 marks. It was what you would call a peoples' concert. These are impossible in America because the common people there aren't interested in music, but in Germany they are a necessity. The admission is very little and the hall is always packed. On week day evenings there are free concerts for workers and they are always filled. One evening it is for house servants, then again for waiters, or [drivers?] etc. The people come a half hour ahead of time and are delighted with themselves.

Once a week there are concerts in the Philharmonic for the German youth. The Philharmonic orchestra plays the best music and poor school children are admitted for almost nothing. No wonder music is understood [here?]

[Then later?] I am [going?] to play at the class lesson at Ganz's. I enjoy them immensely because it is [???] opportunity to get routine and then it is the only chance I have of meeting Americans. It is more of a strain to play for your colleagues than to play in public for it is a kind of competition and every one is anxious to be the best. Mr. Ganz is getting quite an international class now. There are even a few Germans there which is the best sign. When American students come to Berlin they study only with some one who is known in America and that is why all those who have played in America have so many American pupils. Then as Mr. Ganz charges so much, it is almost impossible for him to have many Germans.

INCOMPLETE

INCOMPLETE

Berlin Wed. Feb. 23. 1910.

Dear Folks,-

I should have written this Monday at the latest but waited, hoping to give an interesting account of my second appearance as conductor, which appearance took place at the Hochschule today. But the charm, which anything, done the first time, has, was not there. I was not even nervous and it was my nervousness which made the thing so spicy last time. Then too, the delicious experience of feeling foolish ~~failed~~ was not present today - in fact I felt very blasé and much like an old conductor who wishes to retire.

I scarcely uttered a word because the teacher stood near me and saw fit to make all the corrections necessary besides conducting with me a good part of the time. But still it was a valuable experience and will come to my aid next time. I saw today how much I learned the first time.

Was at the theatre with Mr. Lesser tonight. It is such an agreeable change off from concert going especially as there are such fine actors in Berlin. I should so like to hear a good play in English; I have never heard one in my life so I can't imagine how it is. German has become my mother tongue and another language on the stage would sound very strange to me. It is a great pity that there is no time to study French. I speak no better than when I came and see no chance of learning it. Have Annie and Cele started their French lessons with Mrs. Fallburg?

Harry Weisbach, the new sub-concertmeister, sailed for America Sunday. I was talking to him last week; he seemed quite delighted with his prospects as well he may. If you should happen to meet him he will tell you all about me and our playing together. He seems to have a big pull with the orchestra trustees as he has already played there and has been supported in Europe by a wealthy Chicago man.

I read in the paper that Mahler and Weiss pounded each other at a rehearsal in New York. They are both dangerous men and when two such come together there must be pounding. To begin with Weiss is kind of crazy from over work and dissipating. He causes more trouble and scandalous talk in Germany than all the other musicians together, which is saying a good deal. Mahler is a fearfully nervous man and with his vicious temper is getting into scrapes the whole time. It is not easy for musicians to get along, when we play chamber music at Mr. Lesser's there is always the danger of the thing's ending in blows. When you are playing, your nerves are at a high pitch and when some one

INCOMPLETE

Berlin

March 16. 1910.

Dear Folks,-

Every time I write a piece of winter is gone and when you get this letter the cold will have surely left you. I despise the winter and if I had the money should go to Palermo or Algiers during the cold months. I don't know which is worse, the freezing cold in America or the icy rain in Berlin. When it rains it is not so cold but still you shiver, we had no winter here - nothing but rain and dark days. Some friends of mine just arrived from Italy and are delighted to get back to warm Berlin; they nearly froze to death in Rome! They say there are no stoves there. But now is the time the people are going to Rome. They all want to be there for Easter. It must be fine to go to high mass Easter Sunday in St. Peter's Church. Thousands go just for that.

I called on Mrs. Staehle about a week ago. I had never met her but had seen her often and so her face seemed familiar. I met Francis once at Mrs. Dr. Werners about five years ago but of course, she has changed from a kid to a young lady in that time. They are both very nice and have traveled quite a good deal. It seemed funny to talk with Daly's neighbors and to hear Mrs. Staehle tell how Mrs. Daly gave the youngsters candy. When the old lady was not able to walk to our house and give me the buttons and hit upon the Staehle girls as my successors and kept them supplied. I feel kind of sorry for the Staehles; something must be wrong that the family is so divided. When Marie was here it was not so bad for Mrs. Staehle, for Marie was so lively and made things interesting by practicing the piano half the day. But here are these two women, Francis going to school, and Mrs. Staehle sitting home trying to kill time. Of course they haven't a piano so their lives must be rather tiresome.

Since I last wrote I have conducted twice and with more success each time. It is really becoming interesting now that I have a little routine and don't hesitate to stop the orchestra and try, for instance, the celli alone at a difficult place. As they are all students and haven't much experience in orchestral playing, they must be interrupted every little while. You must remember that this is the 'little orchestra.' There are two at the School the big one in which I play the tympani, and this little one, made up of very young players. Yesterday we had an overture by Beethoven. First we played it, stopping at difficult places and polishing them up, and then, at the end, from start to finish without interruption. That is as much as one can do in the time (one hour). The lesson lasts two hours but there are always two conductors and the other gets impatient if I take any over time. I am afraid the director will not let me conduct so often next semester. Mr. Lesser was talking to him lately and asked him to have me as often as possible, and so that is the reason why I have ~~th~~ conducted the last three times in succession.

Last week I was at a musical evening at Mrs Gaynor's. She and her daughters played and sang their own compositions which are not very deep but clever. They sang 'The Slumber Boat' as a trio. There were 80 people there - mostly all Americans. A chap said 'good evening' to me and introduced himself as Howard Wells of Chicago. Of course I was glad to see him but he is a terribly tiresome fellow and I imagine a pretty fierce player. I am going to call on him soon; Mrs. Wells is also here. (That is Mrs. Wells of lecture recital fame)

It is interesting for me to meet these musicians whom I knew when I was a youngster. For instance. I met Howard Wells at the musical convention in Joliet about seven years ago. Then I looked up to him as to an old man and a great musician. When I talked to him the other evening he seemed like a pal of mine - in fact I felt much older than he. These American musicians don't know the conditions in Europe; they play the piano pretty well but have no idea of music in general and, when Mr. Wells talked so naively and innocently about his 'work' and his debut in Berlin next winter, I felt like giving him some fatherly advice and describing the danger to

which a young musician, contemplating an appearance in Berlin, is exposed. The main point is that one is able to grow. He always was and always will be 'Howard Wells of the American Conservatory.'

Monday was class lesson day at Ganz's. I had a lesson at Kahn's just before and, as the Hochschule is quite a distance, came an hour late to Mr. Ganz but however, not too late to play some variations for two pianos by Brahms with him.

I told him about Wagner's wanting me for next winter with Kocian and he laughed at it. In the first place Wagner has no money and Kocian no personality. We would open in San Francisco with a brilliant fiasco and the tour would suddenly be called off. Of course it would be fine to be with Schumann Heink but I am afraid of her reliability. She might be disappointed with my playing in the first concert and let me go without thinking twice about it.

The American art exhibition opened in Berlin today. I hope it will be a success which is hardly to be expected, as it will suffer by comparison with the English exhibition of last year and the French which ended last week. However it is a good beginning and as the same pictures will be exhibited in the principal cities of Europe there is a chance that they will leave an impression.

The Hochschule closes Saturday evening with a concert; the vacation lasts three weeks. However I shall have my lessons with Ganz and Kahn during that time which means that I shall not be idle. Mr. Lesser thought it a good joke (the 'bill book' as you call it). You have his postal card, by this time. Write him a souvenir card once in a while so as to keep even with Kate.

Lovingly Ed.

Mr. Martin Lesser Genthine Str. 37

Berlin
April 5. 1910

Dear Folks,-

As there are exceptions to every rule, it can happen that I write oftener than once a week. However the last letter was several days late so I must get this off immediately to even things up.

I am rather lonesome for the Hochschule to begin. Although I have more peace and can work with more concentration when it is closed, I miss the excitement of seeing so many music students tearing wildly around with music rolls. It is also rather exhilarating to play in the orchestra and have the prospect of conducting once in a while.

Friday I had a piano lesson with Ganz, and yesterday theory with Kahn. My lessons with the latter are becoming quite interesting now, I am studying the fugue and entertaining hopes of understanding it some day. I also have the pleasure (?) of accompanying Mrs. Kahn once a week. She is very nice and that is what tides me over the hour for her singing is a torture.

Gregorowitch was here and is gone again. I did not meet him, as he did not come to the party that evening, but I went to his concert which was a passable success. I was surprised at his appearance, instead of looking the artistic and dissipated fellow that I had pictured him, he is fresh and jovial. His playing was quite a disappointment, Mr. Lesser had told me that he seldom practiced and of course that is a bad sign; however I was expecting him to play like a genius anyway. But since his last appearance here he has married and taught for years in a conservatory where he has vegetated and become a ~~professor~~ professor.

A young lady from Boston and pupil of Mr. Ganz makes her debut with orchestra tomorrow night. That is the third time this winter that a pupil of Mr. Ganz has come out. Mr. G. would like to have me play but Mr. Lesser is rather against it. I am rather neutral; sometimes I would like to play and again I am rather afraid. Miss Peterson's playing is in a way, more finished than mine although I have much more talent. But she is ready (as the Germans say), that is she has gone as far as she will go and of course, then it is time to begin. The more talent one had, the longer it takes to mature for talent is simply raw material which must be worked into shape. I have shown (at least my teachers say) great talent in all branches of music - piano playing, conducting, composing etc, and to gather this all in is what is keeping me down. At 22 Mr. Ganz accepted the position as director of the piano department at the Chicago Musical College.

If I had studied and finished High School instead of playing ball and running around the streets I might know more now but I should probably have ruined my health.

Am going to a concert this evening which will be great. The great Mottl is going to conduct and Lilli Lehmann is the soloist. She can't sing much now but it is interesting to hear her and think what she used to be. She is the creator of many of the Wagnerian roles and was a favorite of Wagner. He wrote her many interesting letters which enterprising book dealers are trying to get hold of, but she will not give them up. Lehmann is about 70 years old now but singing all over the continent. These great artists can not retire but keep giving concerts until they fall over. But in America that would be impossible; there the people don't think of what an artist used to be but throw him over board the moment he starts to go down hill. When Joachim was 75 he was playing at nearly all of the music festivals in Germany and, although he played fearfully, the people howled with delight at the bravery of the old fellow. They didn't hear his vicious performance but imagined they were hearing him in his best years.

I started eating in a pension (boarding house) a couple of days ago. It is the place I came to with Mr. Ganz when I first came to Berlin. My landlady had been cooking for me but told me lately that it was too much for her; so I started eating in restaurants but didn't keep it up long as I can stand only home cooking. In the boarding house it is much nicer as there is an interesting lot of people and all eating at the same table. There are about 20 there and among them Swedes, French, Americans and Germans.

Roosevelt is certainly being entertained like a king. He arrives in Berlin in May and promises to be the man of the hour. The Kaiser has planned something for every moment of Teddy's time and has arranged the smallest detail perfectly. For instance: he has ordered the court band to practice up some American airs to play at the big dinner in Roosevelt's honor.

Mr. Ganz will soon be leaving Berlin to play at the May Festivals in Switzerland. Besides in several other cities he plays in Zurich; it must be a satisfaction to him to be engaged for concerts in his home city every year. Zurich is a beautiful city but I have no pleasant remembrances of my stay there two years ago. That whole summer is like a bad dream. When I think of it I can't believe that it all happened.

My mind is a blank now; I simply haven't a thought so the easiest thing to do is to stop writing right now.

Lovingly Ed.

I am glad you are getting out to some concerts.

Berlin
April 21 1910.

Dear Folks,-

Today is my ideal day for writing letters - it is pouring rain. Every one likes rainy weather in spring for a certain reason: for instance, Ann likes to sleep on such mornings. When it rains in spring one has, at least, the prospect of brighter flowers and greener grass afterwards, but winter rains mean colds and grippe. I like to sit at the window and watch an April shower; every few minutes it becomes brighter until the sun finally breaks through; then it darkens and pours. You can almost see the grass growing.

Night before last we had the first thunder storm of the season. The two days before, it was very hot (88° Fahr.) so the whole night we had a regular American electric storm. I love a storm at night when the lighting is not too near. The thunder is glorious especially the long claps that run along the horizon and last for minutes it seems.

You will be surprised to hear that I am studying conducting with Max Bruch. A couple of weeks ago I told Mr. Lesser how I should like to have these lessons and of course, he found the means of getting them for me. He wrote to Mr. Levy (the old man who, on account of bad eyes, dictates compositions to me) asking him to recommend me. Bruch is an old friend of Levy so a better help couldn't be imagined. Without the letter I should have no chance whatever for the old man (Bruch) is not well and anyway is retiring at the end of this semester. I am sure Mr. Levy wrote a beautiful letter for Bruch's manner toward me changed entirely after he had read it. He didn't say he would take me the first day but asked time to consider it, telling me to come a week later. Of course, to keep the applicant in doubt is in the business although I knew he would take me on the strength of the recommendations.

He immediately wrote to Mr. Levy saying 'of course he would take me.' Levy was in Switzerland at the time but wrote to Mr. Lesser, who in turn, told me the news. So this week, when I went to Bruch to inquire after his decision, I knew the whole thing in advance and laughed in my sleeve when he scratched his head wondering if he could take me. Yesterday was the first lesson. There are three of us in the class - the other two Germans. I felt rather ridiculous at the lesson yesterday; he first showed us how to conduct 3/4, 4/4 and the other kinds of time, then we had to do it after him. You have to imagine you are conducting a big orchestra and give all the cues. Bruch plays the piece on the piano and when it is time for the trumpets to come in you make a motion, for instance, at the door. When the horns are to enter you cut the air in the direction of the electric bell on the wall. Then he has arranged some chairs which are supposed to be the strings. For instance, when the first violins have a beautiful passage you must conduct the chairs to the left with much feeling and when the trombones must come in with a powerful fortissimo, and you don't wave at the hat-rack in the corner with corresponding violence, Bruch says you have no talent. One of the boys (a big fellow from Munich) is particularly vicious and when he starts conducting, we run for shelter. Yesterday in his excitement, he gave Bruch a rap on the bald head so that the old man ran about the room groaning.

I shall get a great deal for benefit from these lessons not only in learning how to conduct but in coming under the influence of such a great master. Although he is about 73 years old, he has more fire than most young men and makes the wittiest and most sarcastic remarks about the blunders of the would-be conductors. In criticizing, he often quotes from poetry or dramas; for instance, yesterday he said to one, " 'thine undecided movements betray thy weak soul' - as the poet says."

I have been living very regularly lately; that is I have been going to bed early evenings and getting up at a decent time, besides having my meals at exactly the same hours. The principal reason for this healthy routine is the close of the concert season.

As supper in Germany is at 7:30 and the concerts begin at that time you must eat a bite at 6:30 and rush away because the halls are from a half hour to an hour's distance. When the concert is over you must eat something so it is 12 before you are home and in bed. After a concert I am always hungry as it is always more than a lesson to me. I remember one night in New York when I went to the opera with Mr. Tewksbury, we went right home and to bed in regular American fashion. I suffered from hunger during the night but managed to get along with the aid of Florence Peterson's fudges. The next night I went with Kate and, as we went to a German restaurant afterwards, I had no hunger pangs that night.

Now I have my supper every night at the pension and am home at 8:30. Dinner is at 2 and of course one must come punctually; not like in the restaurant where you can come when you please.

Miss Peterson played again with orchestra last night; the concert was in the Philharmonic which holds the position in Berlin that the Auditorium does in Chicago. She had a big success. The youngster's career has begun and she will surely make a name for herself. She has an ideal personality for public playing - she is good looking and bold as brass. This last may be a little strong so one could say she is not afraid of the devil. She is a social success which is half of any public performer's success. A man's career is more serious; more is expected of him and so no consideration is given him. I am sure Miss Peterson will be playing with the first orchestras in America next year.

Kate sent Mr. Lesser a comical post card from Milwaukee. He was delighted with it and praised her up to the skies. He has invited me to the Passion Play at Oberammergau this summer.

I don't begin to prepare my lessons as I have different ones every day, but the time may come when I shall have the chance to digest all that I am swallowing.

Received letters from Mary and Annie this week. Has Mrs. Collins started her garden?

Lovingly
Ed.

Berlin
April 27 1910.

Dear Folks,-

It really looks as if I were getting careless about writing home. I dislike writing so that even in this case it is a struggle. Yesterday I had two letters - one from Mary and one from Celia; the one from Mary contained the cheque which I intended sending back by return mail and giving her a going over for the impertinence. On second thought I decided to keep it as it would be too bad to have it take that big trip for nothing (!!!). But really don't think of sending me any money; I have every thing I could wish and Mr. Lesser still has a little more than you. Yesterday I spent it nearly all for books so you see an over amount would make me extravagant. Of course Celia's letter was a big event.

I suppose you will have a great deal to tell about the opera. It must be exciting to hear such an all-star cast and in an Italian opera. The German opera doesn't give much chance to the singer to display his beautiful voice; here the main point is musicianship and endurance. But the Italians have a different idea and I don't know but that I like it better. They never forget that they are on the stage and in the most tragic moments when the tenor is holding high notes for hours and threatening to stab every one on the stage, I must roar laughing. There is something so ingenuine about it all and so typically Italian. You know they are the biggest cowards on earth and the biggest talkers and that is the reason the opera appeals to them so. They are such born losers that they are natural actors. I want to be serious when I hear a symphony or a string quartet but when I go to an opera I like to hear tremendous bragging and see the Italians go through their terrifying antics which don't amount to shucks.

There was an American opera performed in Berlin Saturday night. The music was written by a certain Nevin and the text is taken from Indian legends. Of course there was much excitement here and wondering to see how Indians behave on the stage and to hear their music as the composer has lived for years among them and studied their folk songs. Articles appeared in all the papers mentioning what an event it was the first Indian opera etc. The leading theatres of Europe had sent representatives to the premiere with a view of having it eventually performed in their towns. To make a long story short, it was a magnificent failure. Most of the critics remarked that it was too poor to criticise and a few went so far to explain what a scandal it was that such a thing should be produced in Berlin when there are so many good German operas (by living composers) which are never performed. The house was almost empty, which is unheard of for a first night's performance, and those that were there hissed and whistled on their house keys during the performance. The composer who, had the opera been a success, would have become famous in a night, is done for and will do well to leave the country immediately. The management agrees to produce every new work three times so it is being performed to night and, for the last time tomorrow night. It is tragic to think of the years of labor which the composer offered up to write the thing, then the many hours the singers spent studying their roles and, last but not least the immense cost of the costumes, decorations etc. which are all useless.

It is a magnificent chance for the German critics to take another fall out of America. The always knew that nothing good could come from there and this last affair confirms their belief that is about the tone of some of the criticisms.

I had my second lesson with Bruch this morning. He is especially nice to me for which I am very thankful. Next week at two of the orchestra lessons he is going to rehearse a composition of his own - a suite for orchestra and organ. I am going to take the organ part and hope it goes well.

For the last week it has been fearfully cold here. It rains most of the time - this cold rain which makes your hands numb and goes to the marrow. This is unheard of in

Germany where Spring comes always ahead of time. The restaurant proprietors have had their chairs and tables out on the sidewalks for weeks but are waiting in vain for customers; it would not be very pleasant to sit out eating in this weather. But is can't last much longer so the outlook is not bad.

I must write to Kate soon, she is such a shark for sending postals to Mr. Lesser.

Lovingly

Ed.

INCOMPLETE

Berlin, May 10, 1910

Dear Folks,-

I have just come in from my supper and, with that agreeable function just behind me, and the pleasant prospect of spending a quiet evening just ahead of me, I am in the right mood to send a letter. This so called 'quiet Evening' is a rarity here as well as at home; I was furious last summer that we had company every day and despise being out Evenings in Berlin, but I haven't the character to decline when I am invited principally because I am afraid of offending my friends, and they are people who are good to me.

I am afraid it is a long time since I wrote last; at least I can't think when it was so. I don't know where I left off telling my experiences. I don't believe I told you about conducting the second symphony of Beethoven. One of my colleagues who was supposed to conduct on that day, became suddenly ill so the director gave me his time. I had the field all to myself and conducted the two hours. It was great at least the second hour where the orchestra was a little warmed up and I had over come all nervousness. In the beginning it always goes crooked; the musicians are not in the least interested in what I am saying and of course, when I notice that, I despair of doing anything with them. The first movement of the symphony was horrible last Wednesday - they grumbled furiously when I interrupted them and laughed sarcastically at my corrections. At it is pupils' orchestra and they are not being paid, they do almost as they please. Most of them hate playing in the orchestra and do it only because it is compulsory.

But the second movement came - a beautiful slow piece and not very hard. It went fine and as that put everyone in a good mood, the rest of the time was a pleasure. It is a big jump to the symphony from the shorter pieces I had conducted; I only hope I shall have the chance often. I asked the director to let me conduct soon again and he said 'I had my nerve.'

The rehearsals of the new work by Max Bruch took place last week. I played the organ much to the astonishment of the orchestra musicians who had known me only as tympani player. Bruch seemed quite pleased and yelled to me once in the middle of the piece, 'very good Mr. Collins.' He is a comical old fellow; speaks a few words of English and used them on every occasion even when they are entirely out of place. He says my conducting

INCOMPLETE

Berlin June 1, 1910

Dear Folks,-

At this time of the year people in America begin to think of their vacations and to feel the heat, but in Berlin, and especially at the Hochschule the season is at its height. (That is, the season for work.) I remember, in June we didn't do any work at school, there was so much excitement about passing and so many entertainments to be prepared, that studies were thrown to the winds. But it is different when one must go to school until the first of August. Last year, when I sailed for America July 18, I was compelled to get a dispensation from my lessons for the last ten days.

The concert in honor of Schumann's 100 birthday took place Saturday evening. In the first half of the program I played the tympani and in the second, organ. Bruch was quite pleased and wrote me a beautiful letter. I shall send it as soon as my friends here have all seen it.

Next Tuesday there is a concert to celebrate the 100 anniversary of Queen Louise's death. It will be quite interesting; royalty will be there en masse and the program is taken from the works of Mozart and Gluck, two musicians who were helped and encouraged by the great queen.

The great military parade takes place today. It is a grand sight which everyone should see. I was there three years ago and shall never forget it. It is in reality a review of the troops by the emperor; they march past him with a 'parade step' which is really magnificent. The cavalry is even more interesting than the infantry on account of the beautiful horses. Last but not least comes the artillery lumbering along. One realizes for the first time what a great machine an army is, and what war is.

But today's parade must take place without the emperor. He has had a boil on his wrist for several days. At least that is what the papers say although it seems funny to me that such a trifle should prevent his attending the parade. The people fear it is something worse. It seems to me that when great men become sick they don't get well again

Thursday A.M.

I conducted a symphony by Haydn at the Hochschule yesterday. It came quite by accident - one of the young men was unable to come. I had no pleasure from it although the orchestra played better than usual. A big fat cellist who sits directly in front of the conductor's desk, hates me and by glaring at me the whole time tries to frighten me. He is lazy as sin and makes no effort to play with any feeling. No amount of scolding on my part has any effect on him he simply ignores me. Of course I can not say anything to him directly - the conductor is never allowed to make personal remarks. And then, as he is much older than I am, I can't call him down on the side. But it is different in a good orchestra where the musicians are paid. At the royal opera, for instance, they behave like angels - principally because they must. If one of them forgets himself and looks around to see what is going on, on the stage, he is fined. One minute late means a fine. Richard Strauss often dismisses a candidate with the remark that 'he is too fat, I can't use him.' Unlike Caesar, he wants thin men around him.

I was out to supper last night in a fine family but, unfortunately, had to listen almost the whole evening to a young doctor playing the violin. These amateurs are wonderful people; they could die for joy when they are playing and the worst of it is, believe that the listeners are dying of the same thing.

Mr. Ganz is playing in Switzerland. Last week he played two concerts at the German musicians' convention in Zurich. Mrs Ganz invited me to dinner last Saturday when we had a fine chat!!

I see Mr. Lesser very seldom now; he doesn't like it but I can't do differently. It is a half hour's ride from here and I cannot find the time to visit him often.

It is quite hot but that agrees with me. I have no more news so must stop this.

Lovingly Ed.

A Jew (Cohn) who felt ill, asked a friend to recommend a doctor. The friend did this and told Mr. Cohn that this doctor charged \$10 for the first visit and \$2 for each succeeding visit. Cohn did not like the idea of paying \$10 for the consultation so, when the doctor opened his door, he said, "Good morning Doctor, here I am again."

Berlin
Tuesday June 7, 1910.

Dear Folks,-

After the last couple of days I am trying to figure out if it was hotter last summer in Joliet or in Berlin at this moment. From that you have an idea how the Germans are perspiring; I never experienced such heat here. Sunday was fearful, 96° in the shade. At 12 o'clock there was a musical at Mr. Levy's; I played at a trio and had to wear Prince Albert, white vest, choker - collar etc.

Was at Mr. Lesser's to dinner and afterwards, to be agreeable, went with him and some others to a park outside of town. It was torture; we first had to take a boat (which was jammed) and ride an hour on the river. Imagine sitting next to the engines under that canvas deck and surrounded by several hundred ~~p~~ sweltering people. Every moment we went under a bridge and, as the chimney had to be turned down, the hot smoke was continually in our faces. At last we arrived at the landing place and looked around for a table. However there was nothing to find; the whole city seemed to be there for coffee. The German who didn't drink coffee on Sunday afternoon in a park would be denying his nationality. We ~~staid~~ [stayed] there until 10 p.m. ~~When we~~ It was impossible to get onto a car on account of the crowds and, as Mr. Lesser is helpless when it comes to pushing in a crowd. We stood around for an hour hoping Heaven would send us some means of getting into town. Finally I succeeded on dragging Mr. Lesser into a crowded car but when it started up, he noticed that the windows were open which caused a draft. He had to get out immediately. Imagine the man's not being able to stand a breeze which would almost cook you. It is a typical German trait.

There was a concert at the Hochschule this morning at 11. The hundredth anniversary of Queen Louise's death falls today so this concert was a memorial. It was arranged by the Kaiser who was there with the empress and all the court sucks. Every man in the audience had to wear fall dress and most of the women wore low neck. Imagine the heat! I left the house about ten and, of course, had to wear my overcoat as it would be so silly to be on the street with a dress suit. The audience was instructed to be there at 10:45 so as to be out of the way when royalty came. He who comes last is always the biggest one so at any performance in the presence of the emperor the doors are locked after his majesty appearance. Today they came punctually. the royal family sat in the middle box and the parasites in the boxes on either side. As they entered the audience stood up and waited for them to be seated before sitting down again. All this is enough to set a socialist on fire. When they left, there was a troop of police on hand to keep the common herd back and no vehicle was allowed to pass until the carriages of the nobility were out of the way.

Mr. Ganz is arrived from Switzerland after a strenuous week's work. The festival at Zurich must have been magnificent. Most of the Berlin papers had reporters there so I read the criticisms every day. It is funny that the German musicians should hold their convention outside of Germany. Of course the Swiss are Germans and the Austrians too and perhaps it means the whole German race.

I have been practicing well lately even when it came to neglecting my other studies. It is impossible to improve without having a certain number of hours every day. All winter I practiced irregularly - perhaps 5 hours today and none tomorrow, then three hours the day after tomorrow. Now I practice four hours every day even when the day is divided by going to the Hochschule. Of course that means that some of my other lessons suffer but it cannot be other wise. Monday a.m. from 10 to 12 I practice on the Hochschule organ; in the afternoon from 4 to 6 play chamber music at Kahn's and from 6 to 7 is my theory lesson at his home. I generally stay for supper and accompany his wife the greater part of the evening. So you see, on this one day alone I spend 6 hours at my lessons, not to forget that it is a half hour's walk to

the Hochschule and to Kahn's which means that on Monday's I walk three hours to my lessons. Counting at least 2 hours for my meals (the boarding house is a 15 minute walk), and you have the neat sum of 11 hours with not a moment's time for practicing. On Tuesday it is as bad; I have the study of 'primitive music' at 9, score reading at 10 and must go back to the orchestra lesson from 4 to 6 in the afternoon.

This is immediately followed by organ practice until 7 after which I must go direct to the pension. I arrive home at 8:45 and, as I am not allowed to ~~touch~~ touch the piano after nine, you can easily figure out how much practice I get in on this day. But Wednesday is the worst day of all; I have elementary singing from 9 to 10, then I run home, practice an hour and am back at the school at 12 for the lesson in conducting with Bruch. This is out at one and, as it is a half hour walk from there to the pension, work is out of the question. (Besides, I am not allowed to play the piano before nine in the morning and not between 1 and three afternoons.)

Wednesday afternoon is the lesson in conducting with the orchestra. It lasts until 6.

Thursday and Friday are almost as bad, Thursday organ practice and lesson from 3 to 5 and Friday again orchestra lesson. Saturday I have nothing to do at the Hochschule but generally have a piano lesson with Ganz.

I seldom go out, as indeed, where could I find the time? However I do more than I need to at the Hochschule. If I cut out the tympani playing I would have six hours a week more but I can't resist it, it is such magnificent experience.

Even though I get up at 7, my piano practice gets nothing on account of being able to practice only from 9 o'clock on. Saw Busoni on the street last week; he seems to be none the worse for his big American tour. The music halls in Berlin are all taken up until after New Years. To get a good date you must rent the hall a year ahead of time.

Have had no letter from home for some time. Kate is still sending the post cards much to my surprise and the delight of those who are getting them. I must write her soon.

Lovingly Ed.

Berlin June 19, 1910.

Dear Folks,-

I forgot, in my last letter, to put in the program of the Queen Louise memorial and am sending it in this. You will notice that the requiem was sung in the original Latin in spite of the fact that the German court is protestant. But anything else would be fearfully out of place on a death anniversary.

Jamieson was in town a couple of days last week but I didn't see him through my own fault. That is: I simply avoided him. It would be a pleasure to be with him once in a while and I can learn much from him in every way, but it is impossible. In the first place I am so tied down with my studio. I haven't a moment during the day and if I lose a night's sleep I am no good for a week after. So when he invited me to an after theatre supper at the best hotel in Berlin to meet some friends of him, among them Miss Cable and Miss Lacey of Chicago, I declined on the pretext of having something to do that evening. I knew I would not get home until morning and besides there was another reason, viz: I had no tuxedo. His family isn't wealthy but he always has plenty of money and, as his tastes are very expensive he uses up quite a little cash every month. So to be with him for even a day would mean giving out half my monthly allowance. He would not think of eating in any but the most expensive restaurant and prefers taking cabs to riding in street cars. I believe he works hard at times but always has time to be in society and to travel all over the continent. He probably worked well all winter in Munich but when spring came he had to get out - could not stand being cooped up in one city so long.

I wrote a special delivery letter to the hotel but am not sure whether he received it or not. I promised to come to the hotel and visit him but when the time came could not drive myself to it. Anyone else would be furious at me but he knows me - rather finds me droll because I am such a curious specimen and I shall not be surprised to hear from him soon again, perhaps from America or Japan.

Met Nicoline Zedeler on the street yesterday. She has the same sad face and the same weak voice as of old. At first she intended walking past without speaking, as of course, she had her instructions from Spiering. But I hailed her and she couldn't very well run away. She is going on a tour around the world with Sousa starting in the Fall. Has been in America some time. I was in a hurry and besides it was embarrassing for her to be talking to me so we said only about two words.

I should have liked to ask her about Nick and her mother and if the poor creatures are leading a tolerable existence. It will be interesting to watch her future. She certainly has a great talent but her will is completely broken through living with the Spierings. Mrs. is worse than Mr. though in a quieter way. Nicoline never talks above a whisper even when they are not around. It is impossible that she should have the least bit of individuality; she makes the impression of being a slave. I thank heaven that I have nothing to do with Spiering. The thought of the man and his ugly nature threatened to sour my life and my whole day was filled with thoughts of hatred toward him without seeing a chance of breaking away. But Mr. Lesser keyed me up to the point where I was able to show a little nerve and so the crash came and I am the winner.

Thursday afternoon was class lesson day at Ganz's. About 6 of the pupils played, my numbers were a prelude and fugue of Bach and three pieces by Brahms. Instead of the usual tea we had lemonade and cake after. There is to be one more in July, before Mr. Ganz goes to Switzerland. I enjoy the things first; because it is good practice playing before the pupils and then because I get to see a few Americans and speak a few words of English. By the way my French is improving in strides; there are some Frenchmen in the pension who can't speak German so it is a fine opportunity for me.

Friday noon I had a private lesson with Ganz and ~~staid~~ [stayed] for dinner. Roy is growing and becoming very wise. He recites German, French, and English poetry beautifully, plays the piano, goes to dancing school and to grammar school. He had his seventh birthday a short time ago. Imagine the advantages such youngsters have.

Ate supper with Mr. Lesser last evening; we see each other so seldom that our meeting is quite an event. He scolds me for keeping away so much but I only laugh and tell him I am looking for time instead of having it to spare. We are going to the opera tonight and that is the last he will see of me until the end of next week. I sometimes telephone and ask him 'how goes it' but that is also getting tiresome, for then he always asks me why I haven't been around and finding excuses ~~won't~~ often work at the telephone.

There is not a note of music in Berlin except in the parks and on the streets when a troop of soldiers goes by. Many of the Berlin musicians are gone to London where the season is now at its height. It must be cool there in June or that wouldn't be possible. It is some cooler the last few days here at least the nights are endurable. I am practicing the piano diligently much to the neglect of my other studies.

Lovingly
Ed.

Berlin
June 28, 1910.

Dear Folks,--

I always begin a letter early in the morning for only then I have the hope of getting it finished before night. I seldom have the time to write one without a stop. It was quite a shock to receive Ann's 'epistle' yesterday; even Mary has lagged lately which, of course, is on account of the many closing exercises in town in all of which she takes part. Celia will no doubt have a glorious time at Nye; wherever Kate is one is sure of getting plenty of sleep and that doesn't go against Delia's grain. I don't suppose Kate ever gets up when she has nothing to do. Mary will also have a most enjoyable vacation accompanying Pete evenings and dividing her time in the valley between Uncle Jim's and Uncle Frank's. It is fearful when one thinks of Dr. Moody's sitting the whole day on the same spot and not a soul to talk with. This last is the worst for he is a tremendous talker. Mrs. and Mary are wonders.

There was an ~~opp~~ operatic performance (Aida) at the Hochschule Saturday evening. I did not enjoy it quite as much as the Lohengrin performance last winter principally because the orchestra was not so good and as for the singers, they were [vicious?]. Just the same it was fun to sit in the dark corner with my little light in front of me and count the measures until it was time to come in. You know the kettle-drums can only be used in certain places. They make a great effect in very exciting moments on the stage for instance, when some one makes a threatening speech, the drums roll softly; after a combat, when people are lying around dead and the guilty have made their escape, you generally hear the tympani alone. Funny that at moments like these when everything is still, soft beating of the drums increases the silence like the ticking of a clock. Then at the end of an act, especially in the Italian opera, after the hero and heroine have sung a duet with the most impossible holding of high Cs, the tympani make a terrible racket and fire the audience into applauding.

The director of the orchestra lessons on Tuesdays and Fridays has lost his position through lack of ability and Willy Hess, his successor, takes hold this afternoon. Everyone at the Hochschule is wondering if he will make good. He was concertmeister in Boston for several years and before that conducted an orchestra in Cologne, so he is at least a man of experience. The other fellow knew a great deal about music in general but hadn't a spark of fire. He was so terribly polite to the musicians that they ran over him and tuned when he was talking - which is a fearful breach of orchestra etiquette. He couldn't become excited even in the concerts so ~~the~~ it was impossible for him to inspire the pupils. In a good orchestra where the musicians are paid, it pays to be polite, but in a pupil's orchestra, where there is no prospect of being fired for not paying attention, they become very independent and do what ever they please provided the conductor lets them. Prof. Hausmann, who died last year, had a dangerous temper and the students didn't dare to behave badly when he was at the desk. It was often disagreeable to play under him but the orchestra was never so good.

It seems that when you suffer from cold we are melting and vice versa. May and the first two weeks of June were unbearable and now it promises to become very cold. I do hope it will not be so cold in Switzerland. I intend leaving here the 20th of July and staying at Kaiserstuhl four weeks.

Then I am to call for Mr. Lesser at a Bohemian bathing resort (Marienbad) and we shall take a trip through Austria and south Germany, landing in Oberammergau soon after Sept. 1. One stays there, at the most, 3 days for there is no use in seeing the passion Play more than once. There will certainly be a great tumbling of baggage and scrambling for rooms in the little town. Then thousand Americans alone are expected. Although Mr. Lesser is a pious Jew he is very anxious to see the play, he always claims not to be a 'Christ-killer' for he says not the Jews but the Romans killed Christ.

The Ganz family is going to be at Lungern which is half an hour's walk from Kaiserstuhl. This summer will probably be an exact repetition of ~~last~~ three years ago. Ganz's lived at the same hotel and I lived with the same old woman. You remember she is the one who wrote 'Marry' the letter at that time. I am not sure if I shall have a piano for the four weeks; one must have it sent from Lucerne at some expense and I am afraid I cannot afford it. Traveling in Europe is scandalously cheap but the transporting of baggage is expensive. In America the railroad ticket is dearer but a reasonably heavy trunk costs nothing. I remember when we came from Paris, Mr. Ganz paid 150 francs for five trunks and we had four railroad tickets among us. So I am going to try and manage with two suit cases. When you travel you can take as much hand baggage as you please so the German railway carriages are filled with satchels even when there are only a few people in the car.

Tuesday Evening

Well Willy Hess came and conquered this afternoon. He is a tremendous musician and a born conductor, I can't understand how a man can have such a sharp ear. He hears the smallest mistake and corrects it in a way that makes you respect him. I am sure the orchestra will improve 100% under his direction, at least I am glad to play for I can learn much from him.

I shall surely write Dr. Moody and Fr. O'Brien this week

Lovingly Ed.

INCOMPLETE

Berlin July 4, 1910.

Dear Folks,-

I sit here pen in hand in peace while you are surrounded by the deafening noise of cannon crackers and revolvers. When I got up this morning I thought of the way I used to jump out of bed at 4 o'clock ~~of~~ on the 4th of July and tear around till late at night. Mrs. Collins had a hard time chasing Jim Shepley away from the house so that he couldn't wake me, but it was the noise she made scolding him that always woke me.

The first summer in Hertienstien there was a great display of fireworks to please the American tourists, then on the 14th of July there was another display to please the French.

Finally the third display on the 1st of August was in honor of the Swiss themselves. This year I shall miss the first two but not the Swiss national day. Of course in Germany the people never hear of Independence day except when the list of dead appears in the paper. But there is generally a little celebration given by the Americans in a park outside of town but I don't even know where it is this time so little am I in touch with my countrymen.

Mrs. Ganz left for Switzerland last week. Roy and the French governess went with her so Mr. Ganz is quite alone.

They intend spending a few days in Zürich before going into the mountains. I shall also be in Zurich this summer on the way to call for Mr. Lesser who spends the month of August in the neighborhood of Munich. The trip to Luzern is via Weimar and Frankfurt - a beautiful ride of about 18 hours. I know the way pretty well having been over it four times.

Wednesday. It is discouraging to think how long it has been since I started this letter. But the interruption this time couldn't be helped; Monday night I had a bilious attack which used me up for two days. I must have eaten something which didn't agree with me. It was a lively remembrance of my sea-sickness the first time I came to Europe and the first time I have had it since coming to Berlin.

The Americans did have quite a celebration Monday; there were races followed by supper and ball. The ambassador made a speech to the 900 Yankees who were there. At midnight they went to the down town hotels where the news of the Johnson-Jefferies fight arrived. The seven hours difference in time delayed the telegrams until that time. Many people in Berlin won or lost money on the fight. The accounts of the battles between the whites and blacks appeared in all the German papers and are hardly to be believed. That these lynchings can happen in a civilized country in the twentieth century is fierce.

INCOMPLETE

Berlin July 13, 1910

Dear Folks,--

The laziness which creeps over one, as the middle of July comes, had crept over me and made me practically good for nothing. The worst of it is, one can easily invent an excuse at this time of year, for instance: 'tired after the winter's work', or, 'now is the time everyone is taking a vacation, why can't I'? If these two fail there is the heat to fall back on. (That is, if one is in America; here that is no excuse for July in Berlin is ideal). After the 4th there is no excitement so there is nothing to do but to kill time until the lazy season is over.

Received Mary's letter with Miss Cutler's ~~it~~ itinerary. The latter is certainly well informed for she is taking in the sights worth seeing with a cunningness which would do credit to an old European traveler. But for a little incident we could meet the 26th of July in Ulcerate; I intended leaving Berlin the 25th, arriving in Lucerne the morning of the 26th and going directly to Kaiserstuhl. We should certainly have been on the same train for she intended going to Interlaken on the 26th and will surely take the morning train. (Kaiserstuhl is on the way to Interlaken)

Miss Cutler was always very clever and on the look out for knowledge. She will have the time of her life this summer and will know how to appreciate it after. I have practically no new plans for the summer. Who could have plans going to Switzerland? There is so much to see that when you begin to plan you must quit all tangled up. I intended meeting a young man in Lucerne and going on a trip with him; we tried to decide on something definite but the more we talked the more we confused each other so we gave it up preferring to decide only when we are ready to start out.

I forgot to say that the incident which prevents my seeing Miss Cutler is the fact that I am to conduct the orchestra on the 27th. In spite of the fact I am furious at having to stay in Berlin 2 or three days longer, it is better to take the opportunity as it is the last lesson of the year and the teacher would not forgive me if I should ignore it.

I have written to the people at Kaiserstuhl that I am coming and they are delighted, especially the youngsters. Of course a stranger is an unheard of thing in the little village and anyone who brings a piano with him is a real curiosity. When the piano came last time, the peasants for miles around came to see it and felt of it carefully.

A couple of times I played for them and they roared laughing. Mrs. Ganz is probably in Lungern (near Kaiserstuhl) by this time after a visit with Mr. Ganz's parents in Zürich. She left Berlin because she couldn't stand any more music; for the last month Mr. Ganz has been teaching at home and when the pupils were not playing he was, so the piano never stopped. She will certainly get a rest this summer as the president of the village had refused Mr. Ganz the permission to have a piano. Three years ago he practiced in the school house and on account of having the windows open, was heard for miles around. The hotel guests made a furious protest so he is practicing in Berlin until the first of August in order not to be too long without a piano. I used to enjoy visiting them evenings; a train goes from Kaiserstuhl right after supper so I used to arrive just when they were ready to sit out. The walk back to Kaiserstuhl at about eleven o'clock was beautiful especially on moonlight nights.

Berlin seems so deserted; it must be because there are fewer children playing on the streets. The school vacation commenced last week and immediately whole families begin to leave the city. Cabs and autos are flying to the depots and packed trains leave every few minutes for the mountain districts. It seems everyone is taking some kind of a vacation. The janitor of this house rented a piece of ground about 10 ft. square in a woods and his children go there every day to dig in the sand. Any one near Berlin who owns a grove fences off little patches of it and rents them to people who can't leave the city. Sometimes there are thousands of youngsters playing there.

My letters are fearfully disjointed now because I must hunt around for things to write, but I can easy make up for it when I leave Berlin. Now, absolutely nothing happens worth mentioning but I expect to see many interesting things soon and shall tell you all about them. You must also write me all about Joliet, Eden Valley and Nye.

Lovingly Ed.

Berlin. July 17, 1910.

Dear Folks,-

Although I have had no letter from home for about a week, news came to me this morning from Joliet. One George Stahl sent me a postal card on which he writes that my sister and many friends from Joliet send their kindest regards. So I know from that that the town 'is still alive and howling'; I can't place the gentleman however. He regretted not being able to visit me, over which inability I did not mourn particularly.

Mary and Cele are probably with Kate now. They will certainly have a 'restful' time and it will be especially fine for Mary if she can accommodate herself to Kate's routine. I mean Mary should learn a little from Kate in the way of fitting herself to any situation and letting the work take care of itself. Celia will have the time of her life and will be a comfort to the inhabitants of the place.

I haven't much time to think about my trip to Switzerland as the lessons at the Hochschule are coming at the same pace; however it is only a few days until I pack my [trunk?] and go to the mountains. You can not imagine how happy [I?] am to get away from Berlin for a while. The last two [???] have been especially tiring, perhaps because I [wanted?] to get to Switzerland. When you have once [been there?] you are spoiled for every other place and [???]

spending the summer in any other country. You can realize that when I mention only one thing: when I get up in the morning at Kaiserstuhl and look out of the window I see a row of glorious snow-capped peaks glistening in the sun and reflected in a little crystal lake near the house. I often wondered why this reflection could be seen only very early in the morning (I used to get up at 5:30) but [???] finally discovered the reason. The town is in a very deep valley and in August the sun does not shine over the big cliffs on either side until about 8 o'clock or later. Up until that time the light in this deep valley is indirect, that is - it is the light from the sun's rays and not from the sun itself. I mean this way.



But as soon as the sun's rays strike directly on the lake the panorama is gone. It is peculiar too that, although the mountains are clear very early in the morning, when the sun comes up clouds gather around them and the beautiful view is lost.

[???] is only a quarter of a mile away and the little [???] in the chapel which rings every few minutes, can [???] plainly heard in 'Kaiserstuhl. The natives are glad [???] I am coming for then they have high mass. There [???] [parochial?] school there and in winter a nun [???] is away in summer. The last year I [???] was difficulty with the choir.

The music was good in the morning but at benediction in the afternoon it was bad. The reason was, that most of the choir members were shepherds and could come down from the mountains only once a week for mass. I suppose they had a difficult time getting away from the flocks for that length of time.

A young violinist from Berlin is going to stay from a [a week?] [???] the same house and I am sure we shall have a fine time together. He is a protege of Mr. Lesser who is sending him on this vacation at the same time forbidding him to take his violin for fear he will work the whole time. I have been improving so much in my piano

playing lately that I hate to think of being without a piano for the whole month; so I have about decided to have one even if I practice only an hour a day

Tuesday July 19.

You see how I am interrupted, I seldom have time to finish a letter at one blow, this one, for instance, has taken three days. Mary's letter came yesterday and was quite newsy. Moody must be in a desperate way to buy enough to eat. There is nothing like having a 'trade' such as school teacher or stenographer for they can get steady work. For women not to be able to do anything in particular, means clerking in any kind of a store and being knocked about from one position to another.

The teacher in score reading informed me today that the last orchestra lesson is called off, so I may be able to leave Berlin on the 25th after all and may see Miss Cutler. It occurred to me today that the chap from Joliet who wrote me the card is Prof. Stahl that awful violinist. But in spite of all that it was nice of him (can't read) think of me and I shall thank him for it.

Had a talk with Willy Hess today. He complimented me greatly on my timpani playing and is so glad that I am to play in the orchestra next winter! It is especially flattering when you make a 'hit' with something which you don't consider your best talent. If the conductor would say I was a pig as tympani player I could console myself with the thought that I was doing it only for fun. Hess is not so conceited as I first supposed.

Have Mary write me often from the Valley, it will be fun to hear about R. T. O'Brein and Jim Fitz.

Don't forget my address from July 25 to August 20—
Bürglen Obwalden

Switzerland

Lovingly
Ed.

Bürglen, Obwalden, Switzerland
July, 29, 1910.

Dear Folks,-

My sudden change of address accounts for the tardiness of this letter; I left Berlin Wednesday and as I had lessons almost up until train time and had to pack my trunks and make the inevitable 'good-bye' calls, I could not think of writing. But now that I am here among the peasants with no piano or music paper in the neighborhood, I am compelled to take a magnificent rest and shall write to several people to whom I owe letters since a year or more.

The trip from Berlin was a strain and I arrived here worn out. The ride itself was exactly 22 hours with three times change of cars and a custom house. I could not sleep a wink on the train on account of the heavy traffic, people getting in and out at every station, and landed at Basel at 6 A.M.

To Lucerne was a two hours ride and from there to Kaiserstuhl two hours more. I had a wait of several hours in Lucerne and as the weather was beautiful, took a walk around the city, visiting the points of interest which I hadn't seen for three years. The town was alive with Americans stately severe looking women with nose glasses and hollow cheeked, nervous looking men. I can tell my countrymen a mile off. They distinguish themselves in museums and churches through audacity and loud talking. Yesterday in the cathedral at Lucerne there was as much loud talking as at a bazaar.

I arrived at Kaiserstuhl at 1:30 so tired that I could hardly walk from the depot. But after a two hours sleep in the afternoon I felt some better and made up my mind to visit Mrs. Ganz he advised me to visit his wife and son as they were so lonesome. Roy had not been well for some time but last night he had red cheeks and ate like a thrasher. I left the hotel at 9:30 and arrived in Kaiserstuhl at 10:30; ~~th~~ every inch of the road seemed familiar, even the toads that hopped out of my way seemed old acquaintances. There is a little inn here with a light in front of it and when I came around a curve in the road a mile away this little lamp strikes me in the face like the headlight of an engine.

The mountains are grander than ever - perhaps because I am more able to appreciate them now. Yesterday afternoon I sat on a log for hours staring at them. There are three varieties and I scarcely know which is most beautiful. Those in the neighborhood are smaller than the others and are covered with pine woods and meadows. Every now and then you can hear the shepherds calling the cows. The row back of these is a line of higher mountains. They look grey and dreary because very little vegetation grows up that high. Then finally come the peaks making the third row. They are pure white especially in the morning when the sky is blue.

But you can seldom see them for any length of time - clouds gather around them every few minutes.

I intended taking a walking trip with a young violinist but we have decided to give it up. He is going to spend a couple of weeks with me here and, when I go to visit Mr. Lesser, is going to Italy. We should have enjoyed the walking trip immensely but the rainy season has set in and we would often be interrupted. Then again it is fearfully expensive; you eat twice as much as usual and, on account of staying at a different hotel every night, must be continually giving tips.

There are only two mail trains a day here so I will have to quit and send this off. Shall write again in a couple of days.

Lovingly
Ed.

Bürglen
Obwalden

Schweiz (Switzerland)

INCOMPLETE

Bürglen, Obwalden
August 10, 1910.

Dear Folks,-

Rain nothing but rain. I wonder how the clouds can hold so much. Last Monday I went with Heber for an excursion on the Lake of Lucerne; that night it began to rain and hasn't stopped since. (Today is Thursday).

Monday was the first fine day we had in two weeks so of course we were delighted and hoped the disgusting rain would take a little rest. But no - I have given up all hope of enjoying my vacation here. You can't imagine what it is like because you are living at sea-level, but to be 2000 feet high means that fog accompanies the rain. Although it is in the middle of the day I can not see 50 yards away. The fog is a solid mass and may lie here for days. Then the ice cold rain with it that falls in steady streams; it is disheartening.

I feel sorry for the tourists, the Americans especially, who have only a limited time in Europe and must see as much as possible. They can stay only 2 or 3 days in one place. The trains from Lucerne to Interlaken go right past here and I can almost see the disgust written on the faces of the passengers. They are standing out on the platforms hoping against hope that the fog will clear up for a moment that they may have a glimpse of the mountains.

Heber left the house in desperation this morning intending to see something in spite of the weather. He went to look at a famous gorge not far from here, but will not see anything and will be soaked into the bargain. But it is the same all over; the Berlin people who are at bathing resorts are going home in hundreds.

Mr. Lesser has given up hope and is sitting with a grim determination to wait for the time to go home.

Mr. Ganz must be furious; he had earned a good vacation and, being a Swiss, counted so much on taking a few mountain trips. He was down to Bürglen last Saturday. We took a little walk on the country road, which is the best one can do under the circumstances.

Writing letters and reading are my two occupations. There ~~are~~ is a large number of people to whom I write only once a year, in Summer, because I have no time in winter. Every day the number is diminishing and if this weather keeps up I shall soon have settled them all. My mail is forwarded promptly from Berlin. Yesterday I received the letter from Celia, Kate, Frank et. al.

INCOMPLETE

Bürglen, Obwalden
Aug. 19, 1910.

Dear Folks,-

This is probably my last letter from Switzerland; Heber and I leave Monday for Munich, stay there over night and the following morning I go to Marienbad. (Heber stays in Munich several days). Now that the time is drawing to a close I am becoming impatient. Then, too, it is getting rather tiresome here; one can live away from civilization a short time but then the surroundings become tiresome and one longs again to be among educated people. I am sure this is the healthiest vacation of my life; on account of having no piano I was never tempted to practice, and the plain good food together with the fresh air and long walks got together and put 5 pounds on me in 3 weeks.

The rain stopped suddenly about a week ago and since then we have had a wonderful blue sky during the day and moonshine at night. It is a beautiful sight to see the moon rise over the top of a mountain.

We made only one mountain trip but it was a corker. The first night we slept in a shepherd hut. The bed was a pile of fresh hay into which we crawled and slept soundly. The second night was worse - we had only straw this time. But I managed to get in some sleep here, too, and felt rather fresh the next morning. A few hours more walking brought us to Engelberg where the tour ended. From there we took the train back to Bürglen. In one of the shepherd huts I milked a cow much to the astonishment of the natives. I happened to have my nose glasses on, and Heber thought I was inspecting the cow to find bacteria. Out of 48 hours gone we climbed 19.

Mr. Lesser has written me several times and seems glad that I am to visit him. We shall surely have a fine time as I am just in the mood to visit a fine bathing resort. After living in a wild mountainous district among the most ignorant peasants you can imagine, it will be an agreeable change to see sickly dissipated people from all the large cities of the world. In Marienbad there are 3 springs. The most famous one is for fleshy people; fatties of every country, come here and after drinking this water go home with 'lighter hearts.' Everything is fearfully expensive so there so there is no chance in sight of ever visiting it on my own hook, but Mr. Lesser, although very economical at home, is fearfully extravagant on his travels and we are sure of having the best. But poor King Edward is missed this year. He was always the principal attraction there and never failed to stay at least four weeks.

I have seen very little of Mr. Ganz lately. He went off with a guide for several days and overtaxed himself so that he has been resting for about a week. Besides that, he has fallen in with some French people who play bridge every evening and to disturb a game of bridge is an awful crime.

Of course I missed Miss Cutler; she was here one day before me and is home already I suppose.

There are not so many Americans in Lucerne as there were last month. The ocean liners will be packed from now on. Even the officers must give up their rooms and sleep on deck. I should have enjoyed taking a ride across the waves this summer but that doesn't go every year.

My next letter will be from Marienbad or possibly Munich. Of Course you must send my letters to Berlin as heretofore.

Lovingly Ed.

Franzensbad, Bohemia
Sept. 2, 1910.

Dear Folks,-

Although I have sent a stack of postcards in the last two weeks, you will probably not be satisfied until I write a letter. I despise cards, so I cannot blame you; even when there is nothing in the letter there is excitement in opening it and then I always feel that it hasn't been read by every post office clerk and mail carrier.

Although it is less than two weeks since I left Switzerland, it seems like two years. In Berlin, where nothing happens worth mentioning, two weeks are like two days, but I have seen so many strange cities and interesting sights lately, that I seem to have lived years. We left Kaiserstuhl Monday August 22 at 6:40 A.M. and arrived in Munich at 6:30 P.M. after changing cars five times and going through the Bavarian custom house. Our baggage was examined on the boat crossing Lake Constance which is the boundary line between Switzerland and Bavaria. When we got into the latter territory, (Bavaria is, of course, a province of Germany) everything was different - everything was quaint and old fashioned, which was all the more striking because Lucerne was so modern and elegant. At one place on the road the train came to a stop and puffed in vain for a half hour trying to go ahead. We were stuck and had to send to the next station for an engine which came and gave us a push. The conductor explained afterwards that we were just at a big curve and then the tracks were slippery from the rain. I asked him if the train always got stuck on rainy days and he answered in all sincerity, "not always". And that was the best train on the road and runs only in the season to accommodate the foreign tourists.

It was lucky that we got rooms in Munich. On account of the Passion Play everything is overcrowded and nearly every hotel turns away 300 guests a day. The people sleep in the depots. I sent you a card the second night there, just after we had come from the theatre. On the third day, at 9 A.M., I left for Marienbad-Heber stayed in Munich. Had to change cars twice and pass the Austrian custom house. (Bohemia is a province of Austria).

Mr. Lesser met me at the train in Marienbad and seemed delighted at my healthy appearance. I think I sent you a picture of the hotel where we lived. Mary should come to Marienbad and see the fat women and she would stop wishing to be like them. They are the ugliest and unhappiest people on earth and almost kill themselves trying to lose a few pounds. I knew a woman who ate one light meal a day for two weeks and couldn't lose an ounce. The strain of fasting and drinking salt spring water generally injures the heart. Of course some people have great success and take off 40 or 50 pounds in a month; then they go home overjoyed, thinking they are saved, but in less than a month they have gained that much and more. The principal topic of conversation is, "how much have you lost," and in every store and at every street corner there are scales. The owners of these scales charge 2 cents to weigh you and they do a land office business. You are given a slip of paper with your exact weight written on it so that you can know how much you have gained or lost the next time you get weighed.

The principal occupation is drinking water. At 6:30 in the morning there are long lines of people of people waiting their turns to get a glass full of salt water. We lived right near the principal spring so I was waked every morning by the orchestra which begins playing at 6:30. At noon another kind of water is drank and, of course, there is another concert; in the evening it is the same way. Everyone has a glass and goes about sipping. The first day it disgusted me but the second day I had become used to it and on the third drank with them. I took cures for diabetes, thin blood, heart disease, liver complaint, Bright's disease and I don't know what all else, just because I couldn't stand around and see the others do it. Most of the water, especially the sulphur and iron springs, tasted awful, but I downed it because the others did.

But most of the people suffer from obesity and for them the salt spring is the best. It is an awful physic. Would you believe it that the seats in the theatres and street cars are much bigger than ordinary, and benches which usually accommodate 4 people are made to hold 2 in Marienbad.

I was sorry to leave the place - everything was so amusing. We have been here for about a week. Franzensbad (St. Francis Bath) has also many mineral springs but the principal attraction is mud baths. Mr. Lesser has been here 36 times so he is quite a well known figure. Our plans for the Passion Play are changed; it is so cold that it is impossible for Mr. Lesser to stand it. You know the play lasts all day and as the theatre has no roof the people suffer. A drizzling cold rain falls the whole time and the audience sits shivering. But that can't phase me - I would go if there was a cloud burst the whole time. So Mr. Lesser is going to send me alone; I leave here Tuesday Sept. 6 and the play is on the 8th. It is a 12 hours ride via Munich.

Had a card from Mr. Ganz yesterday; he is in Hertenstein, where we were the first summer in Europe. This is the fifth summer since then; Hertenstein, Kaiserstuhl, Zehlendorf near Berlin, America and Kaiserstuhl. It seems 100 years since I came to Europe and still the time has flown.

Frau Sigrist wrote me from Kaiserstuhl that a letter had arrived from home. I wrote here to send it here; have not had a letter since leaving there.

On the way to Berlin we are going to stop off at Karlsbad and Dresden. In the latter city I shall have a chance to see the Sistine Madonna.

Back to Berlin Sept. 12.

Lovingly Ed.

Berlin
Sept. 27, 1910.

Dear Folks,-

I am making a bad beginning this year by letting two weeks pass between my first and second letter; but that means a good ending and I am hoping that this winter will be a brilliant close to my European stay. Miss Peterson's sojourn, ended Saturday when she sailed for America on the 'Deutschland'. We have both learned a great deal since we left New York on 'La Lorraine' 4 1/2 years ago but neither of us has become any where near to what we thought we would. Miss Peterson learned more in a social way here; she was always clever in society and always managed to have rich friends. A prominent Berlin society woman took a great fancy to her and gave her everything her heart could desire; Edna had tremendous hats with plumes, and brilliant, costly gowns without number. She was continually going to fashionable teas and after theatre dinner parties, and was generally surrounded by a number of German officers. That all had a great effect on her and so she changed entirely - and perhaps to her disadvantage. She didn't take the trouble to say 'good-bye' to me or even tell me she was going, and, instead of making a farewell call at Ganz's, sent her card up.

But I have been more with musicians and people with minds that will do me more good than if I learned the ins and outs of society. In fact I took care to go only with people from whom I could learn something, and in every gathering was either the youngest or the most inexperienced. It has taken the confidence out of me to a great extent but I shall gradually get it back as I grow.

Last Thursday evening I was with Mr. Lesser and some young musicians in a restaurant. Among them was Hans Letz the concertmaster of the Chicago Orchestra. He also sailed Saturday on the Deutschland and was in Berlin for a day. The chap has had unheard of luck. He is now 23 years old and went to New York with a woman 45 whom he afterwards married. He hadn't a penny when he landed and had a tough time the first year; suddenly he became concertmaster of the Chicago orchestra and is now the leading musician there. We have planned to give concerts together in America next year. It is fine for me to have something in view and he can be a great help to me.

Mr. Ganz is also counting on Gunn's doing something for me. The latter was never my warmest friend but adores Ganz and will do anything he says. As the leading critic and well known musician Gunn has a strong voice in Chicago and the neighborhood. He was quite nice to me in Cable Hall the night of my concert and will probably bear no grudge against me because the times are passed when he was Moses' champion at the College and deadly enemy of Spiering who favored me. The latter causes me some worry; he is a malignant enemy and will strain himself to injure anyone whom he dislikes. I would like to be without an enemy starting my **career**, but perhaps it will strengthen me to be compelled to do a little fighting. Mr. Ganz does not worry about my future and says I will surely have a position in America in a few years. Here there is nothing to be had; I could struggle for years and still be a 'nobody.' The ~~comp~~ competition is too great and public and critics yell for help every time a young musician enters the field.

The season began last night with two concerts. From now on the walls of the concert halls will not stop ringing; there are rehearsals every morning and afternoon, and concerts evenings. I do not intend to go to many soloist's concerts; the orchestra concerts are more than enough and are much more profitable. I already have a ticket for the first symphony concert under Richard Strauss' direction; it takes place next Monday.

I was at the Hochschule this morning; practiced on the organ for the first time. The Mendelssohn Prize competition takes place next Saturday. (In 4 days from now!) It is foolish for me to compete. The organ is fearfully unmusical in comparison to the violin and so an organ performance is rather looked down upon. There are musicians

from all over Germany coming, so the winner will have to go some. Outside of the Honor in getting the first prize there is a little purse of \$400 which the winner does not generally refuse. Besides playing an organ solo I am to accompany a young man (violinist). Had my first piano lesson of the season last week. Mr. Ganz has already 30 pupils, among them 12 young men. He gives his first concert October 14 together with a young conductor from Munich.

Mrs. Kahn wrote me a postal lately. The family is still at the sea shore. Kahn has three young daughters and they all have **catarrh** in winter so the sea air is the best thing for them. Mrs. K. had received a card from Kate.

I have had no letter from home for at least a week; not since the one containing the picture post cards. One of them is good except for Kate who looks like the side of a house. It is getting late and I must go to bed. Try and write me once a week.

Lovingly

Ed.

Berlin
Oct. 19, 1910

Dear Folks,-

Am sending a cheque for \$25 which is part of my pay for the Jewish holidays. Mary's letter came this morning telling me to keep my money, but I can easily spare this. I never buy anything outside of what I eat so I don't spend much. \$40 a month would not be much in America for one who had to pay room and piano rent outside of his board, but I get along easily on it. It is surprising how many little expenses must be paid by a person who is living alone; for instance: my washing (not my laundry) which didn't cost anything at home, costs me here about \$2 a month.

Your debts must be tremendous; it is a lucky thing that the creditors are so patient. Poor Dr. Clyne always did so much for us and for so little money - it would be a good idea to give him these \$25. If Kate would pay the undertaker a heavy load would be lifted.

It is very late so I must go right to bed. I wanted to seal this tonight so as to post it first thing in the morning. I shall write again this week.

Lovingly Ed.

Berlin
Nov. 11, 1910

Dear Folks,-

When Mr. Lesser told me that he had written a letter to mother and addressed it to 'Mrs. Peter Collins', I was scared that I hadn't written for two weeks. You will, of course, suppose that something has happened which prevented my writing and that the letter from Mr. Lesser is an explanation; then you will make fearful things, out of the German letters until some one translates them for you. It is just two weeks ago today since I wrote last; there have often been ten days between my letters but this time it is even worse. And I can't say that 'the excitement of having my birthday prevented me', or gave some other lame excuse; yesterday was the same as every other day except for the fact that I received two birthday cakes. I can understand why old people do not enjoy being congratulated. They do not like to be reminded that they are not becoming younger. I am not so terribly old and still my birthday is no pleasure - it reminds me of how much I intended to accomplish before this time and how much I really have done. But I become wiser every year and my next birthday will find me more capable than this one had. A year ago yesterday I got up after two weeks of the grip - that was a horrible time - I shall never forget it. My summer in America was really no vacation; I worked almost the whole time so, when the school year began, I was already tired out and it needed only a little snow and wet feet to tie me down. But the two weeks in bed were a grand rest for my nerves and stood by me the whole winter.

This is the first year in five that I have not had a sick spell in November, and simply because last summer was my first real vacation. I don't believe I shall have a sick spell this winter, and then, I am already looking forward to the fine rest on the steamer in July. I shall probably sail on the President Grant again - it is so pokey and comfortable. The Deutschland may be a blessing for business men but it is not my taste. In the day time it was not so bad but at night the vibration kept me awake. When the sea was very rough the propellers jumped out of the water and then the boat trembled fearfully.

Last week four letters came from America - an unheard of thing lately. Even Celia wrote and Kate, too. Kate's letter was fine - so cool and sensible - not raving, like she used to do and promising impossible things, but straight from the shoulder and convincing.

She seems to think she (with Madame's help) can do something for me next winter. That is my outlook for the first year and I hope it will not disappear. The principal point for the beginning is to make some money; everything else can wait for a couple of years but without money I cannot do anything. If I have to give my whole time to teaching my own studies ~~would~~ will be neglected and I ~~would~~ shall follow in the tracks of so many gifted young musicians who vegetated into old fashioned pedagogues. men who studied a great deal always had to take strict care of their finances so as not to be compelled to spend their lives earning a living. People say that artists have no business talent but they are generally wrong. Now-a-days it is impossible to amount to anything without an income so as to be independent and have time to work. It would be fine to accompany Schumann-Heink if she would let me play solos too. Her audiences are representative and that means that those millions of people who hear and hear of Schumann Heink would hear and hear of me. Kate advised me to write her immediately and make a bid for next year.

Of course that would mean another winter away from home but it would not be like living in Europe with a ten days journey between us. Then, if I made good on the road, I could surely get a fine position in a conservatory; perhaps at Ziegfeld's.

But there is another thing to be thought of before that. It is my concert here in Berlin. Mr. Ganz is determined to have me give a piano recital in March in Bechstein Hall and of course it is up to me to get a program ready even if it is called off

later. Mr. Lesser is very conservative and knows what it means to give a concert here, but Mr. Ganz believes it is necessary for America.

If I happened to get a few good criticisms it would be something to show when I came home. I have so many lessons that haven't much time to think about it; it can decide itself. In between times I shall work and get ready for anything that comes.

Don't forget about not making any new debts at Christmas time.

Lovingly Ed.

Berlin
Nov. 14 1910

Dear Folks,-

Must write twice this week to make up for last time. Two letters came from home this morning and, of course, I was delighted. Anne has been rather negligent lately so I was rather surprised to hear from her. Miss Peterson's press notices were interesting; she seems to have many influential friends who will surely take care of her future.

These club women are fearful creatures but generally have enough energy to push one. I know how men of money and influence run when they see ~~of~~ one of them coming but it doesn't phase the club women; she runs after him and pulls his coat-tails until he coughs up. Such men as Stock or Neumann in Chicago are pestered with women's clubs who want engagements for their protege's. Mr. Ganz has no faith in a social success but I have. Of course in very musical ~~cities~~ cities where the critics are capable, it is necessary to know a great deal, but in most American cities the success of the artist depends on the number of club women he has backing him. They are such long winded talkers that they are the best advertising, and of course, will stop at nothing. I can't imagine to whom I shall turn when I come back home; I am sure society women would never take to me nor I to them.

There was an orchestral concert at the Hochschule Saturday Evening. It was the first appearance of Willy Hess as conductor and he certainly made good. It was probably the finest orchestral concert ever given at the school and was fully appreciated by the magnificent audience. Hess complimented me greatly for my tympani playing as did many other musicians.

Sunday afternoon we had chorus rehearsal. I told you about this chorus, I think. It is made up of Kahn's friends and the rehearsals take place at his sister's home. Her husband presented her with a grand new house lately and last Sunday it was dedicated. We sang a mass of Mozart which was very appropriate (although the people are Jews). But I must quit singing for the simple reason that I injure my throat. People who have had no singing lessons generally sing wrongly with the result that they ruin the vocal chords. After singing in the chorus I have a sore throat for several days.

Sunday evening there was music at Mr. Lesser's. I played a Brahms trio with two pupils from the Hochschule and a lady (contralto) sang some songs. Monday Evening I went to a concert given by the Philharmonic chorus. It was a magnificent performance of the requiem of Brahms. The chorus consists of 400 voices perfectly trained. The Philharmonic orchestra, with organ, accompanied. I got a ticket quite by accident, a friend of mine was prevented from going and presented me with his tickets. It is impossible to buy one as the club members are given the preference and get the tickets for their friends. The director (Siegfried Ochs) is a great musician and awfully severe with the singers. Last night, in the middle of a number he rapped on the desk, gave the sopranos an awful lecture and began the piece again. The audience giggled but that didn't bother him. It is fine to be in such a position that you can do such a thing and not be afraid of anyone. He is a wealthy man and conducts the chorus for arts sake - in fact he pays a large deficit at the end of every year besides ~~he~~ working himself half to death. It is that kind of man which raises music to such a high standard in Germany.

I have another lesson in the Hochschule. It is opera conducting. An old opera conductor was engaged lately to direct the opera school and form a class for ~~oper~~ aspiring conductors. I haven't had a lesson as yet but hope they will begin next week. We may have a chance to conduct an operatic rehearsal. That would be an experience for me! By the way, my conducting is much better now. I should not be afraid to stand in front of any orchestra. Who knows? Perhaps I shall have a chance in America soon to show what I have learned in this line.

It is too bad that Mary and Mother are alone so much, but I am glad that Anne and Cele are boarding in Chicago. It will be especially good for Cele. The noise and bustle may give her a little nerve - it is that that 'makes the world go round.' I must write to Kate this week and remind her of all she has to do for me next year. Through her accompanying Schumann Heink she has become acquainted with managers, critics and musical people in many cities and that may be of great value to me. I also intend to write to Schumann Heink while the iron is hot.

Kate fears that I am neglecting my piano lessons for the Hochschule, but that isn't the case. What I have learned at the Hochschule the last couple of years will stand by me for the rest of my days. But the piano is my only outlook for the present.

It is great the way you are knocking the debts on the head. Keep up the good work.
Lovingly Ed.

Berlin
Nov. 21 1910.

Dear Folks,-

It continually becomes harder for me to write because you know exactly what I do. If I had some new experiences once in a while my letters would not be so monotonous; I suppose I write the same things in every one of them. Had a letter from Mary this morning with Brune's criticism of Schumann Heink. I had to laugh at the bad English he writes. Since I am able to speak German I know exactly how a German writes English - he translates simply from his own language. But I am glad Brune has a job on the side. The fellow was serious and knew more than people thought. He didn't have a taking personality so he generally made a bad impression. It will certainly be great if I can get some work like that to do when I come home. The critic earns his money in less time than anyone else besides having the pleasure of hearing the concert.

Too bad the Staehle's are having such trouble. I am sure the fault is on the husband's side for Mrs. Staehle is a perfect character. She may have had too many ambitions for her daughters and so her desertion was simply traveling to give them an education. Both girls are mighty intelligent; I was surprised how clever and educated Frances is. She is not as brilliant as Marie and, of course, hasn't Marie's temperament, but surely has more brains than most girls.

Marie is in no danger of losing her mind; she is peculiar only because she has more than the others. If she were a Catholic she would surely become a nun and ~~the~~ mother of a community. I have seen many young people in Europe exactly the same. They are too deep and serious to take any pleasure in life and so they shun society and are looked upon as fools. These people are really the only ones who should become priests or nuns.

Called on Mr. Ganz the other day to arrange a lesson and as he had nothing to do for an hour we had a pleasant chat- talked principally about the outlook for next year. Both Mr. and Mrs. Ganz encouraged me tremendously and both are sure that I shall make my way in America. Mr. Ganz was delighted at the possibility of Schumann Heink's taking me, as it would be a magnificent opportunity to try everything that I have learned in Europe on the American audiences. Or if that failed I can surely get a position in a conservatory on his recommendation. However, that is not as **desirable [sic]** as there is always a danger of burying one's self without having time to study and keep up a repertoire. I have been quiet for five years and have studied faithfully and so the time must soon come where I shall put all this theory into practice. Think how grand it would be to become known all over America in one season and what routine I should get playing so often!

Schumann Heink can easily be the **making** of me if she takes it into her head. Mr. Ganz informed me that he is to be in America next season for four months and intends to do his best while he is there. So the prospects are not so dark; I have at least, friends who are anxious to see me successful.

I have quit playing the tympani. The last concert at the Hochschule was my farewell appearance in that role. It is too bad to give up something that is useful and a pleasure at the same time but I simply must concentrate myself more. It is not so much that the tympani playing took so much time, but it was on my mind when I was working at something else. It is a bad state of affairs to have too many irons in the fire; your energy is so divided that you do a little of many things but not much of anything. When I was practicing the organ I was thinking of conducting, when I was playing the piano I was thinking of the tympani, etc. Then there is no sense in my becoming an expert drummer; I have a certain routine and have learned a great deal about the orchestra and now is the time to quit.

Does Annie ever see Dr. Simon? Peculiar that he hasn't written since I was in America although I wrote him a couple of times.

I must write to Mr. Tewksbury and the Cable men before Christmas. I don't suppose they have a good opinion of me. Haven't written them a line for about two years now although Mr. Tewksbury and Major Cleland were so nice to me. It is funny when I think of all the patrons I have had and until now haven't been a credit to any one of them. It is disgraceful to think of the way I have neglected the Cable Co. to say nothing of Mr. Tewksbury. But it is not too late; they may have a chance to be proud of me yet. Next year will show.

It must be hard to have you so divided between Joliet and Chicago. It is better that Annie and Celia board if only for the fact that Mother is spared the getting up early and the excitement of Anne's getting off every morning. Delia must feel rather strange in her unusual surroundings but I hope she will have the courage to ~~te~~ stick it out for this winter.

I am only waiting for November to pass away. It snows day and night - the kind that melts as soon as it touches the ground and so the slush goes over the rubbers. Be sure and send me nothing for Xmas.

Lovingly Ed.

Berlin
Dec. 8 1910.

[???] afraid when I think how long it is since I wrote last; it must be two weeks at least. It is the old story of fearfully busy etc. It will really be a blessing to get to America and have a chance to collect my self a little. Here I run from one lesson to another, that is, from one great man to another, and each one overpowers me so with his knowledge that I am dizzy after each lesson. The point is, I haven't time to prepare my lessons thoroughly and consequently don't digest all I swallow.

I seldom touch the organ and so I don't receive much benefit from those lessons; I haven't much time for my composition so it is out of the question to try and learn much in that line. It is the same with all my other lessons. I long for the time to come when I shall not be surrounded by such great musicians who confuse me with new ideas every day and when I can have the time to work for myself and think about everything I have heard and seen in Europe. I could learn a great deal from going to the opera (there are magnificent performances nightly)

but it is impossible [??]
free I am glad to stay [??]
Kate wrote me [another?] [??]
me if I got her first [??]
haven't written her for so [??]
cards to my patrons in Berlin every once in a while. By the way, write Mr. Lesser by return mail thanking him for the letter. He lives at Genthiner Str 37.

I earned \$10 accompanying at a party last week. It was given by millionaire Jews so you can imagine what it was like. The Jews are often educated and generally musical but these were awful. They made an impression much like the get-rich-quick Americans. After a fearfully heavy dinner and much champagne the guests threatened to become lazy but the host was equal to the occasion. He knew that laughing aids digestion so he had some vaudeville artists perform.

The star of the Evening was a humorist who told the rottenest stories you could hear any place and thereby caused spasms of laughter among the guests, especially among the ladies. The next number was a violin solo; one of the best violinists in Berlin threw pearls before the swine by playing several classical pieces.

Did I tell you I had given up playing the tympani?

Well I am at it again but only until after Saturday. The old tympani-player came and begged me to come back for a while because the other young man who was to take my place proved a failure. Then Strauss has decided to conduct a series of Salome and Elektra performances and in both operas 3 tympani players are necessary. So the old fellow has more than enough to do outside of the Hochschule. There is an orchestra concert Saturday at the school and it is up to me to play the drums.

Mr. Ganz had a class lesson last Tuesday. A young lady who was to play suddenly became ill and he requested me to take her place. You cannot imagine the difference between the Hochschule and the class lessons at Ganz's. You would have to imagine the difference between Germany and America. Mr. Ganz Has a few Europeans but most of his pupils are Americans - young people who have come to Germany to study but go home without having seen anything of the Germans. You ~~th~~ know there is such a large American colony here that it is like an American city and the young Yankees take pains to go only with their countrymen. They continually speak English go to the American Club and to the American church and study only with a teacher who is known in America and who has, consequently, mostly American pupils. Of course they despise the Germans because they don't know them and go home after a year or two with the conviction that they have studied in Germany when they have really been studying in the American Colony of Berlin. The American Student generally makes a bad impression

here. As no one knows him he feels safe in acting as if he were immensely wealthy etc, and is blind to the fact that his fearful manners betray him right at the start.

Am going to the Strauss matinee tomorrow noon. I am mighty lucky to get tickets. The house is always sold out to people who have subscription tickets and if it weren't for Mr. Lesser who has a pull there as well as every where else, I should not hear one of those beautiful concerts. Shall write again this week to make up for lost time.

Lovingly Ed.

Berlin Dec 22, 1910

Dear Folks,-

Vacation began at the Hochschule today so I must celebrate by writing. Mr. Lesser and I wrote you and Kate New Years cards today. I am glad you intend writing and thanking him for the letters; he is a very busy man so you can regard it as a great compliment that he takes the trouble to write you. I realize more every day what a grand character he is and how seldom one meets a man like that; when I leave him in July, perhaps for ever, it will be like starting out in the world alone, for he took such care of me and did everything under the sun for me during the past 3 years that I fear I have gotten out of the habit of doing things for myself. In short he has spoiled me, I have had it so easy. But he has taught me many useful things that will stand by me during life.

Had two letters this week, one from Mary and one from Annie. I am glad Mother is so well; it is her liveliness which keeps her so strong. Activity keeps one from getting soft. It is too bad she cannot work in the garden or mow the lawn, but the winter will soon be over when once New Years is past. I long for the Spring too, and then the summer with the beautiful ocean trip. It may be a case of traveling second class but it is all the same to me; I haven't as much false pride as formerly so it will not be so disagreeable. When I think of my traveling on the 20th century limited and paying ten dollars more just to make a splurge and be able to say that I had been on that train, I could knock my head against the wall. Funny how the Americans do that - I mean how they spend so much money to make a big show just for once even if they suffer for want afterwards. It must be because in America there is always a chance of making more money or getting rich quick and thus getting out of the hole while in Europe the wages are much smaller. You would be surprised what a fine class of Germans travel 3rd class and they are not in the least ashamed of it. It is amusing to watch the tourists in Switzerland in summer. The Europeans travel 3rd and sometimes 2nd class but the Americans always 1st. I see it in their faces that they are poor school teachers or stenographers who haven't much to spare at home but ~~they~~ who feel that because they are from the land of dollars they must make a rich appearance. ~~when~~ A little common sense would show them the foolishness of this and cause them to travel 2nd or third class which is almost as comfortable and much cheaper.

Mr. Ganz is on a concert tour in Spain. He left quite suddenly; a well known German pianist was supposed to go on a tour with Hermann but suddenly became ill and Mr. Ganz was asked to jump into his shoes. Of course Mr. Ganz was delighted as a concert tour in Spain is such a rare thing. He will be back next Thursday.

The streets are again crowded with Christmas trees. All the public squares look like pine woods and it is sometimes difficult to walk through them. Of course every family must have a Christmas tree as well as every little shop and restaurant. It is typical German that Christmas trees of all sizes are to be had. That is, a poor family can buy a tree a foot high ~~so~~ which could probably accommodate 5 little candles ~~but~~ and, as every family must have one, they have their pleasure without spending more than they can afford.

Dec. 26.

Christmas came in the middle of this letter and was exciting enough to prevent my finishing it. Christmas Eve. and Italian lady in the pension invited several young people to sit around her Christmas tree and I was one of them. Mind you, there was a large tree in the dining room of the boarding house but outside of that every person had a little one in his room. Between candy and these things that you pull and they crack and you get a tissue paper cap, we managed to kill the time until 11:30.

Yesterday noon I was invited to Mendelssohn's for dinner. I also accompanied a young violinist who played the Mendelssohn concerts. The family was delighted to hear the

composition of the grandfather. In the afternoon I visited Mrs. Ganz for a few minutes. Kate had sent her a Christmas card which pleased her greatly. Kate also send cards to several of my friends. Mr. Lesser also received Annie's letter and Mary's card. Both were very nice and Mr. Lesser was charmed to say the least. You must send him a post card every once in a while but try and send them directly to him, not c/o me.

Christmas night I spent at Mr. Lesser's cousins and had a fine time. They presented me with a dandy muffler. Another lady gave me ten dollars saying 'she really intended buying me something but, after considering, decided to let me buy it myself.' A fine way of excusing herself for giving me money. She knows I am no millionaire and knows the best present for people of that kind. Delia's letter was also a great surprise and a pleasure. I am sorry she intends to quit Chicago. If she would have a little patience she would learn to like it, and then again it will not last forever.

I am glad you didn't send me anything for Christmas. # The only present I made was too my French teacher - two little pictures which were sent to me the day before yesterday by a lady living in San Francisco. I am expecting some hand painted china from a woman to whose son I gave lessons for a while and I have already picked out the person to whom I shall give it.

The Germans are sharks for doing that. They even have a word for this kind of a present; they call it a 'rundreise' (round-trip) gift because it goes through many hands and often lands back to the person who bought anything you don't like or cannot use. It is getting late so I must go to bed.

Lovingly Ed.

1911

[Letter to Katherine Collins Hoffmann, EJC's sister, from EJC.]

Berlin
Jan. 4, 1911.

Dear Kate,-

You have probably been expecting a letter from me for a long time and with reason, for your first fine letter deserved an answer by return mail to say nothing of the way you have been bombarding my Berlin friends with cards lately. I intended writing several times urging you to keep up the good work but it wasn't necessary - I seldom went a place that I didn't hear your praises and I had to promise to write and tell you how this one ~~and~~ 'was delighted with your card from this place' and 'how thankful that one was for your card from that place' that I was almost bewildered. Then I had to lie out of a scrape and say I had written. Some didn't trust me with the important tidings and demanded your address which I willingly gave to get rid of them.

You cannot expect an answer, for instance, from Mr. Levy. He is so old and blind that it is impossible for him to write. Mr. Ganz asked me to thank you and excuse him if he doesn't find time to write and thank you himself.

But my heavens! The point is, not that they answer but that they feel the family appreciates what they are doing for me. Mary and Annie wrote to Mr. Lesser this Christmas and, needless to say, he was delighted. I was at Réhfeld's New Year's day and had to give them your address. It was really an act of charity to write them. The old man is getting very feeble and is deaf as a post. You know, he is your greatest admirer although he didn't speak one word with you. They all feel that they must be nicer to me to pay you back. When Mr. Levy got your last card he was puzzled for awhile to think what he could do for me and finally decided to present me with a fine new suit.

Mrs. Kahn wrote asking for your address. Sometime (before I go to America) you must send Mr. Lesser a little present - nothing expensive - perhaps a little picture, calendar or something of the sort. There is no sense in ~~mak~~ giving expensive presents to rich people who have everything they wish; you must simply show them that you think of them or that you give yourself the trouble to write them a card.

Mr. Lesser knows, when you write him, that you wouldn't do it if he were not helping me but he feels flattered to think you give yourself the trouble to 'jolly' him a little. You remember we used to laugh about the little things some artists do to stand in with the critics. Of course the critics are on to them but they see that the artist thinks it worth while to stand in with them and are thankful for the pains he takes.

As I said before your first letter was fine. I wrote home immediately, telling the folks about it so it was a misunderstanding when Mary told you I hadn't received it. Of course I intended answering but was too lazy.

You don't need to be afraid that I am giving up the piano; in fact I had to rest on account of a pain in my arm, the result of practicing too much. It lasted several weeks and I was mighty scared. However I took good care of myself and through bathing, massaging, and practicing piano (the real p) only an hour a day. I cured it. Of course I must give much time to the other things, conducting, composing, etc., as they are the things that will make a great musician of me (if I ever become one), but realize what a crime it would be to give up the piano after toiling at it so many years. I have spells of worrying about the future as well as periods where I feel sure of success sooner or later. My ideal would be to have a position as conductor and use my piano playing on the side. That is so satisfying because one avoids the eternal traveling which I always despised. But we'll see what the future will bring - the lookout is interesting to say the least.

Give my love to Madame and Mr. Rapp; I intend writing Mme. very soon.

Have Lammie write me.

Lovingly
Ed.

I suppose I shall go to America about the same time as two years ago - end of July.

Berlin Jan. 6, 1911

SAT

Dear Folks,-

The holidays have sure had a bad effect on you as far as writing is concerned. I may be wrong but it seems a long time since I have had a line from home. Celia must have so much time on her hands she should write oftener. Mary and Ann are to be excused but Delia is as lazy as ever.

New Years is come and gone since I wrote. It was rather dull here; we had a dance in the pension but everyone seemed bored. The sole object of having anything on New Years Eve is to wish one another 'Happy New Year' at midnight, and so we sat around while the clock crept from minute to minute (I never saw it go so slowly) with our eyes on the XII which was to deliver us, for the party breaks up immediately after. Most of the young lads went to another ball or some kind on New Years shin-dig; but I had enough by ~~my~~ midnight and was glad to get to bed. you cannot imagine Berlin on that night; every one is wild. A young fellow told me that, after visiting several other places, he arrived at a prominent restaurant at 5:30 a.m. and had to wait a half hour for a seat.

4 days later TUESDAY

This is a fearful interruption; I started Saturday Evening but it was late and I fearfully tired. Now it is Tuesday afternoon and I have a little time before going to the Hochschule to play the tympani. by the way, I conducted a Mozart symphony there last Friday. It is rather unheard of that I, **in spite** of the fact that I have left the school, should be allowed to conduct there once in a while, but the director is so kind to me and seems to think especially much of my conducting. In this way I keep a little in practice besides getting the incentive to work- conducting inspires me tremendously. I may go back to the school at Easter and take the opera course only so as not to be overburdened. But who knows when I shall have another chance of standing before an orchestra, which means that I should try and learn as much in this line as possible before going home.

We had an awful blizzard Sunday. For a couple of nights I had noticed a circle around the moon and was expecting something of the kind. However a blizzard is a rarity in Germany and it isn't every winter that we have one. I went to early Mass Sunday and almost froze on the way. At noon there was a concert at the Philharmonic which I enjoyed immensely. Nikisch was in fine form so I had another chance of marveling at the genius of this great man. They say he is going to America in the spring; if possible go to one of his concerts. He is, according to my idea, easily the greatest of all.

Met Mrs. Ganz on the street lately an she informed me that she was going to Bremen that evening to meet Mr. Ganz. We are invited there Sunday for tea. By 'we' I mean the pupils. I am so anxious to hear about America and his success. Now I must think about my concert; I had been waiting for Mr. Ganz so as to find out his plans for the month of march for, of course, I want him to be here for it. Things are certainly getting serious. This will be my first appearance as a matured pianist, really the beginning of my career, so much is depending on it. I am confident of success - as much as is possible for a debutante in Berlin and shall probably be able to use the criticisms for America. Mr. Ganz offered to play something with me but I must refuse the offer. As long as it is my concert I want to be alone and try and keep the interest up all evening. Then a violinist, Wittenberg, on the best known in Berlin, offered to play a sonata with me at the beginning which is a very distinguished way of opening a concert, but I have also refused that and am going to rely upon myself. It will be ideal if I can get Bechstein Hall, for there ~~at~~ the acoustics are fine and the hall is just big enough for my friends.

It has been so cold for several days that the windows are frozen, something unheard of in Germany. In most of the houses there is no steam heat and never an iron stove

- just a big tile monument that stands up in the corner and never gets really warm. Luckily my room is in the corner and facing the court which is protected from the wind otherwise I should have an awful time. They say steam heat is unhealthy, but it is certainly more agreeable than this. The Germans manage to live in Winter by having double windows and not letting them be opened for a moment. As it is the rooms are always cold. (ask Kate)

We have given up our trio rehearsals and I miss them very much. We had a couple of engagements in sight but they fell through so we lost interest. Then my own practice takes most of my time.

There has been tremendous excitement in Germany for the past week on account of election. Of course there is no president to choose but simply the members of parliament. However, the political affairs of the country depend upon the majority and, as the parties here hate each other, there was enough rivalry. The socialists have been growing enormously for about 20 years in Germany and this time they proved that they are going to be the almighty factor in a few years. Their growth at this election is alarming to the government. One mustn't say it out loud here but I honestly believe that this century will see the overthrow of the monarchy. The rabble despises the Kaiser and the nobility and has become arrogant on account of the success of the socialists in Portugal, China etc. I hate the nobility here. It is a degenerated lot of so called aristocrats who do nothing but live on the poor.

Mr. Lesser had New years cards from Mary and Kate and asked me to thank you for them. My eczema is much better; I am looking for it to disappear in a very short time.

Lovingly

Ed.

Berlin Jan. 22 1911

Dear Folks,-

This is the first Sunday I have been home in years and I am taking advantage of it à la Celia. Slept until 9:30 this morning, went to low mass at 11:15 and after dinner slept an hour and a half. It really isn't a bad idea once every few years. I am generally at Mr. Lesser's Sunday but he is going to a supper at Henri Marteau's this evening and couldn't have the young musicians for the afternoon and evening.

The week has been very quiet; went to only two concerts, the principal one being Richard Strauss' matinee in the opera house. I enjoy these concerts more than any others not only because Strauss is such a great genius, but because they take place in the forenoon. At first you might think that is not much of a reason but listen: anyone can go to evening concerts but to a morning concert only people of leisure or musicians can go and, consequently, it is an ideal audience. An evening concert is full of business men who work in the day time, or society people who can show off their jewels and gowns only in the evening. Fancy a woman's trying to parade her shoulders or pearl necklace at 11 a.m.! But at a morning concert one sees only musicians, painters, writers and art amateurs of every description. Then there is such an artistic atmosphere about these concerts. They have been a standing attraction in Berlin for about a century and the subscription tickets have been handed down from father to son. I know two old men who have had the same seats for sixty years; conductors come and go but the subscribers keep their places. That is typical German - to stick by a thing which has proved itself good.

Of course I am still playing in the orchestra. You know I quit for a time and 'firmly resolved to amend my life' by concentrating more; but it is impossible- I shall probably never have the opportunity again to play in an orchestra and I must get all possible benefit from it for the few months that are left. That is the way I excuse myself although I am on to myself as big as a house, for, the principal reason for my doing it is simply that it is more fun than playing the organ or studying composition.

I wrote to Kate last week after postponing it for several months. (Have you noticed, my spelling is fearful). Between the German and the French my English has suffered. In French most of the letters are silent, in English some of them, and in German every letter is pronounced. I really don't know if you write postponing with 'e' or without. It is the same with all words ending in 'ing'! Do you write 'writing' with 'e' or without?

I have had a cold for about ten days but count upon it's leaving in a day or two. Berlin is a vicious climate; it can be so warm and sunny for a few days and, without warning, turn bitter cold. This is generally followed by several days of wet snow or drizzling rain which goes to the marrow of the bones and makes all kinds of coats and rubbers useless.

It will be too bad if Celia leaves Chicago; if she would only stick it out for a while longer she would learn to like it. I know it is so different from Joliet that it is almost a shock but she would become used to the life and company in a short time. I used to despise Chicago but am sure I should get to enjoy it.

Have not had a lesson with Mr. Ganz for some time. At my last lesson I was disgusted with myself playing so miserably and asked Mr. Ganz to wait until I should be ready to play several things from memory. He took me at my word and is waiting still. (That was about three weeks ago) I hope he is not angry.

Tim's death was a shock. I of course was the person most closely connected with his early youth and bringing up and always regarded him as my protégé although the critter ignored me when I was home last time. It is a well known fact that women spoil a dog and soon after I brought Tim from the Valley he left me and went to my

mother and sisters who let him do anything he pleased. It is really bad for a dog when he feels himself free and sure of his meals. His emigration to Illinois had evil effects for in Minnesota he would have had less to eat and more exercise. I imagine he died of constipation; his stomach was also very weak.

Have had no word from Carl for such a long time. Does he live in Joliet? According to reports from Mr. Ganz, Miss Peterson is getting ahead. Annie has not written for so long. I have found out (by experimenting upon myself), that the only excuse for not writing is laziness.

Lovingly Ed.

Berlin Feb. 7, 1911

Dear Folks,-

It is very possible that my letters are coming slower, as the time comes around for me to think about going home. I feel that writing is not so necessary as I shall soon be there in person. It is disheartening to think that I have been in Berlin 2 years since being home. When I was in America the last time the outlook was so dark; I saw that I had lost most of my connections and was ashamed to be home because I had not done as much as was expected of me. That was the reason I was so anxious to get away. I gave the impression that I despised America, when the truth was, I was anxious to disappear for another length of time and try again to return home an artist. Now the two years are gone and I feel just as much of a child (if not more so) as I did then. It seems I shall never grow up.

But a few years in America will make a man of me, I am sure of that. This accepting patronage the whole time is a ruination to one's character; how can I hold my head up and be independent when I am owing every bite I eat to the generosity of others. Mr. Lesser and all of my patrons never make me feel what they are doing for me but, just the same, I feel it and sweat under it. I am invited three times a week for dinner in wealthy families who know that I am living on patronage. It is mighty nice of these people and it is helping in the real sense of the word. They know that I work hard and see to it that I eat well so as to stand the strain. But suddenly I can't bear to go to these people any more; their kindness tortures me.

Mr. Ganz is in Switzerland on a tour to be gone until Feb. 12. Roy has scarlet fever and as they are boarding he had to go to the hospital - the whole boarding house would be quarantined if he ~~staid~~ stayed there. Of course the poor chap couldn't be in the hospital all alone so Mrs. Ganz went with him and is also quarantined for six weeks. It is peculiar with the Ganz family - they all become ill at once. Mrs. Ganz is fearfully nervous and is always imagining she has some fearful disease. Then Mr. Ganz gets excited and also imagines that he is sick and at the same time Roy coughs a little or has a stomach ache. Of course he must be put immediately to bed.

I had a sore throat for about 3 weeks and felt miserably. But I was too negligent to do any thing for it for so long so it stayed. The other evening I drank hot lemonade and had a bandage on my throat. Of course, the next morning the sore throat was gone. If people would only take the trouble such things would last no time; but one is too lazy and waits for the sickness to go away for itself.

Was at a party Saturday evening until 1 A.M. I am always the first one to go as I am always bored to death at these affairs. But one can scarcely go before 1 o'clock as the supper lasts until 11 or later.

The hostess is always furious at me for leaving so early as ~~it is~~ the coffee at 2 a.m. (just before leaving) is supposed to be the clown of the evening, but what can I do? I don't dance and I can't sit in the smoking room with the men because I can't stand the smoke. Then for a man to leave early is an awful crime. The men are supposed to assist the hostess and see that the girls are amused and that they dance enough. Finally that they arrive home safely. But I, who was not brought up to be a ladies' man, am not equal to the occasion and at the most, can stand it until 1. Next Saturday I am going to another one (you really can't get out of some of them).

It is at the home of a doctor who, on account of having treated me successfully for the grip (!) last winter thinks that I am bound in friendship to him and his family. This time it will be still worse as only young people are invited. That means that I can not edge up to some old woman who is dying to gossip, but must be lively and on the look out to do a favor for some young beauty such as to find her lost fan, or bring her some lemonade or give her a deft compliment. It is delicious to play the gallant for a while just for meanness and exaggerate it; to stand with one white glove on and, balancing the other carelessly, rack your brain to say clever things.

Mr. Lesser wanted me to go to dancing school but I struck. He is furious when I tell him I was bored at a party given by people of quality. He thinks that young people should always be dancing and I tell him that all people who like dancing are fools. The young Germans (the boys) are generally quiet because it is in the race to be serious - they haven't the talent to talk about nothing. But no so with the French; they always have something to say, that is, they are always talking but what they say doesn't amount to shucks. However there is a certain cleverness in being able to keep things a going. When I am with French people I feel stupid because I can't say anything. Their conversation turns around topics that the average German wouldn't think of, but they sit together for hours saying clever things about nothing.

It is too bad I didn't have the chance to spend half of my European stay in Paris. It might have changed me more. There is a consolation in the thought that whenever I do go there I shall understand the language.

It is getting so warm in Berlin. You know that spring arrives here the first of march. I am longing for it. Lucky people who can go South in winter.

My letters may be coming slowly but yours are coming seldom.

Lovingly Ed.

NOT COMPLETE

Berlin Feb. 8 1911

Dear Folks,-

Anne's letter arrived today and was a great surprise - almost a shock. I can't quite imagine what could cause such a change in your minds for, even if you thought that staying another year in Europe would be of great artistic benefit to me, I supposed that you all wanted to have me home at any cost i.e. even if I had no prospects in America. It is certainly charitable of Schumann-Heink to take such an interest in me but don't think for a moment that insures my success. To make a long story short, I shall in all probability leave for home the middle of July and arrive about the same time as two years ago. you see I have lost all faith in help from others - if I don't arrive at anything on the strength of my own efforts there is no hope for me. You remember I wrote lately that I am anxious to be home in order to concentrate more. Here, where I have so many different kinds of lessons and hear so much music, it is impossible for me to compose or, if fact, have any kind of original thoughts. I am under the influence of greater musicians than my self who bewilder me with all their knowledge. I must get away from professional [???] and music students and go with people [???] less about art than myself.

I long to live in a quiet place where I can collect myself and think a little about the things I have learned in Europe. The point is, I am not ready to live in Berlin with all its brains; with all my study I have no real foundation. I have learned a little of a great many things but nothing thoroughly and so am influenced by everything.

NOT COMPLETE

Sent with following letter Feb 19 1911

Berlin
Feb. 19 1911

Dear Folks,-

It is most likely true that my letters are coming more slowly; I always did have a peck of trouble with my correspondence. It has often happened in Berlin that people have invited me of an evening and I haven't even written to tell them if I were coming or not. An example of my negligence in this line is the enclosed part of a letter. I wrote it ten days ago immediately after receiving Anne's letter and didn't have the energy to finish it. But you can see how the letter telling me about Schumann Heink's plans affected me at the time. Now I am a bit cooled off and begin to see that the traveling in Europe would be of tremendous benefit to me, but it is pretty certain that I shall leave for home the end of July. To go home will not mean that my studies are at an end; on the contrary, I shall learn almost as much there as here and the change may do me good - I mean in an artistic way. I am saving up for my steamer ticket and have \$35 in the bank - earned it this month accompanying at a couple of concerts.

It was quite a shock to hear of Father Foster's death. Several years ago he was strong and lively but gradually became quiet and seemed tired out.

It would interest me to know what he died of. He had such a powerful frame that it could only have been some kind of organic trouble.

Have been out to Max Bruch's several times lately. He recommended me to a church society which is going to give a performance of one of Bruch's oratorios next week where I am to play the organ. You remember I told you he had written me a beautiful letter; well he has written me many interesting cards lately which Mr. Lesser is saving for me until I go home. One day they will be very valuable - that is, when Bruch's correspondence is published.

Am invited to Mendelssohn's for supper this evening. They are magnificent people - so kind and natural, and, of course, as descendants of Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, very musical.

Roy Ganz has recovered from scarlet fever and is coming home Tuesday. Of course Mr. Ganz is tickled to death. So Delia has left Chicago. Too Bad! It would have made a 'man' of her.

Lovingly Ed.

Berlin March 17
1911

Dear Folks,-

Just this evening it occurred to me that today is St. Patrick's day. The Germans and the Irish haven't much in common so St. Patrick is unknown here. I remember at home it was a big day - great displaying of green ribbons and shamrocks with clay pipes on them (much to the disgust of Mrs. C.)

Did J.P. Murphy wear the geranium in his hat today? He wasn't satisfied with a green silk ribbon or a shamrock put together with wire and green thread, he wanted something alive and, as shamrocks don't grow in the environs of Joliet, he wore a geranium. But he didn't need to wear any green on St. Patrick's day for he carried the Map of Ireland on his face the whole year around.

I remember the last St. Patrick's day that I was in America I went to a Chicago Orchestra concert and afterwards into the artist's room to see Leon Marx. I had a green ribbon on and so was the laughing stock among all those German musicians. It is hard to tell what nationally I am now. I am so at home among Germans and speak their language so well that they never suppose I am a foreigner. It is nice to be a little cosmopolitan for then you are able to understand and get along with anyone. The most Americans are, for instance, helpless among Germans or in fact, any place in Europe. After the Opera one night last week I went to a restaurant with a young American whom I accidentally met. It seemed so strange for me to talk English and be with one of my countryman. I hadn't spoken my mother tongue so much at one time since I was home two years ago.

The Gaynor family arrived lately and I was so glad to see them for they are terribly clever and it is nice to have a family of friends to whom you can go nice in a while. They are the only Americans I know and since they left Berlin about a year ago I [??] haven't been in an American family. This time Mr. Gaynor is with them. It is tremendous to think that Mrs. Gaynor gets enough royalties from the sale of 'The Slumber-Boat' to take the whole family to Europe every year. The parents are traveling in Italy just now and the girls are staying in Berlin.

Yesterday was class-lesson-day at Ganz's. Among other things I played 3 little pieces by Mr. Ganz which made quite a hit. They are the first things of his that I have studied which means that I intend to play all of his compositions. I am awakening more and more to the fact that he has done an awful lot for me and it suddenly occurred to me that the only way of paying him back is to advertise his works. I intend to play ~~them~~ some of them in every concert I give.

Haven't heard any music this week (that is, any concerts) but am going to a song recital tomorrow and to the Nikisch concert Sunday. It is the last concert of the season given by the Philharmonic orchestra which puts me in mind that the season here is nearly at an end. It went like a breath of wind.

I thought I should give a concert at the end of this year but my plans have stranded. Mr. Ganz was in favor of it but Mr. Lesser was against it and after a long conversation between the two it was decided to call it off. Mr. Ganz had even ordered the hall for March 26 without consulting Mr. Lesser and the latter felt rather put out.

Mr. L. was giving me the means to study at the Hochschule and, of course, was right in demanding that I take advantage of the opportunity, while Mr. Ganz was angry that it took so much time away from my piano practice. Mr. Lesser believed (and rightly) that I had enough on my mind and that it would be injurious to my health to strain me any more. It is no trifle to get a big program ready for a public performance and those who do it don't work at anything else for months before hand. I had a hundred

things on hand and really felt as if a load were taken from my shoulders when it was decided that I shouldn't play.

Mr. Ganz was right in believing that it would be of tremendous help to me in America but the chance will come again and ~~th~~ when it comes I shall be more ready for it.

My writing so seldom has a bad effect on you all - you are doing the same thing. But perhaps it is the laziness that comes with the spring. Mother must get out and work in the garden just as soon as possible. I am longing for a fine walk in the woods.

Lovingly Ed.

Berlin. June 3, 1911.

Dear Folks,-

This is better than usual of late; I wrote a week ago yesterday. During the winter the days went by so fast that I didn't keep track of them and sometimes, when I thought that it was a week since I had written, it was two and often three weeks. I still feel sorry about staying another year; if the summer were only over it would be no time for the winter goes like a flash.

It would be fine if mother could go to Minn. Too bad I can't send you some cash to help the good cause along, but of course it is impossible, as I can scrape only enough together to go to Switzerland and have a few lessons with Mr. Ganz - probably the last ones I shall ever have as he goes to America in September.

About this time of year I get sick of Berlin and the Hochschule and just look forward to Switzerland. You cannot imagine what a hold that country takes upon one and how I am spoiled on account of having been there so often. Mr. Ganz left yesterday morning with a whole crowd of pupils and I tell you I envied them. They are going directly to Montreux on the Lake of Geneva. The lake is bordered by beautiful little towns and the pupils are to live separately (on account of practicing) in these places. The Ganz's are living at Clarens (I spelt it wrong last time) and I shall probably live there too. Paderewski lives at Morges the next station. They say it is fearfully hot but that won't disturb me.

We are having an 8 days vacation at the Hochschule on account of Pentecost. It begins again the 8th and then there are still 7 weeks of grinding. But you bet I shall not stand it until Aug. 1 but shall skip out July 20 at the latest. Thank Heaven! I don't have to stay here in August; that is the most tiresome month in the whole year.

The Gaynors left suddenly for America yesterday. They intended going to Switzerland too, but Mr. Gaynor was unexpectedly transferred to New York and wrote the family to come home. I was, as usual, sorry ~~to~~ to see them go, as they were the only living reminder I had of America.

At the last class lesson Abell of the Courier and Miss Kerr of the Leader were at Ganz's; perhaps they will write something about it. I played a Beethoven Sonata and a Liszt Polonaise. Abell seemed to like it. By the way, there was a flashlight taken of the pupils a short time ago which turned out very well. I shall send one of them to you. I must buy some of my old time writing paper; this is much too expensive.

Lovingly Ed.

Berlin July 15 1911

Dear Folks,-

You see from the enclosed postal that Dr. and Mrs. Renz have arrived. In Mrs. Renz's last letter from Vienna she informed me that they would be here Wed. the 12th but when I telephoned to the hotel that day the clerk informed me that they were already three days there. They came with one of Cook's parties and took in all the sights of Berlin without ~~be~~ telling me because they feared I would be bored riding around with that crowd in one of those 'seeing Berlin' wagons. Of course they were right - I was glad that they had done it. Mrs. Renz looks perfectly natural except for the difference that ten years make in any one. Dr. looked differently; I remember him with his moustache and now he is clean shaven. They invited me to dinner at their Hotel that evening and so we gossiped about everything. We hardly knew where to begin at and jumped from Naples to St. Paul, then to Vienna and then to Joliet. Now after two days of talking and telling about our experiences and travels ~~we~~ the conversation is beginning to have some connection. They seem to have had a wonderful trip and of course Mrs. Renz is not going to recover from it for years. To Dr. everything is old, as he has been here, so his enthusiasm takes on a milder form.

Sunday A.M.

Mr. and Mrs. Renz left early this morning. In spite of the fact that I didn't get to bed until 2:30 a.m., I was up again at 6:30. We had been together every day and evening so, of course, I couldn't let them go to the depot alone, although they were angry with me for doing it. We were up late every night so I have a slight feeling of relief when I think that they are gone and I can come back to regular living. Last night it was the theater again and supper after; during the daytime it was art galleries, zoological gardens etc., - not to forget tea at the finest hotels.

But it was the night life which interested Mrs. Renz most. Being rather green concerning European customs, she howled with delight at every new thing she saw. I like Dr. Renz very much too. He is a little dry and rarely speaks, but is a man to be depended on.

A week from today I shall be settled in Switzerland I hope. Three of us[#] from the pension are going on the same train Friday. We land in Basel at 6:30 Saturday morning, intend to stay there several hours and leave for Berne at 2:12 p.m. There we change cars, the others for Neuchatel and Interlaken and I for Montreux. At least ten pupils of Mr. Ganz are living there now and I am afraid that they will be too near. To hear my colleagues practicing and to speak English the whole time is not what I am going to Switzerland for. I can't think of anything more to write now but there is a prospect of having more news when I get to the land of the snow-mountains.

Lovingly Ed.

NOT COMPLETE

Clarens (Montreux)

July 25 1911

Dear Folks,- Again my address had changed and you can see by the heading that it is very Frenchy. Have been here for two days now and am beginning to feel quite at home.

Left Berlin Friday afternoon at 3:25. The trip was fearfully hot and tiresome and besides that, I traveled with the Pension mistress who is just about like her colleague, Jenny Crowe, (Lord have mercy on her soul) and who insisted on talking the whole time. I can't bear to talk in the train, one must yell so loud. We sat up the whole night but I managed to sleep a couple of hours; it is about like traveling in a chair car in America you can bend the seats every way. At 5:30 the next morning we crossed the boundary between Germany and Switzerland, and at 6 were landed in Basel. This is a wonderful city in summer; it is called 'the door of Switzerland' because most of the railroad lines from France and Germany come into this country via Basel.

Traffic is tremendous there just now and it seems as if the whole world is emptying its rich people into the little town. French and German are the prevailing languages although every waiter and bellboy speaks English and Italian. We had our breakfast in the depot and also went through the ~~cou~~ custom house, which, by the way, is nothing. They ask you if you have anything to pay duty on and all you have to do is say 'no'. They never dream of ~~off~~ opening your trunks.

We left there at 7:15 and arrived at Berne at 9:40. My landlady changed ~~suddenly~~ for Interlaken there and I was supposed to go on to Montreux; but I suddenly had a bright idea. Mr. Ganz wasn't expecting me until 6 that Evening and I was so dirty and tired from the trip that I went to a little hotel and slept 3 hours. After eating my dinner I took in the town (Berne is interesting because it is the capital) and then a 4:15 train for Lausanne. Ganz was teaching at the conservatory there and was just about ready to take the train when I called for him. We went to Montreux together and after I had left my grips at this house, we went to his villa. Mrs. Ganz's brother Mr. Forrest and her sister Mrs. Wolff are there for the summer.

The next day Mrs. Brooks comes prancing along, quite unexpectedly. The lassie is having a great time here- hasn't been home for about two years. Last ~~year~~ winter she lived in a pension in Lausanne to learn French and in the spring went to Paris. Of course she is terribly clever now, knows the world inside and out besides speaking several languages.

This neighborhood is beautiful but has one drawback- the heat. It is really a winter resort and, because the climate is so mild, is a favorite place for consumptives. Now there are none of them as they are able to stand their home climate at this time of year, but in the early Spring the place is overrun. Montreux, much like Lucerne, is a city of beautiful hotels. Almost every building is some kind of a house for visitors; even people who can't pay much can ~~also~~ live here- there are simple little inns all over. The heat reminds me of the summer in Joliet; perhaps not so bad because there is always a breeze from the lake. Lake Lemane (or Lake Geneva) as many people call it) is a body of water about 5 miles wide and about 40 miles long.

NOT COMPLETE

Clarens (Montreux)
July 29 1911

Dear Folks,-

Today I am a week here and have already changed my domicile. last week I lived in a little boarding-house called Villa Jasmin and since yesterday I am living in a larger and better one called Pension Schaffner. I didn't attempt to practice in the other place it was so noisy. There were any amount of youngsters in the house who yelled all day and the people in the next room had a parrot who screamed and carried on the live long day. Besides that, the street was noisy and the touring autos sent clouds of dust right up into my room. This place is in the midst of an immense garden and it might be miles away from the street, it is so quiet. I rented a piano right away and can practice undisturbed. Of course, ~~to~~ my principal occupation will be learning the French language which is a tremendous study now that I am getting an idea of the fine points. I have a lesson every day so I must be on the jump to prepare it. My teacher is a lady from Paris with a beautiful accent and great experience. She is very conscientious and does her best with me. I see that in the short time I am to be here I cannot expect to learn a great deal, but it will be a step farther. I have been studying French for five years but so irregularly that I have learned only the beginnings. The grammar is not as hard as the German but the pronunciation makes you twist your mouth a little. (Didn't the French priest in St. Paul say that Annie had the best accent he had ever heard? Ask Delia.)

By the way I forgot to say anything about Delia's engagement to Heinrich. Well I am glad; as Mary says, it saves the family. But who knows? Some fine day I shall be hearing that Mary and Ann are contemplating changing their names. I told Mr. Lesser about it and he immediately insisted upon writing a card - another German custom.

Have not seen much of the Ganz's lately. Mr. is terribly busy so I could not think of disturbing him often, and s for being chummy with the other inmates of the house, it is out of the question. Had a short attack of indigestion just before leaving Berlin which wasn't helped any by traveling, so I had it here for several days. The change is doing me good though, and if it keeps on like it has done I shall be all right in a couple of days.

Lovingly Ed.

Forgot that I had this page left.

Mr. Ganz has about fifteen of his pupils here but they are all living at Lausanne. He teaches one day a week there at the conservatory and a few of them come to Clarens for their lessons. I have not seen any of them as yet but I hear they are all working hard and making great progress.

This winter is going to have a pile of good things in store for me if I have my health. I don't intend to work harder than usual but will prepare myself to go home by practicing the piano as I should.

I only hope you will all be well that there will be nothing to worry about at either end of the line.

Mrs. Renz was robbed of most of her jewelry at the hotel in Berlin. I was sorry it had to happen there; now she has such a disagreeable remembrance of the place after my doing my best to make here like it.

Clarens(Montreux)
Aug. 10, 1911

Dear Folks,- It seems the time passes even more quickly in Switzerland than it did in Berlin and. instead of hearing many new experiences to tell, as I thought I would, nothing is new. This is my fourth summer here so you see I know the country pretty well (it isn't so awfully big) and am doing the same things that I did every summer and which I have already told you about numerous times. If you could find and read my letter that I wrote from Hertenstein five years ago, you would know just about the way I pass the time here.

We are directly on the edge of the Lake of Geneva which is some what larger than the Lake of Lucerne but has almost exactly the same kind of mountains for a border. We can see across the lake and into France but that is crosswise, to look towards Geneva, which is at the other end, is like looking at the sea - you see only the horizon. The water is clear as crystal and sky-blue.

Sometimes a stiff gale blows and then there are tremendous white caps and breakers like on Lake Michigan. If I wake up in the night I can hear the waves rolling in and when there is a storm, they often wake me up. My window is about 30 feet from the water. There is a beautiful shady quay which runs clear around the lake (at least at all the places where there are towns) and I love to go walking there mornings and evenings. The people who live in Montreux or along the country roads complain of the awful heat but here I don't notice it. We have a lovely garden right on the edge of the water and when I sit out there on a bench a cool breeze comes over from the lake and drives away the heat.

Some times when I must go to Montreux to buy something I swelter and think it is fearfully hot but, when I get back into this shady garden, 'I imagine that' I am in another climate. Clarens is a suburb of Montreux and is more unprotected- there is often a draught here between the mountains. It is interesting to watch the winds and the storms. Montreux is bounded on the north by a big mountain which is almost like a chain of mountains, because it stretches along for miles. Of course no north wind can come there so it is a favorite resort for consumptives in winter. It is built up from the water and just glistens in the sun.

It is amusing to watch the storms that come from Geneva. They are from the South and follow the lake to Montreux. Of course when they get there they can't climb over that big mountain on the North and in a short time we have them again coming back. The thunder grumbles as if it were furious at being penned up and having to turn back.

Lucerne was perhaps a little more interesting because it is more of a railroad center and there is a more international public there - especially more Americans and English. Here the Russians are in the majority. All the anarchists and bomb throwers who are thrown out of Russia flee here and are let alone because Switzerland, being a republic, is not afraid of them. There are Russian churches in nearly all the large towns on the shores of Lake Geneva.

For instance in this pension there are thirty people only four of whom aren't Russians - two people from Prague, a lady from Berlin and myself. They all speak perfect French as do most of the Russians. I can't help liking the people; they are natural and hearty but eat like pigs. The men eat with their knives and the women ~~heave~~ have their heads almost into their plates. But it is wonderful how talented they are; they can learn anything without trouble and the children talk like grown-ups.

Mr. Ganz lives quite near here and so I am often there evenings. We all go bathing together afternoons at a bathing house in the neighborhood which is fine sport. Swimming is certainly the best exercise on earth because it is so exhausting; if you

swim a half hour every afternoon it is enough to offset the nervousness from sitting at the piano the whole day. I am sure to swim ten minutes shakes up the body more than to talk five miles. I am to have my first lesson tomorrow and am glad of it for I have my first practicing well and am in fine form. Some new piano pieces of Mr. Ganz appeared in lately and he promptly presented me with them with a nice dedication. I am practicing only three hours a day but I am feeling so well that these three are as good as six in Berlin. My French teacher comes at 10 every morning and, with bathing and practicing, the day goes very quickly.

There are some young people there who haven't anything to do so they don't know how to kill the time. It is an awful strain to be alone and sit around with nothing to do. I did it for a couple of days that I wasn't feeling well. I told you about it—an attack of indigestion which lasted about a week. I ate nothing but eggs and toast and tea, sat in the garden the whole day and didn't study or practice a moment. It did me a world of good.

Mr. Wagner, Mr. Ganz's manager, was at Montreux for a week and so I saw him at Ganzs several times. He came to discuss the plans for Ganz's tour next winter. He is a nice chap and evidently knows his business. He intends doing something for me next year in America so I have something to look forward to.

Wrote to Kate lately asking her to send me \$10. I intended that you shouldn't know anything about it but after considering the matter, have decided to let you not only know about it, but am also going to ask you to send me 10 to be sure of it. Perhaps she can't send it right now. I went over my allowance a little by taking a French lesson every day and although, I can easily borrow it from Mr. Ganz, it would, of course, be more agreeable if you would send it. I know your funds are pretty low after the summer but I can send it back to you as soon as I arrive in Berlin.

Am going to stay here until Sept. 10 so you can send it directly to this address: Pension Schaffner, Clarens (Montreux) Switzerland. Then I am going to ask Ann or Cele to send me a 'Gem' nail-clipper or something like it. There is no such thing to be had here and my old one is lost. You can send it first class but at the 2 cent rate either to this address or Starcke-Rettberg in Berlin.

My French teacher can come any minute now so I must stop.

Lovingly

Ed.

Clarens Montreux
Aug. 30 1911

Dear Folks! By this time you are all back in the Stone City grinding away and trying to look pleasant, I suppose. It must be hard to start in at the same old work after having done nothing for a while. I have it better in this particular; the less I do in summer the more anxious I am to get practicing again, and then, I am not slaving for some one else but for myself. The sixth week of my stay here has begun but I still have two I wanted to leave on the eleventh for Berlin but Mr. Ganz is going to have a pupils [sic] recital at Lausanne the twelfth so I cannot leave before the thirteenth. Of course the two days wont [sic] make any difference but the fourteenth is the limit of my time, on account of the rehearsal for the Jewish feast days which take place toward the end of September. It is easy work, this playing at their New Years and 'Day of Atonement.' I get fifty dollars for the two days and three short rehearsals. The poor director has it harder. He has had to stay in Berlin to get the chorus together and train them. The rehearsals with the organist are supposed to be the 'dress' rehearsals. It is no trifle to get the chorus together for the members must be all Jews who can speak the Hebrew language. If they fill this essential condition they generally have bad voices or don't know anything about music.

Was swimming this afternoon for the first time in about two weeks. We had a week of cold rainy days and, as I don't enjoy swimming when my teeth chatter and my body is blue, I waited for the sun. It came a couple of days ago and the water is again ideal. Of course there were a million youngsters there (it seemed to me) that come now every day after school. It is interesting to see the different nationalities in their bathing-suits and to recognize them. Anyone can tell an American walking on the street on account of his belt without a vest and his clothes much too large for him, or an English man in his knickerbockers and ugly straw hat, or a German with his high water trousers and loud tie out of place; but, when they are alongside of each other just as Nature made them these signs disappear, and you must have experience and a good eye to tell them by their features, build, haircut, etc. The Americans certainly have the best figures. They are muscular and light as feathers on their feet. The Englishman is also muscular but generally emaciated and has a rather stiff gait. The German is easy to tell on account of his thick 'middle'-the sign that he comes from the land of beer. He falls into the water like a barrel and when he swims there is as much from around his feet as at the back of a steam boat.

Was at Chillon yesterday again. This time it was even more interesting because I went with some interesting Russians who hired a guide. He told us the whole history of the place and showed us where famous men visiting, the ~~place~~ prison, had cut their names in the stone. I saw Lord Byron's, Victor Hugo's, General Moltke's and many another great man's name there. But if I should attempt to disfigure the pillars with my name I would be pinched; they want only great men's names there to make the place more interesting.

Received a letter from Delia today which was a hard shock. I can't imagine where she got the energy to write. When she is married she will be a lady of leisure, I suppose, and then she will write enough for the whole family. What are Henry's relations like? What does he do anyway?

Mr. Ganz is going to have a class lesson at his home next Tuesday. It is the only one he has had this summer so it will be interesting to see and hear the pupils again. Thank Heaven! I didn't have to live in that awful place Lausanne. It is a regular oven and dustier than Joliet. The whole town is an endless chain of hills so you have to be continually climbing. Most of the pupils live there and I guess they have been having a nice time among themselves. I was glad not to be in the midst of them for the sake of my French and, in fact, the only glimpse I got of them was when they passed by the pension on the way to their lessons. Mr. Ganz's parents are visiting there now. It was so nice to see them; Mr. Ganz and I talked and laughed

about the hard time I had that summer in Zürich and of the two weeks I spent with him.

Am still having my French lessons but the farther I go the deeper I get into the awful net of grammar and despair now of ever getting out of it. French is a tremendously difficult language I think. I am sure that I learned German ~~easier~~ easier although most people claim that it is the harder of the two. Perhaps it was the thought of the great German musicians that inspired me to absorb the language so quickly. At any rate my interest in the French language has decreased in spite of the fact that I have a lesson every morning with a very educated teacher. She swears that I am improving but at the table I flounder just as hopelessly as ever when I try to say something. One thing is very agreeable: the French never laugh when a foreigner makes mistakes while, on the contrary, the Germans howl in your face. It is simply in the French race to be polite it doesn't make any difference if they are Swiss-French or real ones.

But somehow I enjoyed the scenery in the German Switzerland more: it was more intimate and countrified while **this** is so gigantic and cityfied. I haven't seen one cow this summer much less heard the tinkling of their bells. Neither do the French-Swiss yodel (shout like the shepherds in the mts.). The cows and the shepherds were the charm of the place.

The country is divided into districts, about the size of our counties, called cantons. It is peculiar: this canton, for instance, is Protestant while the one right next to it is Catholic. If you go on a big mountain trip and cross several cantons you sometimes find the religion changed as often as you cross the boundary. In Montreux there is a beautiful Catholic church but there are several Protestant churches and all the peasants are Protestants. One Sunday I crossed the lake with some people here and we suddenly found ourselves in a Catholic canton where there was not one Protestant.

Am leaving here a week from Wednesday; the time will soon be here for me to go back to Berlin and begin my last winter's work there for who knows? how long. At any rate it has been a beautiful summer and I am rested and strengthened. Shall write again from here.

Lovingly

Ed.

Berlin Sept. 19, 1911

Dear Folks,-

You have had to get along with very little news from me lately, it was a happy thought to send you a card from Basle and let you know my whereabouts, but then I suppose you expected me to write immediately from Berlin. However I have been terribly unsettled and only today have the room which I am to have this winter.

The train left Basle at 5 that afternoon and arrived ~~at~~ in Berlin at 9 A.M. I had to change again at Frankfort at 11 P.M. That is the most disagreeable thing about traveling 3rd class: there are seldom any through cars so every few hours you have to pack out with your baggage and find places in another train which is generally overcrowded already. Arriving at Starcke Rettberg's I was informed that the house was full and that my old room had been rented for the whole winter. So I had to hike off with my trunks and find something. I tried in several pensions and finally found a room a few doors from there - Kleiststr 28, where I am now and where I shall be for the rest of my stay in Berlin. It is a dandy place, clean with fine food and nice people. I intended staying only a few days because the price was too high, but when I came to tell the landlady I was going, she asked me to stay and came down 20 marks a month in her price. Of course that is a big difference so I accepted immediately. Yesterday I brought over my books and music which had been at Starcke-Rettberg's and today I am to move upstairs in a fine big room exactly suited to a musician.

Here, as in most large pensions, there are special rooms for music students. This landlady rents three floors and on each floor she has two rooms which she rents to pianists. That is very agreeable for we are hunted and despised by humanity and are glad to find any kind of a place. These music students' rooms are always away at the end of the corridor- miles away from everyone else in the house. My landlady assures me that no one will complain of my practicing, which is necessary, as I can't practice if I have the feeling that someone is cursing me in his sleeve.

But I am forgetting the most important thing: to thank Mary for the cheque. It came Sept, 4, a week before I left, and just filled the hole. It was certainly great- I felt like a man just let out of prison. Lucky that I asked you for it too, for Kate's didn't materialize. Perhaps she didn't get my letter. What caused this financial embarrassment was the magnificent style of my French lessons. I had a lady from Paris come every morning and give me a lesson in the garden of the hotel- the people thought I was a millionaire. But again, so I took advantage of the opportunity. The class lesson at Ganz's that afternoon was very nice. It was fine to meet the pupils again after not having seen them for so long. After the music we had refreshments out in the yard. Mrs. Becker, an old pupil of Mr. Ganz, whom I knew in Chicago, was there.

The last week or ten days in Switzerland I went to the Casino in Montreux every day- sometimes twice a day. After the class lesson I had nothing in view so I stopped practicing completely. In the afternoon I went with a Russian boy and read the German, French and English papers. The reading room, magnificently furnished, was up stairs and, as we sat at open windows in luxurious divans we could read and hear the orchestra which played down in the garden. In the evening it was still more interesting. We sat on the Terrasse and ~~listed~~ listened to a fine concert and 'rubbered' at the people of all nationalities. The concert was over at ten and then we walked home along the quai - often on beautiful moonlight nights - arriving at the pension about 11. This young man was very intelligent, and as he spoke neither German nor English, it was fine practice for my French. The whole summer in Clarens I went without a hat as did many young people.

The day I arrived in Berlin I telephoned to Lesser's but, much to my surprise, was informed that he hadn't returned. His servant told me that he had suddenly taken a violent cold in Franzensbad and was compelled to stay there a few days. However, it wasn't very serious for he arrived two days later. I met him at the train and have

seen him almost every day since. Yesterday we were at Bechstein's to rent a piano which I hope will come today so that I can start working. Our trio concert takes place Nov. 2. That isn't very long now so we must get to work at the rehearsals. My own concert takes place at the end of the season - the exact date I don't know.

I get up at 7 and take a walk every morning from 8 to 9. There is a beautiful park near here called the Tiergarten and so I often go there, although almost any street is suited to walking as all the streets are lined with magnificent rows of trees. This walk in the morning will do me a lot of good; one feels fresh for the day.

Sunday I was at Mendelssohn's but didn't get to see them as they were just going out. I left my card and can go another time soon. Their place is even more beautiful now that it was in the spring on account of the colored leaves.

It was a shock to hear from Delia this summer. I must write a German letter to Henry. Now please don't have an elaborate wedding - it is so common. Have an early mass - low mass I would have - high mass will be too much of a strain on all of you. There is no need of a big wedding breakfast. Have one like Kate's and invite just a few priests and Henry's parents. It would be really laughable to make a splurge when you are in such a tight fix financially.

I hope this will be the last irregular writing on my part for the whole winter - until I come home I must soon begin to think about that too

Lovingly Ed.
Kleiststr. 28

Pension Kährn

Of course any thing that you have sent to Starcke Rettberg's will reach me here promptly.

Kleiststr. 31Berlin, Oct. 1, 1911

Dear Folks,- I hope this bad beginning will make a good ending, or, that my system of writing only every ten days or two weeks will see its finish soon. Perhaps coming back to the old time paper and envelopes will have a good effect upon me. At any rate I am settled for the winter now and have no excuse for not being regular in everything. The first week or ten days here were tiresome; this pension was too expensive so I chased around the first week and must have looked at fifty rooms some of which had been recommended to me. Many of them were very nice and I had about decided upon one, when my present landlady made a tremendous concession which enabled me to stay here. I guess I told you all about it in my last.

This is rather a swell place-much finer than Starcke-Rettberg's, and not frequented by poor students like myself. But I am might glad to have such nice surroundings for this my last winter here. As protégée of the Mendelssohn's and assistant to Mr. Ganz, also because I am to make my initial bow to the Berlin public, I must make something of a splurge (ha! ha!). Mr. Ganz advised me to live in a good boarding house on account of teaching. A pension of good repute in Berlin is as good as a chaperon and no young lady would hesitate to come to me for a lesson here, where as if I had a room in a private family, she would. In things like that the Germans are very strict, Americans can't understand it when they first come here.

Did I tell you about my piano? I have a magnificent Bechstein concert-grand - it is a beauty. Hitherto I have had a Seiler baby-grand for which I paid 20 marks a month. Of course my ambition had always been a Bechstein (although the Seiler wasn't bad) but a Bechstein is very expensive-40 marks for a small grand and, as that is too much, I despaired of getting one. However I went to their store with Mr. Lesser who is well known there as elsewhere - when he came in all the clerks ~~walked~~ rushed up and made him a grand bow. To make a long story short he put a bug into the head man's ear to such an extent that I was given a concert grand for twenty marks a month. It was a big surprise and I was wild with delight. It is the first time in my life that I have had a good piano to practice on. My room is easily as big as our parlor and the piano takes up one whole wall- it is a monster with lions' heads at the ends of the key-board. The action is heavy and tired me easily at first but now I am getting used to it. The tone is glorious and I enjoy hearing myself play - quite a new feeling.

We have started rehearsing for our trio concert which takes place at Bechstein Hall on Nov. 2. The first notice of it appeared in yesterday's paper; it was only a line but it was exciting enough to see my name. I felt as if my career had begun and that I was being challenged to come out and show what I can do. I am sure we will have a nice success; we certainly play better than any of the chamber music organizations (that is, among the young musicians) that I have heard here.

Even if the critics jump on us, we are assured of a financial success, thanks to Mr. Lesser, who will bring up all the rich Jews in line. Then we have arranged the program very diplomatically by playing firstly a Trio by Gernsheim, who is a big gun here and who can be of great use to us, secondly a sonata for violin and piano by Kahn, who was my composition teacher at the ~~who~~ Hochschule and who, I am hoping, will give me private lessons this winter and thirdly, a trio by Mendelssohn, which will be a complement to his descendants, our patrons, and who we are hoping, will show their appreciation by taking a bunch of tickets. You see we are awful schemers, but one must be to amount to something. Beethoven and Schubert et. al. don't need any young musicians to exploit their works, but living composers do, and so you put them under your obligation by playing their compositions in public. It was again Mr. Lesser's idea to play a modern program; with his keen Jewish business sense he saw the benefit we can derive by standing in with Gernsheim, Kahn and the Medelssohn family. But we are pretty sure of the latter anyway. I was there with Heber (the violinist of our trio) last night to supper. Afterwards we played three piano-quartets, Herr von Mendelssohn playing first violin. I am always so delighted to be there, they are so genuine and natural. They seem to be fond of me as, indeed, they have shown it. I

am counting on being at their home often this winter which will have a good effect on me musically as well as socially. You know how I always despised going out; well I must overcome that now to a certain extent and try and be with these kind of people as much as possible.

Monday Evening

Was interrupted yesterday and hadn't a moment to continue this until this evening. Today was the big Jewish feast day and so I was busy the whole day. Now they are over and I can look forward to getting my salary. Although they were a strain I enjoyed them immensely. St. Mary's choir behave like angels in comparison to these. I heard the best stories of my life during the sermons and managed to be given the most delicious candy at the most solemn parts of the service. They are frights these young people.

The service began at 9 this morning and lasted until 6:30 this evening with one hour's rest. So for 8 1/2 hours I sat on the organ bench— rather on the harmonium bench— which was twice as hard on account of having to pump. But I managed to read a novel at the same time. The chanter sings long palms, sometimes lasting twenty minutes to a half hour and then the choir answers with an 'amen'. While he was singing I read and, just when we were to answer, a young fellow standing near me gave me a nudge and snatched the book out of my hand just in time to let me play the 'amen'. He then promptly gave it back to me and I started reading again. Of course the choir also has long lingos to sing (in Hebrew) and I often had to transpose them suddenly. It reminded me of how I used to chase Fr. Foley up and down the organ when he was singing the preface. Mr. Lesser and I sent a card to Delis lately. She and Henry must write Mr. Lesser immediately. Shall try and turn over a new leaf in the writing line.

Lovingly Ed.

Berlin Oct. 8 1911.

Dear Folks,- The Nikisch concert begin this noon and, as I wouldn't miss one of them, I may not have time to finish this; but at any rate I can start it. These Nikisch concerts are the big event of the musical season, and the first one formally starts the ball a rolling in much the same way as the Vanderbilts open the social season in New York by giving a party to the '400.' There have been already a large number of concerts but most of them have been given by beginners- poor young people who hope, by playing first, to receive more notice from the critics, or, perhaps a possible engagement. I have already been to three concerts but they were of not much account.

The program to-day is dedicated to Gustav Mahler and so turns out to be a memorial concert. The poor fellow is being honored now that he is dead but, when he was living, everyone was his enemy and helped to bring him down to his grave. But that is the way it goes with all the musicians.

Mrs. Ganz came over to see me yesterday. It was quite a surprise as I supposed she was still in Switzerland. She came to tell me about two American girls who are to begin with Mr. Ganz when he returns, but who in the meantime will study with me. It will be a nice little income on the side and a good means of getting some experience. I only hope the pensions Wirtin (landlady) will not have any objection. Mr. Ganz sailed last Tuesday so will soon come in sight of the Statue of Liberty. It must be a delicious feeling to be going to America for a concert tour. It is the ambition of every musician here in Berlin but, alas! how few of them reach it. I ~~remb~~ remember the last time I came into the harbor of New York I was terribly depressed because I was coming back to my country without being that that I started out to be. But now I have a different feeling; next July when I come in sight of Coney Island I am sure I shall be happy and confident. I wrote a card to Mr. Ganz at Bremen c/o 'Crownprincess Cecilia' wishing him no white caps. He will laugh over it and think of our trip to Havre five years ago. They had a good joke on me; the first day out the sea was like a mirror and I nearly cried for disappointment. I was disgusted that it wasn't as rough as Lake Michigan and that it made less of an impression. I had read so much about the 'sea in anger' and heard Mrs. Collins tell so much about the 'power of God on the ocean', that I had been expecting different things and so couldn't be consoled. I hated the people for praising the fine weather and only wishing it would last. Mr. Ganz just laughed in his sleeve and said 'wait you'll get enough'. Well the next day my friends the white caps came, big fellows that jumped up on the deck and splashed salt water in our faces. You know the rest: I became fearfully sick and wished the white caps to the — but they didn't go. Ever since that Mr. Ganz has called me 'Master White Cap.' He arrives in New York Tuesday the 11.

Monday

As I expected, it was impossible for me to finish this yesterday. The concert was glorious and made a tremendous impression on me. On account of its being a memorial for Mahler it had a kind of funeral service air about it. The women dressed in black and everything was solemn. During his 'Children's Death Songs' which were sung beautifully by a well known [lead?] singer, the whole audience cried. I was invited to dinner and came an hour late (at 3 P.M.?) which was very disagreeable to me and, I suppose, still more so to the hostess. But I simply couldn't leave before it was over. In the Evening I went to Mr. Lesser's and, after supper, played a whole program for him. I have already made big strides in my piano playing since I came fro Switzerland. There is nothing like practicing regularly and now, that I am not at the Hochschule, I am able to do it. The school started today, by the way. I felt a little lonesome not being there. Hess asked me to play in the orchestra this winter and I shall most likely do it. It is such fun and such an education.

Of One of the pupils recommended by Mrs. Ganz has materialized - at least her father has. He came to see me this noon and made arrangements for the first lesson. He is a Doctor Wilson from Rochester Minn. and, on account of having lived in St. Paul several years, knows Kate and Dr. Renz very well. It will really be my first

experience in this line so I am curious to see how it will turn out. Talent to teach is a talent by itself and one either had it or not; it cannot be learned.

The Mendelssohn prize contest took place last week. You remember I played it last year and went off with empty hands. This time I accompanied Heber, the violinist who captured 150 Marks. The first prize is 1500, and then the interest of a large sum is divided among the 4 next best. The interest this year amounted to about 600 Marks and, as Heber was among the [???] marks fell to him.

It is almost winter [???] now - the leaves have fallen and the fire is made in (can't read) every morning. I had an awful cold in my head last month which lasted about 10 days and which was the result of the big difference between the Lake of Geneva and Berlin. I remember how I noticed the change during the trip from Basel. We left there at 5 p.m. in a sweltering heat but the farther north we came the cooler it was. That wasn't because the night was cooler - it was simply a change of climate. In the morning I looked out of the window and the ground was covered with frost! Imagine the difference. But the cold doesn't disturb me once that I am used to it. I should be delighted if this weather would keep up; it is the rain in Winter that I despise.

Hope Delia received Mr. Lesser's and my card. The ceremony is probably over by this time. Are they going on a wedding trip? Haven't had any news for a long time; what is the trouble? It is too bad about Frank. Swimming is only for healthy people. Frank should never go in with his nicotine blood. Cigarettes and cold water are a magnificent combination for rheumatism.

Haven't heard anything about Mrs. Renz's jewels; they are gone for good. Schumann-Heink sings here Friday. I intend going to see her soon. Did you write to Herrn von Mendelssohn? If not it doesn't make much difference and is too late now. Give my best regards to Father O'Brien.

Lovingly
Ed.

Berlin Oct. 26 1911

Dear Folks,-

Now that Cele's wedding is past, you probably feel relieved. Many people look upon a wedding as something very gay but it makes the same impression on me as a funeral. The is of course silly. In German the word for wedding is 'Hochzeit' which literally means 'high time,' and the Germans celebrate it in this sense of the word. But I am glad for Cele; she is one of those that should marry. It seems perfectly natural to me that Kate and Cele should marry and Mary and Annie remain single. It will be the best thing for mother as there will be a little more life and change in the family. I thought Henry worked in a Bank in Joliet. Mr. Lesser (and I too) received Cele's cards and Mr. Lesser was especially delighted. It just [happened that I?] noticed his card.

We have been busy rehearsing for our concert and rushing around to sell the tickets. Am sending you a poster and the concert announcements out of Sunday's paper. You know there are no such unsightly bill-boards here as in America, but on every street corner there is a little round pillar covered with these yellow monsters. We had our picture taken lately and it is great. Perhaps you will not be so delighted with it when I tell you that my little mustache shows flashy on it which makes me look like a different person altogether. I was afraid to tell you about the mustache although I have had it since spring. It is a little stubby one, 'English tooth-brush' as the Germans say, and very blond. The picture posted in most of the music stores are becoming quite [familiar but? some] how I have not sold as many tickets as I expected to, principally because I have been so busy that I couldn't get to see many people. The other two chaps have been doing a land office business, as has also Mr. Lesser, so we are not only sure of the expenses but will make something on the concert. That is phenomenal in Berlin especially for beginners. When young people give concerts here they pay their money down in advance and don't even try to sell a ticket; indeed they are delighted to get the people there on complimentaries and simply pay their hard earned cash for the pleasure of playing.

There is going to be a performance of Liszt's 'Missa Solemnis' at the Hochschule Monday and I am to play the organ. It seems they have no organists at the Hochschule and the director himself asked me and I [couldn't say no] although I have so little much to do and can't afford to have much more to do with the Hochschule. We had three rehearsals this week which means three whole afternoons gone, besides having trio rehearsals for our concert on the second. They were generally forenoon's or evenings so sometimes I was rehearsing the whole day. But the mass of Liszt is beautiful and so I am glad to take part. The organ hasn't so very much to do as, of course the orchestra is the principal accompaniment, but it could easily spoil everything.

I was over to see Mrs. Ganz one morning but couldn't play for her. She seems to think I have improved tremendously and thinks I will have a success at my concert. By the way, I must be doing something about that very soon. I wanted to let the trio concert pass before talking about it with Mr. Lesser, but the time is flying so quickly that Mr. Ganz will be back before I know it and by that time everything must be settled. One generally makes arrangements for a concert a year in advance so I may have trouble. I know that every hall in Berlin is taken for every night up until the first of April but there is a chance of someone's backing out and selling me a hall for an Evening. Otherwise I must wait until they are all through and give the last concert of the season. I have not thought much about the program, but that can wait. I don't play any trash so everything I have is suitable.

So the wedding took place the 18th? (It is two days since I started this letter so that I had forgotten about talking on the subject). This letter is terribly late; you will surely think something has happened so I must quit and get this much off in all haste.

Lovingly Ed.

You must have a time reading my letters on this awful paper. I'll never buy it again.

Berlin. Nov. 6 1911

Dear Folks,--

Everything went beautifully. I mean our concert which took place last Thursday. The results were satisfactory from every stand point. First the artistic side; we were all three in fine form and played as we hardly hoped to; the audience was very enthusiastic and gave us several recalls after each number besides storming the artists' room and overpowering us with compliments. Both Kahn and Gernsheim were there and seemed delighted. It was mighty well attended almost filled and that was very encouraging. It could have been packed but for two reasons; first, eighty tickets were reserved for the critics and their families and many of them didn't come or, if they did they ~~staid~~ [stayed] for only one number, (There were several other big concerts on that night, notably, Sembrich's) secondly, several people bought more tickets than they used for instance Franz von Mendelssohn bought 20 good seats and used only five for his family. His brother Robert bought 10 and didn't use one - he was out of town. Of course it was something to know that those empty seats were all paid for but we would have liked to have seen them filled. The financial result was tremendous for a concert of this ~~size~~ kind. Imagine beginners in Berlin not only being able to pay the expenses but making 75 marks apiece! I sold 100 marks worth besides getting a great many to go who bought their tickets at the box office. Only one criticism has appeared up to now; it was in a morning paper the day after the concert and so was a good beginning. If the following ones will only be as good. Most of the critics write only once or twice a week and then bring a resumé of the concerts of several evenings. Am enclosing this one criticism.

This month is certainly my best 'business' month since I came to Europe for I am going to earn (and have earned some) at least \$100 on the side. Am enclosing two little cheques for Mary and Ann. Mary's is the money she sent me last summer while the other \$10 will help Ann to pay for her 'black picture hat'. Perhaps I can send her a little more to help out on her 'Marquisite gown and aigrettes'. (Whatever in thunder all those things are) However I must get the money for my concert together soon and then put aside for my steamer ticket in July. Have two engagements out of town this month, one at Magdeburg and the other a Gorlitz. The concert at Magdeburg is with a violinist and will bring me 100 marks.

The one in Gorlitz is as accompanist for a singer and I am to get only 50 M. for playing the organ in the Liszt mass the other night. Our trio concert brought 75 apiece and my pupil paid me 70. So you see I am doing a flourishing business. Then I always manage to take in a little, accompanying at evening musicales. Was delighted with Mrs. Collins' criticism - 'how she received in black silk.' The next event is my birthday; am going to the theatre in the evening with Mr. Lesser. This letter is not so long as usual but you will not have such a time reading it on account of my having written on only one side. Shall write soon again.

Lovingly Ed.

Berlin Dec., 5, 1911.

Dear Folks,-

It seems today is the first breathing spell I have had for some time, so I must take advantage of it and write. I am looking forward to a more quiet time now until about Christmas, which will then most likely bring the usual string of tiring events. The climax of my 'dissipating' was reached last night; we had a ball here in the pension which lasted until 2 a.m. There are about 30 people (mostly young students) living in this house, and, with a number of outsiders, the crowd swelled to 50 or 60. It seems Fräulein Kähn (our landlady) gives these functions quite often but, as I haven't been here very long, it was the first one I experienced. The outsiders were all Germans, which gave the only local color to the affair as the inmates of the pension are all foreigners - North Americans, Brazilians, Russians and Norwegians. It was very nice though. I don't dance so I felt rather stiff, but I enjoy watching the others dance.

Our trio concert has suddenly made us quite popular among a certain set, so we have been invited out a great deal lately. When you give concerts in Berlin you must make friends - the kind that buy tickets, so when they invite you to their homes you daren't refuse. But it is awful - getting home late nights. You can't get up early in the morning so your work goes to the dogs. I have cut out going to concerts to a certain extent. They are even worse than society events for me because the music excites me so that I can't sleep for along time afterwards. When I come home from a terribly tiresome party where I almost went to sleep, you can imagine that it doesn't take me long to dose off, but when I have been to a magnificent concert and have heard music that has set my nerves tingling, it is hours before I can calm myself.

Was at the last Nikisch concert. It was a Beethoven program. (Dec. 16 is the date of Beethoven's death) Schnabel, one of the best known pianists in Berlin was the soloist.

Received Mary's letter with Mr. Ganz's program. It was certainly a great thing for Dr. Moody to go to the concert; he will have enough to talk and think about for another year. I am surprised that Mr. Ganz didn't have such a big house. He will soon be here now so I must hustle and get some things ready for him.

I can hardly write on account of the music in the house. a violinist directly underneath is playing the most doleful melody, while a pianist a little ways down the hall is pounding a sonata of Chopin; another one on the other side is tearing off scales. It is depressing to hear them all for one is reminded of the tremendous competition and wonders what is going to become of us all. Everyone is terribly ambitious and is confident that he or she is going to conquer the world.

There is going to be a concert at the Hochschule Saturday evening. I may play the tympani. Shall write to Henry and Dr. Moody this week. This idea with Schumann Heink is great - if it only materialize. The music students are getting noisier than ever so I shall have to practice to defend myself. (Of course when I play I don't hear them, which is the only reason for my being able to stay here)

Lovingly Ed.

[This letter needs proofing, after JPGs are provided]

Berlin Dec. 28, 1911.

Dear Folks,-

this is the last chance this year that I shall have to making the resolution to write oftener. Perhaps it will have some effect this time because it is a new Year's resolution. But I have no faith in promises especially when I make them myself because when a person really intends doing a thing or is in the habit of carrying out his promises, he doesn't talk about them.

the Christmas holidays passed very quietly. You can imagine how little excitement there would be at home if none of you had any church positions nor any music to prepare. It would even be a little more exciting if one had the prospect of hearing some good music but on Christmas the congregation here just sings a few extra hymns. The day after Christmas is also a holiday in Berlin-not only legal but for Catholics a holy day of obligation. I didn't intend going to mass on the 26th but went into the church for a few minutes about 11:30 and it was just as crowded as the day before.

Christmas eve we had a tree here in the pension. As I have probably told you every year at this time, Christmas is impossible in any house without a tree. Ours was a great big one, about 10 ft. high and beautifully decorated. We first stood around it and sang the songs that the Germans always sing on Christmas eve-first a hymn about the Christ Child and then a hymn of praise to the tree itself complimenting it principally on its constancy for 'it not only blooms in summer but in winter as well.' The tree seemed to be flattered although it didn't say anything. then we had the giving of presents; we all contributed towards a fur collar for our landlady and presents for the servants. Frl. Kahrn in turn gave each one of us something of no value but simply a remembrance. (It would have been no fun buying valuable presents for about 40 people) Then we had a gala dinner and a dance. All theatres and places of amusement are closed that night but the Germans don't have any scruples about having the time of their lives at home. This pension is really dangerous for a serious student like myself. It threatens to take my mind off my work with all its brilliant social affairs. The Russian Christmas takes place next week so the Russians in the pension (there are about 10) are going to give a grand ball. A week after the Brazilians are going to celebrate in honor of a young doctor who is going back to Brazil. It would be an ideal place for anyone who didn't have much to do every night there is dancing in the parlor (a tremendous room with a hard oil floor) where the music is furnished by one of the music students living here, followed by games of cards. no one gets up before 10 a.m. so you can imagine what it is like-one long house party. I don't have much chance to take part in the usual evening fun as I am generally out, but, when there is a full dress ball, I manage to stay home and enjoy them very much. On account of not being able to dance I can't do anything but sit around which is, however, much more interesting.

Have been troubled lately with eczema. I suppose you know what it is? It itches just like hives and the skin finally peels off. It is terribly annoying and I had to quit practicing because I had it on my hands. It started on my feet but the doctor didn't make anything of it and assured me it would not last long. Then it appeared on my hands and I quit playing so as to prevent their perspiring. (Perspiration is very bad in fact any kind of dampness; the doctor forbid me to bathe or to wash my hands often) It is so ridiculous because one never knows where it comes from. It is no contagion but simply an inflammation of the skin caused by perspiration and then sudden cold. I had been wearing thick woolen socks which are probably the cause of it. Have been practicing again for several days as it has almost entirely disappeared from my hands although it is still 'alive and howling' on my feet. There is not much to be done-I mean not many remedies for it. Every night I put on a kind of zinc salve and in the morning talcum powder. Then one mustn't eat much rich food, especially meat. I have been going to the skin department of the city hospital for treatment. One of Mr. Lesser's nephews is there. Children have it a great deal and

then men often have it in their beards. But to think that such a thing should happen to me who has never had anything like that!

Had a long letter from Kate lately also one from Anna Renz. The latter sent me a pair of silk socks and a tie to match as well as a kind of kid affair which I suppose is for socks or ties when one is traveling. At least I am going to use it for that. The 'hose' from Mary also arrived. I am especially glad to get them because I threw away all my heavy ones and was just intending to buy a lot of this kind.

No need to tell you that I didn't give a Christmas present although I received some nice ones, among others, a beautiful Beethoven Biography from an American woman here in the pension. You know it is against my principles to give presents as I think it should be against everyone's principles who hasn't any money. However I managed to buy a bouquet of violets and present them to Mrs. Ganz with due ceremony. Mr. Ganz will be here in about a week so I am hustling so as to play my program for him. As soon as he comes we shall arrange for my concert.

Called on Mendelsshons Christmas morning too. I hadn't been there for a long time but they were just as nice as ever. the concerts have let up for the holiday season but will let loose again just as soon as new Years is past. Was awfully glad to receive a Christmas Card from Miss Rogan. shall answer immediately. It is interesting to hear about Father Dunne; but his parish is doomed. Where the Jews once get a foothold there is no hope for anyone else. I am getting to dispise the people more and more although I shouldn't on account of the help I have had from them. But that is just it: taken singly they are fine people but it is their clannish way that is so disgusting. It seems there are nothing but Jews in Berlin; I am always delighted when I can talk to a Christian. Well here's hoping again that I will keep my resolution to write more regularly.

Lovingly Ed.

1912

[Though dated 1911, this letter is from 1912, when EJC played his Berlin debut concert. JEC]

Berlin March 12, 1911
1912

Dear Folks,-

I am almost ashamed to write, it is so long since I wrote last. But I imagine you are rather used to it now. Am getting ready for my concert which (as I told you) takes place the 20th. That not only means that I have to practice up the program, but sell the tickets as well. This last is terrible; with every two tickets I must write a flattering letter telling the person how delighted I would be if he would grace the concert with his presence etc. I have to smear it on pretty thick. But between you and me and the gatepost the point is not to have him grace the concert with his presence but to have him buy the tickets.

The principal event of the past month was my influenza. Was in bed six days. Everyone has it in Berlin. As luck would have it I was sick just the week I was to play with the orchestra and had to call it off. Played at the rehearsals and caught cold in the chilly hall (was perspiring of course). I just grinned and bore it. If I am only well for my own concert.

Am enclosing a couple of our trio pictures and ~~to~~ one taken with the Mendelssohn children skating back of their house. You probably recognize Heber on that one too. He is the middle one of the 3 heads. They gave me that one for my birthday. Have some magnificent ones of myself (alone) that I had taken for the 20th. Shall surely send them right after the concert. Am also enclosing a program. It is only a proof as you see by the way it is printed.

Am at Mendelssohn's to-night. Have been there for the last 3 Saturdays.

This is only a line I know, but after the concert I shall have much news and certainly more time. If I don't stop and go to the post office with this it may lie around for several days longer.

Lovingly
Ed.

Berlin April 8
1912

Dear Folks,-

I have been wondering the last couple of days if it weren't better to send a cable saying 'nothing is the matter with me'. You will surely be worried at this long silence especially as I promised to write immediately after the concert. There is no use making excuses to the effect that I have been rushed to death, etc. It is simply the confounded habit I have gotten into of not writing to anyone. You remember the last time I came home I wrote very irregularly for months beforehand and had as an excuse that I would soon be there in person so it didn't make much difference about the letters. Well I can say that now and before I tell you anything about the concert, I want to tell you my plans. I shall sail about the middle of July (just as three years ago) so as to avoid the high prices. The high season begins here the first of August. I haven't arranged for passage as yet but shall very soon possibly this week. Many people have advised me to sail on the North German Lloyd claiming it is better than the Hamburg-American Line. I can hardly believe that but shall probably take the Lloyd (from Bremen) just for the change and also to become acquainted with both lines. I have quite a neat sum saved up and by the time I am ready to go shall have not only my fare but perhaps a little besides to tide me over the month of August which is rather a hard month to earn anything at home. so you needn't think I shall have to swim. As soon as I have picked out the steamer and the date I shall let you know.

Well I really don't know where to begin to tell you about the concert. I shall have lost to tell you when I get home so there is no need going into detail here. First of all it was a financial success. I cleared 30 marks. Of course at our trio concert we cleared 150 but then there three of us selling tickets. I don't suppose it happens once every season that a debutante in Berlin makes expenses. The criticisms were peculiar. I got magnificent ones and awful ones. But the good ones are all prominent papers while the bad ones are for the most part papers that aren't read so much. It is laughable how the critics contradicted each other. For instance, the musical journals: there are two in Berlin which are read a great deal. In one 'I had a good technique but was musically, not much account.' In the other one the man used me as an example to show that the Americans contrary to the [usual?] belief, were temperamental and musical. So you see the opinions are divided (which is a good sign) and it's hard to know whom to believe.

I have got the criticisms together only now, they often appear several days or even a couple of weeks after the concert. I sha'n't be able to send them now as I want to have them translated for and eventual write up in an American musical journal. I wasn't at all satisfied with the way I played part of the program. You see the critics came at the beginning and ~~staid~~ [stayed] about a half hour and just hearing the worst things for I was pretty excited in the beginning and didn't do myself justice at all. Those who ~~staid~~ [stayed] longer and heard the Brahms variations invariably wrote good notices. After the concert I was at a restaurant with Lesser and the Ganzs. We wrote you a card, thank Heaven!, so you have not been without a line.

The whole pension came to the concert- everyone terribly excited. One American lady said she was a mess for several days beforehand and at dinner that day most of them couldn't eat anything through nervousness. I laughed at them and played the fearless one although inwardly I was terribly excited but ashamed to show it.

In the artist's room just before the concert I felt miserable. The bell rang first once, then twice and finally three times. Then a man came in from Wolf's (concert agency) telling me to begin. The audience was very enthusiastic as, indeed, they were all my friends. the program was pretty long-too long in fact- it wasn't over until 10:15. My pictures were up in couple of windows so I am quite a big gun (among my friends). They came back from Wolf's yesterday so I shall send them immediately.

You will like them except for the mustache. Delia need have no fear-I shall have it shaved off going over on the boat. Delia's picture was fine; why she looks pretty on it! Kate sent Mr. Lesser and me Easter cards. Too bad I didn't remind you to do it. I feel so terrible about Mendelssohn's. You know I asked you to write some time ago. Did you? If not you must be ready to write just before I leave Berlin, thanking them profusely in mother's name. They are such ideal people and such great friends to me.

Am practicing with a vengeance now as if my life depended on it. I must get a lot of things ready for America next winter. Mr. Ganz advises me not to take a college position but to give private lessons in Chicago and be able to fill any concert engagements. There is no use planning for every thing; turns out differently. I guess I shall be able to make a good living though, which is the most important thing for the present. Don't be worried if I don't write regularly- it seems I can't shake off the bad habit. It won't be long now until I shall be packing my duds ready to become an American again and ready to stay home for a while

Lovingly
Ed.

Berlin May 5. 1912

Dear Folks,-

Had been doing better than usual there for awhile and I suppose you thought I was going to write regularly, but this letter is several days late so you will see I am falling back into my bad habits. Now that people have stopped talking about the Titanic I seem to have much less to do so shall take that as an excuse and a promise to write oftener. Really my nerves were keyed up to such a high pitch I imagined I was working hard, but that wasn't the case; the strain of hearing the frightful reports that kept coming in every day just tired me out. Now that the papers don't bring any thing more about it the tension is relieved and I feel like taking a rest.

Have about given up the Paris idea so shall, in all probability, arrange for my passage on the North German Lloyd this week. Haven't seen a sailing list as yet so can't tell you the exact date of my arrival. I hope Mary and Annie won't arrange their vacations to suit me. The last time, Ann took her vacation the first week I was home and had a fearfully dull time of it principally on account of me but also on account of the heat. Then if Mary should be in Minnesota she mustn't come home for that is just the worst time of the year in Joliet. Perhaps Ann could go to Kate's this summer.

Mr. Ganz is leaving for Switzerland the first of June which will leave me without any lessons what ever and the lounging I shall do then with the ocean trip will be enough vacation for me. So no Niagara Falls for yours truly. Then you don't need to make a fuss over me as though I were going to be home for only a short time like 3 years ago.

So many have advised me to go on the North German Lloyd that I have about decided to but still it is hard to leave the Hamburg American Line. That is a distinctly German quality which I have acquired here, namely; when I have tried something and it proved satisfactory not to change it. The Americans are just the opposite, they want to try everything. Needless to say they were Americans who told me to go on the Lloyd 'in order to know both lines.' They say the Lloyd has the best cabin passenger service. The Hamburg America handles more freight and emigrants.

Mrs. Ganz invited me to supper Tuesday evening and I had a very interesting time. Josef Lhevinne, pianist and a certain Nora Drewett also a well know pianist were there and played the whole evening. Also a Mrs. Lakes from California a relative of Boguslavski! Do you remember [Moses?] at the College? When this woman told me she was related to Bogus I near fell over. It was like a message from another world; my youth and the diamond-medal contests as the college flashed across my mental vision! Bogie? is teaching in Kansas City and has a big son so you see he has quite outgrown me. Perhaps I shall see him in ~~the~~ America this winter. Lhevinne is going to tour in America all next winter. He is a rather stupid fellow- the contrary to Ganz- and appears to me to be completely unmusical; but he has a tremendous technique and this brilliant style in his playing that is so liked in America. Mr. Ganz is going to arrive in September and start immediately on the coast. He is planning a recital for two pianos with me in Chicago which will be if it materializes.

Haven't heard anything from Kate concerning Schumann-Heink's coming to Europe. I should certainly enjoy going to Bayreuth especially if there would be any money in it, but I can't quite see how Schumann-Heink needs a pianist there. There are any number of experienced Wagner coaches there who know her roles from memory and would rehearse with her for practically nothing. They are often experienced conductors as well who go to Bayreuth for the festival and try to earn a little on the side by coaching the singers. I am afraid to have anything to do with Madame for to have anything to do with her means to fight with her and that wouldn't pay me.

Was at Mr. Lesser's Sunday afternoon and played a Brahms Trio with Wittenberg (violinist) and Leimeister (horn player form the royal orchestra).

Lesser complained to me lately that I had been neglecting him, which was true. I promised to mend matters, especially as I am to be here for such a short time and don't know when I shall see him again. The reason for my forgetting him is due to my living in the pension. When I lived on Culmbacherstr. I had no company at all except for the few words I spoke to my landlady, so I often went to his house from sheer loneliness. Now that I am in the midst of a crowd of young people and have all the excitement I need, I forget my friends outside of the pension. Lesser told me how selfish it was to do that and I agreed with him. Am enclosing a letter a lady sent me the day after my concert. Her son is one of the best known among the younger pianists in Berlin as well as a teacher at the Hochschule. I think it was terribly nice of her to write that letter.

Wrote to Kate last week-hope she will answer some time. Heard from Mary this week. Did she say you had another dog? Hope Mrs. Collins is digging in her garden- there is nothing like it.

Lovingly
Ted

Berlin May 27
1912

Dear Folks,-

This is again one of my delayed letters. But let's trust that it will be put on a fast boat so that it won't be long on the way. Had two letters this morning, one from Kate and the other from Ann. The one from Kate is from St. Louis and is rather full of startling news. She seems to be pretty sure of the affair with Schumann Heink- so much so that she has put an ad for me in the Leader saying on tour with Schumann-Heink from Oct. 1912. I can hardly believe it, it is so perfectly grand. Then too, knowing Schumann Heink's temperament, I am afraid that by fall the whole thing will have run off in the sand. You know one word dropped in a casual conversation would put Schumann-Heink against me for life. For instance: if I said 'she was not in good voice this evening' she would surely fire me. Kate said she wanted to meet me in Bayreuth, which would be a fine chance for me to hear the Wagner performances, but very dangerous as she might in a moment of bad humor, send me home even before the American tour were arranged. There is nothing to do but wait and let affairs decide themselves. If things turn out as Kate plans everything will be ideal but things often turn out differently ~~than~~ from the way they were planned.

I wish I could make the contract with Schumann-Heink's manager and sign for a certain time and for a certain salary. Then I should be independent of Madame's whims and not be depending on her good graces. I can feel safe only when I do business with men.

Ganz leaves Berlin Thursday. They had a farewell tea yesterday to which I was invited but could not go on account of being at Lesser's. The latter showed me the letter from the 'Collins Family'. He was delighted with it, as indeed, you hit him in the most delicate spot-his wisdom and foresight. Mendelssohn, by the way, also got your letter and told me to thank you and excuse him for not answering it. I told him not to think of answering it, you didn't expect it etc. Just imagine how busy he is with that big banking establishment and all his social and political duties!

The position at 'Our Lady of Sorrows' would be magnificent if it weren't for the outlook with Schumann Heink. If this latter doesn't materialize I shall surely look for an organ position when I come home. This letter isn't very much but I might leave it lying around for several days if I waited to write more.

Lovingly
Ed.

PS. Am enclosing 3 criticisms of my concert. The one in two parts is from the Signale, a musical journal which appears every week. The little one is from the 'Lokal Anzeiger' one of the most popular dailies. This criticism is not very good as you will see. The other one is from the 'Tagliche Rundschau' also very popular. This criticism is about the best one I have had. I am sending the criticism of those two girls with it as they happen to be Americans.

1914

POSTCARD
(back)

July 20, 1914

Romuald? Wikarski?
Berlin W. 62
Klesitstr. 28.

Charlottenburg
20.7.14 11-12N
S
2

Herrn? Edward Collins
Bayreuth
Nibulüngen ??? ??? 24

[This postcard message needs translation]

POSTCARD
(front)

[image of butcher/delicatessan shop
in downtown Berlin?]

1918

Is the 20 enough for Joseph? If the
bike costs more I'll send it.
Can't find Louise's letter just
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
now. Send it next time.
WAR ACTIVITIES

CAMP Dodge
Battery B 337 F.A.
Saturday 1918

Dear Folks,-

It is Saturday 11 a.m. The major has just been around for inspection. He is a West Point man with an eagle eye and looks over our toilet articles and underwear. He also gives us the once over to see if we are shaved, shoes polished etc. By the way I could use any large white handkerchiefs that are lying around the house.

Received Ann's typewritten letter yesterday and shall answer her questions. In regard to the Music News: Have them send a bill (or you say they have sent one lately). Have them send a statement covering the last six months. Tell me how much it is and how much you have left and I'll send the rest by return mail.

Yesterday I received the enclosed letter from Fr. O'Brein. It was a shock just at this time when I am paying so much out. Could Henry make out a draft for \$75 and send it to him without having me sign it? I'll write him and say that 75 is all I can spare just now and shall pay the rest in the course of the summer.

I paid the Leader \$100 and told Mrs. French to discontinue my ad until after the war. See that it is out when you look at the Leader. I'll write Music News and have them discontinue too.

Am enclosing \$20 for Joseph. I'm afraid I'm about broke now.

By the way Frieda sent me a box of sausage. I gave a little to the first sergeant and to the supply sergeant who are the men who run the barracks and, needless to say, they are for me now. Our food is excellent and there is really no need of sending anything but, of course these sausages are specialties that we could never get here. Having them makes quite a variety.

Was talking to Walt Bagnell yesterday about his teeth. The poor fellow lost five. ~~!!!~~ If you have a suspicion of pyorrhea or if the teeth are badly decayed, out they come. You are not asked if you want it so. Some of the men lost nearly all of theirs. Walt says he writes home every three or four days, which is not so bad.

This letter was interrupted by our second inoculation. It was twice as strong as the first and put us all on the bum for a day. The first one was 3,000,000 germs, yesterday's was 6,000,000 and next Saturday's (the last) will also be 6,000,000. So you see by then I shall be carrying around 15,000,000 dead typhoid micros.

They say it is a very fine thing and makes you absolutely immune. Yesterday I couldn't shove a pen to finish this letter. The shot (under the right shoulder) starts working with in an hour and your right arm becomes stiff as a board. We got the shot at 4 and my worst time was at 8. This morning my fever was gone and now I feel O.K.

We got our uniforms this morning. I'm afraid you will not like them they are made so poorly-pockets not sewed well and threads hanging at every corner. Then too, the army does not aim at a good fit, they just want to come within a reasonable distance of it. For instance they have only three sizes of leggings and when you step up to

be measured, the supply sergeant calls out, 'piano legs', 'medium' or 'canary bird' and you are handed out one of those three sizes.

I haven't been on any kind of detail work as yet. Some fellows have been on a great deal. Coulihan and Walt have been scrubbing and washing dishes several times but the first sergeant hasn't had me do a thing since I came. I hold a kind of whip hand over them. They think that if they give me any work to do my hands will get stiff and there will not be any music.

Met a Father McDermott from the Knights of Columbus today. I told him that I had been working for the Y.M.C.A. because the K.C's hadn't been around and he said they should be around after this. He asked me to play at church on Sunday and I said 'yes' but I am anticipating trouble. Seven boys from the Paulist Choir are working at the base hospital and they do the singing. I don't want to have any dealings with them so if they are at our Church I'll go to another one. They have mass in every regiment. Now when I think of it I just better send Fr. O'Brein a cheque from here and Henry will not need to bother about anything. The cheque will probably come through in a few days.

Received a nice card from Elizabeth Ryan a few days ago. Don't worry about Joseph; there is nothing the matter with him. Am sending the letter Louise wrote to John Egan and that I was to post several weeks ago. Am glad to hear that Mrs. Collins is well. Have her sit out doors as much as possible. It sure was nice of Captain Redfield to speak well of me. We expect him back very soon now.

It is getting late now so I shall quit.

Love
Ed.

Chicago Musical College
624 S. Michigan Boulevard
Chicago

May 11, 1918.

Mr. Edw. Collins,
Battery 3, 337th F.A.
Camp Dodge, Des Moines, Iowa

My dear Collins:

I am just in receipt of your letter of May 9th, and doubtless by this time you have received the letter I wrote you at Joliet, Illinois, a few days ago asking for your photo in order to have a halftone made for the new catalog. I note what you say in reference to not announcing your coming here in our new catalog, and think this will be a grave mistake for it is already around Chicago that you are coming here next season -- from what source this information came, I do not know; but it is out nonetheless.

Now, you better write Mr. Bradley at once resigning there for all time to come so he will not publish you as a member of the Bush faculty. In case the war is over before next season or anything happens that you can get out of active war service, everything will be ready for you here, and this means your name must be added to our faculty in the new catalog, which will probably be off the press about June 10th.

As regards to your class, I am sure it will be possible to get them here when wanted; at least, many members of your class will doubtless come right away if at any time you are able to take up teaching here. We must take this chance, so please arrange your matters accordingly at once. I do not think it is a good idea to conceal from now on your having a contract with this institution for in the meantime you will get all the advantages of the advertising as a being a member of our faculty.

Please be prompt in sending a photo of yourself -- or having one sent -- for this is important to make a halftone for the new catalog. It is altogether possible the war will be over by next November, and let's hope so anyway, and in case it is, we will be able to find a place for you here on your arrival in Chicago.

Everything is moving along in fine shape, and I was hoping you would be able to get out of service on account of your eyes, but evidently you passed the exam again. Everything is booming and the prospects of a big Summer School look better than ever before.

(2)

Also, things look bright for next season.

With kindest regards and hoping to hear from you often, I remain

Very sincerely yours
[Carl I Kinsey?]
Manager

CIK:M

[Letter from piano student of EJC,
likely his Bush Conservatory studio;
translation by Joshua Harmon]

Chicago June 7, 1918

CB
[monogram]

My dear Mister Collins:

I cannot tell you how happy I was to receive your lovely card, for which I thank you.

Your sudden departure from Chicago greatly shocked me, and for a while I wondered if the earth had swallowed you up, but happily we quickly learned that you had become a soldier.

What a noble occupation, defending one's country and the principles of democracy.

2.

I am sure that you will never fail to uphold your duty.

My dear Mr. Collins, I would be happy to receive news from you now and then, and if I could send you something useful for your "home," I would be very happy to take your request.

As for my studies, they've been languishing since your departure. Mrs. King and I speak often of you and, believe me, there are plenty of times that I would like to have you by my side to give me a little good advice.

[3.]

You ask me if I have been studious? Could I really be studious without having you to encourage me?

I saw a wonderful announcement in a music newspaper that told us of your return to Chicago in September, and which said that you will be at the Chicago Musical College during the winter. Is it possible?

Apart from that, I have nothing new to pass on to you, and, waiting to read your reply,

I send you my kindest regards,

Your student,
Clemencia Block

5650 So. Park Ave. [Chicago]

[It looks like EJC used the empty page of Ms. Block's letter
to write down physical training exercises. ~ JEC]

Rifle held naturally. General rules.

1. Arms forward ex
Arms sideward ex
2. $\frac{1}{4}$ kneebend hands on hips
3. bend trunk ~~forward 222~~ backward 2 counts
hands on hips
4. Arms overhead—raise
5. Rising on toes—arms
backward
cross
6. Bend trunk sideward 2 counts.
to right— then — 2 counts left
7. Arms to thrust
thrust arms forward
knuckles up
8. hands on shoulders
twist trunk sideward
right or left 2 counts
9. raise knees 2 c
hands on hips
10. arms to thrust
raise shoulders
11. $\frac{1}{2}$ knee bend
arms backward
12. Arms to thrust
10. arms to thrust
raise shoulders
11. $\frac{1}{2}$ knee bend
arms backward
12. Arms to thrust
bend head forward
13. turn head to right or left
14. Arms forward
bend head forward
13. turn head to right or left
14. Arms forward **waist?**
stretch arms sideways
palms up
15. hands on hips
bend trunk obliquely forward
16. Hands on shoulders
move elbows forward

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

WAR ACTIVITIES

CAMP Upton

Wed. P.M. 1918

Dear Folks-

Just a line before going to bed. You will be surprised to hear that I am still at Camp Upton. Well, I am surprised too. Plans were changed as they often are. However, by the time you receive this I shall have left. Write me now to Headquarters 88th Division, American Expeditionary Force via New York. You see we don't know where we are going hence the via N. Y. instead of somewhere in France or the like.

Am feeling great; spent the evening talking to Maude Adams. She is fine and told me a great deal about some famous actors. There was a crowd of soldiers and officers trying to get next to her but yours truly pulled two big easy chairs up into the corner and the great actress and I had a tête-à-tête for about two hours.

My telegram has not arrived and I am still a private. You know the commanding officers recommended me at Washington. That was why I had to have the references. Every day I have been looking for news but ne'r a word. From now on I am not going to mention it. If they want to keep me a private, well I'll do my best there too.

Now don't worry about me; I am O.K. and not looking forward to any danger at all. I am more worried about you all than you need to be about me. Too bad I had to get rid of all my nice clothes. I was hoping my telegram would arrive and then I should have sent for my suit but now I may have to keep it as a souvenir. However, who knows, maybe you might have to send it to me yet. I have been a skate about writing to Jessie Malloy and to many others but I have hopes of doing it sooner. I am going to write home oftener, too, but it may not be very interesting.

Love Ed.

P.S. Am going to mass at midnight tonight- specially for the soldiers. This is our last night here.

ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION
"WITH THE COLORS"

Thursday July 4.
1918

Dear Folks,-

I am down to the 'Y.' They are having very interesting movies so I am going to write only between reels. I suppose you were glad to receive my telegram this morning.

I heard about the transfer late last night but did not want to scare you with a telegram at that hour.

This is the thing in a nutshell; there was a vacancy on the staff, in the adjutant general's office and Holmes Cowper succeeded in landing it for me. I played for him at one of the regimental sings lately and he immediately got busy. I told you about a young Lieutenant who came down to see me several times. He was from the staff himself although I didn't know it at the time. Then suddenly word came for me to go down and see the adjutant myself. His name is Major Toombs. He is a thin old man and kind but did not give me a chance to make the speeches I was preparing on the way down. Just asked me a few questions.

The work at first will be just office work and it is that that I am worrying a little about. You know I was never very neat with papers or anything else so I will certainly have to get busy and change my habits if I am to hold down this job. Then, too, my writing. He was sorry that I know nothing about stenography but my languages got him. I am expected to translate French letters.

I do not know when I shall leave Battery B. - maybe tomorrow and maybe not until Monday.

We were paid again yesterday. I received \$7.90. I hear that my allotments will not reach you for some time which worries me. I am going to ask Ann to send me a pair of pajamas as soon as possible- black and white striped or something that will wash. And do you know? I have suffered terribly for lack of a suit case. I sent mine home that time because I expected to go to Texas. Mary is probably using it or I should ask you to send it to me. Then I want Ann to send me my soft shirts if I have any. You know any shirt to which you attach a collar. Send one or two with the pajamas.

I have met some friends in camp. Lieutenant Flynn who used to be the clerk at the auditorium hotel and Rev. Malmberg the minister who got up the trip for the Zedellers and me about 15 years ago when we went to S. Dak. [South Dakota] He is chaplain of the 350th Infantry. He saw my name in the Des Moines society news(!) and called me up. Young Williams son of Celia's conductor friend is here. I ran into him at the K.C. His parents were down recently and he telephoned me to come over. I could not come just then but he said they would be there for sometime. When I was finally able to get down there they had left.

Some friends (?) of mine from the Paulist choir are here at the base hospital. They do not sing at mass here in camp but go to a swell church in Des Moines every Sunday. Father Noll was surprised at them but I put him next. They still have their swell heads.

I ~~staid~~ [stayed] home all day today studying French and washing my clothes. Most of the boys went to Des Moines but the day was spoiled by rain. As soon as I get into my new job I shall write and tell you all about it but just now you know as much

about it as I do. But one thing is certain: it is good that I got some military training before tackling it. That is what pleased Major Toombs most- that I had not tried to pick something and that our battery commander had made me an instructor.

We had a magnificent brigade review last evening at 7 o'clock. The general harangued us and then the bands played the S.S.B.* while we did 'present arms'. Then we marched past his lordship in battery formation. There were quite a few visitors out for it.

Joseph is probably in Nye by now with Mary getting ready to go. Ann and Ma are probably getting ready to close the house for the summer. Never mind Ann you will get a good vacation someday.

It is getting late and I have some work to do before the lights go out. Shall write soon again.

Love
Ed.

*Star-Spangled Banner

[July or August 1918]

Dear Folks,—

What do you think of this Canadian Ex. Force heading? Almost looks as if we had lost our identity doesn't it?

This trip has been full of surprises, I have seen many places I never saw before and that I certainly never expected to see at this time. The port of embarkation was the biggest surprise of all I should certainly like to tell you all about it but something seems to tell me I must postpone many details until a later date.

We are on a fine transport—not as big as some boats I have been on, but comfortable and up to date.

Thus far we have had glorious weather and I have spent ~~of~~ all of the time on deck. Everybody jokes about submarines but I reckon we shall not have to think seriously about them for several days.

The Y.M.C.A. men are on board dishing out stationery and making things agreeable for the men. I could write this at a better place than up on the top deck with my little French book as a desk, but I can't make up my mind to leave the sun and the sight of the water.

I hope it will not be very long until I hear from you. Write me c/o Headquarters 88th division Am. Ex. Force via NY. Have written you three or four cards since leaving camp Upton; hope you rec'd them. Shall write often as soon as I get settled and have a permanent address.

Love to all

Ed.

I just ran into George Ducker and several other
Joliet boys whom I haven't seen since the
day we left Joliet for Camp Dodge.

Thursday Aug. 29, 1918.

Dear Folks-

Nearing the end of the voyage. Everything beautiful so far- calm sea, beautiful moonlight no sea-sickness. Two days we had fog and I do hate the fog horns, but that was the only disagreeable touch! Hope you have written me c/o Headquarters 88th Division am. Ex. Force via NY. You had my address before I left America so I expect a letter soon. There are rumors about several ports where we may land but, of course, no one knows anything definite. The submarines have not showed up and so we have come to regard them as a fairy story. It has been a terribly interesting trip- not like the ones I have had but funnier and more entertaining. I have spent a great deal of my time teaching French up on the hurricane deck and playing for the men. Have also played at several concerts the piano out on deck and me looking at the waves while I was playing.

This letter must be given in for censorship in ten minutes at the latest so I shall quit.

Of course we are not allowed to tell anything about the trip which would be giving information- that will have to be postponed until after the war. The principal thing is that I am feeling great and enjoying the trip hugely. Shall write as soon as we land and very often after that. I am so anxious to hear about you all; how has mother stood the heat and how about Mary Virginia and Buddie? Write me all the news. No news about the affair I told you about from NY but I am expecting to hear something soon. Send Mary and Kate my address and have them write me also Lammie.

Love to all
Ed

Censored
Wendell D. Burns

SD? Lt. JW.? USA

Pvt. Ed. Collins
HQ Bat.?
HQ 88th Div.

In addition to "c/o Headquarters 88th Division" put "A.P.O. 795"
A.P.O. = American Post-Office

[September 1918?]

P.S. Still using the same paper we had on the boat.

Dear Folks--

I am wondering if you have heard from me and when I shall hear from you. Things are different now so we can't expect to be in touch with each other like we were when I was at Camp Dodge. Since I wrote last we have arrived in France and have seen a good bit of the country. I think my last was from our port of arrival. We ~~staid~~ [stayed] there only a day and a half and then made quite a journey inland. Now we are quartered in a beautiful old historic village with little winding streets and churches and towers that were built in the thirteenth century. Everything is, of course, doubly interesting to me on account of being able to talk to the people- and such people! You never heard of such politeness nor of such love for the Americans. We own the place and they let us do about as we please. I have been doing mostly interpreting lately and I tell you it is interesting.

We suddenly broke camp since I wrote the above and are in another village about as large as the first but not as nice- at least the people are not as cordial. But with my music and my French I get in with them and have a great time. I wasn't in this town an hour until I was playing for some nice people who live near headquarters. Of course in the stern business of war there isn't much room for gallivanting but I manage to have a little fun out of office hours. Very often I play for the officers in the evening- tonight I am going to play for the people where [CENSORED] is billeted. From there I am going to play at a movie theater at an entertainment that the Y.M.C.A. is getting up for this crowd in this town. By the way the Americans have overrun the place. These drowsy little towns are shocked out of their sleep of centuries by battalion after battalion tramping through the streets and especially by our big motor trucks that tear through the country on their way to the front. Our [CENSORED] is in for a course of training right around here. Of course I don't know for how long that will be. We know precious little and what we do know we are not supposed to tell, so all the interesting experiences will have to wait. My letters will not be very interesting. All I can say is that I am well and having the time of my young life. There are some Joliet boys in the town. I was talking to them last night. There are also St. Paul and Minneapolis right here in headquarters. I was talking to a man this morning who was on the road as advertising man for the Redpath Bureau and knows Kate very well. Another man whom I see every day was quite a pal of mine in Chicago. You will have to wait for the names until after the war. Have not heard a word from America since before I left Camp Dodge. Of course no one has heard anything because we have been on the go all the time and our mail simply has not caught up with us. I am studying and speaking French all the time; by the time the war is over I expect to speak it perfectly. Suppose Mary's school has started and Joseph's too, with you all back on Center St. It seems ages since I left home and still it is only four and a half months. I shall write twice a week but my letters may be delayed. You may get nothing for some time and then several together. Don't worry about me; I am working in an office [CENSORED] from where I can see the most beautiful woods and hills. The worst guns I hear are the typewriters. I have been in perfect health ever since I joined the army and cannot see why it shouldn't continue. I'll write only two pages each time and spare the censor, of course you write as often as you can.

Much love Ed

Wed. Oct. 3,
1918

Dear Folks,-

They say there is mail for us at a town not far from here and they are going over after it this morning. I have been very lazy as usual so better get this started right away. I guess I haven't struck my European gait yet. You remember when I was in Europe before I wrote often and regularly so I better not lose my good reputation. In my last I told you about receiving Annie's first letter and Mary's from Eden Valley- that was about a week ago. Mary told about Henry and Billie being up at Kate's and having the kind of a time a fellow likes. I suppose Henry never stops telling about it. Wish I could have been there to hit a few of the high spots with them. Things have been going beautifully since I wrote last. It is cool and clear and our office is full of sunlight early in the morning which is a fine thing. The fellows from the other offices (on the West side of the building) keep coming in and taking advantage of it whenever they have a minute off. We are in high spirits over the war news. Looks as if it would not last much longer at the way the German organization is breaking down but in the meantime, training is going on as usual. You know we get news here at least six hours ahead of you- when you read your morning papers it is afternoon here.

We have had two concerts at the YMCA lately. The night before last a Miss Farrar (not Geraldine) gave a beautiful recital. They had a lunch afterward and asked me to play for the general to dance. I luckily knew his favorite, the Missouri Waltz, and the old boy got up and tripped the light fantastic with Miss Farrar much to the delight of the privates. Miss Farrar has a beautiful voice and between numbers told some jokes. Did you ever hear this one? Which would you rather be, a Colonel with an eagle on your shoulder or a private with a chicken on your knee? Last night we had a regimental band from the neighborhood- that is- an American band which is billeted near this town. It was great. I had heard them at Camp Dodge and recognized their ability and last night confirmed my impression. They got off some jazz stunts that set the boys wild. After the concert I played 'Over the Top' for the leader, Lt. Zott, and he told me to send it to him and he would have it arranged and play it. By the way, all the band leaders are Lieutenants now and often I wonder if it were well for me to let the band go and try to get something out of my languages. Up to this my languages haven't brought me very much but I haven't given up hope yet. Damrosch is over here and is getting up a big school for band leaders and musicians. If my languages do not bring me anything in the near future I am going to ask permission to attend this school. They teach oboe and French Horn in addition to the usual band instruments and a knowledge of either would be a big asset after the war, they being orchestral instruments as well. But then, too, if a person has a nice job in the army he shouldn't try and change it for something uncertain. I am as safe from danger and sickness here as I was at the Bush Conservatory so I do not need to worry for the present. Now that the end of the war is in sight the boys are wondering how long it will be after the war before they get transportation to America. However I wouldn't mind going on to Berlin and showing our boys the town as soon as the treaty of peace is signed.

Every once in a while I see Father Higgins. He is from Odell and knows Bagnell's relations at Nevada. He says he met me that time I was down there and I have a hazy remembrance of going into a soda fountain with Walt Bagnell and meeting his people who owned the place.

Joe Ernst's regiment is a few miles out in the country from here but I haven't had chance to get out and see Joe. Some evening after work I am going to borrow a bicycle and ride out and call on him. I saw him just before we left Dodge and we said Oscar had been out the day before. You haven't written me a word about my allotment. Every month since I have been in the army I have allotted \$15 a month to Mary. The government adds \$10 to that so you should have been getting \$25 a month. Before I left America I asked you about it but you did not answer. Write as soon as

you get this and tell me when the first allotment arrived and if they have arrived regularly after that.

Tell me when you received my letters from England. By the way I am looking forward to telling you about our stay in England and especially the trip across the country. Everything is so clean and orderly there it is remarkable.

I have permission to go to the church here and play the organ whenever I wish. The old curé is very nice and when I told him I had played in church since I was twelve years old he was surprised and then gave me the organist's address. The latter is blind by the way. This fell on the floor and was stepped on as you see. I wish I could get some photos taken. I must find out the regulations in regard to that. It is after 12 so I must run to my dinner.

Love

Ed.

Pvt. Edward Collins
Hdqs. 88th Division
Amer. Ex. Force. France

Henry Wolfson

1st ???

[October 1918?]

INCOMPLETE

Take it all back; about 11 o'clock this morning just after I had finished the enclosed letter the mail man brought me Annie's letter of Aug. 19 and one from Mary from Eden Valley. You in Joliet must have had a gay life. I am so glad that mother stood the summer so well and that you haven't lost your fighting spirit. I suppose Ann went to the movies during her 'vacation.'

Also received a card from Mrs. Guilfoyle which went to the 337th artillery at Camp Dodge so you see that card has had quite a career. So Tillie is still on the map? Where is Doctor I wonder? Of course I have no idea where Harold Malloy is and I don't see how it is possible that he let his folks know where he is. We are supposed to let all such things go until after the war. Sure, Ann and Frieda must come to N.Y. to meet me-but maybe we shall have to go back to Camp Dodge and be demobilized there.

But in the meantime the Germans have to be pushed out of France and across the Rhine so there is work ahead for everyone.

Am having interesting experiences as interpreter- interpreted twice already for the general- a senator came to call on him once and the other time was when a French civil authority made a formal call. The next minute I may be buying a waste basket for the office or telling some Colonel's landlady that he wants a hot bath at such and such a time.

I suppose Delia's annual letter will be coming along soon.

Love
E.

Henry Wolf
1st Sr. A.G.D??

[This letter was censored. ~ JEC]

INCOMPLETE

Oct. 8 1918

Dear Folks,--

The time is flying and it will be winter after all before the war so over. We are in a new town and are just getting settled. Some American troops were here before us and kind of blazed the way. Our barracks are not quite as bright as the last ones we had, neither is the town as lively but we are very comfortable and I am feeling fine as usual.

By the way this life is playing a good joke on me. I never get less than eleven hours sleep! We are all in bed by eight o'clock and up at seven. Often I am in bed by seven! We work from 8 until 5:30 and after supper there is the barracks and sing or pull off silly stunts until about 7:30. That is a very late hour for us and about eight everything is quiet except for maybe a few chaps playing cards in the corner. I sleep like a boy from 8 until 7 with the result that I am getting plenty of sleep for the first time in many years. Weigh 151.

During the day I am working as usual in the adjutant general's office and studying French between times. In my last I told you I was thinking of going to the musician's school because I was afraid my languages would not get me a good job, but since then I have reason to believe that it will be very desirable for me to stay right on this job for the present.

By the way: did my suit and stuff arrive from Camp Dodge? Am sending you a [coupon?] for a Christmas box. I don't need anything and you are not supposed to send candy. Frieda wrote and told me she heard (or her sister had) knitted me something. Get the stuff from her and send it in the box. We are allowed only one package. Am getting your letters regularly now-- also some from my pupils.

Today I was agreeably surprised to hear from Mary [Gunn?]. Her letter was posted Sept. 18th and this is the 8th. That is not so very bad. The YMCA has followed us up in this neighborhood and they are having movie shows every once in a while but it is two miles and the boot and shoe line is the only means of communication.

We are all very much excited over the war news these days. I get the papers from Paris every day. A man rides past here on a bicycle every evening early and I rush out and hail him and buy for. I read excerpts from the American papers too. These French papers often quote the Chicago Tribune.

Next to our barracks there is an old couple who have three cows. Right away I made up my mind to strike them for some milk and I did. Every morning I go over and drink a bowl of fresh milk-- the same thing in the evening. It costs a nickel. She has enough for three to spare so I bring over two of my pals. On account of knowing the language I can ferret out these things. Nearly all the natives here speak German and French and knowing both is great. I am sending you a postcard of our last barracks. Of course I cut out the name of the town so that his majesty the censor will let it get by. You see it is a very elaborate place-- theater and dance hall but out of business since the war started. It was requisitioned for our troops and we had a gay time there!

I am writing this in the evening in the office. It is getting on towards 8 o'clock so I better be getting to bed. Our barracks is about 5 minutes walk from here. Hope you are all well I am. You don't need to worry about me at all. It looks as if the thing would stop before the United States gets a good start and any way I have a good job. Love to all and write often.

Ed.

Henry Wolfson
1st ???

Pvt. Edward Collins
Hdqrs. 88th Division

Amer. Ex. Force France

Sunday, Oct. 27, 1918

Dear Folks-

Just got back from mass- that is back to work. We grind Sundays as well as week days but about 9:30 there is a general exodus and almost the whole force goes over to the little church. I am the organist since the farmer who plays has been sick. They have a harmonium up in the gallery and sing Gregorian music only. It is pretty rotten. Delia would think it fierce it is so monotonous. High mass doesn't last any longer than low mass except for the sermon. As soon as the priests is through with the credo we are almost through.

The old cure pastor and I are quite chummy. The other evening I was over and he gave me some red wine. We drank to France and victory. His sermon this morning was on the Spanish fever. He gave his people some common sense rules about checking it. The American doctors with us are attending the French civilians and the old curé is teaching one of these Doctors French. He told the people to come to him if they needed help and 'he would get his pupil.'

The women sit on one side of the church and the men on the other. Needless to say the men's side was about empty. The women, on the other side were mostly in their widow's weeds.

It is a beautiful day today. We have about one nice day in four so when the nice one comes we are all in fine spirits. Speaking of Spanish grip I hear you have a lot of it in America too. I suppose that the epidemic here was caused by 4 years of war, low vitality, not enough strong food etc., but if you have it too, why it must be international. I must be getting all your letters now for every time the mail man comes (about twice a week), I get at least two from home. Apparently I haven't struck my writing gait. Frieda is complaining about it. She writes often.

Why hadn't Joseph written? He sure would be in his element here. He could have 47 kinds of guns if he wanted them and as for airplanes and the very latest in ambulances and motor trucks. He would go wild. Even I am a fan about equipment now and I didn't give a darn about a 1917 model rifle or a four wheel drive or a Caproni airplane when I was in the states. Is Joseph's bike still in existence or did he 'fix' it so much he ruined it- like I did mine.

Rec'd Henry's enclosure in Delia's letter. The slip is reposing in my pocket as I really have no use for it here. You know there are no stores of any size within eight or ten miles and we are not allowed to roam around.

Terribly interesting about having Frieda down. She is such a funny kid she would give us no rest if she didn't get down. She is a fright of a rubber neck but the soul of good nature. She is getting tired of writing 'Private E.C.' on my letters. Well, we shall see.

I can just imagine Mary tearing around doing fifty different things at once. She must be in her element. The liberty chorus is something new and ought to pull down the coin- and we need coin too-you see what the war costs when you get over here.

Anne's letters have arrived regularly. I am not surprised that Captain Ridfield is a major. He got a brilliant start and had the right stuff to boot. Did I tell you I received a letter from Mary Jim? She is a great old stand-by. I am going to write her a long letter one of these days. Mary is right everybody had a car but we. Never mind- when the war is over we shall have one too.

For the last month we have kind of been up in the air wondering if the war is going on. Peace discussions certainly demoralize war preparations and I can see why the Germans always start a peace offensive when their other offensives fail. I guess the

only way to do is to keep the war going until we are at the Rhine, then they will talk common sense.

Received Mary Virginia's home work. I must try and get her some little souvenir of France. I'll bet brother misses her terribly. And is Mrs. Collins well? She is a great one.

Yesterday I was talking to an old peasant woman here who is 95. She asked me all about America and if our tall buildings reached the sky.

It would be so nice to see Albert Odenthal over here. He may be right near me and I do not know it. We don't bother ourselves about the location of other organizations, in fact we are not supposed to. Imagine all the musicians who are here— boys I know. How fine it would be to see them all!

But I suppose we must wait. The thing to do now is to work and keep our health and wait until the war is over and we shall all get a fresh start.

This is a rather long letter for me. I'm afraid I approach Delia when it comes to letter writing. But, tell her she doesn't need to wait six months longer now.

This letter does not need to be censored as you see by the cover.

Love to all

Ed.

Private Edward Collins
Hdqs. 88th Division
Am. Ex. Force, France

Friday Nov. 15, 1918

Dear Folks,-

Have had a relapse to once a week writing but now that the war is over you won't need so much news. You have all been writing fine. Yesterday I had 5 letters from you; one of them was posted Oct. 26 making the trip in three weeks. About how long does it take my letters to get to Joliet?

Am having a fine lazy time; there is a natural letdown and we are a bit out of work. I especially am doing very little. In view of my impending promotion they had brought a man up to take my place. I taught him the work in a few days so, for the last two weeks, he has been doing my work while I have been sitting here waiting for my telegram from General Headquarters that will not come.

I changed the name of my 'Over the Top' to "March of the 88th Division." The general wants it to be the official march of this division so the other day he sent me over to a bandmaster who will arrange it. This bandmaster said he would have it ready within a week so I am very curious.

In my last I didn't mention my birthday. It was very quiet, only one of the boys in the office knew about it and we had a little celebration in the evening. We are crazy to know when we can get home now and, as all decisions of this kind must come from Washington, you know more about it than I do. Send me some clippings about the prospect if you find any interesting ones.

Have been on Joe Ernst's trail lately. Once when I interpreted at a court martial I ran across his regimental infirmary in the little German town. But he had gone out for the afternoon. Again the other day when I went over to the town where the bandmaster lives I almost saw him. The bandmaster leads the band in the same regiment where Joe is. The bandmaster's roommate was that little Father Higgins from Odell, related to the Dougherty's of Nevada. He is the chaplain of the regiment.

It is terribly cute about Mary Gin and Bud. It is about time for him to run the house about like I used to make Delia [hustle?] the when we were kids. Mary Virginia will be so big when I get home I'll not know her and as for Bud he will probably be as big as his daddy.

I don't know where Al Odenthal's organization is. You know the where abouts of organizations is a secret.

We have been having beautiful weather lately- cool and clear with beautiful moonlight nights I should like to take long walks but nothing doing during the day time and in the evening I go to night school if you please. I invited myself. They are boys up to twenty who work during the day- rather illiterate fellows but, I should worry, it is the French I want. Last night we had geography. Hot dog. I had one beautiful walk the day before yesterday. Lieutenant Darrow, (I think I spoke of him before) called for me and we climbed a little mountain. At one time the German lines were only three miles from here so this little mountain is a magnificent fortress- a regular Gibraltar. We walked all over it examining the magnificent deepness and enjoying the view of the surrounding country.

I am glad my letter made Mrs. Collins grin. It is great the way she keeps well. Watch that she doesn't catch cold. I hate to think of your taking Cele's piano- first because it is robbing them and then because it is so rotten.

I think it would be nice to have the Odenthal's down this winter, it would be pretty exciting I know but it would enliven the house a bit and keep you company. So you had Mr. Schaefer up for supper? I suppose he scolded about Ganz all evening.

I have not written any of my friends or pupils because I want to tell them about my promotion. I am entirely out of touch with the musical world. Has Kinsey my picture in his catalogue? This is a rambling letter but it is just to let you know that I am well and glad the war is over.

Love to All
Ed.

Wed. Nov. 20 1918

Dear Folks-

This is your first letter from Lieutenant Edward Collins. My cablegram went off yesterday - also one to Frieda. It was rather difficult to send them. There is no office in this little place so I had to spy and hang them on to a brother officer(!) who was just leaving in a side car for a big town about ten miles away. I am only a second lieutenant- I expected to be a first but the armistice intervened and I guess they decided to cut down a bit on the tables of organization. It was Saturday morning that the order arrived. I had come down to work depressed as usual at not hearing anything when, suddenly, Col. Toombs called me into his office and said, "Good morning Lieutenant" I near fell over. He said he had recommended me for a first lieutenant but it hadn't gone through. He let me have his side-car for the day and I went over to quite a big city to rig myself out. I was able to get part of the stuff so I look like part of an officer. The officers are taking an interest in me and everyone had lent me something. However I was able to lay hands on some boots a suit, the gold bars and the handsome Sam Brown belt. I remember my first experience with saluting. I had bought the bars in a big department store. The clerk had put them on me so I had forgotten all about them especially as I ~~staid~~ [stayed] there some time longer and chatted with the store keeper. Just as I came out of the door a big soldier came along and gave me the snappiest salute. I near collapsed. I get \$141.63 a month. For the first month I shall not be able to save much on account of the clothes but then there is no reason for my not saving a great deal. My actual expenses are not over \$40 a month. Of course I eat at the officer's mess now and have to pay the government 57 cents a day Too bad I couldn't have had my suit sent but I am afraid it is impossible. We move every once in a while and who knows-we may be on our way home before many months. I chum around a great deal with Lt. William Darrow who with Dean Cowper was the means of my transfer from the artillery. I also see quite a great deal of Lt. Flynn who used to be the clerk at the Auditorium Hotel.

Had a long letter from Francis lately. The poor kid has had an exciting summer and I am afraid he is not very happy now. I am going to write him a long letter this week. I should love to send you the order commissioning me but it is forbidden by the censor. By the way, the day I was commissioned, telegram came through saying there would be no more promotions. I just got in under the wire. I am going to have my picture taken this noon- not by a photographer but by our photographic section. I'll send you some if they are good. One of my jobs is to censor mail. It is tedious and I am a bit ashamed reading my former pals' letters. When they meet me on the street they salute and grin. I have a magnificent room- got it by accident- shall tell you about it in my next.

Needless to say I am delighted with myself and am fast acquiring the dignity commensurate with my position of second-lieutenant (haw-haw). I am the divisional interpreter and have charge of all the other interpreters. Have also charge of this office force of 17 men-billet them in a new town etc., am supply officer for the intelligence dep't and engaged in other very interesting kinds of work which I cannot tell you about now. Frieda sent me Louise's wedding announcement. I was transferred from the adjutant's office to the intelligence dept. but the address is the same, viz: Lt. Edward Collins, c/o Hdqs. 88th Div. Amex. Force. Shall write soon again.

Love Ed.

Tuesday Dec. 4 1918

Dear Folks- It is some time since I wrote due principally to a new move. There is always a great deal of excitement connected with a move- everything is packed neatly in boxes, carried out in front of the office and along comes a flock of motor trucks to cart it to our next town. That is, where it is a case of moving only a short distance. This latest move was for a distance of only 30 miles so the office force road on top of the baggage and the line troops hiked. These latter of course, are the real winners of the war. I rode down with Captain Nelson and Mr. Bladel of this office (Bladel is a so-called army field clerk) in a Dodge car with plenty of blankets and enjoying the scenery. In contrast to that I saw a machine gun battalion dragging along the muddy road pushing their little carts ahead of them. The infantry made the 30 miles in two days sleeping over night in their 'pup' tents. The 'dough-boys' are there when it comes to pulling off a stunt that includes hardships. I drove down with Capt. Nelson in three hours which included a stop at the Headquarters of the second army in Toul and a tour through their map plant where they have hundreds of expert draftsmen working on maps. An aviator flies over the Hindenburg line and gets a snapshot. He turns this over to the map experts who 'interpret' it and make a map of it. Then with mimeographs they turn out about ten thousand copies and distributes them among our men. You know our division belongs to the second army and the intelligence section (where I am now) has charge of the distribution of maps for the division. We have two master engineers in our office right now. One of them worked for Rand McNally for years.

The town where we are now is called Gondrecourt. It is the birthplace of the American Expeditionary Force for it is here that the first division trained. They say that Gen. Pershing's first headquarters were in this building where we have our offices now. Joan of Arc's birthplace is at a little village about ten miles east of here. I wish I could go down but it is a bit far to walk and gasoline is scarce. The name of the town is Doremy (pronounced in French Do-Re-mi.)

Well we are commencing December now and still it is not very cold- of course it is chilly but it is about like one of your snappy October days. If this keeps on, the winter will be easy. I have a very nice room. My landlord is the mail man Slightly different from my recent status as a private when we had a hard time finding anyplace. There are many fine barracks here but, when new organizations come into a town these are often taken. I have a big feather tick on top of me. Imagine how Joseph would like it! My landlady calls me at seven and at 7:15 brings me hot water to shave. Oh you second Lieutenant!

Yesterday I put in my application for full and immediate separation from the service. The government is classifying all officers and this seemed to me to be the class to which I belong. The others are old regular army officers, officers who wish to be in the regular army and officers who wish to be in the reserve. I thought first of taking the officer's reserve but doubted my ability to get into that on account of never having attended an officer's training camp. And besides, if they need my services as an interpreter I can enlist. The 'full and immediate' means after demobilization and does not mean that I shall be home before the rest of the division

And now about the social side. I guess I told you about the evening at Lucey playing for General Beach. It was when we were at Lagney. You know Gen. Beach was commander of Camp Dodge when I was there. He said the other evening was the most pleasant evening he had had in France.

When we struck this town I noticed a great deal of social activity. There are a great many schools here and the town is lousy with officer students, mostly fellows who distinguished themselves in battle and, as a reward, were sent to some school. Well there is first of all a big hospital run by the red-cross. They had a dance the first night we were here. It was supposed to be a concert for the convalescents given by our jazz band of five pieces and myself. After the concert when all the little convalescents were tucked in bed about 200 officers from almost every division

over here flocked down and with them a number of YMCA girls. So Capt. Quigley of our headquarters troop had the jazz band stay and the dance went on. The officers lined up around the side of the room and when the girls would come around with their partners, the said officers would grab said partners by the Sam Browne belt (the part that goes over your shoulder) and the girl would have to be delivered up. If you were unusually lucky you danced around once with the girl but generally she was copped before you got ten feet. At first I didn't intend to dance but, when I saw an old English Colonel get up and make an awful mess of a one step, I decided to risk it.

It was a lively affair and lasted until one o'clock. The director of the hospital, Maj. Luce of Washington, DC is a fine man. His favorite trick is to steal around and set the clocks back so that the girls will stay longer. Next day-Sunday I played again for the convalescents at 3:30 in the afternoon.

Corporal McKee of Headquarters Troop who has been on the vaudeville stage did some funny stunts. ~~That same evening~~ After the concert when the little convalescents were hustled back to their room we had tea. (Hot Dog) severed by some ladies. But before they left we had some singing by the whole audience.

Then I realized that they were sick. When the infantry puts over a sing at the YMCA you can hear them five miles but these boys were hardly able to get out a sound. They sounded like Mrs. Collins when she sings. One song they had one side of the house sing and then the other side. Maj. Luce said I should have to be the judge as to which side sang it better. He was on one side and there was some high mogul on the other so I said that both sides sang it so well it was impossible to decide. He said "kill the umpire."

That evening I gave a concert at the officer's hut. It is a beautiful place with big club chairs, a canteen, gramophone, fire place, piano etc. Before I started some bird got up and made a speech about me and wound up by presenting "Lieutenant Collins of Joliet" The whole congregation roared. Some one had tipped him off. People from other parts of the U.S. know Joliet only from the penitentiary. Yesterday afternoon I played again at the hospital - this time with a girl violinist from Paris. By the way Nwully where Ed Lennon died is a suburb of Paris. There is also a part of the YMCA for officers only and, as I now have entree to these places, you see I have a very agreeable life.

Mary's letter of Nov. 13 arrived just now. I have only finished reading it. You must have had a great time when you heard about the armistice but I would not exchange my experience of having heard the last shot on our front. By the way, that day there were two or three stray shots after eleven. Some fresh guys probably wanted to have the honor of firing the last shot. I wonder when I shall get a letter addressed to Lieutenant Edward Collins. Let me know when you got my cablegram telling you about it. This naturally makes me think of money (the cablegram cost me 15 francs) so I'll tell you about my finances. I get \$161.60 a month. My expenses are about \$30 so I can save. This month was an exception because I was paid as a lieutenant only from the fifteenth of the month and rigged myself out on it. Next month (that is, December) ought to be good. My allotment automatically stopped but I shall be able to send you at least the amount you have been getting-the rest I'll save so that I can rest a bit and practice before I go to the Chicago Musical College. I guess this much of a letter will do for this time. Now that the censorship is relaxed I shall be able to talk more. Am enclosing my promotion order and a telegram that came through a few hours later. Some luck I'll say.

Love Ed

PS I have not cashed the postal money order so you can see I am not hard up. I have had it in my pocket at least two months. The day I went to Toul to buy some clothes Colonel Toombs gave me 100 Francs and Lt. Darrow gave me 100. I was able to pay both back yesterday.

Bought a fine over coat the other day for \$10. Up to that time I had used my soldier's coat which has different buttons etc. The officer's coat is a second hand. I bought it from another lieutenant and it is in perfect condition.

Gondrecourt France
Dec. 9, 1918.

Dear Folks,-

Nothing very interesting to write about since my last with perhaps the exception of the news that we are probably going to Germany in the near future! Imagine the shock when we all thought we were 'going West!' It is not certain when we are going. I am basing my conviction that we are going soon on the order to 'put equipment and animals in the very best possible condition'. The order was headed by the pleasing announcement that the second army is to be used as an army of occupation. So we may be on our way to the Rhine in a very short time.

Am enclosing a program which was performed a few evenings ago. It is typical and was a scream. The 'March' is the old 'Over the Top'. It always makes a hit.

About a week ago Colonel Toombs asked me to come down and play for some friends-you know he is my old boss. Of course I went and had a fine time. There was another Colonel there named Eastman and Major Mears the finance officer. Now that I am commissioned I am admitted to the society of the military aristocracy so my life is very agreeable. We had a fine time that evening, they have a good piano and next day the old lady hailed me and asked me if I wanted to live with them. I accepted on the spot and moved right into one of the best rooms in town. **Next day Col. McTee?** a friend of Col. Toombs came to town and Col. Toombs wanted the room for him (he knew there was one in that house) but the old lady told him it was taken. You see the billeting officer has a list of all the rooms and had them classified. The general gets the best place, then come the colonels, then the Majors, then the captain's then the lieutenants. If you please this room is a Colonel's room. I am delighted with the people and they can't do enough for me. In return I give the little girl piano and English lessons. I should be content to stay here all winter, because I can practice some and go on with my French, rather than be moving all over France and Germany and not knowing what we are going to run into. By the way, I had a most agreeable experience at Lagny the last town we were in. You know it was there I received my commission and also there where we were when the armistice was signed. We had a pretty good barracks but the town it self was awful. The first evening I was there I got talking to some kids when a man came up and asked me a few questions about our troops, etc. He was the father of the kids and proved to be the village schoolmaster. His little daughter was studying English so I offered to come over and talk a little with her. I didn't go over, though, for several evenings which was a mistake for they were lovely people. The old lady had hot milk for me every night-also grapes. I went to night school from 6 to 7:30, then up stairs (the school teachers live in the school building here) where I gave the girl the English lesson. After that we set around and talked until about eleven. The second or third evening the old lady asked me if I wanted to take a room in their house. Just think I was only a private then but I had a room that the general might envy. It belonged to a French major who had gone into Germany and so I was fixed fine. The woman was always trying to make me eat something but I did not want to spoil my meals at the officer's mess. The only time I ate there was in the evening when she put up a lunch before going to bed. The old man was a type- he didn't have enough with teaching all day so in the evening he had me take dictation in French which he corrected. They were so nice to me that I want you to remember them. Of course you can't send them anything now but, as soon as the coast is clear, send them a little souvenir. The girl Henriette (Mlle) is 15 and terribly bright. She speaks quite a little English so she would like to get a nice book.

The old man's name is Joseph Aymond and his title and address are: Instituteur a Lagny, Meurthe et Moselle, France. Send him some little souvenir- a pocket knife with a picture of a skyscraper on it or something of the sort. The old lady "Mme. Joseph Aymond" would be delighted to get anything. Most of all I am sure they would enjoy post cards (picture) so if the mail is open between civilians send them

pictures of our big cities, bridges or the like. I write them once in a while but, of course, anything from America would be terribly exciting.

The weather is warm. I don't imagine it becomes very cold here at all. Am going to Paris tomorrow with Col. Toombs and Major Mears. We are allowed to remain there only one day. Shall tell you all about it.

Until then

Love Ed.

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Gondrecourt France.

Sat. Dec. 14 1918

Dear Folks-

Received several letters this week and surely was glad to hear from you. It is terrible that you didn't hear from me for so long. Of course the mail is irregular but three weeks seems unreasonable. You surely imagined that I had the flu. Once in a while I know that I am very negligent but if mail does not arrive every once in a while do not get scared.

Since I wrote last I have been in Paris. Imagine! Went with Colonel Toombs and Major Mears. Am enclosing our travel order. We had a bear of a time but it cost us. The automobile trip was glorious. Left here at 4:15 a.m. and landed in Paris at 10:10 (including of course the time for breakfast). That made 5 hours and 1/2 for the distance of 186 miles. We struck a road that went directly west to Paris with scarcely a turn. We had a wonderful time. The Col. and the Major had some business to transact- the Maj. who is the disbursing officer had to arrange with the Guaranty Trust Co. for some silver to pay the men. Coin is very scarce in France but there are wagon loads of bills. We drove all over. I happened to be in Neuilly where Ed Lennon died but I did not get a chance to go to the hospital. We went to the Folies Bergères one night 50 francs a seat! I had a room with the colonel at a little hotel of no pretensions. They taxed us 85 francs for the two nights. The Col. bought a little dinner for us- 158 francs. They are out of their head. The city is full of American officers and other guests who are there to see the sights. They had the kings of Belgium and England last week and today they have the President. They were dolling up the city for him when we were there. The downtown streets and the big squares are lined with German cannon. In the Invalides, where Napoleon's tomb is, they also have some fine war trophies.

Among other things I saw Guynemer's famous airplane "Old Charley" with which the famous aviator before his death brought down 58 Germans. I am sending you a couple of little medals two from Notre Dame and one from the Church of La Madeleine (Mary Magdalen). Also a couple of post cards. The little piece of glass is- well I don't want to get a head of my story. No use trying to tell you how wonderful Paris is. I never really regretted the fact that I am not wealthy until I saw the shops there.

We left town Thursday the 12th about 10 a.m. and struck out for Chateau Thierry and Reims. This trip was the most impressive thing I have experienced in France. Long before Chateau Thierry we started passing through demolished villages and I tell you that altogether we went through at least two hundred. Can you imagine driving through hundreds of villages which are piles of rock and mortar and where not a human being is to be seen, only a French sentinel at the entrance and at the exit of each town? Finally we came to Reims. I had expected to find it damaged with here and there a roof knocked off or windows broken, but it is as bad as any of them. We drove through twisted iron fences and the streets full of stones and mortar. Not a human being in that magnificent city of 300,000 inhabitants except a few French sentinels on guard to prevent pillaging. At last we drove up in front of the Cathedral and we were struck dumb at the sight- the roof knocked off, the statues with their heads off and the walls pierced with holes. There is an old wooden fence around it. When we were looking at it a crowd of workmen in wooden shoes clattered out and offered us bits of the stained glass windows. I got the enclosed piece which is, of course, not pretty. Col. Toombs got some whole little squares with designs on them. After leaving Reims the only towns of importance on the way were Chalons and Bar-le-Duc. Once we had a puncture and took a little

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NOT COMPLETE

Gondrecourt France

Dec. 17 1918

Dear Folks-

Not much news. We are still at Gondrecourt and having terribly sloppy weather. I like to go out in the afternoon with Lt. Darrow and take a long walk in the country but on these rainy days it is impossible. We are not doing much- just waiting. We are absolutely at sea about our future movements. A few day ago everybody was sure we were going into Germany very soon but now we think we shall stay right here for the winter. However, the truth of the whole matter is as I said before, that we don't know a darn thing.

I told you I guess about all the officers in this town. There are many schools and the student officers are going right on with their studies in spite of the armistice. Besides the officers schools here, this place is a depot for band musicians. Just think there are 1200 band musicians here within two blocks of head quarters. That makes about 34 bands. They are always looking for places to rehearse and you can not go into a hall or even a store where a band is not rehearsing you hear them tuning up all over and of course, they give concerts every evening. Last night I went to one which was directed by a Lt. Hodge. His father was a minister in Joliet and a musician. He trained the Amphion quartet for a while I remember Annie taking me up to the Steel Works Club one day where I saw the old duck and remembered him ever since. The son is a nice fellow but an awful boob of a musician. Last night I ran into Lieutenant Albert Stoessel. You probably never heard of him but he was a protégé of Lesser and played with me all the time at Lesser's and at Mendelssohn's as well as at the Hochschule. Stoessel ~~staid~~ [stayed] in Berlin until June 1915 so he was able to tell me many interesting things. After the concert we went up to his barracks and after the lights went out at 10, lit a candle drew up around the stove and talked about our school days until about 2 a.m. (My old hour but unheard of in the army. I haven't been up that late since I left home). Stoessel knows all the people in Berlin that I know and I had him talk for hours about them, especially about poor old Lesser.

The other day I went out on a problem and represented the intelligence bureau. The enemy had taken Toul and the heights south of there. Our duration was to cross a river, establish bridge heads and protection for the other two divisions of our corps which were to follow up and drive the enemy off those heights. The chief of staff kept sending fictitious telegrams around reporting the progress of the battle and our units were to attack as though they were in actual combat. That is the way they get a line on a man's ability- for instance sent him a telegram that an airplane has observed a hostile battalion approaching along such and such a road at a certain time and observing what he does. I ~~staid~~ [stayed] at Headquarters and all I had to do was sign for messages and give the high sign when the General's or the Chief of Staff's car hove in sight. Otherwise I was bartering with an old woman for some eggs for our dinner. At noon some officers came in and one funny bird, a lieutenant started asking me questions. I answered that the enemy had been repulsed all along the line although I didn't know a thing about it. He asked me how many prisoners we had taken. I said, "5000 but they got away". Lord, when I looked around the Chief of Staff was in the room

NOT COMPLETE

Gondrecourt France
Dec. 21, 1918

My dears- You will be surprised to receive the enclosed. When I was commissioned I asked Col. Toombs to let me send for my suit. He said "O, the one you have is all right." Of course at that time we were on the move all the time so it was impractical, but now it seems we shall stay right here in this town for some time so armed with this certificate I should have the suit within two months. Send stand up (dress-suit) collars. I had at least six of them. Then the beautiful shirts you sent to Camp Dodge- I shall be able to use them as soon as it begins to be a bit warm. I could use them now in fact for the winter is very mild. Have Mr. Humes at Anne's office make a cast iron little package out of it because packages for the A. E. F are handled very roughly. I can have the suit pressed when it arrives so don't pack it like a tailor would do it.

Yesterday I was out all day. There was a problem and I impersonated a German prisoner. I was turned loose near the 'front line' and ordered by Col. Miles the Corp. intelligence officer to take off my hat and find some of our men. There was a blinding snow storm and without a hat it was no fun running in the face of it. Finally in a little wood I came across one of our advance patrols and held up my hands, all the time shouting 'Kamerad.' When I got up to them I started talking German and the little corporal in charge seeing my officers boots said 'sir'? I had a hard time getting captured as they were taken by surprise and didn't know what to do with me. Each one passed the buck to the next higher officer and finally, after walking uphill and down dale for a couple of miles, we discovered the major. The Col. from the Corps was disgusted because they should have sent me to the intelligence officer right away. Finally we found the intelligence officer but he had such a bum interpreter that he couldn't get any information out of me although I had some very precious information as you will see. Col. Miles looked on without saying a word and then took me down to division Headquarters. (By the way, it was some men of the 349th Infantry (Joe Ernst's regiment) who 'captured' me). When we got back to division Hq. Capt. Nelson, who is my immediate superior in this office, examined me. But he also had a bum interpreter and was fussed into the bargain with the Col. looking on. I was a member of the 36th Pioneer Regiment which was a crack gas regiment in its day and Capt. Nelson was to get that out of me. But he couldn't find out in his book about that particular regiment and so the Col. had to tell him. Then he questioned me and found out that "we" were planning a gas attack. Of course he immediately telegraphed to the regiments in the line to lookout for gas, but with all the delays, they could have long since been gassed. You know at a problem every thing works just as in actual warfare-the couriers are there with the side cars or simply motorcycles ready to tear off with the dispatches and the signal corps has its wires along the ground and keeps following up the troops. The telegraph office works at high speed and the steaming rolling kitchens are right up behind the men.

Stoessel was down last night. We went over to the YMCA where I played for him all evening. He has a violin here so we shall play some together soon. I am going to play for the nuns at midnight mass Christmas.

Love to All
Ed.

P.S. From now on we are supposed to add A.P.O. 795 on all mail.

Gondrecourt France
Dec. 28, 1918

Dear Folks-

Don't remember when I wrote last. In fact I have no conception of time at all. The days are so much the same since the war stopped that I never know where we are at. Christmas Eve. I received Anne's letter, forget the date, but it was the one where she told me about Kate's coming and having a party with some of Billie Odenthal's famous wine.

Christmas Eve night was a busy time for me. After supper I gave a concert at the officer's hut with Stoessel. We played classical music and the officers seemed to ~~se~~ appreciate it; only once a little chap showed his trend of thought when he hazarded the request for the 'Darktown Strutter's Ball' just after Stoessel had played a Minuet by Beethoven. I told you that I intended playing at midnight mass. I asked Stoessel to play too so we were up at the chapel by 11:30 and played several things before mass. The chapel was beautiful and the people sang the hymns awfully well. A French soldier sang 'O holy night'. Stoessel played the Bach air for the G string at the communion.

After mass of course the nuns had to give us something to eat. (They are the same all over). We had chocolate, cakes and Bar-le-Duc jelly. (The town of Bar-le-Duc is right near here so the jelly is common). Then they distributed holy pictures to Darrow, Stoessel and me. We promised the mother-superior to come again and play for the nuns. The old girl has the war cross, legion of honor and a few dozen other decorations which the commander in chief gave her for the way she put the wounded on their feet.

Christmas day I arose at 2 p.m. We had our big feed at 6 but I couldn't get into the spirit of the eats and drinks--had a head ache-- so left at 8:30. Went to bed about 10:30.

The town was beautifully decorated by the American soldiers. They had a Christmas tree 50 feet high in the public square. There were distributions of presents to the kiddies, band concerts and a speech by the General. In front of headquarters they had a huge electric lighted cross with masses of palm branches. The American electric light plant is next door and for about a week the boys there had been dolling up a tree. It was a beauty and a marvel to the French kids. The frogs (as the American soldiers call the French) will surely never have another Christmas like this one for they are shiftless in these little villages and don't give a darn for Xmas. Speaking of the electric light plant, we furnish the town with light. Of course they have been in darkness for the last four years on account of air raids and lost the light habit. Consequently their light plants went out of business; but the first night the 88th Div. arrived here the natives were astounded to see lights on the corners and military police controlling the traffic. There is an M.P. at headquarters here, Hertel by name, who is from Elwood. He went to school in Joliet.

Christmas afternoon my Xmas play arrived and it was a beauty. Not damaged a bit while many others I saw were a mess. You had the good sense to put no fudge or other loose stuff in. I gave some of the gum to Maj. Wood (who is my commanding officer now that I have left the adjutant [Col. Toombs] and entered the intelligence department.)

Wonder when we are coming home? My old 337th Artillery is ready to leave now. You know the artillery brigade was dropped from the 88th Div. when we landed in France. We were given French artillery when we were in the line. I suppose Maj. Redfield will be home very soon now. But I am glad I saw the front line and a little bit of the great war.

This will have to be all for this time.

Love to all Ed.

Gondrecourt France
Dec. 31 1918

Dear Folks-

New year's Eve as you see. The evening promises to be rather quiet as the cafes close at 8 o'clock and booze is scarce. That makes me think of the wild time they are having in America tonight at the clubs and hotels.

My evening will be constituted thusly: I am going to eat at the village hotel at 7 p.m. with Stoessel and Darrow. (When we want to be regular gosh darners we eat at the hotel and have a Chartreuse with our meal- or before it or after it) Then there is a movie at the YMCA enlisted man's hut or a dance at the officer's hut. We expect by some means or other to stay up until 12 o'clock.

Must tell you about my new job. Since the armistice things have been very quiet and the men have had practically nothing to do. That was an awful state of affairs and nearly everyone died of home sickness. Then they started the problems. I told you about them (being taken prisoner etc.). But even the problems didn't go; the weather was very bad and the men got the grippe and pneumonia from being out in the rain all day. So GHQ thought out a new scheme. The men are to drill 4 hours in the morning, have athletics in the afternoon and be entertained in the evening. Consequently athletic and entertainment officers had to be appointed in each division.

My new official title is 'Division Musical Director'. That, of course, does not change my former status; I am still an interpreter in the intelligence department but there has been so little to interpret that I have felt ashamed. This new job is simply in addition to my usual duties. I have an office with Capt. Wilkinson (the general's aide) and Lt. Kachel, who is, strictly, speaking, the Division Entertainment officer. We have a stenographer and an orderly (oh you kid!). My work will be principally with the bands. I have eight of them under my thumb and am to see that each one gives a concert some where every day. That means a lot of planning in advance and getting transportation. I am to provide music for all occasions. Tomorrow night we are going to have a dance so I was promptly requested to get an orchestra. Through Stoessel luckily I landed a corking little aggregation of eight players. They wanted a band concert at the 'Y' tonight but the best I could get was a trumpet and drum outfit which will go down there about 10pm after the [mares?] and entertain them with ~~bugling~~ [bugling] and drumming until twelve.

This is all a brand new idea. The first meeting of the representatives from all the divisions in the second army was held at Toul yesterday. I drove in with Capt. Wilkinson, Capt. Quigley and Lt. Kachel from Hdqs. There were about 50 Colonels and any number of lesser officers there. Gen. Heintzemann chief of staff of the 2nd Army presided and 2 Colonels from G.H.Q. (at Chaumont) outlined the program. It is a vast affair and is to take precedence over everything else.

Toul is quite a town by the way. It is the Headquarters of the 2nd Army which is commanded by Gen. Bullard. (We belong to the 9th corps which is, in turn a part of the 2nd Army). There must be thousands of American officers there. You see three Americans to one Frenchman. On the way in to Toul we passed the aviation field where Hobey Baker fell that day. Just as we were going by we saw the remains of 'Hobey's' plane being loaded onto a truck. Stoessel has just arrived so we must go to our dinner. They say some mail came in this afternoon.

Love to all
Ed

1919

[EJC wrote 1918 in error; the year was 1919. ~ JEC]

January 3, 1918
1919

Dear Folks-

While I'm waiting for a automobile I can write you a few lines. I am out at a place called Menaucourt about 15 miles from Gondrecourt. Came out to hear one of my bands and have a talk with the bandmaster. The other day I called him up and told him I was coming out to inspect the band this afternoon at 2 o'clock so he had them line up and play several selections for me. I also talked to him about the men and found out the one of the officers is keeping a very good musician as orderly instead of letting him play in the band. It is up to me (and in my power) to have this man put into the band, and believe me I'll have him transferred immediately. It is interesting work as you see. Tomorrow morning I am going out to another band. You see any man who works at Division Headquarters in an official capacity represents the general so he has full power to do anything for the good of the service. Met Luther Malmberg this afternoon quite by accident. You know he is the minister from South Dakota.

New Year's Day the General had a reception. Everybody dolled up and wished the old boy Happy New Year. He is a great favorite with everybody and very democratic. In the evening we had a dance. It was a bear-the best dance they have ever had here and the first one given by the officers of the 88th Division. All the other dances have been given by officers of other organizations.

I wonder when we are going to get home? If you knew when you could expect anything you would be resigned even if it meant a wait of six months you would be at least certain.

But not knowing when we shall leave here makes us so restless. Of course we do not say anything because now of all times is not the time to rock the boat. On the contrary, we are going into this entertainment question in order to keep the men's spirits up. Having Stoessel here makes it very agreeable. Last night he gave a beautiful concert and tonight I am going to have him talk to me about bands. He knows all about them.

An hour later. The automobile has not arrived yet. I went down to an officer's mess with a captain from these regimental headquarters (the 350th Infantry). The mess was in a beautiful old chateau with tremendously high ceilings and old carved chairs with high backs. There were only five of them including the Colonel of the regiment. Generally they run across a magnificent old historic mansion and some officers rent the dining room for their mess.

I have had no mail since before Xmas. That is too long.

It is pouring rain as usual. Nothing but rain. If we only would see the sun once in a while it would cheer us up but it rains continually so there is no chance to wander out in the beautiful country. I am lucky to have such a nice room and to be with fine people. It must be hard on the poor fellows who cannot speak French. I think the automobile is coming.

Love Ed.

[EJC wrote 1918 in error; year was 1919. ~ JEC]

Gondrecourt France

Jan. 6, 191~~8~~
1919

Dear Folks-

Received a letter from Henry this morning, the first news I have had since before Xmas. That is almost two weeks and much too long. It is not right because it is fearfully lonesome over here; it rains continually and all we do is sit in our dingy little office. Am enclosing our daily bulletin containing the announcement of entertainment commission. You can see from that that it is quite an 'official' affair. It is, of course, going to be some time before we have things running smoothly but we have made a beginning. Yesterday I had two concerts, one in the afternoon for the officers and the other in the evening for the men.

Am glad to hear that you were so delighted about the commission. It sure is a fine thing and I am appreciating it more every day. When I think of the soldiers sleeping on their cots and lining up with their mess kits for meals, and then think of my lovely room and my officer's mess with soldiers waiting on us, I see the difference.

The last letter I wrote you was from Menaucourt where I went out to hear a band. You remember I was waiting for an automobile to take me back here. Well, instead of an automobile it was a big truck. The darn thing got me home about 9:30

Last Sunday (yesterday) as I said before we had the 350th band in for two concerts. This morning the band left for Monte Carlo to be gone two weeks. Imagine the lucky dogs getting a furlough of 14 days in a summer climate with all their expenses paid. I have seven days leave coming to me now. (you are entitled to a furlough every 4 months). Wanted to go to nice with Lt. Darrow but he has decided to go to Tours to visit friends there. He is the only officer here with whom I go around much so consequently, my interest in my leave has flagged.

We are having a great deal of trouble with typhoid. Some of the men are very sick with it; two boys right out of the intelligence department are now in the hospital. So we are all going to have a shot right away. Most of the officers and men have already had theirs but I have put mine off until the day after tomorrow. We are having a hop tomorrow night and if I get my inoculation tomorrow I shall not be able to go to said hop. You can count on about two days under the weather. I remember that after my second shot at Camp Dodge I went to the infirmary for the day. I saw in the Stars and Stripes the other day where the 338th field Art. sailed for home Xmas Eve. The lucky dogs are probably at Camp Dodge by now. You remember the 338th was right next door to us in Camp and most of those boys are from Illinois I remember when I was in Paris last month we ran across Major Brundred on his way home. He was the adjutant of our regiment and was surprised to see me a lieutenant. Am expecting to run across some of my musical friends in these little companies which are going around entertaining the soldiers. I saw Sara Konns' picture in the paper the other day. She is over here. I am going to write to Henry very soon. Too bad I do not know where Al is. His organization may be right near here and it may be on the other side of France. Hope mother and the [kiddies?] are keeping well. I am feeling great in spite of the bad weather. But in fact we have had beautiful weather for the last two days. I am afraid to crow for fear it will not last.

Love. Ed.

[The letter was written in January of 1919. ~ JEC]

Dear Folks-

Have not written for several days simply because I have been in Paris! Was up the on business for two days and, besides getting the things I went after, had a bear of a time. Lt. Kachel and I went up to get stuff for our shows and for our bands and we got loads of stuff. We left here Thursday morning at 8 and rode to Bar-le-Duc (30 miles) in auto and took the train for Paris.

Arriving near Paris we jumped off the train out in the country, went across a field and around the military police finally getting down town on the street car. Of course we had our order giving us permission to stay in Paris for 48 hours but we had a little scheme which I will elaborate on when I get home. We ~~staid~~ [stayed] at the Montana Hotel- the same place I ~~staid~~ [stayed] with Col. Toombs and Maj. Mears. Prices were worse than ever. We paid 50 francs a night for our room.

Meals were ridiculously expensive; one morning we wanted an omelet and saw that the price was 3 francs. But Lt. Kachel wanted two eggs so the omelets cost us each six francs. Imagine having an omelet made from one egg and imagine charging 3 francs (60 cents) for each egg. After this I am going to send at least half of my cheque home and you can save it for me if you can get along without it. The first month (Nov.) was only half a month (I accepted my commission on the 15th) and most of Dec. was used to pay back the money I borrowed to buy my clothes. Besides, my first Paris trip came during that month. Now comes this second Paris trip and I am set back again. Unless I send the money home promptly something will come up every month. How have you been getting along without my allotment? I kind of feel guilty that I am sending you nothing now when I am getting such a good salary but starting February I am going to send you quite a bit. Put it in the bank for me if you can get along without it for I don't want to be on your hands this Summer and I want to practice without any worries about money.

We left Paris Sunday noon and arrived at Bar-le-Duc about 5 just in time to miss the train to Gondrecourt. We telephoned down for an automobile but they didn't have a thing (on Sunday transportation is scarce) so Kachel and I made the best of it and put up at the YMCA hotel. By the way, the 'Y' gave me all kinds of valuable stuff for nothing in Paris so I am never going to say another word against them. Well, next morning we caught a Ford that was going down to Gondrecourt and got to the office about 2 p.m. Since then there has been a stream of officers picking out music for their regiments. I set the pile down in front of them and tell them to take their choice of 25 songs, orchestra pieces etc.

I found a stack of letters waiting for me- among them a number from home.

There are not so many rumors about our leaving now it seems as if we are rooted to the spot for the present. I am hoping that my suit will arrive soon for I need it. I sent the slip at least six weeks ago so the package should be well on its way over here. I do hope you will not take too much stock in rumors and wonder if I have left here and stop writing. Until I am mustered out my address will be the same. Our post office 795 follows us all over so keep writing until I land in Joliet. Even after we leave Gondrecourt we shall probably be in France some time. I hear that the trip from here to Bordeaux takes sixteen weeks. This includes the time in the detention camp and at the delousing station.

I saw, too, where the 163rd artillery Brigade left for home around Xmas but you know they have not belonged to the 88th Div. since we landed in France. They ~~staid~~ [stayed] down in the South of France and became a loose organization. Gen. Foote was the commander and, of course, Maj. Redfield is with them I forgot to say that when we

were in Paris we drove past the foreign ministry where the peace conference was going on. It was about 4 p.m. and Pres. Wilson was just making his speech about the league of nations. We wanted to get up and look in the window but the guards fired us out. The high moguls' autos were lined up in the yard and there was quite an assembly of rabble out on the sidewalk.

I am enclosing a little picture of myself which Mme. Maillard my landlady took of me and Ninette her daughter. Ninette is a bright kid. I teach her some English and once in a while a little music I had some post cards taken by a photographer but they were so rotten that I threw them in the fire. There is really no photographer here in Gondrecourt. Must stop now and get this off. I am sure glad that Mary V. liked the medal and especially that Buddie liked the catalogue. I must look around and find something for him.

Love to All

Ed.

INCOMPLETE

Gondrecourt France
Jan. 16, 1919

Dear Folks-

Have kind of lain down on the job lately as regards writing. I have been very busy and there is so much noise in this office that I am distracted and cannot concentrate long enough to write. I moved down stairs recently into another office which has this tacked up on the door in enormously big type:

Athletic Officer
Division Entertainment Officer
Musical Director (x)

There are a million people in and out of the office everyday, the telephone is ringing and every body is shouting. You can't do a thing in a noisy place like that. I sometimes regret that I left the little office up stairs where no one did anything and where I wrote letters and studied French all day.

You see the stationery is unusual. The Salvation Army has always been here but their hut burned down last fall and it was only this month that they reopened in a new one. And that brings me to the question of what the different societies are doing over here [???] war area I can give [???] correct dope on this [???] the YMCA is getting [???] left. They haven't a shadow of a [reputation???] among the soldiers. The things that people are saying about the Y.M.C.A. are frightful. I never heard such damning in my life. But to my notion the criticism is only partly justified. Of course I know the YMCA sold doughnuts at 60 cents a dozen-measly little home made doughnuts which the soldier boys bought because the doughnuts reminded them of home. The YMCA also sold a little tin cup of cocoa (made with water) for 5 cents, the same cup cost about 1 cent. That made a 400% profit on those two articles. This is straight because, when I was a soldier I bought a doughnut for five cents very often. In the face of the big donations the 'Y' was getting from the families of these boys I think the prices were not justified, especially when you think of the soldier's small pay. The "Y" is a great advertiser. The stationery was given free but of course, that was the best possible advertisement- the folks at home would resist the advertisement of a magnificent hall at some Camp back home where the boys' folks could come, be impressed and make a donation. Of course in the forward area no one knew what was going on as no civilians were allowed within miles, it is only the boys returning home who are spilling the beans and from now on the 'Y' is going to get hell.

Now about the K.C.'s. In some ways they made a better impression than the 'Y' but were on a much smaller scale. To begin with I haven't seen a K.C. hut or a K.C. secretary since I came to France but then they made no such pretensions. They are situated at rare intervals in the larger towns, which is [credit?] to them, but where they put it over was through their not charging the soldiers for the stuff. Where the Y charged 5 cents for a doughnut they loaded a soldier down with stuff for nothing. Both societies made the mistake of hoarding their stuff in the larger centers instead of raising heaven and earth to get it out to the lonely soldier in the country. Now when one of us goes to Toul, which is the headquarters of the 2nd army, he can go to the K.C. building and get all the candy and cigarettes he can carry home, but that is not the right thing. We at headquarters have never suffered. We have a beautiful time and would never miss either the Y or the K.C.'s. To show you how ridiculous they both are: they have wonderful halls in Paris. Now the American soldiers in Paris have plenty of entertainment without either of them I see

their point— that the soldiers of Paris must have some counteracting environment but I see more clearly the plight of the soldier who, after fighting in the trenches, tears a board off a barn to look in at some little minstrel show that his pals are putting on. Of course the barn holds only one tenth of the soldiers around there.

INCOMPLETE

Gondrecourt
Feb. 8, 1919

Dear Folks- Afraid I am a bit late with this one. Have been very busy as usual without however, accomplishing anything. Our office is so small and there is such a mob of people in here all the time that it is a terrific job to concentrate long enough to write a letter or read a paper. The confusion is getting on my nerves. Where I was before up-stairs, it was terribly quiet. Once in a while translations came in but generally I studied my French or even wrote a little counterpoint and was never disturbed for the boys were all reading novels or writing letters to their girls.

The other day when I was walking up the street I ran into my old friend Sgt. Jones. It is Lieutenant Jones now though. Do you remember him? He was my first friend at Camp Dodge on account of his being so crazy about music. He left Camp Dodge in June and went to an officers training school at Camp Taylor Ky. I hadn't seen him since then. Imagine running into him here in Gondrecourt.

I certainly am glad that you received the slip for my clothes and that the latter are on their way. I hope they will not be delayed.

Our division is at the same old place since the first of Dec. No such luck as being ten miles from Paris. We are at least 200. Just now I have a Division review on my mind- that is, the music. They are going to have it [on] Washington's birthday and among other things, there is to be a band of 75 pieces, picked musicians from the 9 divisional bands. The chief of staff said it was up to me to conduct it so here goes. We are later going to have a competition among the different divisions, the winner to go to Toul to the Hq. of the 2nd Army. It will be great to lead the band. I have to chuckle at the way I get by. I become an officer without going to an officer's training camp and lead the combined bands without being a band leader. With all the excitement in the office life is palling on me here and is becoming fearfully monotonous.

As long as I have no news of special interest I shall fill up the pages with a little discourse on a fellow whom I respect very much. He is the army truck driver and in my estimation is one of the big factors in winning the war. I marvel at these boys who have come over here from little western towns and who drove our big 'quads' all over France. They don't speak a word of French but darned if they don't get around some way. They know all the little towns and hamlets and just where they are. Some times they drive the trucks for hundreds of miles. Even from Bordeaux into Germany. These boys never know where they are going to sleep. They drive all day and at night are lucky if they strike a town where there is a YMCA hut where they can sleep on the floor. They carry their mess kits with them and are privileged to stop wherever there is a field kitchen and demand a meal. Sometimes on a forced march they drive all night through the rain and snow. They are great. I used to admire them even more before work at night and lights were forbidden. I used to hear trains of them at night rumbling up to the front with ammunition. Our trucks by the way did the business. We had five hundred for each division which was tremendous in comparison to what the other countries had. When the Americans threw in reinforcements like at Chateau Thierry they didn't bother bout railroads- they shot them up to the front in trucks. And the darn things can make 25 miles an hour. They haven't left much of the roads in France though. A loaded truck going at a pretty good rate of speed raises the devil with a road. I have ridden around a great deal on these trucks here in France. Not long ago I rode out to a place 20 miles away and played at a concert. Lt. Darrow and I rode with the little Jazz band. They had a top and benches in the truck. A close second to the truck driver is the motor cycle driver. Colonel Toombs had one whose name is Red O'Connor from Davenport. I often went around for Col. Toombs when I worked for him so I had occasion to ride often with Red. That bird never went less than about 50 miles an hour and when we were up at the front, found his way around in the dark. He knew all the villages and pronounced their names correctly.

The other day Gen. Bullard commander of the 2nd Army called on Gen. Weigel. Next time I'll tell you about Gen. Bullard. It is getting late now so I'll quite

Lovingly Ed.

Gondrecourt France
Feb. 15, 1919.

Dear Folks-

The principal news is that the suit arrived - Jan. 11th and the package in perfect condition. It was certainly a pleasant surprise and I chuckled when I saw the fine suit and the colored shirts. I have not been able to get a suit here in this wild country as we have never been in any large centers. Besides, they cost a fortune and I did not want to make the sacrifice seeing I had a nice suit at home. I do not remember the date I sent the little slip but it seems to me I got the suit within two months after sending the request. I brought it to the tailor's immediately to have it cleaned and pressed so that I can appear all dressed up Sunday. Maybe I'll put it on this (Sat.) afternoon as there is a big football game on between our division and the 5th which has come down from Luxembourg with 500 rooters for the event. The rooters arrived in trucks last night and terrified the inhabitants with their noise.

The other day I was in Toul and ran into Mary Cameron the pianist. She was quite well known in Chicago and had been a very good friend of mine since our student days in Berlin. I walked into a restaurant with Lt. Kachel and she was sitting at a table with a woman, a singer, with whom she is touring the A.E.F. They are making quite a bit and we tried to get them but they were too popular. When we were asking for the Cameron-Adams combination I never suspected that Cameron was Mary. The place was crowded in Toul that day and when she spied me across the room she shouted 'Edward Collins' at the top of her voice. I shouted 'Mary Cameron' and we staged a little scene for the benefit of the soldiers and the Red Cross workers.

They had their weekly dance last night i.e. the officers of Hq. 88th Div. I got the orchestra and fixed the program but did not go. I like to watch dancing but cannot get up much enthusiasm about doing it myself. I went to the first few dances but then lost interest. Instead I ~~staid~~ [stayed] home and studied French. Yesterday morning I had such a nice experience. Went out to a little town (in a side car) where one of our artillery regiments is billeted and conducted the band for about two hours. It was a magnificent band and I was holding a rehearsal for the horse show which is to take place Feb. 26. We are going to have a band of [?? pieces?] and I am going to direct- that is at the beginning. The band is expected to play all day so I am going to let some of the leaders direct when I get tired (ahem).

Now for the dark side of things. What do you think of the enclosed order from G.H.Q? It certainly shocked me when it came through yesterday. This is a copy of it. But plans are often changed and this may be changed too before the division is ordered home. In the meantime we are stuck here at Gondrecourt indefinitely due I suppose to the fact that the peace conference instead of demobilizing Germanys army and telling her to 'sign here,' is arranging for an elaborate meeting with the Bolcheviki to talk things over. Much time is also being taken up listening to the Khedive of Afghanistan or hearing the claims of the Shah of Siam.

We had a week of clear cold weather with beautiful moonlight but yesterday it broke and rained. Awfully bad for the football game.

Must run to dinner. Next time I'll tell you about the fine mess we have.

Love Ed.

[This is a letter written in 1919. ~ JEC]

Gondrecourt France
Feb. 23, 1918
1919

My Dears-

I swiped a piece of Lt. Kachel's fine stationery- of course I never possessed such fine stuff. Don't remember when I wrote last. Have heard several time from you this week. I suppose the mail is bound to come irregularly and in bunches both ways. Sometimes I too do not hear for a week or ten days.

The principal news is that we are not going home for a while. I am enclosing yesterday's bulletin containing the telegram from G.H.Q. It is quite a blow and rather discouraging to look forward to spending the spring and probably most of the summer in this place. Of course we might go to Germany before we get home. However I am going to be resigned and stick it out like a man.

But if mother should get much worse I shall apply for a discharge. Of course if she is not dangerously sick it would not be possible for me to claim this privilege.

When I suspicioned that we were to be here for a while I put in an application to attend a French University for 3 months. (You will see the particulars in the Camp Dodger I am sending). I had a fine chance to get a course in French literature but Maj. Wood, who is my superior as director of the intelligence bureau, knocked it on the head by telling the chief of staff that my services as interpreter could not be spared.

Now we are joking each other about 'what we are going to do the 4th of July at this town'. You see I wanted to go to the Sorbonne in Paris because out of school hours I could practice and hear some good music.

We all have the horse show on mind. I am worrying about the band which is to be 75 players recruited from the different bands. The transportation problem is a big thing in itself. We have to send out in the country for them and bring them into Gondrecourt for a rehearsal tomorrow afternoon then bring them in again for the show on Wednesday. I am going to direct the band for the first couple of hours then I'll let the other band leaders have a chance.

Later in the day. Sitting in our new little office which is comfy and bright. I guess I told you about the other office- how over crowded it was. Well we made a kick and the engineers got on the job. One morning they drove up with the necessary material and in two hours had built us the cutest little shed. The signal battalion was wiring it at the same time that the carpenters were hammering. Soon a couple of huskies appeared on the scene with a little stove and so the whole thing was ready at once. We have theatrical pictures posters, etc. all over the walls so it doesn't look much like the army. Col. O'Loughlin, Lt. Colgan, Lt. Kachel and myself have our desks here and we have a sergeant-major (stenographer) and a sergeant clerk as well as an orderly who tends to the fire and runs errands. (Hot Dog) This afternoon I attended a band concert by a band not belonging to our division. There was a man by the name of Freund in it who claims to have known me in Chicago. At the end I couldn't resist asking the director to let me take a trial at the Stars and Stripes Forever. It is great to get back into it once in a while. It is time to get home so I shall have to quit.

Love Ed.

Gondrecourt
March 25 1919

Dear Folks-

In so much as you had received no letter from me in three weeks I intended you should receive three in one week to equalize things, but I laid down on the job again. Frieda started in to give me a fierce raking for I had given her the same kind of treatment. She gave it to me for fair so I started out this week to write her darn near every day. I also made the resolution to write three times a week home and this is the beginning of it.

First about the show; I am into it again up to my neck. McDonald and I cannot see each other so I made up my mind to pull out after I had written the music. I even went to Col. O'Loughlin and asked him to get me back to the intelligence section. I told him I did not wish to be out with the general and asked him (the Col.) to inquire discreetly if it would be possible for me to withdraw. He inquired and told me that the Gen. would be very angry if I did not see the thing through. The next day the Gen. was at rehearsal and made a speech complimenting the men on their work and me especially on the music. He said the musical side was a 'world beater' and shook hands with me etc. He has one of the good natured magnetic temperaments and you know human nature. I made up my mind to go through with it just because the Gen. wants it. I don't know whether I told you about the financial side of it or not. Lt. Kachel and McDonald went to Paris and asked the YMCA for a contribution. They had just put on a big show for some other division and were disgusted at the extravagance of this other organization. So they were in no frame of mind to help us. They came across, however, with \$1500 which just about buys the shoes. Then the Jewish Welfare society was approached and came across with \$11,000. We collected an additional \$2000 in the division making a total of about \$15000 to start with. We can spend that all on costumes for nothing else is costing us any money. The theater is two aeroplane hangars placed back to back and the signal battalion is taking care of all the wiring. The show is going to be great and from present indications you will see it in New York and Chicago.

Today I was out on a problem as interpreter. In the course of the 'battle' they captured a large number of German prisoners and I had to get the information from them which determined our actions. I got a bit rattled with the umpires (all senior officers from the army corps) looking on. The prisoners had all been coached and we had to get out of them what they knew. Some of the valuable dope I didn't get, for which I was balled out at the 'critique' in front of all the assembled generals, Colonels etc.

These problems had all the thrill of actual warfare and are held every month to test your efficiency. They had sausage balloons up, aeroplanes flying low over headquarters, rockets, mounted orderlies, telephone wires strung along the ground and all that stuff. In the course of the engagement Gen. Beach was 'killed'. That was just to see how the next highest in command would handle the situation. I remember at the problem they had last month one of the umpires suddenly yelled 'gas' and every one who didn't have his gas mask was thrown out of the thing as dead. I arrived late just after the gas attack was over so I was O.K. It is getting very late and I must go to bed. From now on I shall write oftener.

Love