

780 15th Avenue,  
San Francisco.

1919 or 1921

Dear Laura--

I'm slightly late in doing it, but I want to thank you for those magnificent photographs. You are a peach, spelled with big capital letters, to accomplish anything of that kind with me!! They are really splendid, and I'm very much in doubt as to whether you or the camera or the remains of the victim ~~is~~ responsible for the outcome. Thinking it over, though, I'm pretty sure that the big one of the occasion is you, Laura, and you've made an ordinary-looking fiddler into a looking something. I hate to have pictures of L.P. about the house, but this time it'll be the "whole hog" and people can think I'm as conceited as they like,--these are too fine to put away somewhere. You know I had forgotten all about your posing me around last Spring, and one afternoon I came home and discovered them all over the mantel! I couldn't get my wits, at first, and thought I was seeing things. Pictures of myself on exhibition, why the idea!! I'm so proud of myself!!! If you could make all the old fat ladies and bedraggled bachelors look that way you ought to make a big fortune and retire to your chickens at an early age!!!----Thanks again, and I am so proud that a Colorado Springs girl can do it. For that will be home to me, no matter where the fates guide my fiddle.

We've had a big season here, and our quartet concerts were wonderfully successful. It was such fun, making music with Bauer, Rubinstein (we did the Franck sonata together in one of the concerts), Myra Hess, Schmitz, the London String Quartet and the rest of 'em. And I finally got up courage and played the Lalo Symphonie espagnole with the symphony, for the first time in my young life, and had the biggest success with it I've ever had with any work here. So I'm not dead yet. That's a pleasure to know. Next month the quartet plays a lot of out-of-town dates, up and down the coast. We expect to scratch in Seattle, Portland, Walla Walla, etc., up that way, and then down South again,--Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, etc. The only trouble down there is the climate. Everything is so nice and sweet and balmy and lazy-like that a fellow doesn't feel like sawing away at a Tchaikowsky quartet or even a harmless Haydn or Mozart. But it has to be done. Veilä. This afternoon I am conducting several numbers at our last orchestra "Pop" concert. I suppose Mr. Hertz' hair is falling out, at the thought of someone else conducting, but I hope to make a success of it, anyway!!!

I must stop now and train a new A string the right way. Angela sends her love to you, and so will the kiddies when they know you better. And so does

Louis.