

HOWARD H. SHINN

STOCK AND BOND BROKER

310 BUSH STREET

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. June 30, 1922

Miss Laura Gilpin,
c/o G. P. Putnam's Sons
24 Bedford St.,
Strand
London, W. C.

Dearest Laura:

You see I have tracked you to your lair and much comforted that you are in care of Putnam's sons and hope they are young and agile. I delayed answering your letter because I wanted to tell you something definite about your exhibit. That it was hung in Oakland was an awful joke on me, as I never even considered the Auditorium gallery. I am mighty glad though, for I had the pleasure of seeing your prints in my own city. I thought they were worthy of you and I came away feeling very happy, almost as if I had sat and talked awhile with you. The reason that the Auditorium went into the discard in my mind was because it is too far from the heart of the city to have a place in community life and I am ashamed to acknowledge that I had never before been in the Art Gallery. A very charming girl was in charge and she told me that a cousin of yours had been there with some friends.

The exhibit has been three weeks at Stanford University in the Art Gallery which is one of the show places among the newer buildings so you may be certain that beside the students there has been a steady stream of tourists viewing your work. I tried to place them with the California Camera Club but a members' exhibit interfered. But Mr. Laurvik of the San Francisco Museum of Art, which is in the Palace of Fine Arts, agreed to show the prints from July 21 to Sept. 1 a period of six weeks. I took him my three large prints and he seemed very pleased with them and said he wanted to see what you brought from Europe, so perhaps your second showing will be more than welcome in the old palace which is well kept up and all that remains of the beauty of the Exposition.

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I am glad that you received the shoe cases but I see that two letter of mine to Colorado Springs must have gone astray for you make no mention of them. I did not realize that you were sailing as soon as you did and it is all my fault. So please know I am not as negligent as I seem, although I'm bad enough!

Your letter from London brings back many thrills. Someday I am going back and write a book on the streets of London. Even the names fascinate me. Have you noticed how strange they are? Gutter Lane, Milk St., Bread St., Garlick Hill and Artichoke Hill, Fish St. Hill and Pudding Lane, some of them quite close to one another. Then there are two Love Lanes with Harp and Mincing Lanes adjoining. Broad and Narrow streets are joined by Butcher Row. Gold and Silver streets run side by side and finally merge. William, John, James and Samuel form the letter E while Philip, Elizabeth and Ellen keep them company a few blocks away. I have forgotten many others but not Threadneedle or Birdcage Walk, Glasshouse or Bricklayers Arms!

Speaking of streets, did you go to Gilpin street from which or thru which your famous ancestor took his ride?

Your location, from which you are probably miles away by now, bespeaks of many hours spent in the Museum of Museums and I am wondering if not like Uncle John, you now think that the most wonderful sight that you saw was the seat just by the door as you came out? If you are now in Devonshire I hope that you are eating Devonshire cream which I highly recommended in one of my letters. It is fit for the gods.

In Paris do not neglect the Carnevalet, a museum of relics of the city housed in Madame de Sevignes's old home. It is in the Marais quarter where a good many old houses of before the Revolution are. There you may see the handle of Marat's bathroom door (!), Napoleon's toothbrush with pink powder on it, a thousand and one relics of the bloody days and many very interesting pictures of the old old streets of Paris. The Cluny everyone goes to but few to

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the Carnevalet. The Curator, Georges Cain has written such an interesting book called Walks in Paris which I recommend highly to you if you plan to brouse about her streets.

It was nice of you, Old Dear, to say that you wished I might be along. I second the motion. But the more I see of life the more I feel that it is in a measure mapped out for us. We sow and we reap--just now you are having a harvest time and I am doing a little planting. I do hope that my crop will not be all weeds! I guess not for every year brings its richer reward.

Do let me hear from you. Miss Forster was gracious enough to promise me typed copies of some of hers. With oceans of love and good thoughts for every day,

Affectionately,

