

356 W 22,
N. H. C.

December 2nd '40

Laurie Darlin':

With this biting cold weather, & with the shops all decked out in dazzling array, I'm realizing it's getting darn near Christmas. Hard to concentrate on it, with the world in the mess it is - and I don't seem to have an idea in my head as to what you'd like. I know a check seems a beastly old impersonal sort of a thing - but you know, & I don't, what small thing you've been craving & maybe feel you shouldn't afford. So please go to it with this wee bit. Wish it were tenfold what it is.

I keep thinking of you and the big job, and do wonder if it's finished yet. I only hope the Nabob has paid in installments as you went along, so you've been easy as to daily bread & etceteras. Was it family albums you were glorifying for him? And have you had any good trips to the Southwest? Hate to think of you tied for months on end to the daily household chores & problems you're saddled with in C.S.

And has the class in photography continued at the Art Center? And does it grow, in personnel & enthusiasm? And how is Betz getting on, & what's she doing? There's so much I want to know.

Me - aside from teaching 'most all day four days a week - I'm not accomplishing much. Haven't the heart for creative work. I'm more

Write when you can - I do hope this Christmas will be happy for you. How + where are Fran + Edna? So hope they're "out of the woods" Love your Brendine

content knitting. Am doing lots of that for the English-Speaking Union. It somehow makes me feel a bit closer to Veril + Julian - from whom I've not had one single word since Hitler began blasting away at England. My letters evidently don't reach them, & theirs, if any, never get across the ocean either. All I know is they've given up their studios & are both deep in War Work - Julian in London. If only I had their new addresses I could send 'em some bit of comfort for Christmas, but as it is, I can't do a thing.

Expect to go down to Washington for just a day or two Christmas week. Shirley & the children will be alone in the house, as Dad & Eliot are on their way to Tucson. Dad may continue to California, but also may return to nose about Florida again in his car. No knowing. The poor man is so bored by everything nowadays it's just a shame.

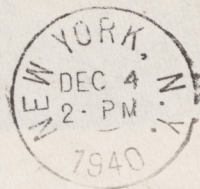
That's one thing we'll never be - eh, Laurie? We've too many interests, not too few.

I've heard the astounding Petri several times lately in records over WQXR. Have wondered whether, now they've stepped up their power 5 times, you are able to get that station in C.S. It is such a joy.

I haven't many pupils this winter (now that I've enlarged the studio to accommodate 8, I've only 2 regulars, & 2 off + ons!), but they take about all the energy I've got.

An unfinished sock stares reproachfully at me across the table. A pair a week is my stint, & if I don't do three more inches before bed I won't make the deadline. So goodnight, Dear, & bless you -

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