

356 WEST 22ND STREET

NEW YORK CITY

Dec 28 - '40

Laurie My Darling:

Just back from Washington, with a long list of "thank you" notes to attend to, so this can't be a real letter.

But here awaiting me I found my marvelous print - the picture you took that day we were up the mountain, & you set up your camera on the dusty road. How it brings back memories, besides being an exquisite thing in itself. How did you find time for that, with all else you had to do? That bull letter of

yours — the first really hopeful
& cheery one you've been able to
write for years. O, dearie, how
I hope things do begin to come
right for you at last — the Navajo
book, a Yucatan book, and all
the rest of it. You ought to be next
in that photographic series, too.
My fingers are crossed.

Am so glad you got the Heifetz
record, and so delighted that
those fiddle lessons helped so.
Gee — why ain't I rich, so I could
hire that fine young teacher for you
by the year!

Yoscanini's going on the air
in a few minutes, and I'm betting
you'll be listening in, too. It's
about the only program I switch
off from WQXR to listen to. Wonder

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whether you can get that station, now that it's stepped up its power to 5000 Watts? I fear, though, it is not yet strong enough, as Shirley's radio even as near as Washington can't catch it at all.

We had a honey Christmas, - Shirley & I and the two youngsters. Eliot's in Tucson, & Dad somewhere on the Pacific coast. Desmond's a big burly chap (15) with ruddy color & a deep voice. Very un-scholarly in inclinations, but keen about the farm work at Putney School. Wants to be a scientific farmer, but can't seem to realize that to be good at it he'll have to have at least a smattering of

English, Maths, & Science, etc. to make the grade.
June's a pixie - going to be a real beauty.
Still very young & hobbledelay - but a most
charming & lovable child.

Your class at the Art Center sounds
like mine - only a couple of fixtures,
the rest drifting in & out. It hardly
pays to take them, yet there's no other
way I can think of at present to
even pay the rent. Nothing selling,
no commissions. Discouraging outlook.
Don't know just what to do. Meantime
I hint. At least one pair of socks per
week is my stint, & I've managed
that since last June.

But @ the horror grows all the
time, & the entanglements pile up.
Is there no way out?

Still not one word from Veril or
Julian. I haven't the heart to
write any more, though I can't
but believe they're safe. Just too
overwhelmingly busy, I suppose.

Goodnight, darling - my lovely wreath

hangs in my studio window, as does Shirley in her
front window in Washington. Dear love to you - Brandie