The City at Their Feet: Maud and Delos in Manhattan



A Greenwich Village Walking Tour

by The Greater New York Chapter of the Betsy-Tacy Society

October 15, 1994

Foreword

When I was growing up on Long Island, I thought it was pretty neat that my parents had lived in the city before I was born. Trips to Manhattan were more fun than almost anything, and I really thought of myself as a New York kid—after all, I'd been born at Columbia Presbyterian Hospital and baptized at St. John the Divine. I sometimes secretly wondered why we hadn't stayed. By the time I was about seven, I decided that as soon as I graduated from college, I'd have my own apartment in Greenwich Village. My love of the city is one of my parents' many gifts to me. But I never quite realized what a wonderful time they had in the New York of the 1920s until we began combing Maud's diaries and letters for materials to use on the Maud and Delos in New York Walking Tour. Thank you for joining the tour, whether on foot or in your imagination. You'll find yourself in the very best of company.

—Merian Kirchner
October 1994



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Introduction

"And before we settle down, we might travel a bit. New Orleans, California. Have a fling at New York. Would you like that?"

"I'd love it," Betsy answered. "But we won't stay."

—from *Betsy's Wedding*

The Lovelaces did have a fling at New York. In fact they had several of them, and they did stay. This tour focuses on their years in Greenwich Village during the 1920s, along with a visit they made in early 1949.

Chronology of Maud and Delos in Manhattan

- October 1921–August (?) 1922: 421 W 117th Street
- September 1922–April 1923: 33 Bank Street
- October 1928–(?) 1929: 354 W 26th Street
- October 1929–Sept 193036 W 10th Street
- Sept 1930–July 1931: 411 W 115th Street
- February–March 1949: 17 Charles Street

Maud Palmer Hart (1892–1980) and Delos Wheeler Lovelace (1894–1967) were married in 1917. After Delos returned from the Great War in 1919, they lived in Minneapolis for two years, both writing short stories, while Delos also worked on the *Minneapolis Tribune*. In October 1921, they moved to Manhattan, at least in part because Delos wanted to polish his short story-writing skills with a course at Columbia University. They both continued to write, and sold their short stories to the smaller magazines with increasing frequency.

After a year in the Morningside Heights area, the Lovelaces moved to a small, beautiful, tree-lined street in Greenwich Village, where they stayed from the fall of 1922 through spring of 1923. Here they continued to write and sell their fiction with increasing success. But after Delos fell ill in the summer of '23, the Lovelaces decided to return to Minneapolis.

Maud and Delos were both established writers when they returned to Manhattan five years later. It was now 1928—the height of the "flapper era" and the eve of the stock market crash. Maud had written her first novel, *The Black Angels*, which had enjoyed a modest success. Delos had made a name for himself as a short-story writer, getting upward of $1,000 per story. This time they took up residence in the Chelsea area from October 1928 until sometime before October 1929.

That fall of 1929, Maud went on an autographing tour through the midwest for *Early Candlelight*, and Delos greeted her return with the news that he had made assistant city editor at *The New York Sun*. In November 1929, they moved back to Greenwich Village, taking an apartment on West 10th Street. Here they lived until the following September when they moved to a much larger apartment in the Morningside Heights area—because Maud was then five months pregnant with Merian.

Going forward 20 years to the winter of 1949, Maud and Delos have now been living in their Garden City, Long Island, home for 11 years. Maud has written the Betsy-Tacy books all the way through *Carney's House Party*, and their daughter Merian has started college at Smith. Maud and Delos decide to take a vacation in Manhattan by subletting a friend's apartment in Greenwich Village for a month.

33 Bank Street

The Lovelaces first moved to New York in October 1921. Delos took a night job with *The Daily News* and enrolled in a class given by a prestigious professor at Columbia University. They lived in a boarding house near the University on West 117th Street, a neighborhood they loved. Maud's sister Kathleen (*Julia*) was also living in New York at this time with her first husband, Eugene Bibb, at 40 West 52nd Street. Maud said that when she and Delos visited the Bibbs they "could lean out their front window and see the El train curving, throwing out sparks." The following summer, the Lovelaces vacationed with some friends on a farm in Hampton Bays, Long Island.

When they returned to Manhattan in the fall of 1922, the Lovelaces sublet a friend's "dark and dim" apartment on 33 Bank Street in Greenwich Village until the following spring. Delos was now copy desk editor at *The Daily News*, and the Lovelaces had engaged a literary agent, Brandt & Kirkpatrick, to sell their stories. We know from the numerous letters of acceptance and rejection at this time that the Lovelaces were writing prolifically, both individually and in collaboration. Maud remembers that when they first came to New York "Delossy said to me that the city was his oyster and he was going to open it." And he did—before returning to Minneapolis, Delos was selling short stories to the big magazines like *Country Gentlemen*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, and *The Ladies' Home Journal*. Maud's success with short stories was still elusive, and her sales were never comparable to Delos's. Her real success as a writer began several years later with her first novel, which brings to mind the scene in *Betsy's Wedding* when Joe tells Betsy "I think you need the meadowlike space of a novel."

Early Novels by Maud

The Black Angels (1926)

Early Candlelight (1929)

Petticoat Court (1930)

In the summer of 1923, Delos became sick enough, according to one doctor, "to make an early death an extremely good possibility." The exact nature of Delos's illness is unclear, although a kidney problem is one possibility. In any case, the Lovelaces spent the entire summer at Hampton Bays while Delos recuperated, and here they met many of the people who remained their close friends when they took up residence in New York five years later. (Delos said in a newspaper interview in the 1940s that the illness also made him decide to give up newspaper work in order to

concentrate his efforts on fiction.) In the early fall of 1923, the Lovelaces moved back to Minneapolis.

364 West 26th Street

Maud and Delos returned five years later by train, stopping first at Poughkeepsie for several days to visit Bick (*Tacy*). The diary entry for October 15 tells us that the Lovelaces' arrival in Manhattan coincided with the Graf Zeppelin's after its first transatlantic crossing. Within several days, Maud found a two-room studio apartment on West 26th Street, and the Lovelaces settled into the Chelsea area. Since the studio was furnished and without a kitchen, setting up housekeeping involved buying towels and pink sheets at Macy's and green glass tumblers and plates and green cups and saucers at the 5 & 10.

Maud and Delos worked at home during the day, Delos writing both his short stories and articles for *The North American Review* in the back room, while Maud worked on her second novel, *Early Candlelight*, in the front room. When either of them went out during the day, it was usually on work-related errands: Maud visited the Metropolitan Museum's American Wing to "furnish" her novel's interiors and Delos did research at the New York Public Library for an article or short story.

With their kitchenless apartment, the Lovelaces ate out every night, sometimes at one of their three or four favorite restaurants, but more often at one of the numerous coin-operated Automats. They frequently went to the one on 47th street, walking home afterward along a brightly lit Broadway. While days were devoted to writing, evenings and Sundays were given over with equal relish to an active social life and partaking of what New York had to offer. The Lovelaces were great theatre-goers. In the two months covered by Maud's 1928 diary, she notes that they went to the theatre nine times! Among the plays and musicals they saw were *The Royal Family* with Sally Marshall, *Three Cheers* with Will Rogers, *Diamond Lil* with Mae West, and O'Neill's *Strange Interlude* with Judith Anderson and Tom Powell.

Maud and Delos also had a circle of friends, mainly writers and newspaper people, with whom they went out several times a week. This could mean dining at a friend's' home, an afternoon tea, attending the theatre, or going to hear the speakers of the day at functions like a peace meeting at Carnegie Hall. Or they would simply have friends over to their apartment and talk through the night, sometimes until four in the morning!

Two months after they moved to New York, Delos decided to take a vacation from fiction and return to newspaper work. He acted on this decision quickly. Maud notes in early December that Delos was unhappy with a short story he was writing, and only two days later he began work at *The New York Sun*. For the first time in years, Maud and Delos kept a formal schedule and were separated during the day. They now set the alarm for 7 a.m. so they could breakfast together in front of their window before

Delos left for his 8 to 4 shift on the newspaper. Maud, who rarely records her emotions in her diary, said that Delos's first day at work was a low day for her.

Also in December, Maud had a three-day visit from her sister Kathleen and Kathleen's 6-year-old son Eugene ("Gigi"), who were returning from Germany and on their way home to Minneapolis in time for Christmas.

> Note: Apparently Kathleen was as vague about letting her family know her travel plans as Julia was in *Betsy and Joe*. Mr. and Mrs. Hart, along with Maud, assumed that Kathleen would spend Christmas in New York and had already sent her presents there. Maud notes in her diary that when the Christmas box from home arrived just after Kathleen's departure for Minneapolis, she had to open it with her eyes closed in order to repack and mail Kathleen and Gigi's gifts, which, she surmised, would not arrive in time anyway!

And finally, December brought Christmas. The Lovelaces decorated their small studio not with a tree but a wreath, went Christmas shopping, and received a flood of Christmas cards from their friends and family. On Christmas Eve, Maud and Delos had coffee, fruit, and cookies in front of their fire with "the presents piled on our chair."

Since Maud's 1929 diary is missing, we don't have an account of the Lovelaces' daily activities from late winter through the summer, and it's not certain that they remained at West'26th Street until their move to Greenwich Village. We do know that Delos became associate editor of the *North American Review*, which he left after several months. It's unclear whether he left *The Sun* during this time, but he was back at the newspaper with a promotion by the end of the year. We also know that Maud completed her novel and began research on her next one. Maud's letters to her family in the autumn of 1929 still exist, however, and provide us with details of the Lovelaces' move to West 10th Street.

Excerpts from Maud's 1928 Diary

Sun Oct 21

Slept under our pink sheets until 8:30. Sunlight began to creep down our skylight. Had our first home breakfast in front of grate. Worked at settling, lunched and went out into a bright, perfect October day to a memorial service for the Dowager Empress Marie at the Rumanian church. Out to an automat for dinner. Now Delossy is writing in the front room and I in this one.

Note: A certain mauve effect of sky seems to me characteristic of New York.

Mon Oct 22

A good day's work. Out to buy more things and to eat at an automat. Our street is a slum and so interesting. Always filled with children who play a certain game with checkers on the sidewalk. Al Smith posters up everywhere, fruit stands with grapes, apples, pears and pomegranates. Bakeries with hard crusty rolls and long foreign loaves of bread. I think our neighborhood is Italian although our superintendent is German. An artist across the hall from us.

Mon Oct 28

Slow at getting to work this morning and a poor morning's work when I got there. The Graf Zeppelin started back to Germany and the papers were interesting. Met Blanche Stranahan at the Prince George at 4:15, and she showed us pictures in the former bar there, the row of millionaires' pictures and took us across the street to the Church of Perpetual Adoration. Nuns in white habits, with the Virgin's blue (robin's egg), faces always veiled; other nuns in black with wedding rings. A mystical service. The voices of the nuns as they chant—thin, clear, childish like the sound of tinkling glass. Dinner at the Hearthstone.

Fri Nov 2

Walked out in the rain today after lunch to see New York's welcome home parade for Al Smith. The rain probably damped the enthusiasm some as there wasn't as much show as we expected. My first New York parade, however, and I was interested in the thrown paper, ticker-tape, etc. I liked Al Smith better than I expected to. He wore the famous derby. He has a red face, looked tired, and seemed to be on the point of crying. We cleaned this afternoon, and the little apartment looked nice when Pauline and Jo came to dinner. We took them out to the Fireside and then back to our own fireside to talk.

Tues Nov 6

Election Day. All day along as we worked, horns and whistles on the street. Sally brought in our tickets, and about six we started out. Broadway from there until 2:30 a.m. a bedlam (although it quieted down greatly with the news of Smith's defeat). Horns, whistles, more confetti and torn paper and crowds walking up and down without regard for traffic. Made me think of New Year's Eve in New Orleans. We went with Sally's party to see *Three Cheers.* Will Rogers a perfect dear and Dorothy Stone's dancing lovely. While there, heard news of Hoover's great victory. Went to Fifth Avenue Childs [Building] and back to Times Square.

Wed Nov 14

Work went poorly this morning. I broke off about 10 and went up to Macy's where I did some shopping and bought Dad's birthday present. It was a beautiful day, as warm as September at home. Delossy decided we needed a party, so we went up to the Capitol and saw a perfectly delightful picture—Marion Davies in *Show People.* Afterwards to La Mimosa for dinner. Coming home, watched the children along our street making fires.

Mon Nov 26

Cold today. It was cold in the night, and tonight I fixed up our bed with two pairs of blankets, using pillows instead of blankets under our mattress. Across the way, we often observe, while eating our breakfast, a mother with a baby that she brings to the window, an old man who sits in one chair looking out, and in the same apartment a fat woman in a purple dress who often comes up to a canary in a cage that hangs in the other window. Worked all day, and about 5 walked out to get dinner at the automat and to buy tickets for Thanksgiving night. [Tickets were for Mae West in *Diamond Lil.*]

Sun Dec 2

Worked all day as will take tomorrow off to sleep. Delos talk took a long walk and went to a movie this afternoon while I went to bed and [fell] sound asleep. Woke

at 6 when he came in . . . and we went out [to eat]. Dressed—me in my purple and brilliants dress and Delossy very nice in evening clothes. Then to Roosevelt Hotel for Author's League Fund Party—program supper and dance. Dorothy Gish sat behind us at the program. Lots of fun, home at 4.

Sun Dec 9

Slept until 11:30 and then after breakfast went to the Metropolitan Museum to spend the afternoon in the American Wing. Walked through Central Park going and returning. So pretty in the snow. The boys out with sleds. Met Delos at 46th Street automat for dinner.

Thurs Dec 13

Delossy went to work this morning with a bright and shining face. Unfortunately I had a poor day on the novel. It was a dark soupy day. It seemed as though Delos would never get home. But at last he did, and I heard all about a successful day. We walked to our 47th Street Automat for dinner and back as usual along our lighted Broadway—lighted—blazing. To bed early.

Fri Dec 21

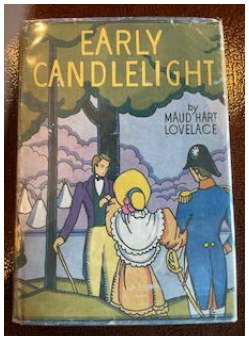
A fine day on the book, despite a trip to Gimbel's and the post office. Cleaned the apartment and put up our wreaths. Dinner at the automat and saw *The Haunted House,* a movie. Fires in the streets, Christmas trees for sale in doorways, holly wreaths and Christmas fruits displayed, crowds, crowds. And colder weather. Christmas cards flocking in.

Mon Dec 24

This afternoon Lydia and I went shopping for fruit and cookies. The Italian delicatessen with their spun-sugar Christ Childs are a delight. Bought oranges, apples, tangerines, grapes and Christmas cookies. Also had a cup of tea together. Tonight they took dinner with us at Maison Blanche and then came up to sit about our fire. With the wreaths up, the presents piled on our chair and coffee, fruit and cookies out, it looks pleasant. Opened the photos of Mother and Dad. They're splendid. After B.'s left, couldn't resist opening our other things, and I got beautiful undies from Delos as well as an evening vanity, a wallet, a perfume bottle, a handmade hankie from Dodie, and a choker from Lydia. While Delossy got a tie from Roark, a book, gloves and slippers from me, and a book and a desk pad from home. Heard the midnight Xmas carols as we went to bed.

36 West 10th Street

Maud had finished her second novel, *Early Candlelight*, a historical novel, and The John Day Company published it in the early fall of 1929. Maud went on an autographing tour in the midwest and returned to Manhattan at the end of October. Delos had just made assistant city editor at *The Sun*, and since Maud



was about to begin her third novel, the Lovelaces decided to make their living arrangements a little less transitory than they had apparently become. (It seems that they were no longer living in the Chelsea apartment because Maud mentions in a letter "living out of suitcases." Were they thinking of moving back

to Minneapolis?) Four days later, Maud found a one-room studio apartment that was part of the townhouse residence of Edward Godkin, reformer, founder of *The Nation*, and owner of *The New York Evening Post*. Decades before, the Godkin family ran their house with seven servants and entertained the luminaries of the day suclıas Henry James, William James, and Henry Adams. Now only the son remained, an old man who had divided the house into apartments, keeping parts for himself and wife and a greatly diminished household of "one housekeeper and a man."

The Lovelaces' third floor studio apartment cost $85 a month for "one great big perfectly beautiful furnished room (big as 2 or 3 ordinary rooms) with a bath." Its one drawback: no kitchen again! Maud bemoans this: "There is an electric plate and we get our own breakfast and lunch and could manage a Sunday night supper but take our dinners all outside. Now isn't that just the dickens. We were and are so mad, but that's New York for you!" Maud's immediate concern about a kitchenless apartment seemed to come from the difficulty of having her mother's home-cooked meals over the Christmas holidays when her parents were planning to visit the Lovelaces. Maud wrote home, "By all means, Mother, bring the electric plate. We will get some of our own meals in, and it will be sort of fun to picnic like that. We can get awfully good pastries across the street and chickens sent in from a rotisserie near here."

So, Maud and Delos moved in several days later, and even as she was enjoying the success of *Early Candlelight*, Maud began writing her third novel, *Petticoat Court*. The Lovelaces continued their work routine. They got up at 7, breakfasted, and at 7:30 Delos headed down to *The Sun* and Maud worked on her book straight through the afternoon. She told her family, "The book is progressing. Probably because I have no housework to do. The cleaning woman once a week keeps this apartment perfectly shining with a daily dusting and dustmopping from me. And with no meals to get, I have the whole day free for the book." But Maud was also involved with the publicity for *Early Candlelight* at this time. She spoke at Wanamaker's Book Week in early November and went on *The Radio Homemaker Hour* when they devoted an entire program to her book.

The Lovelaces no longer went to the automats for their supper. Often they brought in meals from the Co-op, a prepared-foods deli located across the street from their apartment. They also went to neighborhood restaurants, such as The Hearthstone, The Jumble Shop, and Mrs. Corbetts, frequented by the Village writers and artists. The Lovelaces continued to enjoy a busy social life with their widening circle of friends and acquaintances. They played anagrams (Maud mentions in November that "Anagrams are our passion at the moment") and bridge, and went to parties where they met other writers ,such as Dashiell Hammett. They were asked to join the By Line Club, a Sunday night dinner club of congenial newspaper folks, and Maud was asked to join the Woman Pays Club, made up of professional women. They saw musicals such as *Strike Up The*

Band (Gershwin) and *The Song and Dance Man* (George M. Cohan's revival), plays such as *Death Takes a Holiday* and *Romeo and Juliet* with Eva Le Gallienne, and sometimes a movie, such as *The Love Parade* with Maurice Chevalier. Maud and Delos also attended more formal social functions. In January, Maud went with some friends to the fancy dress Beaux Arts Ball (though they didn't wear costumes); a few weeks later she was the honored guest at the Old Guard Ball and then again at a Professional Women's League function. In March the Lovelaces went to the Author's Ball, where they met Rudy Vallee. And as nervous as Maud seemed to be at the prospect of giving speeches, she agreed to address groups such as the Daughters of Ohio, the Women's National Book Association, and the National Women's Association.

In December Maud's mother and father came to New York for a Christmas visit, but aside from their staying at the Albert Hotel in the Village, we have no record of how they spent the holidays. Maud's 1930 diary picks up the daily narrative on New Year's Eve when the Harts and Lovelaces were celebrating at Sherry's, where they stayed "til the orchestra left at 3 when Mother played us one waltz more." Mr. Hart left on NewYear's Day for Minneapolis, but Mrs. Hart stayed on to visit and sightsee with Maud until January 15th.

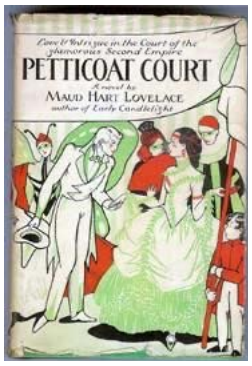
Even throughout her mother's stay, Maud worked diligently on her book each morning. She began writing *Petticoat Court* in November and finished it only three and a half months later! In March she treated herself to "a month of vacation," running errands, doing mending and darning, entertaining friends and business associates, and working on a short story. She finished this vacation with a four-day holiday at the Half Moon Hotel in Coney Island with Delos, who commuted to work during the day.

Maud soon plunged into the research for her next book, another historical novel ,titled *The Charming Sally*. At the same time Delos agreed to write a biography of Knute Rockne, which he worked on evenings and Sunday afternoons. Maud mentions that she spent her evenings typing her research notes or dining out with friends in order to leave Delos to his writing. She also took two short trips to Philadelphia and Williamsburg to gather background material on colonial times.

On June 9, two days after Maud returned from Williamsburg, her doctor confirmed that, at the age of 38, she was pregnant. ("We're awed and pleased" Maud says with the circumspection typical of her diary voice.) The Lovelaces began looking for another apartment, scouting such places as London Terrace Apartments on 23rd Street and 9th Avenue, a gentleman's private residence with apartments on the Upper West Side, and even going out to Staten Island where they "found some places that were quite 'country'—fields and clumps of woods and queen's lace growing along the roadside." They began getting ice for their ice box so that Maud could keep fresh fruit in their apartment.

The Lovelaces enjoyed their Sundays. As many projects as they juggled the rest of the

week, Sunday morning seemed to be their time to sleep in, loiter and loaf. The diary entries read: "Delicious loafing Sunday morning, coffee ring and all." "Did nothing as usual on Sunday until about 3." "We slept 13 hours and woke up feeling grand. Had raspberries and cream for breakfast and read the Sunday papers." In the afternoon they were likely to go to the Metropolitan Museum or, if the weather was nice, to Central Park (and sometimes the Park Zoo) or Van Cortlandt Park. Occasionally they would take excursions out of the city, like the one with friends to Mine Pond, to have a picnic in the hills behind West Point Military Academy.



That summer Maud also worked on the publicity for *Petticoat Court*, which would come out at the end of August. She autographed books for shipping to other cities, dealt with the press agent, and had her publicity portrait done by Edwin Eagle at 51 West 16th Street. Maud describes him as "a very nice young chap who worked in a small studio up at the very top of a high building. A portrait usually takes him 2 hours but at the end of 4 hours he was in despair about me. I promised to come back tomorrow . . ." The next day she was back at 10 a.m. but "at noon he's still not satisfied so we went downstairs to a little Italian restaurant and had lunch. At it again until 3 when the portrait was far enough advanced for me to go." Later on in September her publisher arranged a publicity coup for *Petticoat Court*, which Maud describes: "The Corona Company has a big shop on Fifth Avenue—they give a window every week or so to some celebrity who uses a Corona . . . Next week they will feature *Petticoat Court* with [the] artist's original sketch, original manuscript and a whole pile of books."

At the end of July and the height of a heat wave (with no air-conditioning!), the Lovelaces took a two-week vacation at Camp Peconic on Shelter Island, where they swam, played croquet, and walked along the trails enjoying the nature that Maud so obviously missed in the city. A few weeks after they returned from vacation, they decided on their next home—an apartment in the Morningside Heights area on West 115th Street. Maud mentions in a letter that "it was a pleasant surprise to us to find out that there were actually sinks in New York. For 2 years we have been washing our dishes in the wash bowl."

A month later, on September 20th, they moved to Morningside Heights.

Excerpts from Maud's 1930 Diary

Tues Jan 14

A good morning's work. [Note: Mrs. Hart came over at noon.] We went up to an Alice Foote Macdougal shop for lunch and came home by bus. Still raining when Delossy came home. He went out and got Mother and supper from the Co-op. I made coffee, and we ate in. We played 3 handed bridge until Pauline and Jo and finally Betty Shannon came to call.

Mon Jan 20

Nippy cold this morning. I dressed for breakfast, which we ate in front of the grate fire made up of the Sunday newspaper. This morning from Delossy's bed I saw a faint peachy pink in the east. Worked all morning. After lunch went to the John Days to talk Old Guard Ball with Mr. Newsom. Called for Delossy at the paper. Helms were coming over tonight, but I was too tired to have them. Was in bed by 7. Saw Mrs. Irwin today and am having her to tea.

Mon Jan 27

Our room very cold when we woke up. I dressed and made the coffee and drank mine wrapped in the brown blanket. I went up to a meeting of the Professional Women's League to which Mrs. Chase had asked me as honored guest. I met Faith Baldwin, the novelist—brisk and little, supporting four children by her pen . . . I had to talk so was miserable. Had tea and came home. Delossy and I had a long delicious evening alone. Delicious in spite of the fact that he spent some time on the book. [Note: Maud mentions that Delossy went through her book making suggestions.]

Fri Jan 31

A very busy day, including a shampoo and wave. Delossy bought home a fine lot of clippings. The big interview with 2 columns out in *Today in New York;* a best-seller list from Detroit on which *Early Candlelight* appears; and the New York papers, which carry the news of me being honor guest at the Old Guard Ball. That took place tonight. The uniforms picturesque but a mob of 500 in the ballroom. The photographers took my picture with the Major, and we are anxious to see what results.

Thurs Feb 6

Went out this morning to a museum fashion show in Brooklyn at the Brooklyn Museum. Got to Brooklyn too early and to pass the time went to a restaurant for buckwheat cakes syrup and coffee—always a delicious winter morning dish. The fashion show interesting—the museum costumes on living models.

Fri Feb 21

So warm this morning that at 10 o'clock I still have both windows open. Walked out to send a wire to the Pen Women and sat in Washington Square to read my mail. The world out there enjoying the spindly sunshine. Too warm for coats. 66 they say. These first spring days give me scraps of feelings and memories—Mankato, University, Venice, the lake. How I have been thinking about the lake remembering too, this may be good for *Sally* how surprised I was to find in Munich the same look of the snow and the same wintry and springlike feelings.

Sat Mar 22

Up at 4 to fix Delos his breakfast. He had the early shift at the *Sun* today. Back to bed till 10. When he came in at noon we walked out for some lunch . . . Tonight he ate dinner in, but being hungry I went out to Mrs. Corbett's and ate alone. Then we dressed and taxicabbed over to the Henkle party. Met Dashiell Hammett, the writer of detective stories, who had lots of prematurely white hair—he's tall and somewhat snakily thin.

Sun April 6

By 10 we were off to Van Cortlandt and Bronx parks. A spring-like day, not too warm, found very little in way of grass and underbrush and birds and spring flowers but did recapture our stream of

some years ago babbling over its brown leaves. Got coffee and sandwiches (hot dogs) out of doors after looking at the emu and prairie dogs, etc. Home dead tired but went over to Sutherlands' tea to see their pretty things. Dinner at the Jumble Shop and early home. Saw just a few shrubs and trees just beginning to show green.

Tues Apr 15

Cold me in my new dress and thin white coat, as I wanted to choose a hat that would match. Joined Blanche, and we bought me a hat gloves and shoes having lunch at Gimbel's. Dinner alone tonight, Delos at his writing. Then at 8 o'clock in my new clothes addressed Woman's National Book Association. From there with Delossy to a farewell party for the Helms. Cold as can be and not enough heat.

Fri Apr 25

Such a nice birthday. Wakened at 8 by special delivery letters from mother and Katie with a black and white hankie from Katie. Packages from Mother, Dad, and Helen later on. Earrings and more handmade hankies. Returned proofs to the John Days, lunched with Miss Goell at the Town Hall Club. Worked at the library all afternoon. Delossy in honor of my birthday left his work and came home to dinner bringing me a delectable chemise and blue and white striped step in and bandeau. Florence Browning joined us at dinner. Quite nice evening at home.

Sun Apr 27

Delossy at the paper working on his book. Me wandering through old New York, impressions recorded other places. Went finally to library and worked til 6, then joined Delossy at home. We went out to dinner and to see Maurice Chevalier in *The Love Parade.*

Tues Apr 29

Letter from Metro Goldwyn Mayer about *Petticoat* sent us both joyfully to work. A long afternoon at library. Delossy called for me there and went to dinner at the Little Tavern and to see *A Wise Child*— amusing tho' very artificial. Me terribly cold in my new spring coat.

Wed July 2

These summer days we get so well acquainted (by sight) with our neighbors, who hang out their windows just as we do for some coolness. Also parade the street with their dogs.

Sat Aug 9

Oh so hot so muggy. Delossy and I decided to go to the country (afford it or not). How we were beaming when we met each other in the BMT station at City Hall Square. Seemed cool the minute we struck Seagate. Mrs. Peterson had given us a lovely room with a bath opening into a little porch and green lawn. A delicious dinner at 7 and this evening a lovely cool walk through Seagate. Also walked to the boardwalk and saw the amazing sight of Coney Island on a hot Saturday night. The beach and boardwalk crowded. A game of leap frog in bathing suits on the beach.

Mon Aug 18

Baby throbbing all the time now. Lots of company, but I'm not looking so sightly. Put on my wine colored dress to have lunch with my dear Jessie Carrie Smith and found I had to wear a coat with it. We lunched at Algonquin and had a good talk. She has had a deserved legacy of $20,000. Sent Mother the Weekend Library edition of *Of Human Bondage* for

a birthday present.

Wed Sept 17

Feeling so awfully well and happy and doctor says I am well. Too well. He's cutting all starches and sweets out of my diet. I told him today that Tommie was a good husky boy and he came back with she had a good strong heartbeat. Had Lois Whitcombs to dinner tonight and Pauline afterward. Then down to Joe's shop for grapes.

Sat Sept 20

Moved today. And Delossy got home at noon to help me settle. Now at 411 W 155th Street in the fresh air of Morningside Heights. Had dinner out at King's College Inn and came back home to settle further.

Charles Street: A Month In The City

We are now jumping ahead almost 20 years. The Lovelaces have been suburbanites for almost that long, since they moved out of the Manhattan shortly after their daughter Merian was born. After living in New Rochelle and Pelham for a few years, they bought a house and settled in Garden City, Long Island, where Maud wrote the Betsy-Tacy books. Delos had been with *The Sun* the entire time, not only as assistant city editor but also as a columnist, a book reviewer, and even as the story writer for a comic strip. In late 1948 Maud had completed *Carney's House Party*, and when the Lovelaces were offered a month's sublet in Greenwich Village in February 1949, they decided to take a vacation in Manhattan, back in the neighborhood where they had started. Maud made a list of things she wanted to do: "go to foreign restaurants and movies, especially Spanish, [and] to see modern art and high fashion."

On February 15 Maud and Delos moved into 17 Charles Street, three blocks from their old apartment on 10th Street. Maud's diary entry for February 14 begins with these wishes for their stay: "'In quietness and confidence I turn to the infinite source of wisdom within me, and I am illumined in all my ways.' That is the Unity Class thought and it is wonderful as a keynote for our month in town. I want to relax to seek quietness and confidence and find wisdom for myself and Delossy." However, Maud and Delos also wanted to take advantage of being Manhattanites again, and the diary proceeds to describe a whirlwind month of activities.

As they did 20 years earlier, they dined out with or entertained friends and associates almost every night. They still went to old favorites like The Jumble Shop but also to newer places like Pierre's, Leo's, and Le Moal. Maud also lunched with friends at her old haunt Mary Elizabeth's on 35th Street. When the Lovelaces entertained at home, the company meal was Maud's Spanish Rice and Coffee Marshmallow Pudding, to which she added brioche, croissants, and a green salad.

Maud spent her mornings puttering around the apartment and some of her afternoons running errands or doing Betsy–Tacy-type stuff. She made the final changes to *Carney's House Party*, chose a publicity photo from the Bachrach Studio proofs,

gave a speech to the Tri-Delts at Adelphi University, and autographed books along with authoress Janet Lambert at the Brearley-Chapin Exchange.

"Wonderful to be able to go to the theatre in the middle of the week," Maud says in her diary, and the Lovelaces enjoyed the Broadway season's fare. They saw John Carradine in *Mad Woman of Chaillot*, Rex Harrison in *Anne of the Thousand Days* (he made "a lusty, gay and probably too sensitive Henry"), and Phil Silvers in *High Buttoned Shoes*. They also attended the ballet and heard Monsignor Sheen speak at Radio City Music Hall. Maud carried out her intention to see modern art although she didn't seem to care for it. She says of an exhibition of Cecile Belle's paintings that "I try hard to understand the modern school and I did appreciate and enjoy the wonderful color but I still like photographic art and can't believe that any art which needs so much explaining is very great."

And since Maud seemed under the spell of Spain in those days, she renewed her acquaintance with the Hispanic Museum (she used to visit it with Delos when they were working on *The Golden Wedge*) to view their collections of Velasquez, Goya, and El Greco, saw a Spanish movie, and had supper with Delos at El Charro, a Spanish restaurant in the Village.

The last 20 years did not seem to have changed the Lovelaces much except for one thing: They were now parents. Although Merian was away at Smith College for her freshman year, she was mentioned continually. "Got a letter from Merian in the mail, in which I rejoiced with Delos. She is trying out for *Current*." [Ed. note: one of the college newspapers] On March 14: "The great boon was the unscheduled and unexpected letter from Merian, clippings from *Current*, her first byline. We are so happy with it, the letter I mean."

On Friday, March 18, Maud and Delos returned to their home on Wyatt Road in Garden City.

Excerpts from Maud's 1949 Diary

Feb 13 Sun

I realize that I haven't described the apartment. Charles Street is very villagy. 17 has a red door and you climb two flights to our apartment. Very colorful, red curtains, two fireplaces, lots of books and pictures – originals – a very complete little kitchen, Mexican dishes and linens. It has a nice atmosphere.

Tues Feb 15

Back in the Village after 18 years! A circle completed and except for a beautiful grown-up daughter in Smith, we seem right back where we started from. I locked the house, phone was turned off, and my dear Elizabeth drove me to the GC train station. In NY I taxied to 17 Charles St., climbed two flights of stairs to our apartment. I let myself in somewhat timidly but the Epsteins had not only left the lights on, the apartment was filled with friendliness. A loaf of bread, two bottles of wine, fresh soap and towels, etc. I was soon happy. (Remembering: How you have to wash up dishes instantly in a city apartment for fear of cockroaches.) I unpacked and

settled, and Delossy brought some franks from a delicatessen for our supper. He had to go back to Garden City to vote. Tired again. We have a poor female dipsomaniac on the floor above, but she's being turned out.

Thurs Feb 24

Today I washed my hair and went shopping. Air still moist and balmy, exactly like spring. At noon Delossy phoned and finding that there was no letter from Merian suggested that I phone her, he's wild to know about her grades, so I phoned and we had a marvelous connection. She sounded so poised and happy. The grades not announced until this evening but she made *Current.*

She had her first staff meeting this afternoon. Ate at a Provencal French restaurant on Third Avenue called Le Moal. To E. Lillian Hutchinson's for a threesome dinner – she and Annie and I – in honor of *Carney's House Party*.

Fri Feb 25

Lawrence & Katherine for a very gay dinner on a red-checked tablecloth with candles, then the four of us to see a moving picture, Laurence Olivier's very controversial *Hamlet*. Katherine & Delos liked it very much, L & I not at all; we argued about it over coffee.

Sun Feb 27

Very busy day getting ready for our party but fortunately it was a great success. Wolfs, Helms, and Nan, the talk was good, everyone was simpatico, we had Spanish rice of course, with red and white wine, brioche and croissant, wonderful green salad with avocados which Nan mixed, and naturally marshmallow pudding. Jean Helms gave me her impressions of me when she first met me 15 or 16 years ago. I loved it both because it was flattering and because fresh descriptions of Betsy are so helpful. She mentioned my slender figure, very high color, and such a friendly, merry face.

Fri March 4

How I putter in the mornings! I can't seem to get out until noon. Went up to the Hispanic Museum on 155th Street on Broadway. I had a beautiful time, remembered the time Merian and I wandered there when Oelossy and I were doing *The Golden Wedge*. I looked at the collection – 16th Century description I went upstairs to look at the paintings – Velasquez, Goya, El Greco.

Sat March 5

We walked over to Wanamaker's this morning and Delos ordered two suits, then we went uptown got a sandwich at Manny's and went to the ballet. Audience was full of children and I was so reminded of the days when we used to take Merian there. Little girls rushing up and down the aisles and crowding the Ladies Room. One number was the *Nutcracker Suite* opening with the children's party with the lighted tree. Bartnetts came over for cocktails, then we went over to the Jumble Shop for dinner.

Sun March 6

After a lazy breakfast Delos and I went to church at St. John's in the Village. The choir marched in without music saying the litany. A lay reader was reading it. Delos said he was John Carradine the actor, and he was superb. Service was very good but the congregation so small. We have resolved to go to church every Sunday during Lent. After the service we walked about awhile, peeked through a

gate at the quaint St. John's gardens. It was absolutely like spring. The quiet afternoon and then we were out to dinner with the Richard Clarkes. He is executive editor of *The News*. Superb dinner – 2 maids – the men staying at the table for port and cigars while the ladies had coffee in the morning room like a Galsworthy novel.

Tues Mar 8

Up to 23rd Street to pick up meat pies for our party. Betty Weill, her roommate Sarah, and Dan came for drinks. Cocktails first, then the pies with a salad and brioche and of course coffee marshmallow pudding. We had lots of fun. and the girls sat around eating in their stocking feet, making me think of Merian and her pals.

Fri Mar 11

This afternoon I went uptown to do some errands and looked into the Museum of Modern Art. There was an exhibit of newspaper and magazine photography, "The Exact Moment," which was sensational and morbid – suicides predominated. Among the paintings, not one inspired me or lifted me up or gave me a glow. How sordid modern painting is! I rather like Hooper, his Old House by the Railroad . . . and there was one [Ed. note: painter's name illegible] "Afternoon Wind" which pleased me. Stopped to buy fish for supper in honor of Lent, and D and I to bed early.

Fri Mar 18

Very nice to go home in a snowstorm after such a spring like month in town. Delossy left *The Sun* about 3, went to Garden City to get the car and picked me up and the bags at 5:30. Got home.

Notes on Maud's Diaries

Maud's diaries during these years tracked her and Delos' daily activities. They record a few observations about the neighborhoods and apartments where they lived, less about the general news of the day, and remain virtually silent about Maud's own feelings. One gets an occasional tantalizing glimpse of popular culture, such as this observation about the fashions in the late 1920s, when she notes that "brown and hunter's green [are] the new fall shades being seen on the streets these days and the new little close fitting off the forehead hats which make everyone look so bald."

One subject runs through almost every diary entry, however: the "nature" that Maud sees in New York. Maud was a keen observer of the weather, the atmospheric changes of the sky, and the shadings of the morning light. Many entries from 1930 begin with what she sees from her bedroom window at 7 a.m.

Jan 13

How hard it is to get up these cold mornings. The windows were squares of slate blue and the more distant buildings a deep purple...! watched the sky get grey and the buildings lighten from purple to blue. It resolved itself finally, into a grey, chilly day. It gets into the throat as so many New York days do.

Sept 11

When we woke up this morning our grey weather was ended and a little sunshine

filling our windows and it brought me, tho' in the city, the most surprising sense of Indian summer in the country. Golden lights filling the air, air harvest fields yellow against the blue of the sky. Grapes hanging purple from their trellises, meadows pied with golden rod, joe pye weed, queens lace, asters, sumac framing crimson flowers hanging on the late gardens-New York and its environs as I must see them for *Charming Sally* days.

Although these descriptions show a novelist's eye for detail. they seem more than just professional observations to be used in a story. Maud seems to embrace the nature she saw in the city because she missed the country. In her descriptions of the Village in the l 920's, Maud focuses on the changing seasons, flowers and fruit: "Great floods of sunlight down at Bleecker and 6th Avenue where buildings have been torn down to make way for new subway." "This feeling of spring in the air. I am planning picnics and want to buy all the daffodils, violets and sweet peas I see in the florists windows." "Vendors in the street these days selling the most delicious pears just faintly pink . . . Purple grapes too appearing on the pushcarts and giving a look of autumn to the city streets."

Maud even recorded "news" about flowers. "Nippy cold today ... Last night's paper said that forsythia and pussy willows had both started to bud and now this cold snap will get them." When Bick paid an unexpected visit one Sunday in June, Maud writes " So tickled to see her and how we gossiped! Delos came home and we had a good talk till she left. She told me about the mountain laurel lavender pink and white in the Berkshires and the rhododendrons just coming into bloom." A few days later Maud ran into a friend at the Co-op who told her "that [the] hillsides are covered with the wild azalea in delicate shades."

And one summer night when Maud, Delos and friends piled into a car, just as the Crowd in *Betsy's Wedding* would do, and drove out to? roadhouse-cabaret in Pelham to hear Paul Whiteman's band, Maud's main comment was "The sight of the rich green in the country is soothing to the soul."

Maud and Delos in Manhattan: A Walking Tour

> *Skirting the north side of Washington Square, they turned into a maze of narrow twisting streets, of old houses and foreign-looking shops, and stables made over into studios. Betsy looked around delightedly. This, Joe said, was Greenwich Village where writers, artists, and musicians lived.*
>
> —from *Betsy's Wedding*

Standing at 10th Street and Sixth Avenue, you can see the **Jefferson Market Courthouse**, considered by architects to be one of the 10 most beautiful buildings in America. Originally a courthouse and jail, it was here that Harry K. Thaw was tried and convicted for the murder of architect Stanford White. In 1929, the same year that

Maud and Delos lived on 10th Street, the jail was replaced by a Women's House of Detention, which was demolished in 1977. The Courthouse now houses a branch of the New York Public Library.

West 10th between Fifth and Sixth Avenues is one of the most delightful blocks in all of New York, a blend of trees, sun, and well-maintained row houses dating from the early 1930s to the late 1950s. This block has a long and distinguished literary tradition.

51 West 10th Street was a remarkable structure designed by **Richard Morris Hunt** (destroyed by fire in 1989) called "**The West 10th Street Studio**," the home of many artists and writers, such as **Kahlil Gibran**, the poet who wrote *The Prophet,* **Alexander Calder**, inventor of the mobile, and his father, **A. Stirling Calder**, who created the *Washington in Peace* sculpture on the west pedestal of Washington Square Arch.

The Studio attracted other artists to other residences on this block, among them the sculptor **Daniel Chester French**, whose commanding statue of Lincoln graces the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C. French moved into **No. 58.** In the back of this house was **The Tile Club**, a gentleman's club for artists, which thrived in the late 1880s. To the right of the iron urn with the pineapple on top is where the original secret entrance was located. Each club night, a member such as **Stanford White** or **William Merritt Chase** was designated "host" and presided at supper; afterward, the guests drew or painted, often on tiles, which they presented to the club. NYU bought the building in 1987, and the Onassis Center opened later that year.

Edward Albee occupied the carriage house at **No. 50**, and **Hart Crane** lived **at No. 54**, a five-story brick house, in 1917.

Sinclair Lewis and his wife **Dorothy Thompson** lived across the street in the house at **No. 37** after their marriage in 1928.

➔ Stop #1: 36 West 10th Street

Maud and **Delos** lived here from October 1929 to September 1930. This house is notable for its interior staircase designed by **Stanford White**, a frequent guest of the original owner.

Marcel Duchamp lived at **No. 28;** later, **Dashiell Hammett** was a resident from 1947 to 1951.

Franklin P. Adams, one of the most popular journalists of his day and a member of the Algonquin Round Table, lived at **No. 26** from 1929 to the late '30s. **Mark Twain** lived nearby in the handsome house at **No. 14** in 1900, at the height of his popularity. Today some people claim that the house is haunted by the ghosts of previous residents.

Emily Post was raised at **No. 12**, where her father, an architect, divided the building into 11 apartments, one for each daughter. She invited President Wilson to dinner in this apartment, where he proposed to his second wife.

We have now reached Fifth Avenue. A plaque at the northwest corner of Fifth Avenue commemorates the residence of **Willa Cather** in the Grosvenor Hotel, which once stood at **35 Fifth Avenue**.

If you look to the left to the middle of the

block between 10th and 11th Streets, you'll see **No. 40 Fifth Avenue**, where N.Y. State Supreme Court Judge **Joseph Force Crater** was living with his wife on August 6, 1930, the day he disappeared. (Maud and Delos lived just around the corner.)

If you're feeling energetic, detour one block east to University Place and up to **No. 42 East 11th Street**. Now a Dean & DeLuca's coffee shop, this building was once the **Hotel Albert**, where the Lovelaces would dine and where Maud's parents stayed during their 1929 Christmas visit. The Hotel Albert was also the first New York residence of **Thomas Wolfe** when he was an English teacher at New York University in 1923.

Further east is the site of Wanamaker's on **Broadway between 9th and 10th Streets**, today occupied by Stewart House, a modern apartment house built in 1961, and named for the grand department store it replaced, A.T. Stewart's, probably the largest cast-iron building ever constructed. Stewart was a poor Irish immigrant who became the nation's second wealthiest man through the retail business that bore his name. His one-room store, opened in 1823, expanded by 1846 into the Marble Palace, the world's first department store, still standing at Broadway and Chambers Street. Needing to further expand, Stewart leased the land between 9th and 10th Streets, and his newest mecca for the shopper opened in 1862. Business declined after his death in 1876 until Wanamaker's took over the store in 1896. This Philadelphia-based operation built a tall annex next to the Stewart building and connected the two structures with a two-leveled "Bridge of Progress" high above 9th Street, which is still named **Wanamaker Place** for that one block. Under its new management, the old store found new prosperity through clever marketing. Wanamaker's had a 1,600–seat auditorium and offered two concerts daily. The entire second floor, not accidentally, was given over to selling pianos. Business declined in time, and the former annex is known today as **770 Broadway**.

Continuing down Fifth Avenue is **No. 39**, where the journalist **Walter Lippman** lived from 1926 to 1929 while he was editing the *New York World*. **Dashiell Hammett** lived at **No. 24** in the early '40s, and right across the street at **No. 21** is where **Mark Twain**, age 65, took up residence from 1904 to 1908 before he left New York for good.

On the southeast corner of Fifth Avenue and 8th Street is **One Fifth Avenue**, where the poet **Sara Teasdale** committed suicide in 1932 at the age of 48. Across the street at the southwest corner is the site of the former **No. 8** Fifth Avenue, where **James Thurber** lived in 1932, when he was writing for the *New Yorker* and engaging in his legendary partying and drinking.

Turning onto 8th Street, you'll pass **No. 8**, where the first **Whitney Museum** was located from 1931 to 1954.

Across the street at **No. 5** is the Marlton Hotel where **Lenny Bruce** lived in 1964 while standing trial for obscenity. **Maud** and **Delos** stayed here in the early '60s when they came back from California to visit Merian and her husband Bert.

➔ Stop #2: The Jumble Shop

Feb 18, 1930

Snowed. Delossy's new suit and my negligee delivered. Delossy home at 4:30 or so and we bathed and dressed and started to go out. Going first to the JUMBLE SHOP to dinner and then to Miss Goell's bridge party.

Maud and Delos often dined at the **Jumble Shop**, located at **No. 1 MacDougal Alley**. Beginning in the mid 1800s, it and other houses on the north side of the Alley served as stables for the row houses on 8th. (The stables on the opposite side served Washington Square North, where members of Old New York Society such as Edith Wharton resided.) In the early 1900s, the stables were converted to artist studios, and the ground floor of No. I became a tea shop called the Jumble Shop in 1910. Tea shops at that time were traditional gathering places for writers, artists, intellectuals, and politicos, and the Jumble Shop remained popular well into the Beatnik Era, making it one of the important places in the history of the American Avant Garde.

Above the Jumble Shop is the former studio residence of the poet **Edward Arlington Robinson**, whose *Tristram*, partially written here, won the 1928 Pulitzer Prize for poetry. Other residents of the Alley were painters **Guy Pene du Bois** and **Jackson Pollack**, sculptor **Jo Davidson**, and **Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney**. Gertrude became the generous patron of her artist neighbors when she tried her hand at sculpting here in the early 1900s. When the Metropolitan refused the offer of her extensive collection of modern art in 1929, she simply opened up the three rowhouses behind her studio and founded the first **Whitney Museum** on 8th Street, right next to where the original Metropolitan Museum was located back in 1870.

Walking down to the corner of MacDougal and Waverly Place (named after Sir Walter Scott's novel *Waverley*), you can look across at the southwest corner of **Washington Square Park** where the Hanging Elm has been growing for over 300 years. Not only is it supposed to be the oldest tree in Manhattan, it also has the distinction of being used as a gallows from 1797 to 1819 when the park was a burial ground.

Across the street is **No. 29 Washington Square**, **Eleanor Roosevelt's** residence after her husband died in 1945 until she moved uptown in 1948.

Turning right on Waverly Place, you'll see **No. 103**, the former Hotel Earl (now the Washington Square Hotel) where **Bob Dylan** stayed in 1961 after he arrived from Minneapolis. (Perhaps this is the same hotel Joan Baez referred to in her song *Diamonds and Rust*, a comment on her famous relationship with Dylan.) The front of **No. 111** was used for the 1967 film *Barefoot in the Park* with Robert Redford and Jane Fonda.

On the other side of Sixth Avenue is **No. 137 Waverly Place**, which was the residence of **Edgar Allen Poe** when he wrote his poem *Ligeia* in 1837. The painter **John Trumbull**, best known for his *Signing of the Declaration of Independence*, had lived here previously.

Next door is **No. 139**, the home of Edna St. Vincent **Millay** in 1917. Although born in Maine, the poetess was named after St.

Vincent's Hospital (located a few blocks north of Waverly Place) because her mother's brother's life was saved there.

If you wish to continue along to **Gay Street**, a small alley that intersects Waverly Place, you can see **No. 158 Waverly Place**, where **Judy Holliday** lived in 1948 while starring in the Broadway version of *Born Yesterday*. Gay Street became immortalized in the late 1930s when **Ruth McKenney** recounted her and her sister's adventures in their basement apartment at **No. 14** in a book titled *My Sister Eileen*.

Walking back to Sixth Avenue, turn right to walk pass **St. Joseph's Church**, the oldest surviving Roman Catholic Church in New York City. This was where Maud's daughter **Merian** was married to Bert Kirchner in 1954.

Turning right onto **West 4th Street**, you'll find **No. 161**, where **Bob Dylan** rented a two-room apartment in 1962 when he was performing at the Village folk clubs.

➔ Stop #3: The Hearthstone, 4 Jones Street

Wed May 7

This morning I did my housework. The flower men calling in the streets below our window – a great wagon load of geraniums, etc. . . . At library all afternoon. Delossy met us at the HEARTHSTONE for dinner. He and I went this evening to the Aviation show and then to the Paramount, which was icy cold.

➔ Stop #4: Lee Chumley's, 86 Bedford Street

Sat Mar 8, 1930

Errands and more errands for tea. Flowers, candies, nuts, eater jug, lamp-shade, etc., etc. Tonight Tommy, Blanche, Mrs. Derrick to dinner. We went to LEE CHUMLEY'S.

Former blacksmith shop and speakeasy, Lee Chumley's remains one of New York's hidden treasures. The front of the building was altered to look like a garage during Prohibition, and the speakeasy attracted such notables as Edna St. Vincent Millay, John Dos Passos, and Theodore Dreiser. Chumley's continues to be a gathering spot for writers, and the walls are decorated with a frieze of its patrons' book jackets. Like most speakeasies, Chumley's had two entrances: **58 Barrow Street** and the concealed one at **86 Bedford**. According to legend, when police were coming through the Barrow Street door, Mr. Chumley would tell his patrons to "86 it," meaning to "clear out" – thus the origin of the phrase.

If you look down to your left, you'll see **No. 75½ Bedford Street**, where **Edna St. Vincent Millay** lived from 1923 to 1925 with her husband before they moved to Austerlitz, New York.

No. 59 Grove Street was the home of **Thomas Paine** in 1809 ,although the house has since been replaced by an apartment house.

No. 63 Grove Street was **Merian and Bert Kirchner's** home from 1964 to 1983.

The poet **Hart Crane** rented a room at **No. 45 Grove Street** (near Bleecker) in early 1923 until poverty forced him to get a job at an advertising agency, at which point he moved to a larger apartment. The building

was also used as Eugene O'Neill's house in the film *Reds*.

Where Grove intersects with Seventh Avenue is **Sheridan Square**, the Times Square of Greenwich Village. This was the home of the "little theatres" in the 1920s and the birthplace of Off Broadway in the 1950s. The Square is named after a Civil War general and was the site of two riots: the Civil War draft riots and the 1969 Stonewall riot that is considered the beginning of the gay rights movement.

Before World War I, Seventh Avenue between 11th Street and Houston did not exist. The city extended the Avenue (thus the street name Seventh Avenue South) to accommodate the construction of the Seventh Avenue subway line. This involved cutting a swath through 11 city blocks and demolishing or shaving off some of the buildings. "The Cut" did not always fit the odd angles of the Village streets, and some buildings bear the scars of it.

Heading east to Waverly Place, make a left and walk to **10th Street**. On the northwest corner is **Julius's**, the oldest operating bar in the Village and a speakeasy during Prohibition. Where **No. 165 West 10th Street** once was – now just the back wall of the restaurant that fronts Seventh Avenue – **Theodore Dreiser** lived from 1914 to 1919 when he wrote the controversial *The Genius* and conceived his next novel, *An American Tragedy*.

Margaret Mead lived at **193 Waverly Place** from 1955 to 1966 where she raised her teenage daughter as a single parent.

When you reach **Charles Street**, you'll see the only modern apartment building on the block, **No. 15**, which replaced several small buildings. One of them was **No. 17**, where **Maud** and **Delos** stayed in early 1949, and another, **No. 13**, was where **Richard Wright**, author of *Native Son*, lived briefly in 1947.

Still standing, however, is **No. 11 Charles Street**, where **James M. Cain**, author of *The Postman Always Rings Twice* and *Mildred Pierce*, lived from 1925 to 1927 after he had separated from his first wife and was writing for *The New York World*.

Walking north along Waverly Place to **Bank Street**, you'll pass **St. John's Church** where **Maud** and **Delos** went when they stayed on Charles Street. When you reach Bank Street you can see **Nos. 1 to 7**, the modern apartment building that replaced **No. 5 Bank Street**, where **Willa Cather** lived with her life's companion, **Edith Lewis**. It was during her years here (1913 to 1927) that she wrote O *Pioneers!*, *My Ántonia*, and *A Lost Lady*. Cather and Lewis moved when their building was torn down to build the high-rise.

John Dos Passos lived for a brief time at **No. 11** while he was working on *Manhattan Transfer* in 1924.

Before having a well-deserved meal at **The Waverly Inn**, walk to the middle of **Bank Street** to **No. 33**, the first Village residence of **Maud** and **Delos**.

➔ Stop #5: The Waverly Inn, 16 Bank Street

Thurs, Mar 13, 1930

. . . a long walk (a full moon), dinner at

The Waverly Inn, reading Wolf Solent [a novel by John Cowper Powys], and so to bed.

Built in 1844, The Waverly Inn was originally an inn for travelers and also functioned as a carriage house. In 1920, it became a tea shop, serving Village residents such as Robert Frost, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and Maud and Delos Lovelace. The Inn has changed little over the years. The interior still has the working fireplaces and wooden floors and booths, and the cuisine is still traditional American with specialties of chicken pot pie, southern fried chicken, Yankee pot roast and Indian pudding.

WHAT WAS THE VILLAGE LIKE IN 1929 AND 1930?

By 1929, when Maud and Delos moved to Greenwich Village, some thought that the greatest literary days were over. A period of relative inactivity followed, a literary hibernation from which the area would not emerge until after the Second World War. By the thirties, most of the major figures had gone: Dreiser and Marianne Moore had moved to Brooklyn, Djuna Barnes and Margaret Anderson had gone to Europe. There remained only a few of those who had made the late teens and twenties a vital literary period. e.e. cummings, the Mark Van Dorens, and their friend Joseph Wood Krutch all remained in the Village. Writers who arrived in the early 1930s were Sherwood Anderson, Sara Teasdale, Nathaniel West, and James Agee.

There is a marvelous quote by Lionel Trilling, then an instructor at Columbia, who moved downtown in 1929:

> "I signalized my solidarity with the intellectual life by taking an apartment in Greenwich Village. I was under no illusion that the Village was any longer in great days – I knew that in the matter of residential preference I was a mere epigone. So much so, indeed, that my apartment was not in a brownstone house or in a more-or-less reconditioned tenement, but in a brand-new, jerry-built apartment building, exactly like the apartment buildings that were going all over the Bronx and Brooklyn. Still, the Village was the Village, there seemed no other place in New York where a right-thinking person might live. What is more, my address was Bank Street, which, of all the famous Streets of the Village, seemed to me at the time to have had the most distinguished literary past.''

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