

356 West 22<sup>nd</sup> St  
New York City  
April 26<sup>th</sup> '40

Laurie my Darling:

I certainly was thinking of you extra hard Wednesday evening, as I sat and listened to Egon Petri at Town Hall. What a prodigious command he has of his instrument - and of the music! It was a terrific program, though devoted almost entirely to two compositions - the Alban Symphony + Beethoven's Diabelli Variations. It was gorgeous playing, all right, but as exhausting to the listener (if he really listened!) as to the stalwart performer. I'd like to hear him soon again in some more intimate + uncluttered compositions. His touch gives one hints as to what he'd do in that vein. I wasn't quite bold enough to go back-stage on the strength of knowing you - but maybe I'll meet him somewhere sometime. Here are a couple of notices you may like to scan.

And wasn't I just busting with pride when I saw, in the Art Center's ad in Am. Magazine of Art, Laura Gilpin's name on the faculty list! At long last it has come to pass, & I'm just dying to hear how it is all going, though I know you must be far too busy to write.

I've been chuckling over memories of Ganny's remarks about your C.S. political lady who was just beginning to root for Dewey when I was out with you. So she haled him to the

Betsy who's had to descend to town again. How she must miss the append-  
you & send me

Springs, did she? And did you see & hear him?  
Amusing squib in the paper about a bearded photo  
that somehow got into a local paper by "mistake"?!  
In Life (I think it was) months ago, they depicted him  
as completely bald & moustache-less - weird beyond  
compare. How at the mercy of photographers noted  
people are these days!

This is my Friday afternoon "off". Can't tell you  
how I look forward to my week-ends. Guess I'm  
just plain lazy. I fairly dread the 3 mid-week  
days filled with pupils & models. Though individually  
they're all dears, they do frazzle me "en masse".  
Well - only a month more of 'em, & then maybe off  
on a holiday somewhere with Dad.

Shirley & Eliot, having left June in school, trekked  
for the far West, he painting of course, and they've been  
moving north from one end of California to the other.  
They'll probably be back east about the middle of  
May. He's recently been painting Redwoods, & I bet  
he'll give just the majesty those wonderful trees have.

B. Herben recently gave me a most lovely book "Flowering  
Earth", by Donald Culross Peattie - naturalist. Do get  
it somehow, for you'll love it as I did. He has  
his say about redwoods & sequoias.

Aha! Mary McNeill just 'phoned. She's been in Florida  
all winter, & I must run up & see her & hear all the news.

I hope yours is good, Laurie, & that things are  
straightening themselves out at last. You & Beto must  
be quite snowed under with that big portrait job.  
How glad I am it came along just when everything was  
blackest.

You're much on my mind & heart, dear. I only  
hope you keep well enough to carry on.  
Love to you & affectionate sympathy to